The Impossible Boy

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

Trying not to seem over-eager, he took it and read the postmark and the signature. It was Hill's and came from Jersey City! At last the scent was getting warm. What good fortune! But he must not seem too anxious, or she might grow reticent. Diplomacy, diplomacy!

"You are treated better than I am!" he complained whimsically. "I haven't even had a card! But then, you are a lady, which makes all the difference. Ah! woman, lovely woman! How you fascinate and abuse us!"

She giggled self-consciously.

"So this is the latest news of Hill!" said Pedro. "I suppose you write to each other frequently?"

"Well, no!" said she. "You see, I'm engaged. I told Mr. Sam it was useless, but he's so persistent."

She giggled again.

"Poor Sam!" said Pedro. "You are very cruel!"

"Do you happen to know his Jersey address?" she asked, thereby giving Pedro the information he wanted, to wit: that she was unaware of Hill's present whereabouts.

"Oh! he was only there for a day!" said Pedro, putting the coin which she indicated out of his handful, upon the counter. "He might drop in here any time. If he does, tell him Pedro was asking for him, will you? And now good-by; I must be off!"

As Pedro joined his waiting companion outside he was met with a string of reproaches.

"Never before have I seen you tarry so long with a woman, oh, waster of precious moments!" said Beau-Jean. "How shall it benefit thee?"

"It has already done so!" declared Pedro. "Come, hasten with me. We are going to Jersey City. I shall explain on the way."

So off they went to the ferry, Mr. Jones, the inadvertent detective, shuffling after.

To discover where the picture postcard had been purchased would have been almost impossible; but to locate the district in which it had been mailed was easy enough, and that, combined with the hour which had been stamped upon it, was sufficient evidence to show that Sam had been near the water-front at some time between eight and ten o'clock on the evening of the previous Monday. Consequently, the next problem that confronted them was what Hill had done after dropping this exquisite chromo into a district "X" pillar-box? Pedro at once tried to picture his own probable actions were he to find himself in such a district at such an hour, with, presumably, no company but Mr. Jones! Ah! of course! the cabarets—the saloons of the dance! That seemed the obvious answer, but he consulted with Beau-Jean, to be certain. . . . Yes, Beau-Jean would make straight for the cafes, and Hill had probably done the same.

Thus it came about that the shades of evening found them loitering from one low-browed ramshackle dive to another, ever inquiring for Hill, of whom they found no further sign. Finally, when nine o'clock had come, and still nothing had been discovered, Beau-Jean suggested that they postpone their effort until the following day, and rest their weary brains and bodies for a while. But Pedro would have none of these suggestions.

"But I am hungry!" protested the giant. "Here it is, of an hour, and we have eaten nothing since noon. Moreover, the bear is famished. Presently he will begin to growl."

"Well," admitted Pedro reluctantly, "I am hungry myself. Let us go and eat and smoke. Afterward, we shall feel more inclined to search. Where shall we go?"

"I think there is a lunch-wagon down by the dock," said Beau-Jean, "let us make an examination."

"All right," Pedro assented, and they set off at a brisk pace, in the direction of the lights.

Sure enough, there was a lunch-wagon backed up against the ferry-house, and as they approached, it took on an increasingly familiar air. Pedro's interest was now quickened by more than the thought of food. Where had he seen that gaudy decoration before? . . . Holy saints! it was his own! At the same instant Beau-Jean recognized the movable hostelry of Mr. Isaac Lovejoy, with a whoop of glee, and they quickened their pace to a run. The worthy proprietor was occupied in serving a pair of customers—car conductors, or ferrymen, they appeared to be—but when he caught sight of Pedro he dropped the slice of pumpkin pie that he was in the act of transferring from platter to plate, and, entirely disregarding this small mishap, he stretched out both hands to the boy, a broad smile of welcome spreading over his now ruddy face.

"Well, well, I'm blessed!" he cried. "The great little feller! and the big husky one, too! Well, well, ain't this grand? Come in, come in and eat. It certainly does my eyes good ter see you."

A very different person from the fat but despondent lunch-wagoner whom Pedro had met in the grimy little suburban square was the present smiling and prosperous I. Lovejoy, who beamed, who laughed, who pressed his best viands upon them. True, he was still very fat—fatter than ever—but the world had gone well with him, and he seemed to have used his smiling likeness on the wagon's exterior as an example to be lived up to.

