The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

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SYNOPSIS.

Bud Hooker and Phil De Lancey are forced, owing to a revolution in Mexico, to give up their mining claim and return to the United States. In the border town of Gadsden Bud meets Henry Kruger, a wealthy miner, who makes him a proposition to return to Mexico to acquire title to a very rich mine which Kruger had blown up when he found he had been cheated out of the title by one Aragon. The Mexican subsequently had spent a large sum of money in an unsuccessful attempt to relocate the vein and then allowed the land to revert for taxes. Hooker and De Lancey arrive at Fortuna, near where the Eagle Tail mine is located. They engage Cruz Mendez to acquire the title for them and begin preliminary work. Aragon accuses them of jumping his claim. Hooker discovers that matrimonial entanglements prevent Mendez from acquiring a valid title. Phil, who has been paying attention to Gracia Aragon, decides to turn Mexican and acquire the title. Aragon fails in his attempt to drive them off the claim. Rebels are reported in the vicinity. A rich vein of gold is struck and work on the mine is stopped until the title can be perfected. Phil is arrested by Manuel del Rey, captain of the rurales and suitor of Gracia's. He is released on promise to stay away from Gracia.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"I wonder where that dogged Indian went to," he said for the hundredth time, as the deep shadows gathered in the valley. "By Joe, Phil, if Amigo comes back I'm going to go ahead on that mine. I want to keep him around here, and we might as well get out some ore, if it's only for a grub-stake. Come on—what do you say? We'll open her up—there's nothing to hide now. Well, I'll do it myself, then—this setting around is getting on my nerves."

His far-seeing eyes, trained from his boyhood to search the hills for cattle, scanned the tops of the ridges as he spoke; and while he sat and pondered they noted every rock.

Then at last he rose up slowly and gazed at a certain spot. He waved his arm, beckoning the distant point of blackness to come in, and soon from around a point in the canyon the Yaqui appeared, bearing a heavy Mauser rifle on his arm.

Across his broad breast hung the same familiar cartridge-belt, two more encircled his hips, and he walked with his head held high, like the warrior that he was.

Evidently his flight had led to the place where his arms had been hid, for he wore the regulation knife-bayonet at his hip and around his hat was the red ribbon of his people, but Bud was too polite to ask him about his journey. Since his coming the Yaqui had always maintained a certain mystery, and now, though his eyes were big with portent and he smiled at the jests about his gun, he simply waved his hand to the south and east and murmured:

"Muchos revoltosos!"

"Seguro;" answered Bud jokingly; "but have you killed any?"

"Not yet!" returned the Indian, and he did not smile at that.

"I wonder what that Indian is waiting around here for?" remarked Phil in English. "He must have his eye on somebody."

"Yeah, I bet," agreed Bud, regarding his savage friend with a speculative interest. "Most of them Yaqui soldiers was farmhands in this country before they rounded them up. I reckon he's looking for the man that had him deported.

"Tired, Amigo?" he inquired in Spanish, and Ignacio gravely acknowledged that he was, a little.

"Then drink plenty coffee," went on Hooker. "Eat lots—tomorrow we go to work in the mine."

"Tomorrow?" repeated the Indian, as if considering his other engagements; "good!" He nodded a smiling assent.

After a month and more of idleness Bud and Amigo performed prodigies of labor in the cut, rolling down boulders, lifting them up on the tram, and clearing away the face of the cliff. Their tram was ramshackle, their track the abandoned rails from older workings, and their tools little more than their hands, but by noon the last broken fragments were heaved aside and the shattered ledge revealed.

A low cry of wonder escaped the Yaqui as he gazed at the rich vein of ore, and as he saw the grim smile on Bud's rugged countenance he showed his white teeth in sympathy.

"Que bueno!" he murmured. "How good!" gathering the precious fragments in his handkerchief.

At the camp they crushed the picked ore in a mortar and panned it in the creek, and for the moment De Lancey dropped his air of preoccupancy as he stared at the streak of pure gold. Like a yellow film it lay along the edge of the last fine tailings, and when skilful washing had left it bare, it gleamed like a jewel in the pan.

"By Jove, Bud!" he cried, "that's the real stuff—and it goes a dollar to the pan easy!"

