GERMAN CLUB DANCE

THIRD COTILLON OF THE SEASON GIVEN AT SUMMIT HALL

DAINTY AND NOVEL FAVORS

Louis Wilkes Presents Women With Minnesota Pearl Stick-Pin—List of Those Present Last Night.

The St. Paul German club gave its third cotillon last night in Summit hall. The hall was decorated entirely in green. The ceiling was almost canopied with festoons of evergreen and palms hid the music and decorated the chairs where the favor tables were stationed.

Louis Wilkes, a charter member of the club, who celebrated his birthday yesterday, presented each of the women with a Minnesota pearl stick pin as a souvenir favor. In turn, just before supper, the men presented him with a huge birthday cake, bearing the proper number of candles. Besides the stick pins, the favors for the young women were oval, gilt picture frames, white wands tied with bunches of pink roses, tiny footballs, filled with candy, and miniature sailor caps. The men's favors were gold horns, tiny pigs ridden by clowns, miniature automobiles and sailboats. There was also a flower favor ngure. There were two particularly unique figures. In one the lights were extinguished, the men lined up on one side of the hall, holding in front of them jack-o'-lanterns, and the women selected to dance with them the most grotesque, or the least grotesque, as their fancy dictated. In another the men were drawn to their partners by means of ropes tied to their ankles.

The chaperons were Mrs. E. L. Shepley, Mrs. C. M. Griggs, Mrs. Archibald McLaren, Mrs. George B. Young, and Mrs. Thomas Lowry, of Minneapolis, and each carried a bunch of American beauties. The dancers included Miss Newport, Miss Johnson, Miss Britton, Miss De Coster, Miss Livingston, Miss Abbie Livingston, Miss Rachael Hill, Miss Gertrude Hill, Miss Dean, Miss Laura Turness, Miss Louise Cochran, Miss Saunders, Miss Caroline Saunders, Miss Rogers, Miss Roxanna Smith, Miss Ferguson, Miss Marion, Miss Pope, Miss Rugg, Miss Elsie Pope, Miss Holbert, Miss Young, Miss Abbott, Miss Judson, Miss Wheaton, Miss Sloan, Miss Dousman, Miss Norton, of Detroit, Mich.; and Miss Grace Saunders, of Cleveland, Ohio. Messrs. Clive Runnell, of Chicago; H. P. Bend, Phillip Allen, F. R. Bigelow, H. W. C. Bowdoin, C. M. Bend, M. J. Boyle, Homer Clark, J. S. Dalrymple, Sydney B. Dean, William B. Flandrau, George W. Folds, William Van S. Finch, Charles W. Gordon, H. L. Green, T. W. Griggs, C. B. Holbert, R. C. Holbert, Howard James, Julian N. Kirby, A. W. Lindeke, J. D. Lewis, A. W. Merriam, F. D. Monfort, Calcart Maxfield, C. D. Matteson, Allen McQuillan, C. N. Nelson, R. M. Newport, M. J. O'Shaughnessy, W. W. Price, Mason Prouty, J. S. Pillsbury, R. D. Stewart, E. N. Saunders, W. O. Start, Carl Taylor, L. D. Wilkes, R. P. Warner, Fred Weyerhaeuser, P. J. Kalman, Harry W. Gregg, E. W. Durant.

Reece Newport led the german with Miss Grace Saunders, of Cleveland, Ohio. The club will give its next and last cotillon of this season Friday evening, Feb. 7.

Of Social Interest.

Richmond Warner gave a dinner party last night at the Minnesota club, entertaining about twenty of the younger set. Mrs. C. Milton Griggs chaperoned the party. Among the guests were Miss Catherine Johnson, Miss Norton, of Detroit, Mich.; Miss Newport, Miss Grace Saunders, of Cleveland, Ohio. Miss Britton and Miss Young; Reece Newport, Jr., Theodore Griggs, R. D. Stuart, J. B. Pillsbury, Jr., and W. H. Averill.