"Well, well! What brings you way off here?" he asked, when they had eaten.

For a moment Pedro hesitated, and then, locking into the honest, red face, decided to give his confidence and related the cause of their sudden appearance in the wilderness of the Jersey docks.

"You don't say!" said the fat man, who had listened with great interest and attention. "You don't say! Why, I seen the very feller! A likely-lookin' chap he was, too—and a friend of my girl's."

"Really? What good fortune!" cried Pedro. And then Lovejoy went on to describe the meal that Hill had eaten with him.

"And what are you a-goin' to do now?" he concluded.

"I don't quite know," admitted Pedro, "but what you have told us makes me sure that we are on the right track. We might keep on going through the saloons near by."

The fat man looked thoughtful for a moment, scratching his head in silence. Then: "Lookey here!" he burst out, "them low-down money-gettin' dives are no ladies' cafes, and it ain't safe to wander round 'em 'cept in company. Now I like you—you done for me what I can't repay, but I'll have a try. I'm a-goin' to lock up this place and I'm a-goin' with you."

"Good!" exclaimed Pedro, holding out his hand, "you are—what does one say—a brick! Isn't he, Beau-Jean, eh? But it is not necessary, and I beg that you will not disturb yourself."

"'Twon't disturb me none," said Mr. Lovejoy, "and I liked that young feller. I hate to think he may be a-lyin' dead and cold in some wine-cellar, pierced through the heart with a dagger, or a hatpin, maybe. I'm a-goin' ter help you re-venge him, yes, if I lose money by it, by jingo!"

"I beg that you will do nothing to make yourself a loss!" cried Beau-Jean, who did not relish the prospect of this addition to their party.

"Although every fifty cents lost keeps me just that much further from my Lola," said Lovejoy solemnly, "I'm a-goin' to make the sacrifice this time."

Wherewith, he concealed a long bread-knife in the inner pocket of his overcoat, and, extinguishing the light, announced that he was ready for action.

"Where now?" asked the giant, as the three, followed, of course, by Mr. Jones, strode out into the night.

"There's Beer Peter's," suggested the new member, "have you tried there?"

"No," responded Pedro, "where is it?"

"Follow me," directed Lovejoy, "it's a likely place."

They set off at once, and trudged on in silence until a low frame building, abutting on the river and built partially on piles, was reached. Pushing open the felt-covered doors, Lovejoy paid for their entrance, and in another moment they were in the long, low-ceilinged room that formed the main portion of the building. A devastating odor rushed out to meet them, like a blast from some evil furnace. The place was blue with tobacco smoke, and at the far end, beyond a sea of little tables, a girl was singing to the accompaniment of a cracked piano.

At one end of this charming resort, which was typical enough of its class, stood the glittering bar with a shining array of glasses, mahogany and polished metal, while opposite the entrance, in what appeared to be a single-storied addition, was a room for dancing. Near the wide opening

"You've Got the Coin, Ain't You?"

into this section, sat Theodore Pell, the reporter, in company with three companions—Elloch, the painter, and two women. They were all very hilarious, but catching sight of Pedro, Pell excused himself, and began a somewhat uncertain progress in the direction of the newcomer. At the same instant a man who seemed to be in authority there accosted the three and demanded to know if they wanted to have Mr. Jones perform.

"The house takes half of what you get," he added.

"Do you often have dancing bears here?" asked Pedro.

"Nope, never yet," said the man, "but it might go. Try it on after the next dance, if you like."

"Maybe I will," replied the other. Then, as the proprietor moved away, he added, speaking to Lovejoy in a low tone, "Let us get right away. This place is too open. Nothing serious could happen here, and besides I am almost certain that Hill has not been here, from what that fellow said."

"All right," replied Lovejoy, "we might try the back room at Murphy's or Spikey Joe's place."

"Good!" said Pedro promptly, hustling them out before Pell could reach them. This escape did not, however, prevent the morning papers from bearing an account of how Signor E. C. Pedro, the noted Spanish painter, went slumming in disguise.