"Sure thing!" assented Bud. "Let's pound a lot of it and wash it as we go—then we'll have some getaway money when things break loose here!"

"I'll go you!" answered Phil, and Bud's heart warmed toward him as he watched him pound up a piece of ore and go to swirling the dirt in the pan.

But alas for the fond hopes he cherished! Even as he washed out the gold Phil's mind wandered far away, back to the hotel where Gracia Aragon sat watching by the window.

Her hair was the color of gold, spun fine and refined again; yes, it was worth more than this golden dross that he caught in the bottom of his pan. And what was gold if he could not have her?

He paused in his labor and a dreamy smile parted his lips—then he broke into a song:

Sweet honey bee, be sweet to me,
My heart is free, but here's the key;
Lock up the garden gate; honey, you know I'll wait,
Under the rambler rose tree-ee.

Once more he returned to his work, humming now the dulcet strains of "The Merry Widow," and when Bud came back from the cut it was to hear a coon song:

'Cos I want yer, me honey, yes, I want yer, want yer;
'Cos I want yer, ma honey, yes I do!

So he labored and sang, until finally the labor ceased, and then the song. He went about other things, and other thoughts, not so cheerful, filled his mind.

Bud returned sadly to the company of the Yaqui and gave it up. Perhaps his pardner had been right when, riding out of Agua Negra, he had enlarged upon the dangers of Old Mexico, "the land of manana and broken promises." Certainly his speech had been prophetic in regard to dark-eyed women; for, even as he had said, nothing seemed to please them better than to come between man and man.

It was a madness, he felt sure—the spell of the hot country, where the women look out from behind barred windows and men sing beneath their balconies at midnight. Already it had cost him his pardner—would it conquer his will as well and make him forget his trust?

In his impotence the idea of some perverse fate—some malign influence over which he had no control—was strong with Hooker; yet when the blow fell he was not prepared for it. It was the third day of their mining and, with Amigo, he had been driving into the face of the cliff.

Already their round of holes was drilled, the fuses cut, the charges set, and as he retreated before the blast he noticed absently that Cruz Mendez was in camp. The shots followed, one after another, and he counted them to make sure there was no miss-fire—then he looked around and discovered that Phil was gone.

"Where is Don Felipe?" he inquired of Mendez, and that low-browed brother of the burro bowed fawningly before he replied.

"He has gone to Fortuna," he said, wiping his face with a bath towel which he wore about his neck.

"And what for?" demanded Bud imperatively.

"I don't know, senor," writhed Mendez. "I brought him a letter."

"From whom?"

"I don't know. It was given to me by Juana, the servant of the Senorita Aragon."

"Ah!" breathed Bud, and pretended not to be surprised.

"Well, let 'im go!" he said to himself, and went back into the mine. It

Thrust His Rifle Into Its Sling and Started for Town.

was what he had expected, in a way, and his code bade him keep his hands off. But the next morning, when the evil was either avoided or done, he thrust his rifle into its sling and started for the town. At the jail he halted and gazed in through the windows—then he rode up to the hotel and asked for Phil.

"What? Have you not heard?" clamored Don Juan. "Ah, it is most unfortunate—I would not have had it happen for the world!"

"What?" inquired Bud succinctly.

"Why, the quarrel—the encounter with Capitan del Rey! I did my best, I assure you, to prevent it, for the town has been put under martial law and the captain is in full charge. They quarreled over the favor of a lady, and now your friend is in jail."

"I didn't see him when I come by," observed Hooker.

"Ah, no—not in the carcel—in the cuartel, the guardhouse of the rurales!"

"Much obliged!" nodded Bud, and rode on through the town. The street of the Mexican quarter was filled with strange people hurrying to and fro; long packtrains loaded with trunks and curious bundles came swinging up from below; and a pair of rurales, looking fierce under their huge sombreros stood guard by the cuartel door.

"Where is the captain?" demanded Hooked. After requesting him to hang his pistol-belt on his saddle-horn, a sergeant showed him in to the chief.

Manuel del Rey was very busy with papers and orders, but as the American appeared in the doorway he rose and greeted him with a bow.

"Ah, good morning, senor," he said, with one swift glance to read his mood. "You are in search of your friend—no?"

