

THE CLEVER GIRL.



"Your father ordered some wood from me this morning, did he? Do you know whether he wants hard or soft?"

"Oh—not too hard."

The Best Answer. At a dinner in Bar Harbor a Boston woman praised the wit of the late Edward Everett Hale.

"Walking on the outskirts of Boston one day," she said, "he and I inadvertently entered a field that had a 'No Trespassing' sign nailed to a tree."

"Soon a farmer appeared."

"Trespassers in this field are prosecuted," he said in a grim tone.

"Dr. Hale smiled blandly."

"But we are not trespassers, my good man," he said.

"What are you then?" asked the amazed farmer.

"We're Unitarians," said Dr. Hale.

—Washington Star.

To Breaking One Neck, 62. The "line-up" man was a factitious man. The woman for whom he was getting up a pulley clothes-line was exacting. She ordered it put in a certain place, which it was almost impossible for him to reach. He hesitated.

"I'll break my neck." Still she did not relent. "All right, lady," he consented, with a cheerful grin, "but I'll cost you \$3 extra if I break my neck."

A One-Part Melodrama. "But you can't have a big oom with only one person in it."

"Sure I can," said the star. "After a struggle with myself I throw myself over the bridge."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Dr. J. M. RINDLAUB (Specialist), Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, Fargo, N. D.

In after years a man wishes he was half as smart as he used to think he was.

PERRY DAVIS PAINKILLER cures only the real cause of many painful ailments, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, and headache. It kills disease.

Devote each day to the object that is in hand, and the evening will find something done.—Goethe.

Dr. Fiero's Pleasant Pills cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. It is the cause and you are the disease. Try to take the cause and you are the disease. Try to take the cause and you are the disease.

We live truly for ourselves only when we live for others.—Seneca.

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Through a Woman's Heart.

By Sidney Warwick.

CHAPTER XLII.—Continued. The white-haired man pulled himself with a sudden jerk out of his stony lethargy. He crossed over to a bureau and opened a drawer. In his feverish impatience to find what he was searching for, he flung out on to the floor anything there that impeded his search. There was a pack of cards in the drawer; as the desperate man tossed them aside the cards scattered over the floor—reds and blacks—like a new garish carpet. And for a moment in the falling dusk his eyes were arrested and held by one of the upturned bits of pasteboard with an involuntary shudder. It was a similar card to that found clutched in the dead man's hand—an ace of hearts!

Now he had found in the drawer what he had kept there—a little dark green bottle with a blue label. If the worst came to the worst—

Holding the little bottle in his hand, the white-faced, trembling man crept across the room again, as though frightened by his own footsteps.

Beyond the lawn and the trees outside the open French window ran the high road. From the road a sound suddenly broke the stillness, cutting across the thread of his thoughts with a thrill of almost superstitious fear—the measured tapping of a stick, growing out of the distance along the highway, coming nearer.

He had heard that same tap-tap-tap coming down the road on the night he had murdered Philip. The sound seemed to bring that night unaccountably back to him.

He had always hated Philip—always; had hated him because of his money, because of his sneering taunts when his poor relation had approached with the request for a loan.

Bonholt's mind seemed to reconstitute the tragic events of that night with a lightning rapidity as he stood listening to the tap-tap-tap coming nearer—wondering if the footsteps would pause at the gate—pause and enter—like the coming of a messenger of fate.

He had been desperate for money at the time, this ruined spendthrift, and he had known it was useless to ask Philip; and another plan had suggested itself. He had proposed cards; and he had won—won heavily—as they played in the small house, not far from the Hall, where Bonholt had lived then with one servant—Matthew Bland.

Half-way through a game Philip, already in a sullen mood after his encounter with Jack Latham, had discovered why his run of bad luck was so persistent—caught Bonholt cheating; the cards were marked. He had felt the tiny pin-pricks on the back of one card—an ace of hearts.

And then Philip's fury had blazed out. "You thief and cheat!" he had cried; and with the words had struck Bonholt across the face. "I've done with you now. Everyone shall know you for the swindler you are—that you play with marked cards! I'll not spare you!"

And with the card in his hand Philip had strode from the house.

And then the chained devil in Bonholt's mind had loosed. He had crept out after Philip down the desolate, deserted road through the storm, revolver in hand, only waiting his opportunity, with murder in his heart.

Scarcely had the shot been fired than the murderer saw Olive Vanstone approaching, and he had hidden in a panic terror; from his hiding-place he had watched Stephen Ruthen come up. He had seen Philip take the revolver—the revolver Bonholt had determined at any risk to recover from the rector's possession; and then, as he waited in terror, hiding behind the great stone, he had heard this sound that was in his ears now: the tapping of the blind man.

He had not dared to move from his hiding place, even when he saw Stephen Ruthen drag the dead man to the base of the stone; but the great month had shielded him. And the footsteps of the blind man had passed.