It was to the little unnamed wine-cellar known as "Spikey Joe's" that the rescue party went next. Here the very scum of the docks was gathered, and the women were of a kind one never sees by daylight. There were thieves and pickpockets, dancing and amusing themselves just as though they were human; and sickly-faced young men whose profession is unnamable; a terrible group of weary young people, calloused, yet sensation-hungry. The three companions had scarcely entered before it became evident that here at least was a place in which Hill had been, for a girl with flaming cheeks and an unbelievable coiffure turned and pointed to the bear, with a scream.

"There's a Teddy," she called out, "a cute little Teddy-bear, just like the other guy had.

"Dancing a bear must be a —— of a swell business!" she remarked. "You've got the coin, ain't you, sweetheart?" and she stretched out her hand to touch his face.

Pedro had her glass refilled.

"Tell us about the other bear-fellow," he suggested. "I'd like to know who my rival is."

"Sure, Cutie, I'll tell you," she smiled. But all she had to say was that a nice, fresh feller (presumably Hill) had been there three days ago, had made his bear perform, got no money for it, and had gone away peaceably. When it was clear that neither she nor anyone else there could give him any further information, Pedro arose and signaled the others to do likewise.

Now it happened that they soon came upon a portion of the one-sided street where the walk had been torn up, and perforce they had to cross the cobblestones beside the water. Here were some covered piers, and beside one of them Pedro stopped the trio that he might light a cigarette. Beau-Jean followed suit, and Lovejoy, saying that he had promised Lola not to smoke, shook his head, and stood looking up at the semicircular sign above the dock entrance.

"Venezuela Fruit Steamship Company."

He spelled it aloud slowly.

A strange expression crept over Pedro's face as he listened.

"Let us look at the boat that goes to that glorious country!" he said impulsively. And they began moving toward the ill-lit entrance. The gates were open, and in the dim light some men were working about the hold. As they approached they saw that a small corrugated iron house, a story and a half in height, was jammed up against the dock; the watchman's dwelling, perhaps, or the company's offices.

"What the devil do you want to go nosing around here for?" complained Lovejoy. "The cold is something fierce!"

"Just a moment!" pleaded Pedro. "I love that country so—Venezuela!"

"What's he up to?" Lovejoy whispered to the giant. But before Beau-Jean could reply a lot of things began to happen.

In the absorption of the moment Pedro had slackened his hold upon Mr. Jones' chain, and the bear, giving a sudden tug, found himself free, and bounded off toward the little corrugated iron house, some twenty feet away, and at once began scratching frantically upon the door that opened upon its porch. Instantly the three men ran after him.

"Come here, you bear!" yelled Lovejoy.

"Don't! Let him alone!" cried Pedro. What on earth could the creature's action mean? Then knowledge came to him in a flash, and running to the door at which Mr. Jones was now sniffing and giving little growls of joy, he put his ear to the panel. Holding up a hand which warned the others to silence, he spoke in a distinct but quiet voice.

"Are you there, Sam Hill?"

After a breathless pause, as if of unbelief on the part of the occupant of the room beyond, came the answer:

"Yes; who are you?"

"Pedro," was the reply. "Are you a prisoner?"

"Yes!" said the voice of Hill. "Good heavens! how did you come to find—"

The rest of the sentence was lost in a shout for help from Lovejoy; there was a sudden sound of scuffling, and Pedro, turning to his aid, was met by a blow on the head from a burly fist.

CHAPTER XIV.

To the Rescue.

With magical swiftness the semi-darkness began to swarm with struggling shapes, which sprang from everywhere and nowhere.

Returning the blow of his assailant with all his puny strength, Pedro managed to scramble into position with his back against the house, where, from within, he could still hear Hill's voice shouting directions which, however, were unintelligible to his distracted attention. Somewhere near by, Beau-Jean's string of rough oaths roared upon the turmoil, and Lovejoy began yelping for the police. At this latter cry there was a slight wavering among their unknown assailants, but it was quickly mended by a new onrush.

The men who had been working at the ship now left their tasks and joined the fracas on general principles, siding with neither party, but laying about them with vigor and a splendid lack of discrimination. But it was already quite a fierce struggle, and Pedro very soon began to find it difficult to keep his feet. The man with whom he was confronted had an overwhelming advantage in height and weight, while Pedro was slight and soft, and, truth to tell, rather badly frightened. If only he could manage to keep the fellow from knocking him out till Beau-Jean and Lovejoy managed to win, or the police arrived. But what if he should fail?

