

CORNIE VANDERBILT



USES A BLUE PENCIL

MRS. "CORNIE" VANDERBILT HAS TO EDIT THE BOOK OF A PLAY

Hires a Troupe of Players and Finds That the Lines Are Calculated to Offend Members of High Society—She Makes the Production Over to Suit Her Guests.

New York's "400" owes a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. It will be remembered that quite recently Mrs. Vanderbilt bought for one night "The Wild Rose," a play running at the Knickerbocker theater, in New York, and transported play, play-

tion and serving of refreshments, and a noted programme was given by Mrs. J. Morrison, Mrs. Holmes, Prof. Holmes, J. Ingram, Roy and King Holmes.

Mrs. Morrison and Mrs. Holmes had charge of the programme, and the following women had charge of the refreshments: Mesdames Simons, Arford, Austin, White, George, Hammond, Stewart, Hamilton and Harland. They were assisted in serving by the Misses Stevens, Lemon, Hosmer and Nettie Morrison.

SOCIAL.

Mr. and Mrs. William Carroll Nash have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Ella Kingsley Nash, to William Kinne Chandler, both of Grand Forks, N. D. The wedding will occur Wednesday evening, Sept. 17, at St. Paul's church.

HELLO'S VOICE LURED.



Patrons of the telephone have become so resigned to the sharp rasping tone of central angrily demanding "What number?" that when Charles L. Knapp, of Portland, Me., was answered over the phone by a sweet voiced "central" he lost first his head, and then his heart. Subsequent investigation revealed the fact that the pleasant voiced "central" was Miss Ada Thompson, of Port Washington, L. I. A wedding will shortly result.

ers and scenery en masse to Boleau, near Newport residence. Previously she had sent out invitations that were marked in the lower left-hand corner, "Theatricals."

As soon as the play arrived she scanned it carefully, reposing the while in a massive gold chair.

She Was Horrified.

She was pained to find not one or two, but very many lines in "The Wild Rose" that commented in Watersonian fashion on society's peccadilloes. Mrs. Vanderbilt was horrified. Her guests were invited, the entertainment was ready, but those lines! She could not have her guests insulted in her own house.

Determined that the play should be produced, she was equally determined that "The Wild Rose" should conceal no thorns for Newport's smart set.

Called for Blue Pencil.

She called for a blue pencil. Then, carefully and painstakingly, she went through the play, cutting ruthlessly where it was necessary to cut, even inserting where it was necessary to cover up the marks of the blue pencil. And society, whose nerves are sensitive, has just learned of its narrow escape. It is but only Mrs. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Vanderbilt's blue pencil.

Mrs. Flesher Is to Wed.

Invitations were issued yesterday for the marriage of Mrs. Helen Gregory-Flesher, of St. Paul, and James H. MacGill, of Vancouver. The event will take place in Christ church Tuesday, Sept. 18, at 3 p. m. The service will be read by Rev. C. Herbert Shutt, a college friend of both the bride and the bridegroom. T. B. Clement, president of the First National Bank of Faribault, will give the bride away. The only attendants will be Mrs. Flesher's two little sons. After a wedding journey to Toronto and Eastern Canada, Mr. and Mrs. MacGill will visit St. Paul before going to their new home in Vancouver, B. C.

Mrs. Flesher is one of the well known literary women of the Northwest. She is a member of a prominent Canadian family, and has the distinction of having been the first woman to receive the degree of bachelor of arts from Trinity university in Toronto.

After she had finished college she went West to write a series of descriptive articles on the Icelandic, Scandinavian, Hungarian, Menonite, Bohemian and Crofton settlements, and so well was the work done that the writer was sent to Japan by a leading New York magazine to describe the opening of the new parliament. On her return to California she married Dr. Flesher, and six years ago came with him to Faribault. Since his death Mrs. Flesher has occupied the position of exchange editor on the St. Paul Globe.

Have a Successful Social.

An ice cream social and entertainment was given last night at the Atlantic Congregational church. Addresses were made by the new pastor, Rev. W. A. Vrooman, Rev. George S. Parker, pastor of the Bates Avenue M. E. church, Rev. George M. Morrison, pastor of Plymouth Congregational church, and Rev. W. J. Gray, pastor of the Pacific Congregational church. The Y. M. C. A. orchestra played a programme of music during the reception.

Miss Stover, of Summit avenue, will entertain the Lucky Thirteen club this afternoon.

Mrs. S. W. West, of Marshall avenue, will entertain the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Episcopal church.