* * *

Mrs. E. Sundquist, of Holly avenue, entertained about fifty of her friends last night. She was assisted by Mrs. C. C. Johnson, Miss E. Backlund, Mrs. S. Holcand, Miss Annie Carison and Mrs. T. Panquist.

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Mrs. W. J. Kelly, of Maria avenue, gave an informal card party and luncheon Thursday afternoon.

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Mrs. D. E. Langtry, of Glencoe street, gave an informal dancing party last night at her home.

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Dr. and Mrs. Burnside Foster, of Farrington avenue, will give a dinner party this evening.

* * *

Judge and Mrs. John W. Willis, of Summit avenue, will give a card party tonight.

* * *

Miss Proctor will give a cotillion at Ramaley's hall this evening. The chaperons will be Mrs. F. M. H. Kendrich, Mrs. T. H. Bacon, Mrs. H. T. Black, Mr. Proctor will lead the cotillion.

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Miss Roxanna Smith, of Summit avenue, will give a tea this afternoon for Miss Norton, of Detroit, Mich.

* * *

Miss Allison McKibben, of Western avenue, will give a luncheon today for Miss Constance Mackay.

* * *

George C. Gilkey, of St. Paul, was married Wednesday evening at Hastings to Miss Anna Luella Mahar. The wedding was celebrated at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Mahar, Sixth street. Rev. M. R. Paradis of Waverly, Minn., officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Gilkey will reside in St. Paul.

CLUBS AND CHARITIES.

The Ladies' Aid Society of St. John's Church held an all-day work meeting yesterday in the church parlors.

Mrs. E. M. Van Duzee of Goodrich avenue, entertained the Missionary Society of the First Baptist Church yesterday afternoon. The general topic was the "Early Days of Christianity." Mrs. Walcott read a paper on "Marcus Aurelius," and Mrs. Van Duzee one on "Roman Emperors, From Nero to Constantine." Mrs. George C. Lyman presided, and there were about thirty ladies present. Mrs. Fred Northrop, of Westminster street, will entertain the club next.

Mrs. C. C. Miller, of East Third street, entertained the Lower Town Card club last night.

The Algonian club gave a dancing party last night in Litt's hall.

Mrs. McCaskey, of the Waldorf, entertained the St. Luke's Aid Society of St. Paul's church yesterday afternoon at a thimble bee.

The Foreign Missionary Society of Dayton Avenue Presbyterian Church met yesterday afternoon in the church parlors. Mrs. M. D. Edwards had charge of the programme.

Mrs. C. A. Moore, of Goodrich avenue, entertained the Poverty Luncheon club yesterday.

Mrs. T. Ferguson entertained the members of the Goodrich Avenue Presbyterian Church at a social last night at her home on Goodrich avenue. She was assisted by the Ladies' Aid society of the church.

Miss Hillman, of Lincoln avenue, entertained the Y. P. S. C. E. of the First M. E. Church last night at a social.

The Crusaders of the Cathedral Parish will give a card party tonight at the Knights of Columbus hall, on Robert street.

Oak circle, U. A. O. D., will give a masquerade ball tonight at Union hall.

PERSONAL.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Wyand, of the Seville, have returned from their wedding trip.

Miss Elsie Wright, the guest of Miss Ethel Innes, has returned to Aitkin, Minn.

Miss Grace Doran, of Summit avenue is spending the winter at Old Point Comfort, Va.

Mrs. E. H. Farnum, of Dayton avenue is entertaining Mrs. E. H. Larkin, of Chicago.

Miss Agnes and Miss Julia Haverty, of Winnipeg, are guests of their sister, Miss Haverty, of Fuller street.

Mrs. C. R. Gardiner, of East Seventh street, is spending the winter with relatives in Shell Lake, Wis.

Mrs. S. T. Michelet, the recent guest of Mrs. R. H. Downing, of Iglehart street has returned to Detroit, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Berkey, Dayton avenue, have gone to Washington, D. C. and Old Point Comfort.

