FOR THE FAIR SEX

SHE TELLS HER TROUBLES IN A LETTER

THE CIRL WHO BOARDS

When the Man of the House Takes Hold the Boarders Don't Have Enough to Eat-Suggestion for a Home for Working Girls

Marie, what is going to become of the working girl who is forced to take her meals in the average St. Paul boarding house? It is getting to be a mighty serious matter, as only those who have tried it can testify, and the act of eating becomes a disagreeable task, instead of a pleasure.

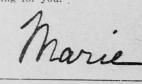
task, instead of a pleasure.

When a man's finances run a little low he and his wife have a heart to heart talk and decide to keep a boarding house. They advertise—good home cooking! home made bread!

They know the bait that will catch the tind and home was represented by the cooking of the cook the tired and hungry working girl who wants a wholesome meal. The first week the girl feels as though she had at last found what she has spending weary months looking Before the week is up the number of boarders has doubled. The woman of the house begins to realize that she has a bigger proposition before her than she anticipated. The man of the house concludes that he should manage the financial part of the enterwise that there is more than the part of the enterwise that there is more than the part of the enterwise that there is more than the part of the enterwise that there is more than the part of the enterwise that there is more than the part of the enterwise that there is more than the part of the enterwise that there is more than the part of the enterwise that there is more than the part of the enterwise that there is more than the part of the enterwise that there is more than the part of the enterwise that there is more than the part of the entermine that there is not the part of the entermine that there is not the part of the entermine that the entermine the entermine that the entermine that the entermine that the ente the enterprise, that there is money in it, with proper management such as he would be able to contribute, so he gives up his position and takes things in hand, explaining to his wife that he feels she needs his assistance, that the work is too heavy for her alone. Now they begin to plan on not how good but how cheap they can buy, not how much but how little, and the first thing you know the boarders are supporting the family (which is usually large) on the fat of the land ally large) on the fat of the land while hash and such like is their por tion. The boarders hang on week after week, trusting that their first cherished hopes might again be realized, but not so, and they seek other fields only to find similar conditions Now, Marie, what we want is to

nterest some enterprising man with a charitable heart in the building of a home for girls (not a cheap one, either) to be run on a co-operative plan, and self-supporting; the object of the home being not for poor girls—for the Women's Friendly association covers that nicely—but a home for girls who are able to pay for what they cannot get, the protection of a home, and home comforts and accommodations. This is carried out in many large cities -A Working Girl.

Your letter is very interesting and concerns something I had not thought of before, except that one's heart goes out to the many girls who are obliged to board. The suggestion you make about a home for girls is a good one, if the right person could be found to manage it and if the city is large enough for that sort of thing. What you mean, I fancy, is a sort of apart-ment house or hotel for women such as has been established in New York. I suppose you know that it is a difficult matter to make money out of a boarding house and at the same time give the boarders a very good table. So, at least, I have been informed. It is, of course, easy to see that when the man of the house gets into the business, that the boarders are not likely to have as good a time as before H usually sweeps the porch, bows the people in and out of the dining room and collects the bills very promptly. He also keeps tab on the affairs of those in the house. Boarding houses should always be kept by widows. Now, if some St. Paul man with large means looking for an investment, should happen to read your letter he may make use of your suggestion and do something for you.





Miss Nellie Holmes, treasurer of the Young Woman's Temperance Association of Buffalo, N.Y., strongly advises all suffering women to rely, as she did, upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: - Your medicine is indeed an ideal woman's medicine, and by far the best I know to restore lost health and strength. I suffered misery for several years, being troubled with menorrhagia. My back ached, I had bearing-down pains and frequent headaches. I would often wake from restful sleep, and in such pain that I suffered for hours before I could go to sleep again. I dreaded the long nights as much as the weary days. I consulted two different physicians, hoping to get relief but finding that their medicine did not seem to cure me.