"Si, senor," answered Hooker, but with none of the animosity which the captain had expected. "Where is he?"

"I regret very much," began the officer, speaking with military formality, "but it is my duty to inform you that the Senor De Lancey has left Fortuna. Last night he did me the honor to enlist in my company of rurales—he is now on his way to the north to assist in guarding the railroad."

"What?" shouted Bud, hardly able to believe his ears. But when the captain repeated it he no longer doubted his Spanish.

"But why?" he cried; "why did he join the rurales?"

"Ah, senor," shrugged Del Rey, "was he not a Mexican citizen? Very well, then; he could be summoned for military service. But the circumstances were these. Your friend came yesterday to this town, where I am at present military commander, and made an unprovoked assault upon my person. For this, according to law, he should have been shot at sunrise. But, not wishing to occasion unpleasantness with the Americans now residing here, I offered him the alternative of military service. He is now enlisted as a rural for a term of five years."

"Five years!" exclaimed Hooker; and then, instead of starting the expected rough-house—upon which the rural guards were prepared to jump on his back—he simply threw down his hat and cursed. Not anyone in particular, but everything in general; and at the end of it he turned once more upon the watchful captain.

"Dispenseme, senor," he said, "this is the truth, is it?"

"Si, senor," returned Captain del Rey. "But before leaving with his detachment your friend wrote this letter, which he requested me to deliver to you."

He offered with a flourish a sealed envelope, from which Bud extracted a short note.

Dear Bud:

When you get this I shall be far away. I must have been mad, but it is too late now. Rather than be executed I have enlisted as a rural. But I shall try to be brave for her sake. Take care of her, Bud—for me! PHIL.

Bud read it through again and meditated ponderously. Then he folded it up and thrust it in his pocket.

"Muchas gracias, senor capitan," he said, saluting and turning upon his heel; and while all the Mexicans marveled at the inscrutable ways of Americanos, he mounted and rode away.

CHAPTER XVII.

There was a world of Mexicans in the plaza when Hooker rode down through the town. Never, it seemed to him, had he seen so many or liked them less.

To the handful of Americans who remained to man the mill and mine, they were easily a hundred to one; and though their eyes were wide with fear of the imminent rebels, they had an evil way of staring at him which he did not relish.

Even at the hotel, where the Spanish-Mexican aristocracy was massed ten deep, he sensed the same feeling of veiled hostility and wondered vaguely what it might portend. If Philip De Lancey, for making love to a girl, was drafted into the army, what would happen to him if these people should ever break loose? And did they have the courage to do their worst?

He lingered around the door for a while, hoping to meet Don Juan or some American who would tell him the news; then, disgusted with everything, he flung away and left them to themselves. Fortuna was not a white man's country—he could see that without a diagram—but at the same time he intended to hold his mine until he could hear from Phil.

Let the tides of insurrection come and go, let the red-flaggers take the town and the federals take it back again—at the end he would still be found at the Eagle Tail, unless Phil received his title to the mine.

As for Aragon, whose fine Italian hand he perceived behind the sudden taking off of Phil, let him make what trades he would with the rurales and Manuel del Rey, even to the giving of his daughter's hand; but if, taking advantage of the unsettled times, he dared to try to steal their mine, then there would be war to the knife.

It is a fine, comforting thing to be single-minded and of one purpose. All the rest of life is simplified and ordered then, and a man knows when to raise his hand and when to hold it back.

In his letter Phil had said nothing about their mine, but he was a Mexican citizen still, and the mine was in his name. Bud was his pardner and free to hold it in his stead; and that he determined to do—not only hold it, but work it for a stake. Then when the tide was passed and all made certain, they could turn it over to Kruger and quit the accursed country.

As for the girl, Bud decided that she could take care of herself without any assistance from him, and dismissed her from his mind.

Back at the mine he found Amigo guarding camp from the hilltop, and after telling him the gist of his troubles, the two of them went to work. Every day, while one of them dug out the ore, the other crushed and washed it and watched as he horned out the gold. Their rifles they kept beside them and pistols in their belts; and every time a Mexican dropped into camp, as one did now and then in the general unrest, he felt the silent menace of arms in readiness and continued on his way.