Miss Anna S. Pollock, of South Exchange street, has returned from Prior lake, where she has been spending the past three weeks.

Mrs. G. Bell and Miss Bell, of Glenwood, and Mrs. J. Lang, of Mankato, were the guests of Miss Lux, of Carroll street, during the past week.

Arthur Abbey, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Abbey the past week, has returned to Pine Island, Minn.

Miss Fox and Miss Julia Fox, of 487 St. Anthony avenue, have returned from a visit to Colorado Springs, Denver and Cripple Creek.

Florence M. Egan returns today to St. Benedict's college, Atchison, Kan., and resumes her studies.

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Miss Anna S. Pollock, of South Exchange street, has returned from Prior lake, where she has been spending the past three weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles L. Greene, of Laurel avenue, have returned from the lake.

Miss Minor, a teacher at the Central high school, has returned from a trip in Europe.

Mrs. H. T. Quinlan, of Ashland avenue, has returned from Harvard.

Miss Lillian Finch, of Summit avenue, has returned from the So, where she has been visiting for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Clapp, of Portland avenue, are entertaining Mrs. H. Clapp, of Warren, Ark.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Lanpher Jr. have taken apartments at the Montrose flats on Western avenue.

lary of Railway Postal Clerks this afternoon.

Mrs. J. T. Ward, of Harrison avenue, will entertain the Lincoln club this afternoon.

PERSONAL.

The Misses Gilbert, daughters of the late Bishop Gilbert, are the guests of Mrs. B. I. Stanton, of Ashland avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Seelye, of the Ashland, have returned from New York, where they have been spending the past three weeks.

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paratively few catalogues, and among these few Mrs. Southward has won a reputation by means of the rapidity with which she reduces a comparatively useless accumulation of books into a well regulated library, where every volume can be found at a moment's notice.

Cocktails Injurious.

"Every woman wants a good complexion—a clear, healthful skin, if not one of rose leaf tint and texture," says a physical culture teacher. "Like everything else worth having, this has its place. The present prevalence, even among very young women, of the use of 'make-up,' not only the time honored powder puff but paint, paste, enamel and innumerable cosmetics, is directly traceable to the increasing appetite for 'cocktails' and such indulgences of which our grandmothers never dreamed. There are few things, except deadly poisons, which cannot be partaken of advantageously, if in moderation. But there is nothing, not even pie, which so quickly serves notice of overindulgence as the 'cocktail habit.' No amount of paint and powder can disguise the peculiar condition of the skin resultant from continued imbibing. One would think that vanity alone would deter the average woman, but statistics, as well as observation, declare to the contrary, and the idea that it is 'smart' to order drinks in public places seems to have created almost a fad to be seen in the act. Not only on this side of the water, but in London, is the unfeminine and unlovely habit a matter of remark, and that city, so famous for its beautiful complexion, is said to be in some danger of losing this long held palm."

New Fall Waists.

Pretty things in fall shirtwaists are out, and many of those in fannel will declare to the contrary. The idea of striped Saxony flannel, finishing with two instead of one plait at the opening in front. These plaits are comparatively narrow, the two outside edges meeting in the center of the front. Down each of the plaits is a row of smart buttons. Another attractive waist that will also wash without doubt is a black and white check of medium weight. This waist also has two rows of buttons down the front, most attractive ones, too, fancy buttons in delicate French portraits, a row of powdered haired maidens in one side and a row of be-wigged and powdered youths on the other. The coloring of these is so delicate that the buttons are not unduly conspicuous.

For the Shiny Nose.

How is it for the woman who travels and wishes something efficient to remove the dust and shine from a nose that at this season of the year may be unduly pink? It is a chamois powder bag, which draws up with a strong thread, and the bottom of the bag inside covered by a round pad of lamb's wool, which is firmly tacked to it. Put a goodly amount of powder on this lamb's wool, and there is a sufficient amount of modifying material to keep even the most unduly large and characteristic nose in prime condition for a trip across the continent. The woman who has invested in one of these bags does not believe in powder herself, but declares that the lamb's

DAINTY BOA AND MUFF.



The boa ends are of plain white chiffon, the frills are of killed chiffon edged with gathered ruffles of the plain material. The neck piece is of several ruffles, double, plain and single plaited, finished with black velvet bows. The muff matches the neck piece. It is made over a white wadded foundation covered with silk. Hat of plaited black tulle, and jet crescents, with large ribbon rosette against hair.

