

There is no gain without loss. You wouldn't be stuck up if you heard all other people say about you.

Yet we all know souls for which the weight of one ounce would be a ridiculous exaggeration.

Maine deplors the increasing scarcity of lobsters. Must have been taking the summer boarders too heavily.

A 1794 copper cent was sold for \$38.50 recently. After all, that is less than nine per cent. compound interest since it was coined.

Prof. Charles Henderson says the wealthy go from Chicago to New York on their way to heaven. Making the journey by easy stages, eh?

The war department wants a balloon which will raise a ton. Doesn't war raise enough gibberna without calling in the services of a balloon?

Count Boni having offered to commit suicide and no objection being heard from any quarter, according to parliamentary usage the motion stands approved.

Champagne drinking in America is on the wane, says a Washington dispatch. And Americans can afford it better than ever before, too. Which makes us feel virtuous.

The Baltimore physician who is trying to convince the world that the wearing of hats is unhealthy will fall in his efforts until he provides something else to talk through.

Is the scientist who thinks women will lose their arms because they have no further use for them, unaware of the fact that the practice of holding hands has not become obsolete?

The new Swedish minister to the United States, Mr. Lagercrantz, was at one time a worker in the Salvation Army. He and his wife worked for several years in the worst slums of London.

There may be more red tape than there has been in the digging of the Panama canal, now that army engineers have taken charge of the work, but none will be attached to resignations.

With England and Russia in "complete understanding" as to a Persian policy, Persia can save a lot of delay by asking for an international conference at once and getting the thing done with.—Detroit News.

The Havana Telegraph reports that the tobacco crop of the province of Pinar del Rio will not be 40 per cent. of the previous season's crop, which was one of the worst crops in the history of the island. Tobacco buyers from Tampa and Key West, who had been in the island looking over the situation, were despondent over the outlook. The representative of one concern stated that the price of cigars would be increased in 1907 fully 25 per cent.

That the young Indians at the Carlisle school are making progress in civilization in many ways is fully in evidence. The school produces some of the best baseball and football players in the country, and at the commencement exercises to be held a few days hence the Puritan opera "Priscilla" is to be given by the boys and girls of the institution. This is the first musical play ever rendered entirely by Indians, and is especially intended to indicate to visitors the capacity of the Carlisle scholars.

A man who was officially certified as having perished in a fire in Meriden, Conn., eight years, ago has just turned up in that town alive and well. The dead man was buried at the town's expense, and the returned wanderer was very much surprised to hear of himself being so disposed of. He had gone away in ignorance of the circumstances, but as he could fully prove his identity the truth of his story is verified. The tale does not seem to have any Dutch Auld romance connected with it, but the facts go to show how easy it is to be mistaken.

Two recent incidents throw light on the much-debated question of high school societies. In one case a girls' society in an eastern high school decided to disband because some members had been admitted whose social position was not so exclusive as that of the majority of their fellows. In the other case a part of the initiation into a girls' society in a western high school consisted in branding the hands of the candidates with strong acid. It is interesting to note that these societies almost always call themselves "sororities," a term derived from the Latin word for sister.

If a University of Chicago professor had announced a discovery that the soul of man weighs half an ounce Boston would have made exceedingly merry over it.

Southern American governments may yet be persuaded to make the big stick unnecessary by realizing that if they will be good they may be happy.

According to the latest cable dispatches, the London papers have published only 72 pictures of Evelyn Thaw. Slow, as usual.

Rivalry of eccentrics in Chicago university's faculty has been settled in favor of the professor who would establish a love school, in which flirts may be cured of their heart breaking habits.

The story that picture hats are full of microbes will not cause much of a flurry among the fair sex. Better a live microbe than no bird, eh?

Once again Jackson, Ky., has been shot up. After a while that pleasant little burg will rejoice in the name of the "Siege City."