Miss Hulda Neuman, the guest of Miss Rose Neuman, Ashland avenue, has returned to Duluth.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Zimmerman have returned from New York.

Miss Grace Saunders, the guest of Miss Caroline Saunders, of Summit avenue, will return Sunday to Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Cosgrove, of Le Sueur, are the guest of C. R. Smith, of Summit place.

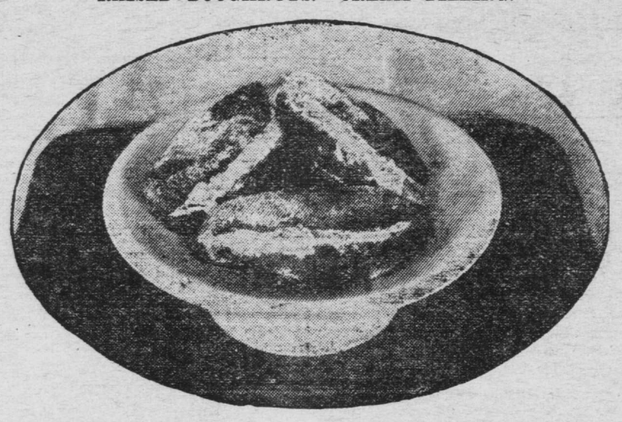
Mr. and Mrs. Allen S. Ray, of Oak Park, Ill., are guests of Mrs. George D. Taylor, Lincoln avenue.

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT.

Sunday School Class Furnishes Fun at Park Congregational Church.

A unique entertainment was given last night in the Park Congregational church by eleven of the girls in Mr. Clough's Sunday school class. There was a fancy dumbbell drill followed by a marching song by the whole class. Each girl was dressed alike in a white kimono tied with a red sash, and the effect was exceedingly pretty. There were a number of very pretty tableaux, and Miss Clemie Ryan, as Topsy, sang the pickaninny song from the "Runaway Girl," and "Every Nigger Had a Raglan On." There was a large and appreciative audience. Those taking part in the programme were Misses Buella McGregor, Clemie Ryan, Mary Cummings, Cecil Barnes, Mary Young, Madge Barclay, Helen Ruff, Dottie Bartlett, Esther Law, Beatrice Lovering and Bonnie Hobart.

RAISED DOUGHNUTS. CREAM FILLING.



At night scald one cup of milk, add one-quarter level teaspoon of salt and one-quarter yeast cake dissolved in one-quarter cup of lukewarm water and mix with enough flour to make a stiff batter. In the morning add two tablespoons of melted butter, one-half cup of sugar, one beaten egg and flour to make a dough barely stiff enough to handle. Roll three-quarters of an inch thick, cut in diamonds with a scalloped cutter or with a jagger and let rise on a board for one hour, turn and let rise one-half an hour. Fry in deep fat. When cool cut across with a sharp knife, lay a spoonful of raspberry jam on one-half, cover with whipped cream, press the halves together and sprinkle the top with powdered sugar.

These doughnuts are excellent for breakfast without the fillings; in that case flavor with a few gratings of nutmeg, cinnamon or lemon extract. Good plain raised doughnuts may be made from bread dough or that mixed for rolls; these are best eaten warm, as they become dry, tough and tasteless when cold.

Unsweetened raised doughnuts served warm with maple syrup is another good combination and the relish for them may be kept up by varying the flavoring from time to time. —Alice E. Whitaker.

Constellation Chapter Is Entertained

Mrs. H. C. Munson, of the Buckingham, entertained the members of the Constellation chapter, O. E. S., yesterday afternoon, at a card party and musicale. Favors were won at cards by Mrs. F. H. Reeves, Mrs. William Dampler and Mrs. W. S. Thorne. The hostess was assisted by Mrs. T. R. Simpson, Mrs. William Dampler and Mrs. James Goodman. An informal musical programme followed, which comprised several vocal solos by Mrs. Clarence Andrew Payton, two numbers by the Eastern Star quartette, a recitation by Murielle Simpson and a piano solo by Margaret Vanderbee.