For a week they labored on together, grim, watchful, expectant—then, at the break of day, they heard a distant rattle of arms, like the tearing of a cloth, and knew that the battle was on.

The great whistle at Fortuna opened with its full, bass roar, and Amigo snatched up his gun and went loping down the canyon, drawn irresistibly by the sound of conflict. Bud lingered, climbing higher and higher to get a view of the country. But his young blood clamored for action too, and soon he was mounted and gone.

The fighting was not at the American town, but down the valley by Old Fortuna, and as Hooker galloped on toward the sound of the firing he noticed that it was on the move. Already the cowardly rebels were retreating—the volunteers from Fortuna were hurrying to get closer to them, the rurales were riding to flank them; and when Bud jumped his horse up the last hill and looked down into the broad, cultivated valley he saw the dust of their flight.

Down the fenced trail that led to the lower country the mounted insurrectos were spurring in a rout; across the newly plowed field, of Aragon the men on foot were making a short cut for the hills; and all about them, like leaping grasshoppers, sprang up puffs of dust.

Now they plunged into the willow brush along the river, where it swung in against the ridge; and as their pursuers broke into the open they halted and returned the fire. The bullets struck up the dust like hailstones in front of the oncoming irregulars, a man or two in the lead went down, and they faltered. Then, as frantically as the rebels, they turned and ran for cover.

While defenders and invaders shot back and forth across the broad field, Bud put spurs to his horse and rode closer, and when he came out on another hilltop he was just in time to see the rurales come pelting in from the west and take the revoltosos on the flank. There was a great deal of long-distance firing then, while the rebels slowly retreated, and finally, with a last defiant volley, the defenders turned back from their pursuit and marched triumphantly to Old Fortuna.

There, amid numerous vivas, Don Cipriano rolled out a cask of mescal and, after a fiery speech, invited the victors to help themselves. So they fell to drinking and carousing, and the one defender who had been wounded was bandaged and made much of, while a great crowd from the upper town looked on in awe and admiration.

At last Manuel del Rey and his rurales returned from harassing the enemy and with several wounded prisoners in their midst, the valor-drunk Mexicans formed a riotous procession and went marching back to town. Every horse and mule was carrying double, guns were being dropped, broad hats knocked off, and ever, as they marched, they shouted:

"Viva Madero! Viva Mejico! Muerte a los revoltosos!"

It was an edifying spectacle to an American, and with the rest Bud tagged along to the plaza, where they had speeches and cheers galore and more mescal at the company's cantina. But in the midst of it, while he sat laughing on his horse by the hotel, Bud felt a gravel strike his broad hat from above and, looking furtively up, he beheld Gracia Aragon smiling down at him from the balcony.

She beckoned him with a swift movement and gazed out over the assemblage again, and after a few moments of deliberation Hooker tied his horse and wandered into the hotel.

A tingle of excitement went over him as he tramped up to the ladies' parlor, for he had never met Gracia face to face. But he disguised his qualms by assuming a maskilke grimness of countenance and, when the glorious Gracia glided out of her room to meet him, he only blinked and stood pat.

A long experience as a poker player was all that saved him from betrayal, for there was something in her very presence which made his heart leap and bound. But he only gazed at her somberly, without even so much as raising his hat.

Back in Texas, in his social world, it was considered almost unmanly to thus salute the ladies. So he stood there, his big sombrero pulled down over his mop of light hair, gazing at her without a blink.

Perhaps it was not altogether as friendly a scrutiny of her charming features as Gracia expected, for he remembered what she had done to his pardner; but if she sensed such a rare thing as disapproval from a young man, she was too excited to show it. Her lips trembled, and she looked back furtively, meanwhile drawing him into an alcove by the slightest twitch of his sleeve.

"Don't talk too loud," she whispered. "My mother is listening from the room—but for the love of God, tell me, where is Phil?"

"I don't know," answered Bud, trying to lower his big voice to a boudoir softness; "he joined the rurales and was ordered north—that's all I know."

"Yes, yes, to be sure; but haven't you heard from him?"

She seemed to be all impatience to snatch his news and fly with it, but Bud was in no such hurry. And so far was he from being a carpet knight that he immediately raised his voice to its normal bass. It was all right for Phil and his kind to talk by signs and whispers, but that was not his style.