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COAST" etc

Copyright 1905 by the BOBBY-TREVELL COMPANY

CHAPTER XII.—Continued. Ellersly sat opposite me, and I was irritated, and thrown into confusion. And, every time I lifted my eyes, by the crushed, criminal expression of his face. He ate and drank hugely—and extremely bad manners it would have been regarded in the past. I had made as much noise as he, or lifted such quantities at a time into my mouth. But through this noisy gluttony he managed somehow to maintain that hang-dog air—like a thief who has gone through the house and, on his way out, has paused at the pantry, with the sack of plunder beside him, to gorge himself.

I looked at Anita several times, each time with a carefully-framed remark ready, each time I found her gaze on me—and I could say nothing of my own—only look away in a sort of panic. Her eyes were strangely variable. I have seen them of a gray, so pale that it was almost silver—like the steady light of the snow-line at the edge of the horizon; again, and they were so that evening, they shone with the deepest, softest blue, and made one think, as one looked at her, of a fresh violet frozen in a block of clear ice.

I sat behind her in the box at the theater. During the first and second intermissions several men dropped in to speak to her mother and her—fellows who didn't ever come down town, but I could tell they knew who I was by the way they ignored me. It was expected that she was going to be married, but she was not. She was coldly insolent air of theirs—a jerky nod at me without so much as a glance, and no notice of me when they were leaving my box beyond a faint, supercilious smile as they passed with eyes straight ahead. I knew what it meant, what they were thinking—that the "Bucket-shop King," as the newspapers had dubbed me, was trying to use old Ellersly's necessities as a "Jimmy" and "break into society."

When the curtain went down for the last intermission, two young men appeared. I did not get up as I had before, but stuck to my seat—I had reached that point at which courtesy has become cowardice. They craned and strained at her round me and over me, presently gave up and retired, disguising their anger as contempt for the bad manners of a boomer. But that disturbed me not a ripple, the more as I was delighting in a consoling discovery. Listening and watching as she talked with these young men, whom she evidently knew well, I noted that she was distant and only politely friendly in manner habitually, that while the ice might thicken for me, it was there always. I knew enough about women to know that, if the woman who can thaw only for one man is the most difficult, she is also the most constant. "Once she thaws toward me," I said to myself.

When the young men had gone, I leaned forward until my head was close to hers, to her hair—fine, soft, abundant, electric hair. Like the infatuated fool that I was, I tore out all the pigeon-holes of my brain in search of something to say to her, something that would start her to thinking well of me. She must have felt my breath upon her neck, for she moved away slightly, and it seemed to me a shiver visibly passed over that wonderful white skin of hers.

I drew back and involuntarily said, "Beg pardon," I glanced at her mother and it was my turn to shudder. I can't hope to give an accurate impression of the story, unnecessary, mean face. There are looks that point upon the human countenance the whole of a life, as a flash of lightning points upon the blackness of the night miles on miles of landscape. The look of Mrs. Ellersly's—stern disapproval at her daughter, stern command that she be more civil, that she unbind—showed me the old woman's soul.

"If you wish it," I said, on impulse, to Miss Ellersly in a low voice, "I shall never try to see you again." I could feel rather than see the blood suddenly beating in her skin, and there was in her voice a nervousness very like that which she answered: "I'm sure mamma and I shall be glad to see you whenever you come."

"You?" I persisted. "Yes," she said, after a brief hesitation. "Glad?" I persisted. She smiled—the faintest change in the perfect curve of her lips. "You are very persistent, aren't you?" "Very," I answered. "That is why I have always got whatever I wanted."

"I admire it," said she. "No, you don't," I replied. "You think it is vulgar, and you think I am vulgar because I have that quality—that and some others." She did not contradict me. "Well, I am vulgar—from your standpoint," I went on. "I have purpose and passions. And I pursue them. For instance, you."

"I?" she said tranquilly. "You?" I repeated. "I made up my mind the first day I saw you that I'd make you like me. And—you will."