Monroe Mothers' Club.

Dr. F. M. Owens addressed the Monroe Mothers' club yesterday afternoon on "The Care of the Teeth." Dr. Owens cautioned the club members not to neglect the children's teeth, for if small cavities were filled and the first teeth extracted when they began to decay to make room for the second set, the result would be a fine set of teeth when the child grew up. Miss Alice Officer sang. There was an unusually large attendance at yesterday's meeting.

MENU FOR SUNDAY.

BREAKFAST.

Shredded Biscuit, Sugar and Cream.
Broiled Chops. Hashed Sweet Potatoes.
Bannocks. Coffee.

DINNER.

Black Bean Soup.
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Jelly.
Mashed Potatoes. Stewed Corn.
Olive and Celery Salad.
Wafers. Cheese.
Apricot Ice.
Coffee.

SUPPER.

Broiled Oysters. Celery.
Sliced Oranges. Cake. Coffee.

THE REASON WHY.

Jack—It's no use; your father won't listen to me, and yet you assured me that he wanted to get you off his hands.
Helen—Perhaps that's why he won't listen to you.

Our Friends

Must be bringing their friends to us for we see new faces every day and the increase in our business is perceptible. The low prices we are making brings them again. Are You one of them?

PARKER DRUGGIST, 5th & Wabasha

STYLES TOO ORNATE

MRS. A. E. HELMICK READS PAPER ON WOODWORK BEFORE CIVIC LEAGUE

HINTS ON BUYING FURNITURE

Nothing Should Go Into a Home Unless Owner Is Sure It Is Useful and Beautiful.

One of the most interesting programmes given in the arts and crafts series of the Woman's Civic league this winter was Mrs. A. E. Helmick's paper on "Woodwork," read yesterday afternoon before the league members in the Ryan annex. Mrs. Helmick is president of and an active worker in, the Arts and Crafts society, of Minneapolis. She is an interesting and fluent speaker, completely in touch with everything that concerns the best in art. Her talk had to do with household furnishings andw as a plea for simpler fashions and purer style. Mrs. Helmick took for her text William Morris' advice that one should not allow a piece of furniture in his house unless he were sure that it was useful and unless he considered it beautiful. A mother who allowed her children to be surrounded by the tawdry gilt furniture, and the over-decorated wall hangings of a tawdry French period must expect their sturdy Americanism to be undermined. So far, the speaker said, we had not devised anything more beautiful than the Colonial style of furniture. It was honest, substantial, beautiful and not ornate.

In connection with yesterday's programme there was a number of pieces of furniture on exhibition that carried out the ideas suggested in the paper. Among these articles was a chair made after a design of Morris.

Mrs. Conde Hamlin announced yesterday that two rooms had been secured on the top floor of the New York Life building that could be used by the league for its meetings. The executive committee of the league had secured the rooms but they could be used by the league in general until permanent quarters were secured.

JOINT MEETING ON THE BETHEL.

Ex-Gov. Yale Delivers an Interesting Address.

The first of a series of joint meetings of the Men's club and the Mothers' club of the Bethel was held last night in the Bethel dining room. Mrs. C. G. Higbee presided. A brief prayer and song service was led by Rev. David Morgan and Rev. Mr. Martin, of the Bethel boat. Ex-Gov. Yale made the address of the evening. By way of preface the speaker explained that the only time in his life he had been obliged to preach a sermon his subject had been "Weighed in the Balance and Found Wanting," and for various reasons he had concluded to use that same subject last night. The speaker considered those who had been weighed in the balance and found wanting politically, socially and in a domestic way, pointing out the various reasons why they had failed, and from those failures drawing a moral to point his lecture. The address was replete with anecdotes and was exceedingly interesting.

Miss Miller, professor of elocution at the Hamline university, gave several readings and Miss Stockdill sang. She was accompanied by Miss Wolever. Following the meeting refreshments were served. About 100 men and women were present at the meeting last night.