I tried your Vegetable Compound on the recommendation of a friend from the East who was visiting me.
"I am glad that I followed her ad-

vice, for every ache and pain is gone, and not only this, but my general health is much improved. I have a fine appetite and have gained in flesh. My earnest advice to suffering women is to put aside all other medicines and to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound." - Miss NELLIE HOLMES, 540 No. Division St., Buffalo, N.Y. - \$5000 forfeit if original of above letter pro-

FASHIONS FROM VOGUE



With the revival of the charming sides and back are almost in straight larie Antoinette effects has come the breadths, with fullness gathered at se of real laces, and treasured bits, waist line, falling in soft, graceful Marie Antoinette effects has come the use of real laces, and treasured bits, however small, are being brought out to be applied as the necessary trim-mings. It is needless to say that point lace and filmy valenciennes are the favorites, for a glance at the ball room where the debutantes are gathered proves the fact, and also that the soft, faint colors and exquisite color combinations of that period have returned to grace this with their dainty beauty. The gown illustrated today is in that indescribable shade of yellow, neither lemon nor straw color, having a little pinkish tone that suggests the palest tea rose, and is in silk mull, mounted over a still paler two-toned taffeta, which, being shot with white, has a silvery gleam, and is veiled with chiffon. Cluster rhinestone buttons hold the straps across the front panel, and these are frilled with rare old valenciennes, matching the wider lace on the edge of fichu and the full flounces that finish the elbow sleeves. The skirt is in seven gores, the front panel plain, those at

The Knickerbocker Dramatic club, in the rear of the shop which com-

C. W. Fisher, of 6 Irvine park. The cast will also include Mr. Armin Schlichting, Arthur T. Prest and Mrs. Frank Schlick, of Dayton avenue, is going to Mackinac for the re-mainder of the summer.

Mrs. George M. Space and daughter Margery, of Fairmount avenue, have gone to Chicago.

Mainly About People

Gwendoline Trevalyn and Mr. Frederick R. Pattison, will present "At the 'Pine Tree' Inn," "The Jewel Mysteries" and "The Secret of the Mask,"

this evening at the residence of Mrs

Mrs. Jones, of Chicago, is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Little at Dellwood. Mrs. Philip Reilly and the Misses

Reilly, of Dayton avenue, have gone to

Mr. W. E. Dolan, of Western avenue, has gone to New York.

Mrs. L. L. C. Brooks, of Western avenue, leaves tonight for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lewis, of Mar-shall avenue, are at Atlantic City.

Mr. Clarence Halbert has gone to The Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the First Ger-man M. E. Church will have a picnic

at Bald Eagle on Thursday. Miss Julia Shaughnessy gave a din-ner Sunday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Scanlan.

· Mrs. J. J. Hill will entertain Thursday evening in honor of Cardinal Satolli.

Y. W. C. A. Education

Y. W. C. A. Education

SILVER BAY, N. Y., July 11.—
Mrs. Emma Hayes, of Chicago, today presented to the conference of Young Women's Christian associations the educational department report showing that in the ninety-three associations affiliated with the American committee there are 306 Bible classes with 5.147 enrolled, 434 physical culture classes with 8,678 enrolled, 676 general educational classes with 7,877 enrolled, 227 domestic science classes with 2,194 enrolled and 225 domestic art classes with 3,074 enrolled.

soon to be adopted.

The lift of the skirt reveals a fas-

alighted on the limb of a tree, and the busy, jostling throng stopped. No one attempted to injure the bird, but several began sketching him."

"While I sympathize with the Japanese in their victories as heartily as any American," said a New York womany American, said a New York woni-an the other day, "my heart goes with every fresh one that is reported to the poor czarina. That she has been ter-ribly shocked by the disasters to the Russian arms is not surprising. All patriotic Russian women must have suffered intensely. But there is no woman in Russia who has been subupon her nerves. For a considerable period she has been in a deplorable nervous state, and every fresh reverse plunges her anew into the deepest grief. I hear she is in the hands of several great nerve specialists, who are kept in a constant state of dread over the war news from day to day. To me the czarina is very much to be pitied."

Women's Christian associations the educational department report showing that in the ninety-three associations affiliated with the American committee there are \$06 Bible classes with 5.47 enrolled, 434 physical culture classes with 8.678 enrolled, 676 general educational classes with 7.877 enrolled, 227 domestic science classes with 2.194 enrolled and 225 domestic art classes with 3.074 enrolled.

Paynes Go to Maine

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 11.—
Postmaster General and Mrs. Payne and their niece, Miss Jones, left here today for New York, where they will spend two days, and then go to Portland and Poland Springs, Me. They will be away about two weeks.