It seemed as though they had an army against them, though as a matter of fact, there were not more than ten in all. Twice he with difficulty suppressed the temptation to call upon his friends for help, and with sobbing indrawn breath fought on wildly, elusively, striving desperately to prevent his opponent from grappling with him.

"Open the Window."

A solitary policeman (a night roundsman) had come up. Pedro could hear him shouting above the din, but his efforts at establishing order were absolutely ineffectual.

By now Pedro was fast losing strength. It seemed to him that at any instant he must succumb, and sink to the ground. Only a horror of being trampled on sustained him, and his head was growing light. Then his antagonist, who was bent upon his injury or capture, infuriated at being held off so long by this mere slip of a boy, managed to get a leg hold upon Pedro. It was too much, and the boy's courage gave way.

"Au soucceur!" he screamed. "A moi, Beau-Jean! Au soucceur!"

Then somehow, he never quite knew in what manner, the giant was beside him, and the black menacing shape of the other man hurled through space and landed among his fellows, scattering the fighters for an instant. Then Hill's voice arose again, and this time, Pedro, leaning breathless and panting against the house, heard and understood.

"Open the window," Hill was yelling, "it's fastened from the outside. Open the window!"

With aching arms, Pedro strove to obey, but the heavy iron bar that held the galvanized shutters closed, resisted his effort. Beau-Jean, meanwhile, was a veritable windmill, and one of the stevedores had ranged himself beside the Frenchman, feeling, no doubt, that it was desirable to fight with, rather than against, this powerful person.

"Open the window!" yelled Hill ceaselessly. Pedro bent all his strength to another effort, and at the same moment there came to his ears the rapping of the lone policeman's club upon the pavement, a signal that was not wholly without effect upon the entire crowd. Again the heavy iron bar of the shutter lifted an inch or two, and again it slipped back into its socket. Then some one struck him upon the shoulder and turning to defend himself, he looked up into the fat dripping face of Mr. Lovejoy.

"God bless me!" puffed that worthy, "that was a near thing! Thought you was the enemy!" Pedro managed to gasp:

"The shutter-bar! Help me!"

In the twinkling of an eye the heavy iron lath had been extracted and was being brandished over the lunch-wagoner's head, a deadly weapon that swept a space clear about the window, which now burst open to emit the disheveled furious figure of Samuel Hill, who was armed with an improvised cudgel, evidently the leg of a table taken from the furnishings of his prison.

"United we stand!" he shouted, springing into the fight with relish. Then came a cry that was echoed on all sides.

"The reserves, the reserves, the police!" and the crowd began to scatter.

Almost as magically as they had been surrounded, they were left alone, but now, to be so left was fraught with almost as many dangers as had beset them a moment sooner; for that the police should not lay hands upon them was the paramount thought in the minds of all. Hill was the first to act.

"This way!" he called, darting off toward an ill-lighted, ill-paved street, flanked only by poster-covered fences.

By great good luck the rescue party managed to escape pursuit, and in less than half an hour they were seated (somewhat weary, but except for a few bruises none the worse for their experience) in the light and warmth of Lovejoy's wagon, while they discussed their adventure over hot coffee and the inevitable doughnuts. Outside, the beginning of a new snowstorm was filling the air with white petals.

"And why, in the name of the gracious Madonna, were you locked up?" inquired Pedro. "I cannot understand it."

"There is some mysterious illegal business afoot among that crowd," said Hill thoughtfully. "They have got that boat chock full of ammunition and arms, and all under cover of being pianos, and such stuff. It's against the law, you know. They sail the day after tomorrow, at dawn, and as I had accidentally stumbled upon their tricks, they decided to keep me safe until they got away. I've no doubt they would have let me go after that, without any fuss, but it was beastly unpleasant being locked up that way."

"You must give the information to the authorities," said Pedro.

Sam seemed to be in some doubt about this, but at last he decided that an explanation was due to these good friends who had risked so much for him.

"You see," he began, "there is somebody—that is to say, somebody's near relation—mixed up in this, and I—well, damn it all! I can't very well give him away!"

Instantly a thousand conjectures sprang to Pedro's mind.

"Is it—is it Iris' father?" he said hesitatingly.

Hill stared at him in amazement, a doughnut arrested half-way to his mouth.