Mich. has the largest private collection of cacti in this country. She produces many new varieties by grafting, and has collectors in nearly all the cacti-producing regions. She is looked upon as an authority by botanists, and her specimens are sold not only throughout this country but abroad.

Mrs. Bessie Shuey Southward, of Chicago, is well known throughout the libraries of the country through her efficient work. There are com-

wood alone is sufficient to obliterate the shine, and she delights in the bag fur because she is sure that chamois, lamb's wool, and all will wash like a piece of cotton cloth and can be kept clean. A bag of this kind costs only 25 cents. There are others of silk.

Exclusive Mrs. Vanderbilt.

Mrs. Bessie Shuey Southward, of Chicago, is well known throughout the libraries of the country through her efficient work. There are com-

gress. A solid phalanx of policemen guarded every entrance to grounds and mansion. Each bluecoat recognized in Mrs. Vanderbilt's word law not to be taken with. Faithfully they obeyed instruction, but all they failed. In the guise of dresser to a chorus girl, a clever petticoated scribe crossed the line and going down on the boat with the company to Newport, she was not only present at the rehearsal, but shared with them the dress performance and the orgy of the wee small hours. It was her story of the rehearsal that the yellow papers got at her own price. She had full sway in the mansion, and being of the confidence of the "cook, the baker, the candlestick maker," and all that goes to the makeup of high society below stairs. What she did not get—first hand—of tips and intrigues, judges of yellow sheets will have to read for themselves as the years go by. It will take a cycle of time to exhaust her "Anda." All went merry as a wedding bell until the night of the performance her note book was missing—pages replete with names and details of a bona fide scandal.

MENU FOR TUESDAY.

BREAKFAST.
Gem Melons.
Broiled Bacon with Eggs.
Roasted Potatoes.
Rice Muffins.
Coffee.

LUNCH.
New England Clam Chowder.
Creamed Toast.
Society below stairs.
Potato Soup.
Veal Loaf with Brown Gravy.
Buttered Carrots.
Green Corn on Cob.
Peach Short Cake.
Coffee.

Outing Dresses.

Half sporting skirts, in all colors and fabrics, as well as in plain and figured with piques, are the popular dress for outdoor pleasures. They are something longer than the bicycle tailor-made examples; they have a jacket so much in vogue, but the skirts then are plaited part way, to hang loose at the

bottom. Tailors consider these the smartest suits. Both light blue and pink linens and linen chevots are made on these lines, with a narrow line of white above the seam stitching for trimming. Nothing proves more becoming, neater or more trim.

Don't Bite Your Lips.

To the majority of persons vivid red lips are neither natural nor pretty, and yet biting and rubbing the lips is a habit indulged in by many women to

gain this effect, which at best is but momentary, and is obtained at the expense of making them tender and causing them to chap easily, while passing the tongue over the lips to moisten them is a habit equally injurious to the appearance of the lips and the beauty of the mouth, as the saliva, always more or less acid, shrivels the skin.

We guarantee our French Dry Cleaning on ladies' garments: City Dye House, 420 Wabasha.

PICTURE PUZZLE.



The brothers of this young woman and young man are close friends. Find them.

Solution for Saturday's puzzle: The farmer is back of the horseman, while the dog is in front of the horse's face.

The Globe's Daily Short Story

..A RED-EYE CONSPIRACY..

By D. H. TALMADGE

Three men, met by chance, stood in the doorway of "Dazzler," Red-eye's popular wet goods emporium—one blistering day, and watched a fourth man, little more than a boy in appearance, enter the store with evident effort through the heat waves and dust puffs of the street. The three men were of the type common to mining camps of the West. They bore a look, hard baked to the point of cracking. They were lean of body and prominent of bone. Their clothes were old and shabby. They were upon people who parade in certain thoroughfares in New York; but their eyes met other eyes without waver, and the three men knew they were something to be remembered.

Seeing them in the doorway of the Dazzler, a tenderfoot would have made a mistake of judging them as school boys. Nor would he have guessed the shortest of the three, the one whose right ear was lacking, to be the Mayor of Redeye. Nor would he have guessed the last and gnarliest of the trio to be the minister of the gospel in the place. Yet these things were so.

The doctor pointed at the man nodding down the street. "There is a game rooster," he said. "Come out here two years ago because his wife had conspired. Their doctor in Chicago was a classmate of mine, and he advised them to come to Redeye's because he knew the doctor 'was a devilish kind of him, considering that they didn't have enough money to buy the wadding for a shotgun."