PEOPLE AND THINGS

Economic equality between the sexes, at least as it exists in France, does not seem to be the gay and glorious privilege which women suffragists and other aspiring souls in this country picture it. In France women toil in the fields, sweep the city streets and draw carts hitched up with Jogs. Flora McDonald Thompson, who comments on this state of affairs in the July Harper's Bazar, says that to an enormous extent

scent. The violets from which her toilet water is made are gathered especially at sunset, so rumor runs, their scent being at its best and strongest at that hour, according to the empress' imagination. The little queen of the Netherlands dislikes all scents except clean, old-fashioned cau de cologne. Queen Victoria is said to have used Queen Victoria is said to have used only lavender water, and the queen mother of Spain to have loved peau d'Espagne, which was made expressly for her by a Madrid firm of perfumers.

For true conservatism the women of France appear to take the lead among the people of Western Europe and America, to judge by an interesting article which lately appeared in Le Conseil des Femmes on careers open to women. From this it appears that only eighty-three women in France practice medicine—seventy in Paris and thirteen in the provinces. Eighteen women have taken up dentistry, only a very few are apothecaries (which seems strange, considering that pharmacy is a calling to which women are well adapted) and there is only only well adapted), and there is only one woman oculist in the country. Since November, 1899, when the disabilities November, 1899, when the disabilities were removed from women lawyers, only two women have availed themselves of a legal career. There are no women architects in France, and no women horticulturists, although American women have followed the former profession with success, and English women the latter. Of the arts, music claims 4,000 women, painting 2,000 and sculpture 87.

An up to date Parisian face masseur has turned his attention from women to dogs, and has sent out the following price list: Putting wrinkles on bulldogs' faces, 80 francs; making straight tails curly, 20 francs; making bulldogs' forepaws crooked, 100 francs; making drooping ears creet, 20 francs; cutting tails as desired, 20 francs; changing color of coats, 30 francs.

GOSSIP FROM GOTHAM

One of the tom-fool fads of London Sides and back are almost in straight breadths, with fullness gathered at waist line, falling in soft, graceful folds, the dress training slightly. The bodice has the material shirred to drape in crosswise lines, and under the bolero the ends of fichu are drawn from knot at front loosely to center back, where a large strasse buckle, holds a similar knot, from which ends, hang to hem, and are trimmed with rows of the narrower lace. The bolero is full gathered into a narrow border insertion and a button trims in each lower front corner. Black velvet ribbon to the action of the corner of the narrower lace. The bolero is full gathered into a narrow border insertion and a button trims in each lower front corner. Black velvet ribbon ties at elbow, the bow drawn through a small strasse buckle. With such a frock one involuntarily looks for the lift of the skirt reveals a fascinating slipper in satin to match, just now is naming one's gown, the same as bestowing a title on one's

London, and with the feminine side of the skirt reveals a fascinating slipper in satin to match, trimmed with a fluffy tulle rosette and a rhinestone buckle. The stockings are of fine silk in the same shade and have lace instep insertions and complete this daintiest of toilettes.

London, and with the feminine side of the royal family she is in prime factinating slipper in satin to match, trimmed with a fluffy tulle rosette and a rhinestone buckle. The stockings are of fine silk in the same shade and have lace instep insertions and complete this daintiest of toilettes.

London, and with the feminine side of the royal family she is in prime factional was a Miss Jennic Chamberlain, a Cleveland girl, and is row a widow of enormous wealth. Her house at Albert's Gate is as dainty and artistic as she. Lady Leyland have lace instep insertions and complete this daintiest of toilettes.

New Yorkers on the social sea, nor is of Manchester, or Mrs. Ronalds. She goes her way quietly, and is identified with the oldest of the British noblity. For a woman of such wealth her jevel and passes the woman's whole existence, "As a rule," she adds, "the children of Mayfair.