"Not since he went away," he said. "He left me a little note, then, saying—"

"Saying what?" she demanded breathlessly.

"Well, saying that he had enlisted to keep from being executed, and—that's about all!"

"And not a word about me?"

"Yes," admitted Bud; "he said he'd try to put up with it—on account of you—and—"

"What?" she entreated, taking him beseechingly by the coat.

"Well," stammered Hooker, shifting his feet and looking away, "he told me to kinder take care of you—while he was gone."

"Ah!" she breathed, still standing close to him, "and will you do it?"

"I reckon so," said Bud, "if we have any trouble."

"But I'm in trouble now!" she cried. "I'm watched—I can't get away—and I'm afraid!"

"Afraid of what?" he demanded.

"Of him!" she answered, her voice breaking; "of Manuel del Rey!"

"Well," replied Hooker bluntly, "I've got nothing to do with that— I can't interfere in your love affairs—but if they's war and they try to take the town, you can count on me."

"Oh, thank you," she said, bowing satirically. "And do you expect a war?"

"Not with that bunch of hombres!" returned Bud, waving a disparaging hand toward the noise of the shouting.

"But I'm in Trouble Now!" She Cried.

At this she broke down and laughed. Evidently she was not so fearful of discovery after all.

"You forget, sir," she said, "that I am a Mexican!"

Then, as he failed to show any signs of contrition, she changed her mood again.

"But wait!" she ran on, her eyes flashing. "Perhaps we are not so eager to defend our government when we have a new one every year. But if the men who are gathering in Chihuahua invade our country, you will find that as Sonorans those men will fight to the death.

"You laugh because you do not understand. But why should we Sonorans fight side by side with the federals and rurales? Are they not the soldiers of Diaz, who have simply changed to another master? That Manuel del Rey was last year hunting down Maderistas in the hills; now he is fighting for Madero! And tomorrow? Who can say?"

She shrugged her shoulders scornfully, and Hooker perceived that she was in earnest in her dislike of the dashing captain, but prudence warned him to say nothing if he would escape being drawn into the quarrel.

"No!" she went on, after an expectant pause, "let the rurales pursue these bandits—they are hired for that purpose! But if Orozco and Salazar join this ladron, Bernardo Bravo, and seek to capture our towns, then, Senor Americano, you will see real war and men fighting to the death! Ah, you laugh again—you are a Texan and judge us Sonorans by the cowardly Chihuahuans—but it is the truth. And I, for one," she added naively, "would be almost glad to have war. Do you know why? To see if you would really defend me!"

She smiled, looking frankly into his eyes, and Bud blushed to the roots of his hair, but once again he held his peace.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONE OF THE CURIOUS THINGS

So Remarkable an Incident of Life That Comment Really Seemed to Be Useless.

"It's curious about things, isn't it?" said the man who had something on his mind and wanted to talk.

"Yes," replied the man addressed, but without interest.

"It's curious how a fellow gets into a box and then out again."

"Yes."

"You know the Widow Spicer, of course?"

"Oh, yes."

"I heard last month that she had come into $50,000. Sat right down and proposed marriage by letter and rushed the letter off."

"Well!"

"Didn't hear from her in answer. Here's the letter. Forgot to stamp it, and it went to the dead letter office. Just got it back. Suppose it had reached the widow and she had accepted me?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, a week ago I heard that she didn't have ten cents to her name. Curious, ain't it?"

"Yes, but I can beat it. I married the Widow Spicer five days ago."

"Gee whiz!"

"And instead of having $50,000, she had $75,000."

"Say—say!" exclaimed the other, as he threw up his hands; but h could get no farther. It was too curious.

SETBACK FOR THE OPTIMIST

According to Pessimist, He Had Failed Utterly to See Things in Their Proper Light.

"Look at this, will you?" exclaimed the cheerful real estate man. "In this paper there is a record of eighty-seven marriage licenses issued yesterday."

"Well, what of it?" said his partner, the pessimist of the firm.

"What of it?" echoed the other "Can't you see? Those eighty-seven marriage licenses mean eighty-seven marriages. The eighty-seven marriages will lead to eighty-seven inquiries for houses, flats, or at least eligible apartments. It's bound to stimulate business in our line and we'll get our share."