"Great Scott! How did you know?" he exclaimed.

"Because—well, I'll tell you later. But the reason is that which made me come and look for you," he answered. "You'll excuse us," he added to Lovejoy, "but it's a private affair, about a lady."

"I will indeed," responded the fat man, "ah! ladies, ladies!"

"We must talk this over at once!" exclaimed Hill, glancing at the clock, which showed that the hour was almost 1 a. m. "Come, let us go!"

The three arose, and with many expressions of gratitude to their host, took their departure, and were soon settled upon the dingy benches of the north-bound ferry. They were almost the only passengers on board, and lulled by the warmth of the cabin, Beau-Jean fell asleep, using Mr. Jones for a pillow, and the bear, also glad of the rest, followed suit. Here, then, was an excellent opportunity for talk, and the other two immediately proceeded to take advantage of it.

Pedro spoke first, and related the story of his acquaintance with Iris and her request for his help in the matter of her father's secret trouble. From this narrative he omitted nothing except her infatuation for himself, and at the end, came to the little paper on which she had written her promise. At this point Pedro began to mix fiction and fact.

"I could not undertake to help her," he said, "because I soon discovered that some one dear to me would be involved, and would in turn involve me; but, more of that later. I then suggested that you be called upon, but she was unwilling—you have had a little quarrel, eh?"

The speaker watched Hill's eager face closely, to note the effect of this remark. The result was confirmatory to his own deductions.

"Yes," said the elder man, "it was a silly quarrel about nothing."

"Aha!" said Pedro, "so I felt sure. But she—ah! she thought you would not come to her aid. I knew differently, and so I told her. Then she wrote this little paper (he spread it out upon his knee) and I set out to find you and give it to you."

Hill took the fluttering bit of white, and read, with glad incredulous eyes:

I hereby promise to marry you on the day you can tell me my father is not being subjected to danger, or has been rescued from that, if any, which now imperils him. And I furthermore agree to overcome any debatable objections you may have to the marriage.

IRIS VANDERPOOL.

"For me!" said Hill tensely. "She sent it to me!"

There was an instant's pause, and then Pedro lied manfully.

"Yes!" said he.

Hill let out such a whoop at this that Beau-Jean and Mr. Jones woke up long enough to shift their positions.

"Tell her that I shall claim the reward within the week!" Hill exclaimed exultingly: "so she had better prepare to pay up! When will you see her?"

"Tomorrow night there will be a masquerade at the Milligans," replied Pedro. "She is to be there."

"Then tell her—" Hill began.

But Pedro stopped him, for every moment was bringing them nearer to the city, and he had not yet finished.

"I will," said he. "But listen now to my own part of the story. You people know nothing about me. Well, I am—but no, I shall not say that until I have to. But this I must tell you. By some strange circumstance, the character of which I have not yet solved, my mother is in New York in company with Rowe, whose real name is Ricardo Valdez, an ex-minister of the Venezuela government. He is as much a villain as my dear mother, my lovely girl-mother, is an angel! Until a few days ago I imagined her safe in her own home, and now I discover her here, and with that man! Some reason that seems good to her must have brought her, but what it is, I cannot even guess. But this I know—whatever of evil Valdez is engaged in, she is innocent, and to you I must confide her interests, and beg that you allow no harm to touch her."

"But why don't you look after her yourself?" gasped Hill in amazement.

"I cannot!" cried Pedro, his eyes full of distress. "You see, I ran away—oh, long, long ago, because she would have forced me to—oh! I cannot explain! But if she once saw me, she might betray me to that Valdez gang—for my own good, as she thinks—and then I would have to go off to a far country, and take up a job I loathe—that would kill me, that would stop my being a painter! And even for my mother, I could not submit to that!"

"But how the devil can she make you go against your will?" demanded Sam. "And why did you leave her in the first place? It's all very mysterious!"

"Yes, I know it sounds strange," replied Pedro, "but I can only explain a little. You might take her side. Indeed, almost every one does, except Old Nita. They seem to think that to be rich and powerful . . . Oh, they do not understand. They have given me too much freedom for their purpose, and now they cannot tie me down. . . . As for having left her, it was really she who left me. I had a little escapade—very harmless mischief it really was—but afterward Valdez told me that my mother would not receive me any longer. I gave him a letter to her in which I begged her to relent, but she never answered it, nor my others. Were it not for my love of her, it would be a relief to have severed my connection with my past, because of the different life I would lead should I go back, and now that I have begun to paint, to lead my own life. . . . But, please, I beg of you, as I have served you, promise to protect her, and ask me no more. Some day I may be able to tell you everything, but not now."