London, and with the feminine side of the royal family she is in prime factional was a Miss Jennic Chamberlain a Cleveland girl, and is good night' to the wagoner. The story of' his brother's meanness was not pleas. Her house at Albert's Gate is as dainty and artistic as she. Lady Leyland have lace instep insertions and complete this dainties of the was some time them twice in the feeble with an cheery. "Leonard wasked away with a cheery in the story of' his brother's meanness was not pleas. Nethercote Farm lay back from the last man in the world to teach me any. The deed of the will age. Nethercote Farm lay back from the last man in the world to teach me any. "Bah!" retorted Leonard. "You're the last man in the world to teach me any. The deed of the will age of the will age of the will age of the world to teach me any. The deed of the mitter's only at last to

Lady Cheylesmore, who is to visit the Alfred Vanderbilts in Oakland farm, Newport, this season, is one of the titled Englishwomen who have taken an active part in helping the poor women of Ireland to earn a living by labor other than work in the fields. She originated the curious doll industry in Dublin, which consists of dresstry in Dublin, which consists of dressing dolls to represent children famous in past history or the world of the present day. In common with all of these movements of recent years, the doll industry has met with marked success, and is followed by many poor women in Dublin. Lady Cheylesmore jected to more abuse and unkind criticism than the carina, and years of this treatment have naturally worn upon her nerves. For a constant word and is followed by many poor women in Dublin. Lady Cheylesmore is a sister of Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt. As she is to bring her sons with her and her mother. Mrs. From the constant was a sister of the constant word and is followed by many poor women in Dublin. Lady Cheylesmore is a sister of Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt.

ing dolls to represent children famous in past history or the world of the present day. In common with all of these movements of recent years, the doll industry has met with marked success, and is followed by many poor women in Dublin. Lady Cheylesmore is a sister of Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt. As she is to bring her sons with her and her mother, Mrs. Francis Ormond French, is to spend the summer in Newport, there will be a strong gathering of the French clan.

Embracing a bag of peanuts, Mrs. R. Livingston Beekman walked about Coney Island a few nights ago and she and her friends did everything from gliding through the canals of Venice to the more thrilling shooting the chutes. Mr. and Mrs. Sydney J. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Thomas were with the Beekmans. This party had motored over from Sheepshead Bay, and it is quite the usual thing now for race parties to end up at West Coney Islands Faultiessly groomed me and women'no longer amaze the everyday Coney Islanders, and mo-Bay, and it is quite the usual thing now for race parties to end up at West Coney Islands Faultlessly groomed men and women no longer amaze the everyday Coney Islanders, and motors and coaches that pack Surf avenue are no longer avoities. Mrs. W. G. Loew, in all the glory of a lavender chiffon frock, descended from her husband's coach at the entrance of one amusement place without exciting amusement place without exciting many comments. She was with Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt and Miss Eve-

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Signature of Chair Villether.

A DEBT REPAID

By FRED J. COX

S LEONARD CAWTHORN walk-ed down the narrow lane under almost hostile—in his brother's voice which irritated him. the shade of the overarching hedgethe shade of the overarching hedgerows it occurred to him that there is a
good deal of happiness to be got out of
existence if only a man will go the
right way to work to get it.

"Whell, and what of it?" he asked more
sharply than he had yet spoken.
"She'll, never have thee, that's all,"
was the other's sullen reply.
"What," exclaimed Leonard, leaning for-

He glanced about him with an eye of sober delight. The surrounding landscape was precisely that which had always formed the background of his "And what if she is?" retorted Mark, evasively.

"Can't you answer a plain question, man?" cried Leonard, his temper rising at his brother's lack of candor. "If you've married Thirza, don't think I've come to upset her happiness—or yours. Things must bide as they are, that's all. My dream is over, for I've had my dream—a dream that has supported and comforted me during these long years of toil and hardship. Day in and day out I've worked to prepare a home for her. What's wealth to a man who has lived the simple life of the ranch? Naught. But shared with the women he loves it brings heaven a sight nearer to earth. Why do you stare at me like that, Mark? Take off that black scowl and show a little human feeling just for once. Surely you can afford to," he added, bitterly.

But Mark, answering never a word; only stared at the fire, puffing his pipe or the land of the control of the put of the dreams when, at night time, in his lone Canadian ranch, the current of his thoughts had involuntarily set homeward. The harvest moon was just appearing above the horizon line, the segment that was already visible showing reddish through the autumnal mist, which gave the charm of nebulosity to the wide sweep of stubble land. As he remembered it as a boy, as he had dreamed of it as a man, so the picture remained, true down to the smallest of its details, even to the wisps of straw caught by the projecting forks in the hedgerow when the corn laden wain had passed.

had passed.