"That doesn't follow at all. Those eighty-seven licenses represent 174 persons, don't they?"

"Yes."

"Probably all adults?"

"Undoubtedly. What of it?"

"Nothing," growled the pessimist; "except that 174 persons who have hitherto occupied 174 apartments will hereafter occupy eighty-seven, and that ain't helping our business any. You make me tired."

In Luck.

Small Brother (whose sisters are working for their girl guides' ambulance badge)—"Come on, here's a bit of luck for you. I've made Rupert's nose bleed."—Punch.

ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO

Memorial That Marks the Scene of One of the World's Greatest Battles.

Great among the landmarks of "the world stands the Lion of Waterloo on its mound 200 feet high, says the Strand. Ten miles from the city of Brussels it marks the plain where over 50,000 men were killed, wounded and missing. It is hardly necessary to say that it was fought on June 18, 1815, and that it culminated the campaign following Napoleon's escape from Elba and stopped his mighty effort to conquer all Europe.

The Duchess of Richmond gave a ball in Brussels on June 15; at midnight Wellington, having already heard that the outposts had been engaged, went to the ball. Here he found the Prince of Orange, the man who seemed fated to cause useless loss of life through his blunders. Even now he ought to have been at Binche, where the duke promptly sent him, after inquiring for news.

Far from being surprised at the evening's attack, as some writers assert, the duke had dispatched his orders before he went to the ball, for at 2 a. m. strange sounds broke the night's silence, and great masses of troops were on the move, bugles were blowing everywhere and people opened their windows to see the various regiments tramp past. A Highland band were playing their bagpipes to the swing of the "Black Watch" as they went out to battle through the Namur gate. Curiously enough, many of the officers were still wearing their silk stockings and dancing pumps, for the heat was so intense that men went mad and died on the march; but for the rest, they pushed on and were soon under fire. The battle itself is eclipsed by the thought of the awful aftermath; the plain so filled with the dying and the dead that for three days parties brought in the wounded.

In the hurry 300 bodies were flung down a well. For 30 years the corn crops were of a deeper color where they grew over the blood of the slain on the scene where the Lion of Waterloo now forms the greatest of the landmarks of the world.

Youthful Heroine.

The youngest Carnegie hero is Giovanni Ricci, who lives near Genoa, Italy, and is four years old. When a playmate fell into the well last year she climbed down on the projecting bits of rock and saved her playmate's life.

AVOID TIGHT SLEEVES

ARE SURE TO BRING ABOUT REDDENING OF THE HANDS.

Easy Method of Improving Square or Spatulated Finger Tips—Graceful Gestures Do Much to Conceal Natural Defects.

If the hands are large and inclined to redness, it is wrong to wear tight sleeves. The pressure on the muscles of the arm will make the hands swell and emphasize the knotted look if this defect exists. The redness, which all women of refined taste should fear, is the direct result of close sleeves and wristbands too tight. Such fixings, merely from the esthetic point, are besides very unbecoming to a large, ill-formed hand.

Square or spatulated finger tips may be improved by a daily pinching up of the ends of the fingers. But this must be done often to obtain good results, and, of course, it is not to be expected that filbert nails and almond-shaped finger points can be acquired if nature has denied them. The best one can do is to try and improve defects through infinite care, the study of graceful gestures, and artistic and becoming costume.

If the nails of square finger tips are cut square, the nail will continue to broaden and flatten. The nails should be cut in a delicate oval, with the curve left somewhat longer than the flesh, and this trimming as well as the pinching must always be done after the hand-bath, which, of course, must be taken in hot water with a good soap.

Flexible movements of the wrist decidedly change the impression of a large and otherwise beautiful hand. To quote the people who make a cult of gracious movements of the body, never take a thing from another person; receive it. Which is to say, never stretch out a stiff arm with unyielding wrist, hand-back up, for the articles, whatever it is or how anxiously wished. Put out the hand with elbow bent, palm up, the fingers curved. This attitude of the hand and arm at once suggests graciousness, whereas the poker thrust from shoulder to finger tip hints of a nature naturally rough and unfeeling. In the same way, the woman who keeps her fingers always close to one another is doing violence to the more beautiful language of hands. Hands held tightly, as the expression is for such members, imply stinginess, doubt of others, and deceit. The open hand, the one with flexible wrist and fingers held apart, is bound to go with a generous nature, even if it is also a spendthrift one.