Would they pass now or turn in at the gate? Somehow an overwhelming superstitious terror was in his mind that that measured tapping would turn in at the gate; what he feared he could not have said; his mind was beyond the power of reasoning clearly. He only felt that, if the sound turned in at the gate, it would be the footfall of fate coming to him—presage of the end.

Unable to endure the suspense, the white-faced man suddenly crept from the window across the lawn to the hedge that divided the grounds from the road, and stood there listening.

The tapping of the blind man's stick went on—past the gate. And Bonholt caught his breath as with a sob of relief; then he heard a voice in the road:

"Good night, Mr. Grale."

It was the voice of the police-superintendent from Fellgarth just outside the gate! Panic fell on him.

Across the dim lawn, through the French windows, into the darkening room, to pause there in an agony of terror, waiting, listening with straining ears for the heavy footsteps that

he knew now would come sooner or later up the drive.

Presently the servant, all unconscious of tragedy in the air, was holding the front door open, speaking to two men:

"Yes, the master's returned. I'll tell him you—"

"No need to announce us, my girl," said the superintendent. "In the library, did you say?"

He strode forward, followed by his subordinate.

The room was almost dark as he flung open the door without ceremony. He could only see dimly the figure sitting in the chair and the white faces of the scattered playing-cards on the floor gleaming faintly through the dusk.

There was something in the attitude of the figure that made the officer start forward with a sudden cry; he fumbled with a match.

The flickering light fell on the grey, distorted face of the huddled-up figure in the chair and on a little green bottle that winked evilly in the momentary gleam, lying on the floor by the dead man's side.

The week-night service in the church was nearly over; the rector came slowly down the pulpit steps, as the voices of the sprinkling of people that formed the congregation rose in the closing hymn.

In spite of himself the grave-faced man in the surplice, whose hair had grown noticeably greyer during the past six months, had found his thoughts wandering strangely throughout the service tonight. He had thought, as he delivered his address, of that night many months ago when, as he stood in that pulpit, the wind sweeping over from the moors beyond Wildfell had beaten against the leaded windows; that night when the woman of his broken dream had come back to him with the storm, out of the silence of years, to bring an invading breath of storm across his life.

The benediction was spoken; the congregation passed out of the church. Stephen walked thoughtfully to the vestry, thinking of many things.

In the church the music from the organ still rose and fell in waves, beating like a triumphal march—an echo of the stately wedding march that had been played in the church that morning, when Hilda and Jack Latham were made man and wife.

They had gone away, radiant and happy, on their wedding tour; Stephen had said good-bye to them at the station, and had gone back with a strange new sense of loneliness to the house where henceforth he would be alone—this man whom the great, wonderful happiness that Hilda and Jack had found had forever passed by. For him love had brought only sorrow and disillusion.

This woman he had loved so deeply—deeply enough to have made that sacrifice of honour and duty and faith for her sake; that sin against his conscience to be paid for in the bitterness of suffering and remorse—how far apart their lives lay now, and must always lie!

Her claim to be the widow of Philip Hume had been definitely established, thanks to the efforts of Anthony Strangways. But she never came near Wildfell, or the great house on its outskirts where Bonholt Hume had died, that was hers now. The place had a horror for her.

Stephen saw Olive's name some times in the papers—she had leapt into swift, amazing success on the stage. London was crowding to see the new star in the theatrical firmament. For this woman, who had been the one love of his life—the increase of popular adulation, the glitter of lights and music; for him—the broken dream, with the sweetness, even of its memory, marred and made bitter.

Stephen Ruthen hung up the surplice with a sigh and passed out through the vestry door. He walked slowly back to his lonely house.

The End.

Inexorable. Some must work and some must play, But this I note: There is no reason that I know Why some must rock the boat.

Strange. "Something wrong with this newspaper story?" "How now?" "It doesn't refer to a party of girl travelers as a 'bevy of beauties.'"

Appraising It. "I went into a bank this morning to change my mind," said young Lightwit, with a large smile. "Indeed!" rejoined Miss Castigan. "You got five pence, I suppose?"

Not Always the Rascal. "It ain't the noise that counts in this world," said the janitor philosopher; "a sixty-nine dollar motorcycle can make more noise than a \$5,000 automobile, head!"

Accidental. "What caused his death?" "He was slightly unbalanced." "Did he die in a madhouse?" "No; he fell off a trapeze."

WJ SOCIAL FRAUDS

COSTON CLUB MEN WHO "WORK" THEIR FRIENDS.

Successfully "Fish" for Invitations to a Fine Afternoon and Manoeuvre It to Cover Dinner, Bed and Breakfast.

The most bare-faced rogues in all Christendom dwell in Boston. These rascals are not perch climbers nor are they manufacturers of great wealth, although their performances partake of the most evil qualities of both. Two of them of which I speak are nominally and ostensibly, even ostentatiously, members of good society, and are not usually recognized as the frauds they are. All the greater shall be their reward—when it comes.