The men's club of the Bethel will meet in two weeks. "The Primaries" will be the subject for an address and a discussion. The Bethel Mothers' club will hold their usual Friday afternoon meeting next week.

Miss Bonn's Recital.

Miss Catherine Bonn will give an elocution and pantomime recital Friday evening, Jan. 24, at Odd Fellows' hall. Miss Bonn will be assisted by Mrs. Rose Remmler.

FASHIONABLE WOMEN'S FADS.

Mrs. Astor, like Li Hung Chang, believes her own chef understands her digestion better than the cooks of her various friends, and, consequently, always dines at home before she goes to any dinner party. This enables Mrs. Astor to toy with her food and devote her entire thoughts to conversation.

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt Jr. is wearing the smartest of little fur jackets. It is of Hudson bay sable, and made after the style of an Eton with large reveres.

Mrs. Henry Clews has so many jewels that she is one of the women who can afford not to wear them, and, instead, adorns herself with flowers. At the opera recently she appeared with a wreath of green leaves in place of the usual diamond tiara.

Mrs. Henry Clews Jr. has a remarkable looking fan, apparently made out of eagles' feathers. It shades from brown to white, and from the handle to the tip of the plumes it must be nearly half a yard.

While Mrs. Clarence Mackay's position in society makes it necessary for her to devote much of her time to its entertainments, she never does so at the expense of her little child. She is an ideal mother and a most affectionate one. This is also true of Mrs. George Jay Gould. Both these women are more like the mothers of a generation ago than many of their friends, for they believe in personally supervising the care and instruction of their children.

Dressmakers call this a white winter, as white figures so prominently in all the newest fashions. The decorators also have introduced white a great deal in their latest fancies. Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt Jr., instead of having heavy velvet hangings of some rich, dark color on the front door of her house, at Madison avenue and Fifty-Seventh street, has one of white silk.

The fashionable little tulle bow for the back or side of the collar has appeared as an adjunct to diamond necklaces. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt wore one on Friday evening to the bachelors' ball.

SKIRTS AND UNDERSKIRTS.

Some pretty little cloth skirts for present general uses are made with a narrow front breadth which reaches quite to the foot, and two graduated flounces, beginning at the seam on each side, running wider at the back. Narrowly piped strappings or many rows of stitching finish the borders of these flounces. On a few of the rather extreme reception gowns and house dresses, the seams are outlined by a band of Persian embroidering in colors and gold, contrasting in delicate tint with that of the gown.

Nowadays the fit of a petticoat is of almost as much importance as the fit of the gown itself, and the new skirts are modeled with this idea i nview. There is absolutely no necessary fullness in the upper portion, the yoke fits snugly about the hips, and only at the knee, where the ruffle begins, does the skirt billow out into flounced and lacy fullness. The short underskirt, if it is worn, is severely simple and fits close; the walking skirt follows the line of the tailor skirt, while the full dress evening skirt of the sheerest lawn or nainsook is quite elaborate enough to be a dress skirt so exquisitely fine is the material, so beautifully trimmed with lace, tucking, so adorned with lace medallions and insets of fine hand-embroidered, so perfect in fit and so altogether lovely are these creations of the skilful needle woman. In some cases all the underwear is entirely made by hand. Particularly true is this of much of the work which comes from the French convents. While this adds something to the sentiment of the clothes, the machine-stitching is so beautifully done, so fine and so accurately placed that hand work, unless it be the very perfection of needlework, cannot compare with the machine work.

DINNER DRESSES.