It was in such a setting that he had always thought of her. Indeed, the landscape without her would, for Leonard Cawthorn's eyes, at least, have lost more than half its charm.

Presently the corn lands ceased, and the lane, broadening out, ran by the side of undulating meadows to the village of Nethercote, lying in the val-

village of Nethercote, lying in the val-ley below. He was about to take the short cut he was accustomed to through the fields, where his eye met the following menace on a notice board: "Trespassers will be prosecut-

ed. By order, Mark Cawthorn."

For the moment he forgot the stinging injustice which those few words implied—the closing of an undoubted right of way which had existed for generations. His indignation was swallowed up by the strange emotion which filled his mind at seeing once more his stepbrother's name

Mark had evidently extended his pos-essions. Their father's farm lands had terminated a good quarter of a mile lower down in the direction of the mile lower down in the direction of the village. Surprise at his halfbrother's success was the last thing he would feel, for he knew well enough that, although Mark lacked the large imaginathough Mark lacked the large imagination dowered with which a man may grasp the skirts of Fortune in the open daylight with a strong hand and an intrepid bearing, he had nevertheless all the smaller faculties which bring wealth in a slow but steady stream. The love of money for its own sake, its acquisition by all means reputed to he fair the parsimonious sake, its acquisition by all means reputed to be fair, the parsimonious handling of it when acquired—such traits made up the strength of Mark Cawthorn's character and its weakness.

A long, flat wagon, on which his stepbrother's name was painted, came rumbling down the lane. The wagoner as he passed wished the stranger "good night."

Leonard Cawthorn returned the

Leonard Cawthorn returned the man's greeting and then asked, "How long has this path been stopped?" "Five year and more, sir,"

reply.
"Who stopped it?" "Master o' course," the man replied, jerking his whip at the name board of the wagon.

the wagon.

"But what did the village do?" asked Leonard, surprised.

"Said a lot, but did nowt. What could us do agen a man like Mr. Cawthern? What could anybody do?"

Leonard walked away with a cheery "good night" to the wagoner. The story of his brother's meanness was not pleasant to his ears.

of concealing it.

He led the way into the farm parlor, a large room meagerly furnished, for the illumination of which the glimmer of the little lamp was absurdly inadequate. The passion for economy which Mark had displayed from a very early age had evidently increased with time. Leonard took a chair facing his brother and leaned his arm on a round deal table ridiculously small to serve as a centerpiece of so large an apartment. Although he felt acutely his brother's frigid reception, he tried his hardest to be cheerful.

"Well. Mark," he said, "how've things gone with you all these years?"

own endeavors.

own endeavors.

"And of course, your land's much bigger than mine?" Mark asked. A note of envy sounded unpleasantly in his tones.

But Leonard was determined to avoid the region of invidious comparison. "Just a bit," he replied, quietly, "but you must understand this, Mark, on a small scale the game isn't worth the candle out there."

"They'll be sending you to Ottawa one of these fine days as a parliament man!" Said Mark, with clumsy irony.

Leonard kept his good humor, "Not much fear of that, Mark," he returned. "I find enough to do at the farm and besides I was elected mayor last fall. But there, let us change the subject. How about yourself, Mark? Married yet?"

The wrinkles opened on the low forehead of the elder man as he replied, "Are you?"

The unexpected question took Leonard aback. "I? Married? No; I'm not married."

ried."
"Still waiting for Thirza Loveday, I

what, exclaimed Leonard, leaning forward eagerly toward his brother, "Is she married already?"

Mark did not answer.

"She is your wife?" said Leonard,

"And what if she is?" retorted Mark.

portrait standing on the high chimney mantlepiece.
"Why, it's Thirza!" he cried in an ex-

in deep hought.
"Don't you remember?" asked Leonard,

Mark sat, sullen and morose, regarding

Mark sat, sullen and morose, regarding the pair.

"Yes, Thirza, I'm back again," said Leonard. "I wanted to see the old village again. Though, perhaps, 'twas hardly worth while, for there's not much in Nethercote to interest me now." He looked down into her eyes sadly, almost reproachfully — "but there was a little business with Mark I wanted to settle. Now that's done with," he laughed bitterly, "I fancy Nethercote will see very little more of me."