"Very well," assented Hill reluctantly. "But I may call upon you to get her out of a difficulty if it should prove absolutely necessary to do so?"

"Yes," returned Pedro. "But remember that for me to take any active part in the matter would have terribly serious results for me. Now tell me about Mr. Vanderpool."

"I don't know much to tell," replied Hill. "He recognized me, allowed himself to be persuaded that I should be locked up till this damned boat had reached its port, whatever it was, and gave orders that I was not to be hurt. Then he went off before I could get a word in edgewise, and I haven't seen him since."

The ferryboat had reached its slip, and they aroused their sleeping companions.

"Will you go to the studio?" Pedro asked when they had landed.

Hill considered for a moment.

"No," he said, "I shall go back to Jones street with Beau-Jean and the bear. I'm going to get at the bottom of this business before tomorrow—that is, today—is over. I have not yet decided on a plan of action, but in all probability, I shall be better able to work from the stratum of the tenements than as myself. In the meantime, thanks, and good night, and God bless you for this!" He tapped the breast pocket wherein lay the promissory note signed by Iris.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Canada is Calling You to her Rich Wheat Lands

She extends to Americans a hearty invitation to settle on her FREE Homestead lands of 160 acres each or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

This year wheat is higher but Canadian land just as cheap, so the opportunity is more attractive than ever. Canada wants you to help to feed the world by tilling some of her soil—land similar to that which during many years has averaged 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Think what you can make with wheat around $1 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain growing.

The Government this year is asking farmers to put increased acreage into grain. Military service is not compulsory in Canada but there is a great demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for service. The climate is healthful and agreeable, railway facilities excellent, good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

C. J. Broughton, Room 412, 112 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.; M. V. MacInnes, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Canadian Government Agents.

The Finishing Touch.

The young man hesitated to believe the statement of her little brother that the young lady was not at home. He repeated the question, at the same time displaying a quarter. The boy eyed it longingly and again replied in the negative.

"But didn't she leave a message for me?" asked the disappointed swain.

"Yes," said the lad—and nothing more.

As one who sees a great light, the young man tossed him the coin. "Now," he said, "out with the message."

"She said she's not gonna see you any more and you're not to give me any money."—Philadelphia Ledger.

IF HAIR IS TURNING GRAY, USE SAGE TEA

Don't Look Old! Try Grandmother's Recipe to Darken and Beautify Gray, Faded, Lifeless Hair.

Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and abundant with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Whenever her hair fell out or took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect. By asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe, ready to use, for about 50 cents. This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair and is splendid for dandruff, dry, itchy scalp and falling hair.

A well-known druggist says everybody uses Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied—it's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a comb or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and abundant. Adv.

Just the Boy He Wanted.

The aim of golfers is, of course, to go round the course with as few strokes as possible, and the man with the least strokes wins the game. A player realized this once, and decided to engage a caddy who would help him.

"Caddie," he said to the boy who came up to him, "can you count?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

"Can you add up?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what's five and seven and four?"

"Twelve, sir."

"Come along," said the golfer, "you'll do." And he engaged the boy on the spot.

Very Likely He Could.

A man walked into a barber shop and removed his hat and coat. He was evidently in a hurry.

"Can you shave me if I do not remove my collar?" he asked impatiently.

"Yes, sir," said the obliging barber.

The man took his seat in the chair, and the barber prepared for business. As he surveyed his customer he noted that the hair had all gone from the top of his head and that his hirsute adornment was limited to a fringe of hair above the neck. Then the barber spoke, as he drew the cloth around his customer's neck and fastened it at the back:

"And I think I could cut your hair if you did not remove your hat."—Columbus Dispatch.

Safety Appliance Lacking.

"Didn't you say," demanded the young man of the captain, "that this ship was equipped with all appliances for human safety?"

"I did."

"Then how does it happen that I now find myself engaged to a lady I did not know when the vessel left her pier?"—Judge.