Moist hands are an affliction to their owners, and they certainly are not inviting to others. They ruin gloves, impede the progress and daintiness of fancy work, and if they are constantly cold as well they may indicate a very bad circulation. To correct all this an effort should be made first to tone up the general health and overcome any disposition to nervousness over trifles. A mechanical method for reducing the flow of moisture is to rub the palms several times a day with a mixture made from 15 grams of belladonna and 70 grams of cologne. The hands should also be washed in warm water in which a little powdered alum has been dissolved.

The Ladies' Luncheon.

The ladies' luncheon of two or four can be the most enjoyable and exhilarating form of entertainment imaginable, given the right of hostess and guests; but a huge daylight banquet composed entirely of women dressed in their best clothes is one to cause dismay to the stoutest heart. It is, as a matter of fact, a lamentable waste of time and money.

DOUBLET IS TO COME BACK

Fashion That Cannot Add to Feminine Beauty and Will Not Be Accorded Welcome.

Fashion, that haughty rival of nature, to whose dictates both the graces and beauty are frequently sacrificed, has revived the doublet from pre-Elizabethan times—the best specimen of which is preserved in the Isham collection in the Victoria and Albert museum, London.

The revival has not brought improvement upon the original design—the modern "waist" is a shapeless, wrinkled affair, with a row of closely set buttons going down the front. If the influence were confined to a single garment, there would be less cause for protest, but it has spread and the beauty-destroying lines have been incorporated into some of the latest negligees and boudoir gowns. Fancy robbing these garments of all their feminine curves and frivolities! Dress is to beauty what harmony is to melody; it ought to set it off to advantage, to enhance its luster; never to cover or disguise it. The straight up-and-down lines of a masculine doublet are certainly not appropriate, as the promoters of the fashion will doubtless learn from experience.

Pretty Effect in Capes.

A most persuasive scheme has been worked out for traveling, which includes a short Cavalier cape. Initially, the design is destined for a light weight navy serge or suiting, although, if any exceptional heat is likely to be encountered, a heavyweight navy shantung might be substituted for the serge. As a model, this is the very essence of practicability, to which is added a commendably smart appearance; the lingerie touch introduced in the form of white pique collar, vest and cuffs at once relieves the somberness, and any lining used with the cloak would likewise be white. Although slim in appearance, the underskirt allows perfect freedom, the fuller tunic making for contrast.

Artificial Roses Are Smart.

On the very smart taffeta frocks, artificial roses are used, either to catch up the skirt to the back of the collar or below the cointure. This makes an original variety on dresses which might be otherwise somber.

Charming Washing Frock.

The alliance of washing material and silk is shown in this frock. It is made of deep-cream linen and orange-colored silk with tete-de-negre spots.

Auto Hood.

An auto hood is a convenience to the woman who motors much. A comfortable and becoming sort is made with a straw brim, flexible but wide enough to give protection to the eyes, and a full silk crown that does not disarrange the hair. There are wide chiffon tie strings that keep the hood snugly in place.

LIPS WELL REPAY ATTENTION

In Perfect Condition They Add Much to Appearance of Even a Face That is Plain.

Healthy, rosy lips are a very important part of one's appearance.

When young lips become pale and colorless look into the general health at once. If outdoor exercise does not stir the blood to action and bring healthy color to the cheeks and lips, a judicious tonic should be taken.

Too much vinegar will not only make the lips pale, but will thin out the blood until all color disappears from the face as well.

A dangerous habit is biting the lips to make them red. Not only do the lips become shapeless, but they grow thick and coarse.

Delicate lips become blistered through being exposed to sun and wind. In such cases a lip salve should be used before going out of doors, and a solution of borax and distilled water should be used to bathe the lips night and morning.

Some Helpful Suggestions.