The particular episode into which all the malevolent venous of these parasites was quitted occurred last the other day. Here is the story stripped of all obscuring and foggy covering. These two are tennis takers. As to their skill—let that pass. By much talking on the subject they elicited the attention of an unsuspecting companion one day at the lunch table. This person lives outside Boston, of course. Otherwise he would not have been ensnared. Hearing their talk and being himself a genuine lover of the game, he was thoughtless enough to invite this couple to spend an afternoon at a tennis club about forty or fifty miles from the hub. Their acceptance was instantaneous and correspondingly greedy. Yet the countryman did not suspect. The pair were promptly on hand and ate their host's luncheon with enthusiasm. Then all three, together with an obliging club member, went out upon the tennis court and started the game. "A pleasant time was had." Suddenly, alleges one of the guilty pair, the sun went down and so to their consternation, they discovered it was seven o'clock. Several double faults watching that sun's decline was "game," and ignoring the fact that his guests were invited for the afternoon and not the evening, insisted that they take dinner with him. Loud were their protestations. Oh, no, they would go to town at once, they would by no means inflict themselves upon him, etc. In fact, their protestations and graceful acquiescence took up a good thirty minutes. Later dinner was served, followed by other things, of course. These Boston sponges exerted themselves to their utmost to please and amuse the man who was paying the bill. One of the actually tried to sing. Meanwhile the clock ticked away, kept ticking away, kept ticking away, until at last, when, talked dry, they rose to go, they were informed that the last train for Boston had gone! Again their host was game. He saw he was sold, his pocket rifled, and his good-will marketed, but he did not whimper. "Stay all night at the club, of course." Of course.

Next morning about ten o'clock two young men, upon whose countenances the plain impress of guilt still lingered, might have been seen alighting from a train at the station in Boston. And in the memorandum book of each the police might have found carefully checked off: "Aug.—Lunch, dinner, lodgings, and breakfast, \$60.00."—Boston Transcript.

All the Same to Father. "Come here, Bates!" roared Dr. Bigwig, head and only master of the Cranston village school. "I have to day received a—ahem!—a letter from Mr. Johnson, informing me that his son is unable to attend school in consequence of a thrashing you yesterday inflicted upon him. Is this a fact, Bates?"

"No-no sir!" quailed Bates. "I never touch 'em!"

But Dr. Bigwig did not believe. And two minutes later Bates was asking for permission to stand up in class, the benches being of wood.

On the following day Johnson returned and Dr. Bigwig sought justification of his act before the whole class.

"Did you tell your father that Bates thrashed you?" he asked.

"No, sir," piped the youth.

"But your father wrote to me, saying that Bates did it!" he thundered.

"I know he did!" snivelled Johnson.

"It was Billy Beauchamp did it, sir; but father couldn't spell Beauchamp, so he wrote Bates."

Now They Kiss in France. The French kiss, unlike its counterpart in the United States and England, is implanted on the cheeks instead of the mouth. Children greet or bid good-bye to parents, husbands to wives and fiancés to fiancées by kissing first one cheek and then the other.

Frenchmen apparently go on the principle that if it is well to kiss at all it is well to kiss in public, for the sight of couples embracing each other or walking with arms about each other in the streets in broad daylight is so common as to attract no attention. This is true of thoroughly respectable folk and, particularly of the working classes, who pay little regard to the conventionalities. And when it comes to kissing, everybody follows the scriptural injunction and "kisses the left cheek also."

Insuring Respect. "Do you think a diamond engagement ring really makes a girl more thought of by her chums?" "Well, it certainly is a good thing to have on hand."

BACKACHE IS KIDNEYACHE.

Usually There Are Other Troubles to Prove It.

Pain in the back is pain in the kidneys, in most cases, and it points to the need of a special remedy to remove and cure the congestion or inflammation of the kidneys that is interfering with their work and causing that pain that makes you say: "Oh, my back."



Thompson Watkins, professional nurse, 438 N. 23rd St., Parsons, Kan., says: "For some time I was annoyed with sharp twinges across the small of my back and irregular passages of the kidney secretions. Since using Doan's Kidney Pills, I am free from these troubles."

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

Doan's Kidney Pills.

Madam: Don't be Misled. Cheap and Big Can Baking Powder is Only Big in Size—Not in Satisfaction—Not in Economy.

A large can and a small cost does not make baking powder cheap—or even less expensive than Calumet—the high-quality, moderate-priced brand. It certainly cannot make it as good. Don't judge baking powder in this way—the real test—the proof of raising power, of evenness, uniformity, wholesomeness and deliciousness will be found only in the baking.

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

Is a better baking powder than you have ever used before. And we will leave it to your good judgment for proof. Buy a can today. Try it for any baking purpose. If the results are not better—if the baking is not lighter, more delicious, take it back and get your money. Calumet is medium in price—but great in satisfaction. Free—large handsome recipe book, illustrated in color. Send 4c and slip found in powder can.

Calumet Received Highest Award—World's Pure Food Exposition.

Calumet Baking Powder.

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