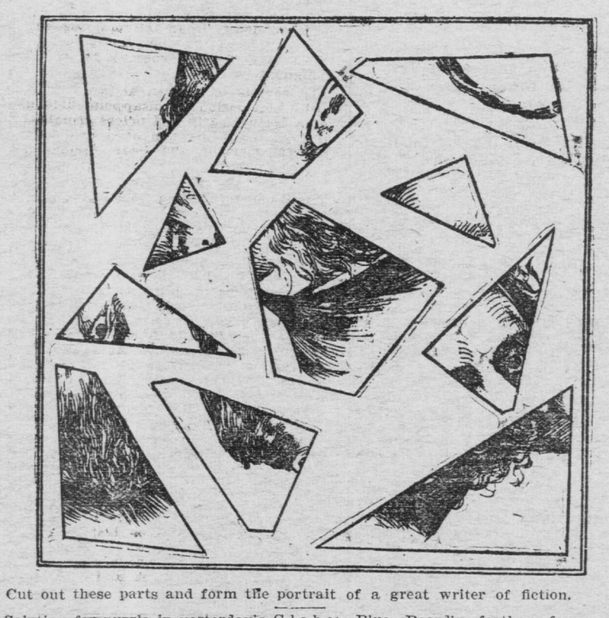
If you contemplate a gown for dinners, and what woman is there who does not glance longingly at the dinner gowns of the season? then give up the idea of something heavy and go in for something thin. Do it, if though your last six dinner gown were thin, all made with a transparent yoke and all showing the lining beneath.

Try for novelty in the transparent yoke. Have it so thin that your neck looks as though uncovered and lay handsome applications upon it, fastened so as to show off the best points of your throat and neck. Let your stock be absolutely novel—there are many ways of securing novelty—and around the very upper edge run a little strapping of colored ribbon. Let the ribbon match the color motif of some part of the vest or the belt or the sash.

A dinner dress of black silk tissue, really very expensive, embroidered in hanging trimmings of cut steel, jet, turquoise and gun metal, an embroidery that cost $25 per yard, was exactly imitated by a woman with only $25 to her name in a cheap mousseline de soie and in imitation turquoise and steel, gun metal and silver ornaments, costing not over a dollar a handful. To be sure, there were holes in the "gems" and some of them looked a little like mere spangles, but when she had it on the effect was very good, and the thought that she had saved nearly $500 was better.

The best dressmakers declare that there was never a season when women could dress upon less, but they add that this is only possible for the woman with talent in her hands and industry in her fingertips.

PORTRAIT PUZZLE.



Cut out these parts and form the portrait of a great writer of fiction.

Solution for puzzle in yesterday's Globe: Blue Beard's feathers form one brother and his beard forms the other. The knave is also formed by the beard.

Lost River.

By JOSEPH ARTHUR.

This story is founded on Mr. Arthur's play, "Lost River."

The story of "Lost River," the second installment of which is given below, and the first of which was published yesterday, will run through six more consecutive issues of The Globe, the last chapter appearing on Thursday morning, Jan. 23. In one of the installments a word will be omitted from the text, and the first of The Globe's readers to supply the omission correctly will be given an order on the Grand Opera house for a box at any performance except Sunday evening. The next nine from whom correct guesses are received will be given two seats each for any of the weekly performances.

There are no conditions attached other than that the missing word must be plainly written and mailed to the Managing Editor of The Globe, together with the name and address of the sender. The first letter opened containing the correct answer will be adjudged to have won the prize of a box, and the next will be given orders for seats, which will be the best in the house. No answers will be considered which do not comply with these conditions.

CHAPTER II.

The Mystery.

"Whose picture did you say this was?" faltered Blessing.

"Thomas Jones', Ora's father. The man who married my daughter and then left her to die alone, for fear of offendin' his rich folks back in New York. That's him. That's Thomas Jones. And a good likeness it was—twenty years ago."

But Bob Blessing scarcely heeded her. He was saying over and over to himself:

"By all that's wonderful, it is Thomas Middleton, my partner—Gladys' father. Now I begin to understand why he opposed our taking this Lost River contract; why he has never come out here in person, and why he objected at first to Claude and Gladys' coming."

Then a new thought occurred to him. "That story doesn't sound like Middleton. If it is true, I believe he acted as he did through cowardice rather than from villainy. He would probably be glad to make amends if he knew Ora was living. He will be at Lost River week after next to look over the aqueduct and bring the men's back pay. Can't I bring about a meeting?"