STICK TO IT

Until Coffee Hits You Hard.

It is about as well to advise people to stick to coffee until they get hit hard enough so that they will never forget their experience.

A woman writes and her letter is condensed to give the facts in a short space:

"I was a coffee slave and stuck to it like a toper to his 'cups,' notwithstanding I frequently had severe attacks of sick headache; then I used more coffee to relieve the headache, and this was well enough until the coffee effect wore off.

"Finally attacks of rheumatism began to appear, and ultimately the whole nervous system began to break down and I was fast becoming a wreck.

"After a time I was induced to quit coffee and take up Postum. This was half a year ago. The result has been most satisfactory.

"The rheumatism is gone entirely, nerves practically well and steady, digestion almost perfect, never have any more sick headaches and am gaining steadily in weight and strength."

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

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum — must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

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. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

MONEY MOST WISELY SPENT

Millions Expended in the Campaign Against Tuberculosis Will Surely Have Its Effect.

More than $20,500,000 was spent last year in the campaign against tuberculosis in the United States. Of this sum 66.8 per cent was derived from public funds, either federal, state, county or municipal, and the remainder was contributed by private philanthrophy. These are some of the interesting figures contained in the annual statistical statement of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, made public recently. The statement is based largely on actual reports received from antituberculosis agencies located throughout the country, but where reports are not available, the figures have been estimated.

Institutional care and treatment of consumptives in hospitals and sanatoria makes up the largest share of the total expenditure. More than $17,300,000 was spent for this purpose, with an additional $925,000 for special treatment of tuberculosis insane and prisoners. These figures include not only the cost of maintenance, but in some instances the cost of construction of institutions. Antituberculosis associations spent the next largest sum, amounting to a little over $900,000. Care of patients in dispensaries and by visiting nurses cost almost as much, approximately $860,000. The growth of the open-air-school movement is shown in the fact that last year more than $300,000 was spent for this purpose, as against $10,000 expended five years ago. State and city boards of health spent $200,000 directly on tuberculosis work.

Comparative Liberty.

"Do you believe the poet's saying that 'Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage'?" asked Mr. Twobble.

"I don't know," said Mr. Meekes, thoughtfully, "but I dare say that stone walls and prison bars seem rather insubstantial things to a man who has been hedged about for 20 years by the glances of a watchful wife."

DON'T LET GRAY HAIRS

Make You Look Old. Restore Natural Color by This Guaranteed Method.

That luxurious dark, natural shade of hair you so much desire is within your reach—easily, inexpensively. Simply go to your druggist and get a bottle of Hay's Hair Health. When applied to gray hair it causes the air to bring back the original youthful color. Absolutely harmless. Keeps new gray hairs from showing. Imparts life, lustre and beauty; removes dandruff; cleanses and tones scalp. No one will know you are using anything. Druggist returns price if it fails. 25c, 50c and $1.00 at drug stores or direct on receipt of price and dealer's name. Philo Hay Specialties Co., Newark, N. J. Adv.

Her Only Alternative.

"What! Is Helen sick?"

"Oh, no. Her skirts are so narrow she can't walk, her shoes are so narrow she can't stand, her corset so tight she can't sit, so she is lying down."—Humoristick Listy (Prague).

Cold cash has melted many a girl's heart that warm love couldn't touch.

Backache Warns You

Backache is one of Nature's warnings of kidney weakness. Kidney disease kills thousands every year.

Don't neglect a bad back. If your back is lame—if it hurts to stoop or lift—if there is irregularity of the secretions—suspect your kidneys. If you suffer headaches, dizziness and are tired, nervous and worn-out, you have further proof.

Use Doan's Kidney Pills, a fine medicine for bad backs and weak kidneys.

An Illinois Case

"Every Picture Tells a Story"

Mrs. John J. Hicks, 321 S. 13th St., Mt. Vernon, Ill., says: "Doctors said that my blood was filled with uric acid. I often got so dizzy I toppled over while doing my work. My back ached all the time and I had a heavy, dragging-down feeling across my loins and hips. Headaches troubled me and the kidney secretions bothered me, too. Four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills put my kidneys in good shape, driving the uric acid out of my system and curing the backache."

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

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

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

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

THINK BENARES OLDEST CITY

Sacred Spot to Hindus, Its Claim Is Supported by Most Students of Indian History.