"But what business?" she asked eagerly.

little more of me."

"But what business?" she asked eagerly. She glanced across at Mark, who sat crouching in his chair, and as she did so her eye caught the glint of the gold lying on top of the notes. 'Swiftly and unerringly her womanly intuition explained the situation to her.

"A business which don't concern no one but us two," growled Mark.

"Why be so secret about it?" said Leonard contemptuously. "The fact is, Thirza, I owed your husband"—he noticed that she started violently at the word—"a large sum of money which he lent me when I went away. I've now repaid him—that's all. Where's the need to be close about a job like that?"

Without waiting to hear more she walked over to Mark, and pointing to the

ed over to Mark, and pointing to the money on the table she said sternly, "Re-turn that at once."
"But why?" asked Leonard, thunder-

struck at her strange behavior.
"It has been paid already," she said in

a low voice.

Without looking at either of them Mark collected the money and handed it to Leonard, who took it without quite knowing what he did. "I'd almost forgotten," said Mark at-

only stared at the fire, puffing his pipe sullenly. Leonard rose from his chair and peered through the dim lamplight at a "Id almost forgotten, said Mark, attempting a lame explanation, "but now I come to think of it Thirza's right. The money was paid back some years ago."
"Who paid it?" asked Leonard with a cited voice. "So she is mistress of the old place and you are her husband. Do I guess aright?" Mark did not stir nor speak; he only

"Thirza," Mark answered sullenly, "She "Thirza," Mark answered sullenly, "She said you'd sent it her, though why you couldn't have sent it on straight to me I never quite understood. Too proud to waste a line on your brother, I 'spose. Why do you look so puzzled? Other people have got bad memories besides me, it seems."

completely bewildered. "What does it all mean? Thirza, I seem to guess. You

across at his brother with cunning shrewdness.

had come only an hour before, "there are

servant than his wife." he cried

Mark seized them with trembling fin-gers and counted them twice in the feeble light of the lamp. "There's only £140 here," he muttered, "Twas £150 I lent you."

A strange glitter came into the other's eyes. He was beginning to understand. "Here's the money." shouted Leonard, laying a bundle of bank notes on the table.

farthing."

"Quick! before anyone comes, tell me— what about interest on the money?"

The door leading from the farm kitchen into the parlor now opened and a woman entered bearing a lamp which at once she was fairly tall, a little over thirty years of age, and dressed becomingly in black. If she had known trouble, it was on the crest of a ridge whence old be seen the slumbrous hamlet lying ndicated only by the general pallor of her

features, for no line or wrinkle marred their symmetry. Dark brown curls clustered above her forehead, and her eyes as they glanced inquiringly at Leonard as they glanced inquiringly at Leonard Cawthorn had a rare sweetness of ex-

pression.

He rose quickly as she approached and held out his hand. "Thirza!" he cried.

"Why, it's Leonard," she said in a voice with a voice to the control of the contro that was tremulous with excitement. West moon smiled down the well you look, and how glad I am ediction.—The Tattler.

Mark did not stir nor speak; he only went on smoking.

"A nice brotherly welcome," cried Leonard, bitterly. "I see how it is. "Tis the same as 'twas fifteen years ago. The sooner I'm out of Nethercote the better it will please you. I won't trouble you long, but before I leave your house tonight I've determined to settle up a little business with you."

"What business?" asked Mark, looking across at his brother with cunning "I sent it to Thirza?" said Leonard,

paid the money yourself."

She dropped her eyes and the color rushed into her pale cheeks.

"Let us go away," she said. She moved quickly to the door, and Leonard, after taking a last look at his stepbrother, left "A strange question coming from you," replied Leonard. "You're about the biggest contradiction on earth, Mark. When we were boys together I couldn't borrow a penny from you but you worried me until it was in your pocket again, but when it comes to \$180 and more you let replied Leonard. "You're about the biggest contradiction on earth, Mark. When we were boys together I couldn't borrow a penny from you but you worried me until it was in your pocket again, but when it comes to £100 and more you let the matter slip your memory."