The idea took hold of his imagination. "Mrs. Gates," he said aloud, "an old friend of mine—my partner, Mr. Middleton, in fact—is coming to our hotel week after next. There is to be a hop there the evening he arrives. Won't you do me the favor of coming to the dance and of bringing Miss Ora with you?"

"Never!"

"What?"

"Never, I say! It was at such a hop as that, up to the hotel, that my girl met Thomas Jones. Ora shan't run such a risk."

"But you'll be there to look after her," pleaded Blessing, "and—who knows but what the evil begun at one hop may be set right at another?"

"What do you mean?"

"I can't explain just now. You'll have to trust me."

"But how can you tell it'll bring you good luck?"

"Suppose," answering Blessing; "suppose I should tell you that by going there she would meet——"

"Bob!" interrupted a sharp voice.

Blessing turned.

In the doorway of the guest room stood Gladys Middleton.

Her face was pale; her eyes ablaze.

"Order my horse at once," she commanded. "I am going back to the hotel. No, don't stop to ask me questions. I am going back at once."

Without waiting for him to comply, the angry girl stamped out of the house, followed by the amazed old woman, who was anxious to know the meaning of this sudden determination.

"Why did she interrupt us just at that point?" mused Bob. "And how strangely her eyes shone! Could she have heard—"

The door flew open and Ora rushed in, panting and frightened.

"You leave me alone, Bill Loucks," she gasped, at the hulking brute who followed her with outstretched arms.

Loucks paid no heed to her words, but sprang into the room after her—only to confront Bob Blessing.

"What's the row?" asked Bob, sternly.

"None of your —— business," growled Loucks.

"He tried to kiss me!" cried Ora in the same breath.

"I remember you, my friend," said Bob quietly, "and we've a little score to settle. You're the toll-gate keeper and the man who has been spreading the report that I am going to cheat my aqueduct laborers out of their pay."

"I was talking to Mr. Middleton," went on Ora, "when Bill and Ezra came up. They insulted Mr. Middleton and Mr. Middleton sailed into them like a cyclone. He chased Ezra down the road; and then Bill tried to kiss me."

Loucks, taking advantage of the moment when Bob's eyes wandered from him to Ora, sprang toward Blessing with upraised fists.

The next instant the toll-gate keeper was rolling, bruised and bleeding, on the floor; while Bob Blessing stood above him with flashing eyes and Ora looked on in frightened admiration.

As Loucks scrambled, cursing to his feet, Claude Middleton came in.

"Oh, there's the other Jay!" he cried, rushing at Bill. "I've been looking for him."

Bob stepped between them.

"He's had enough for the present," he laughed.

Bill Loucks staggered up stairs to his room. On the landing he paused, glanced threatening back at Bob, and growled, between his teeth:

"Curse you! You may not pay your workmen, but you'll pay ME for that blow!"

Meantime Claude was busy explaining to Bob.

"You see," he said, "it's was this way: Miss Ora introduced me to a jolly little girl named Angie Vollmer—a friend of hers. It seems Ezra Cookus is sweet on Angie, just as our friend Bill seems to be on Miss Ora. The two fellows came along looking for trouble. And I guess they found it all right, all right. They rushed me. I side-stepped and then was all over them. I handed out a bunch of uppercuts to Ezra and he ran, with me after him. He hid somewhere and I came back to finish the other one."

"Claude!" called Gladys from the door, "the horses are ready. Take me back to the hotel."

"If you insist on going," said Bob, "I'll take you."

"No, thanks," sneered Gladys, "I'll leave you here with your 'Madonna in the Sunbonnet.' Claude will go with me."

"I say, Bob!" whispered Claude as he and his sister were about to start, "You'd better follow pretty quickly. I didn't like the look that Loucks fellow gave you. Look out for him. He may get back at you."

"Don't worry!" laughed Blessing. "I fancy I can handle either or both of those worthies."

He turned back into the room, to find Ora weeping bitterly.

"Don't cry," he begged. "It's only Miss Middleton's way, that's all. She may change her tune before long," he added under his breath."