"You always was a lucky cuss, Doc," observed the Mayor drily.

"Well, I certainly was in this case. An acquaintance with those two kids is worth a year of any man's time or a barrel of his best cough syrup. I was a bit shy when Larry—his name's Larry Donovan—brought me the letter from his doctor, but after a while I got another letter, and, say from that minute I was interested. The fact is, gentlemen the girl—Molly's her name—didn't know she had conspired. She thought two Larrys had had it, else she wouldn't have agreed to his giving up his job and starting out here to mine. He was practically without money as they did. The boy tried to get a job at bookkeeping after he got here, but he couldn't seem to connect with any one, and he thought some body or something put the idea into his head of raising vegetables, and that's what he's been doing for a living ever since."

The minister looked sympathetic, the Mayor surprised.

"Yes, by George! he's actually made a living at raising vegetables in this soil. He's got stuff in him, that kid."

"I should remark!" ejaculated the minister.

"How's the girl?" asked the mayor.

"She's getting well; but the boy—say, you fellows, come in here and sit down; I've got a scheme I want to put to you."

They followed him to one of the tables within the cool depths of the Dazzler and for an hour the three talked earnestly, their heads close together.

The Colorado hills lifted their hoary summits into the summer sky. A stream danced and sizzled at the foot of a long gray slope. Up the slope perhaps half way was a roughly built wooden house and in the doorway was a woman shading her eyes from the fierce brightness of the sun.

She was a woman good to look upon. Her gown of the simplest calico, her feet in carpet slippers many sizes too large. Her hair hung free. Her skin bore the tan of wind and sun. She was not beautiful, only good to look upon.

Presently she sighted the man for whom she had been waiting and watching and she ran to meet him, losing her slippers as she went. He saw her coming and quickened his lagging pace. Together they approached the house.

"Larry," the woman asked, "did you have luck?"

"Sure I did! all colors of it. Strange how crazy these people are. I sold all I had and could have done it again without half trying. If we could only raise the cash, dear, clipping bonds we'd be at the end of ten years, but it's hard work to make them grow here."

"Too hard, I'm thinking, Larry. You're not looking rugged. There's a bit of a bump in your back, and you don't spring when you walk."

"I reassured her, laughing at the concern in her tone, but in his heart he knew she spoke the truth. Something was wrong with him. He was easily fatigued. At times there came upon him a sudden dizziness.

"I'm all right, Molly," he said. "Hard work hurts no man."

"You're sure, your lungs are sound, no doubt of that."

"I never felt so well in all my born days," she declared. "Come to dinner. There's a stew that I've made. It'll feed like another man. I'll take it up while you wash."

This signature is on every box of the genuine
Wm. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets, the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

She entered the house. He started to follow. And at that instant his brain whirled, his knees gave way and he sank trembling to the ground.

Thus the woman found him when she returned a moment later. She grasped the real situation at a glance. She was not surprised. In her apprehension she had expected something like this.

He was not heavy—not heavy enough she thought. She half carried, half dragged him to the bed, and applied restoratives. She opened his eyes. "I'm tired, darling," he said, faintly. "Tired. I'll be rested soon. Don't mind me; go on with your dinner."

"I'm going for the doctor, Larry. It's better to go at once. I'll not be gone long."

And before he could utter a protest she had a sunbillion on his head and was running down the slope.

The mining camp of Redeye was three miles distant. Two hours passed before she returned with the doctor. Larry was mumbling in delirium. The bed clothing was scattered on the floor. The water pitcher was broken.

Redeye, now returned with the doctor, briefly. "He has been laboring beyond his strength."

"Not consumption, doctor?"

"No."

The woman clasped her hands, raising her face to the rough ceiling.

"Thank God for that!" she murmured. "Our struggles have not been all in vain, even if he's taken from me. Thank God, thank God—for hope!"

Then she prepared for the fight with death.

In the doorway of the dwelling on the long, gray slope, the man, with the first faint signals of returning strength showing through the pallor of his cheeks. About his shoulders was a bed quilt. His chin was in a red plush, strangely incongruous to its surroundings.

Kneeling at the man's side, holding one of his thin hands caressingly, was a woman.

At the foot of the slope the stream sang and danced.

And the man dreamily took up a story at a point where, under stress of emotion, it had faltered and fallen, "the men whom they thought rough and unkind turned out to be angels in disguise. Didn't you say, dear, 'twas the mayor himself that brought them the red plush chair and stayed by the side of the sick chap three days and nights when the blessed wife's strength was gone?"