Mark looked artfully across at his brother, and then compressed his brows in deep shought.

Alking a last look at his stepbrother, left him to his feelings. What those feelings were can only be conjectured, but it is to be hoped that a little shame mingled with the wrath of his avaricious soul at being suddenly deprived of a snug sum already well within his grasp.

"Thirza," said Leonard, as they walked away from Nethercote in the direction he had come only an hour before "there are

in deep shought,

"Don't you remember?" asked Leonard, impatiently, "or what game is it you're playing? Can it be that your heart has warmed toward me after all these years, and that you think the money which you lent me only represented my portion of the property—my share in this farm of our father's?"

"You never had no sort of right to anything here," growled Mark.

"Look here," exclaimed Leonard, quickly, "stow that kind of talk. I told you pretty strongly what I thought about that

family, having fallen on evil days, with her father dead and her mother con-stantly ailing, she was obliged to work. ly, "stow that kind of talk. I told you preity strongly what I thought about that question before I left England. Don't let's reopen it now. You've got everything, and I've come to give you a bit more. I've come to pay back your money, for I wouldn't be beholden to you for a farthing." Mark Cawthorne finding that she would not come to Nethercote Farm in any other capacity, begged that she would at least come in every day and tidy up the place for him. He paid her for this, she said, and it was a great help.

"Better a thousand times be that man's servant than his wife." he cried. "But

dear Thirza, I am still in the dark about

courage to look up into his face, and it was then that he clasped her passionately in his arms.

They were standing under the notice board which contained Mark's unlawful

could be seen in the hollow. "'Tis a peaceful place," said Leonard, "but there never seemed any rightful corner in it for me. Dearest Thirza, it's a wilder country where I live, with none of the homely features that you see here; but you will come with me there, won't

you, darling?" For answer she only nestled closer to him, while the stars and the round harvest moon smiled down upon them in ben-



DAYS REMAIN

Contest Closes Saturday 7. p. m.

A \$5.00 SUBSCRIPTION SECURES 1000 VOTES

Following Is the Standing of the Contestants up to 2 p. m. Monday:

MISS EVA E. WHITE, Park Rapids, Minn. E. E. PARENT, Somerset, Wis. MISS EMILY WOODS, Eau Claire, Wis. MISS ELLA SYDLER, Bannon's, St. Paul, Minn.

MISS FANNIE MARMION STONE, 466 Dayton av., St. Paul. Minn. ELLIS LAWSON, Dry Goods Dept., Golden Rule, St. Paul, Minn. MISS KATE SCHUBERT, Hastings, Minn. MISS FANNIE SWENSON, Cashier, New Spencer, St. Paul, Minn. MISS M. A. MAHER, Teacher, Jefferson School St. Paul, Minn.

CHARLEY EASTWOOD, Fireman, Eng. Co. No. 11. St. Paul, Minn. WILL S. BATES, N. P. Gen. Tel. Office, St. Paul, Minn. MISS BLANCHE F. KELLY, Teacher, Drew School, St. Paul, Minn. FRANK BODINE, Richwood, Minn. MISS JESSIE A. BRADFORD, Teacher, McKinley School, St. Paul, Minn.

MISS SADIE MACDONALD. Teacher. Edison School, St. Paul, Minn. MISS ROSE LA VALLE, Michaud's Grocery, St. Paul, Minn. MISS ANNA KEARNS, Mannheimer Bros., St. Paul, Minn. MISS NELLIE HAWLEY, Sandstone, Minn. MISS GERTRUDE THIESEN, West Pub. Co., St. Paul. Minn.

MISS AMY WILKINSON, Teacher, McKinley School, St. Paul, Minn, E. P. BOLTON, Letter Carrier, St. Paul, Minn. MISS HELEN KOPPELBERGER, 920 First av., Eau Claire, Wis. MISS ALICE M. HOSMER, Teacher, Central High School, St. Paul, Minn. MISS MAUD STOCKING, Hutchinson, Minn.

MISS KATE EAGAN, Hinckley, Minn. MISS LILLIAN PERKINS. Pine City, Minn. ROBERT COLE, Associated Press, St. Paul, Minn. MISS ANNA ELECOCK, Kenyon, Minn, MISS MAUD BRACKETT, Mora, Minn.