"'Taint that," sobbed Ora. "It's only I'm so ashamed of Bill and Ezra actin' up like that when there was company."

"Don't think of it. We'll have a jolly dinner after all, you and granma and I."

"No, no! You mustn't wait. A thunderstorm is comin' up, and, besides, Bill and Ezra may——. They'd be two to one against you. Go now while you have time. You've got your wheel there at the gate. Take the towpath along the river. That's the shortest way back to the hotel."

"And leave you unprotected, eh?" No, thanks!"

The girl walked over to the stove and lifted the kettle, with its boiling contents.

"I'm not so unprotected as I look," she said. "This 'd hold Bill for a while, I guess. And, anyhow, it's not me he'd harm. It's you. You've made him hate you. Look out for him!"

"If I go now will you promise to persuade your grandmother to bring you to the hop at thee hotel, week after next?"

"Yes!" promised the girl, viewing the approaching sto m with alarm. "But go!"

"Then good-by, little girl!" and he stooped and kissed her hand before mounting his wheel.

As he sped away in the gathering gloom a second figure crawled from behind the cottage sprang on a bicycle and followed him.

Quick as the pursuer was, Ora's keen eyes saw him.

"Bill Loucks!" she exclaimed to herself. "He'll overtake Mr. Blessing on that lonely towpath!"

For a moment she stood irresolute.

Then she ran quickly indoors, emerging an instant later with a rifle under her arm.

Hurrying to where her bicycle stood she mounted and dashed down the towpath in pursuit.

* * * * * * *

The storm broke in all its fury.

The rain fell in cataracts, while crash after crash of thunder shook the whole earth.

From time to time the pitchy darkness was lighted up by a blinding lightning flare.

One of these flashes revealed the towpath with Bob Blessing pedalling along, head down and eyes straining to trace the indistinct track.

A second flash revealed another wheelman close behind, gaining at every second on the foremost rider.

The pursuer's front wheel slowly overlapped Blessing's rear wheel.

Yet in the deafening roar of thunder and rain Bob did not hear him.

The pursuer's right arm was at last raised above Bob's bent shoulders.

A long, wicked-looking knifeblade gleamed in the lightning.

Before it could reach its mark a third rider appeared, but too far behind to warn Blessing of his danger.

The girl, seeing her voice would be drowned in the uproar of the storm, raised her rifle and fired.

A crash of thunder drowned the report.

Bill Loucks fell from his wheel and lay motionless among the wayside bushes.

Bob Blessing, all unheeding his narrow escape from death, rode on.

(To be continued.)

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

The Farmer's Interest in It.

Farmer Wayback—Those pesky boys tied a tin pail to that dog's tail and ran him eleven miles. I'll sue 'em.
Mr. Cityman—Was it your dog?
Farmer Wayback—No. It was my pail.
—Somerville Journal.

Beauty's Blood Deep

How untrue the old adage "Beauty's Skin Deep." How many women of beautiful features marred by impure blood try in vain to get a pure complexion by doctoring the skin. The quickest, surest, only way to beauty is to cleanse the blood.

"I have been taking Cascarets for pimples and have been greatly benefited." —Miss Gertrude Grant, Cambridge, Mass.

"I am very well pleased with Cascarets. They are fine for the complexion." —Miss Catherine C. Coffman, S. English, Ia.

"Cascarets will clear the complexion of boils, pimples and blackheads caused by impure blood." —A. E. Griffin, M. D., Stubblefield, Texas.

"Cascarets have done a great deal of good for me and for all our family." —Miss Florence Cook, Webster City, Ia.

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How many, many young women are anaemic, pale, sickly-looking, perhaps with pimples on face and neck, owing to poor, unhealthy blood. Perhaps womanhood is approaching, that serious time of life when irregularities are liable to break down a constitution. The first rule for purifying and enriching the blood is to keep the bowels free and natural, gently but positively, without nervous shock, and Cascarets Candy Cathartic is the only medicine to do it.

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