"Yes, Larry. But 'twas all the doctor's doings in the first place, 'twas the doctor that stirred them up. Sure, that preacher who looks like a cut-throat was here for three weeks, day-light and dark, but he never here yet only he was called away five or six hundred miles to attend a funeral. And all of them offered me money which I wouldn't take. O dear! 'tis not such a bad world after all, Larry."

"No. A good world, Molly. I'm thinking that maybe 'tis better than some of use deserve. I know one that's a vile hypocrite, and yet blessings are roosting all over him and he sits in a red plush chair like a king."

"O Larry!"

"'Tis so. Did not the doctor come to him one day and say 'Larry, your wife must die, and she'll die, and you or she'll die? He did. And he said that 'twas a case of tuberculosis, but that he had not told her. For,' said he, 'twas his good deed to do that 'twas a woman, Larry.' She is the man admitted. 'And if you say so, said the doctor, putting his hand on the man's shoulder, 'I'll tell her 'tis you that have the disease and must go away. 'Tis hard I know. You'll have to give up your place and your little home, but she's worth it. Larry,' said he. 'She'll go if 'tis for you, but she wouldn't listen to it if 'twas for her. And—and so 'twas done, darling.'"

The woman kissed the thin hand again and again.

"And how, Molly, tell me the secret you've been keeping from me for two weeks?"

"I will," she said, chokingly. "'Twas the fourth morning of the mayor's stay with you. He was sitting by the bed, where he'd been all night, and I was curled up on the floor beyond the curtain there when he called to me. I jumped in a fright, for there was something in his voice that made me feel sick—here. 'Oh sir, I said, 'what is it?' He was twisting the curl on your forehead with two fingers and a thumb, and then looking at them and tasting them and smelling them. His eyes were rolling with excitement. 'There's a fellow, Molly, is rich with your water to wash in?' 'From the stream,' I told him. And he hopped to his feet and walked back and forth very fast. Of a sudden he stopped right before me. 'Is this claim of yours filed according to law?' he asked. 'It is,' said I. 'Then,' said he, 'you're lucky.' 'Why?' said I. 'Because,' said he, 'dancing like a loon, you've struck gold, madam, gold! The water with which you've bathed your husband's head, madam, is rich with it—four gold—precious gold! See! The oil of his hair acted as a natural

amalgam! And he held his fingers in the sunshine and sure enough, Larry, they were covered with sparkling yellow dust. I was all but paralyzed."

"Sure, darling, 'twas a wonder you didn't drop dead. But go on with the story."

"Well, he went away, and that afternoon he came back, the doctor and the preacher with him. And they went through a lot of performances with picks and pans and things down there, and drove some stakes and then they came to the house."

"Mrs. Donovan," said the doctor to me, "my friend thought this morning that he had made a great discovery, but we find on examination that 'tis not so great as he thought. There is gold on your claim, but none on either side. Would you care to sell the claim for a thousand dollars? I couldn't breathe for a minute, Larry. I looked around at the empty box where there had been flour, and at the empty shelf where there had been cans of meat, and I looked at you, lying so white and still on the bed, and at your trousers hanging on the wall, with an empty purse in their right-hand pocket, and I said I would."

"Then," said he, glancing from the corner of his eye at the other two, "we'll pay you a hundred dollars down to bind the bargain, and for the balance we'll give you a mercantile establishment in the city of Redeye. Is it satisfactory?"

"It is," said I, and for some reason they all laughed. "Very good," said he, "the place will be ready by the time your husband is ready to move down. We shall expect you to make it all right with him; but I wouldn't tell him, if I were you, until he's well, say until the first day he goes out of doors. And I didn't, did I? I only told you I had a glorious secret, didn't I?"

"You held it wonderfully," said Larry. "I don't see how you ever did it."

He sighed blissfully.

"Sure," 'tis all a humbug, a glaring humbug," said he to himself, "but his not I that'll spoil the beauty of it. I'll pay them back, God bless them!"

He leaned over, kissing the faithful, unsuspecting little woman upon the forehead.

"I'm grateful, Molly," he said, softly, "more grateful than I can ever tell—for the gold—the first day he goes out of doors. And she saw in his words no double meaning. She saw only the love light in his eyes, and her soul was filled with great content."

Villa Maria ACADEMY FOR GIRLS
Frontenac, Minn.

Nazareth SCHOOL FOR BOYS
Lake City, Minn.

Both Conducted by Ursuline Nuns.

T.

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