A faded cotton dress can be made white by boiling in cream tartar water. When ironing any garment that has a row of buttons, fold a Turkish towel into several thicknesses, lay the garment with buttons downward on the towel and iron it on the wrong side. The buttons will sink into the towel and the garment will be smooth and well ironed.

To take ink out of white goods dip the spot in a saucer of milk and let it set for a while, then wash it out in hot water.

FABRICS PROMISED FOR FALL

Many Beautiful Materials Will Be Offered When the Cool Days Have Really Set In.

Satin-faced crepes and duchesse satins are prominent among silk materials, as are also ribbed weaves of all weights, and silk and wool poplins. The printed chiffon taffetas for evening wear are beautiful. New sheer silk fabrics are ornamented with borders, many times in black and white. Some new corded silks have a satin surface. The new moires show a variety of effects, such as satin stripes and cords. Brocaded moires are in novel designs. These new moire silks are slightly stiffer, this being the finish applied to all of the new dress materials.

Silk velour in fine qualities, solid colors and light weights appropriate for costumes and outer garments is a leading fabric. Gabardines and chiffon duvetynes will be popular autumn materials. The use of silk cashmere in heavy weight for dressy afternoon costumes is an indication of the large use of heavier materials for dressy toilets.

The new serges have stripes of silk in Scotch colorings. Among materials for trimming suits and coats, as well as for entire coats, are the new diagonal and striped fabrics in silk and wool. The new material for sport coats is pure wool, having a velour or plush finish in bright colors. Some interesting new patterns have widely scattered designs in embroidery. There are also new designs in stripes and plaids.

Delectable Summer Frock.

A slender girl of sixteen came to town the other morning, says the Kansas City Star, clad in a delectable midsummer frock. The long tunic was of white linen and hung very full at the edge over a narrow skirt of striped pink and white linen. A loose overblouse of white linen, sleeveless and cut down in a deep V at back and front, shown beneath it a blouse of the striped pink and white linen with three-quarter sleeves have narrow cuffs of white linen. A turnover collar of the white linen was finished with a smart little black tie.

WOMEN WHO ARE ALWAYS TIRED

May Find Help in This Letter.

Swan Creek, Mich.—"I cannot speak too highly of your medicine. When through neglect or overwork I get run down and my appetite is poor and I have that weak, languid, always tired feeling, I get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it builds me up, gives me strength, and restores me to perfect health again. It is truly a great blessing to women, and I cannot speak too highly of it. I take pleasure in recommending it to others."—Mrs. ANNIE CAMERON, R.F.D., No. 1, Swan Creek, Michigan.

Another Sufferer Relieved.

Hebron, Me.—"Before taking your remedies I was all run down, discouraged and had female weakness. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used the Sanative Wash, and find today that I am an entirely new woman, ready and willing to do my housework now, where before taking your medicine it was a dread. I try to impress upon the minds of all ailing women I meet the benefits they can derive from your medicines."—Mrs. CHARLES ROWE, R. F. D., No. 1, Hebron, Maine.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter wil be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

His War Prophecy in Bible.

While looking over books belonging to the family, George Fletcher of Gillett, near here, found written in an old Bible in the handwriting of his father, William Fletcher, 22 years ago, a prophecy which says, in part: "In the year 1914 there will be wars in every corner of the earth."

William Fletcher was a learned man, and based his prophecy on calculations made through a study of the Bible.—Towanda (Pa.) Dispatch to Philadelphia Record.

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Many people who have weak kidneys fail to appreciate how much water can do for them—but while it is good to drink water freely, it must be pure water. In many sections, the lime or alkaline water starts kidney trouble of itself.

Doan's Kidney Pills are a most reliable remedy for weak kidneys. When backache or urinary disorders first appear, take Doan's and be sure to assist the kidneys by drinking plenty of pure water. Prompt treatment will assist the danger of gravel, gout, rheumatism.

Doan's Kidney Pills are successfully used all over the civilized world and publicly recommended by thousands.

An Illinois Case.

Thomas Bridwell, 2137 Courtland St., Chicago, Ill., says: "My kidneys were badly disordered, and I had such terrible pains through my back that I could hardly stoop. I suffered awfully from dizziness and blurring of my sight, and didn't sleep well. My appetite was poor and I felt tired all the time. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and the troubles have never come back."

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