Which is the oldest city in India? An attempt has been made to identify the Purana Kila at Delhi as built on the site on which was situated the Indraput, mentioned in the Mahabharata as the capital of the five Pandavas. That is quite possible, but in any case Indraput disappeared long ago. Current Indian beliefs is that as a city Benares is absolutely the oldest in India. So much we do know from history that though in past centuries it rivaled Delhi in wealth and magnificence, the conquerors left it alone. There has never been a sack of Benares, and this is the more curious because it stands on one of the highways of commerce in India. Its position on the Ganges would naturally make it a big center. We know that to Hindus, Benares or Kasi, is the most sacred spot on earth, and that those who die there are forgiven all their sins. It is to the special interposition of Providence that Hindus ascribe the freedom of Benares from the sackings and devastation that have been the fate of other great Indian cities. In any case Benares ought to offer much good to any Indian antiquary. The archaeological department has, of course, to leave it alone, because it is still the center of a living Hinduism.

MIGHT BE CHANCE FOR HIM

Suggestion Made by Smart Young Man, Though, Was Not Altogether a Pleasing One.

There is a certain middle-aged and old-fashioned business man who is a little doubtful whether he, or the other, carried off the honors of war in an interview given to a smart young man.

The smart young man was applying for a berth.

"Let me see," said the merchant, "you've called on me before, but not on your present errand. The first time you represented Up-to-Date, Limited, and offered to put our concern on modern lines. Then you came on behalf of Systems and Files, and said you were business doctors. And after that you came as the publicity expert of the Newest in Ads company."

"That is so, sir."

"And are all these—er—companies dead?"

The young man reluctantly admitted that they were.

"Yet, after coming here three times to offer to teach us our business, when your concern go down you coolly solicit a berth in this poor effete old firm. Why, what use are you to us? Look at your record!"

The optimist countered that easily.

"You never know, sir. I might be very useful. Look what a splendid experience I've had in winding up companies."

It Must Have Been Difficult.

A man was brought before the court upon the complaint of his wife, says the Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung. While the prisoner was testifying the judge made it clear that he intended to be harsh with him; so that his wife became frightened, and when called to the stand, refused to give any testimony. In fact, she retracted all her accusations.

"So your husband didn't strike you, then?" said the judge. "Where did you get that black eye?"

"I struck it accidentally on the mantelpiece."

"So! And that piece bitten out of your ear—he didn't do that, either?"

"No, no, your honor. I did that myself!"

Use for Medieval Armor.

Any family having ancestors can make use of the medieval armor that may have been inherited, cutting it down to fit the children that have to associate with the unmuzzled dogs of the neighborhood.—Chicago News.

COOKERY IN CENTRAL AFRICA

People There Have Wonderful Mastery of the Art, According to a Returned Traveler.

Probably few people suspect central Africa of harboring some of the most wonderful cooks in the world, but the fact was announced by Mrs. M. French Sheldon, the well known traveler and explorer, in the course of a lecture recently.

"These African people are the most wonderful and fastidious cooks in the world," said the lecturer; "their cooking is marvelous and they know practically every tree and plant that simulates a flavor. For instance, the negress chef is in no way dismayed by the lack of onions and pepper; she merely gathers the bark of a certain tree and scrapes the inner side to get the one and searches for a particular plant, which, rightly used, produces the flavor of the other; and her skill and patience in blending new flavors and concocting fresh dishes are unbounded. With these powers at her command, it is scarcely to be wondered at that wives in central Africa are in great demand."

The possession of many wives is, in fact, a sign of wealth, and as their industry is by no means confined to the kitchen the chief who owns 1,500 wives is really the owner of an army of workers, who cook, wash, garden and otherwise justify their existence by performing tasks usually regarded as men's work. Marriage laws are rigorous and some faults or crimes are punished with great severity. A childless wife may find herself returned to her father, provided the gifts she brought her husband go with her. The only consolation she has is that her position in no way damages her market value as a wife if another suitor should happen to present himself. Her matrimonial experience is considered rather a desirable asset as having taught her exactly how a wife should behave.

Mud is merely emotional clay?

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will remove them and leave no blemishes. Reduces any puff or swelling. Does not blister or remove the hair, and horse can be worked. $2 a bottle delivered. Book 6 K free.

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