"That is very flattering," said she. "And a little terrifying. For"—she faltered, then went bravely on—"I suppose there isn't anything you'd stop at in order to gain your end."

"Nothing," said I, and I compelled her to meet my gaze. She drew a long breath, and I thought there was a sob in it—like a frightened child. "But I repeat, I went on, 'that if you wish it, I shall never try to see you again. Do you wish it?'"

She flamed scarlet and half-started up. "Your mother—in the next room—expects it, too," I went on, laughing even more disagreeably. "Your parents need money—they have decided to sell you, their only large income-producing asset. And I am willing to buy. What do you say?"

I was blocking her way out of the room. She was standing, her breath coming fast, her eyes blazing. "You are—frightful!" she exclaimed in a low voice. "Because I am frank, because I am honest? Because I want to put things on a sound basis? I suppose, if I came lying and pretending and let you lie and pretend, and let your parents and Sam lie and pretend, you would find me—almost tolerable. Well, I'm not that kind. When there's no special reason one way or the other, I'm willing to smirk and grin and doddle and droll, like the rest of your friends, those ladies and gentlemen. But when there's business to be transacted, I am business-like. Let's not begin with your thinking you are deceiving me, and so hating me and despising me and trying to keep up the deception. Let's begin right."

She was listening; she was no longer longing to fly from the room; she was curious. I knew I had scored. "In any event," I continued, "you would have married for money. You've been brought up to it, like all these girls of your set. You'd be miserable without luxury. If you had your choice between love without luxury and luxury without love, it'd be as easy to

to be blind to her defects to the strains and smutches with which her surroundings must have sullied her. And that friendly look seemed to me an unmistakable hypocrisy in obedience to her mother. However, it had the effect of bringing her nearer to my own earthly level, of putting me at ease with her; and for the few remaining minutes we talked freely, I indifferent whether my manners and conversation were correct. As I helped her into their carriage, I pressed her arm slightly, and said in a voice for her only, "Until to-morrow."

XIII. FRESH AIR IN A GREENHOUSE. At five the next day I rang the Ellersly's bell, was taken through the drawing-room into that same library.



"I CAUGHT HER IN MY ARMS AND KISSED HER NOT ONCE, BUT MANY TIMES."

The curtains over the double doorway between the two rooms were almost drawn. She presently entered from the hall. I admired the picture she made in the doorway—her big hat, her embroidered dress of white cloth, and that small, sweet, cold face of hers. And as I looked, I knew that nothing, nothing—no, not even her wish, her command—could stop me from trying to make her my own. That resolve must have shown in my face—it or the passion that inspired it—for she paused and paled.

"What is it?" I asked. "Are you afraid of me?" She came forward proudly, a fine scorn in her eyes. "No," she said. "But if you knew, you might be afraid of me."

"I am," I confessed. "I am afraid of you because you inspire in me a feeling that is beyond my control. I've committed many follies in my life—I have moods in which I amise me to do duty. But those follies have always been of my own willing. You?" I laughed—"you are a folly for me. But one that compels me."

She smiled—not discouragingly—and seated herself on a tiny sofa in the corner, a curiously impregnable intrenchment, as I noted—for my impulse was to carry her by storm. I was astonished at my own audacity; I was wondering where my fear of her had gone, my awe of her superior fineness and breeding. "Mamma will be down in a few minutes," she said.

"I didn't come to see your mother," replied I. "I came to see you."

She flushed, then raised—and I thought I had once more "got upon" her nerves with my rude directness. How eagerly sensitive our nerves are to bad impressions of one we don't like, and how cowardly insensible to bad impressions of one we do like!

"I see I've offended again, as usual," said I. "You attach so much importance to petty little dancing-master tricks and caperings. You live—al ways have lived—in an artificial atmosphere. Real things are not on you like fresh air on a hot-house flower."

mine can't be altogether without sensitiveness. What's the other reason—the reason? That you think you love some one else?"

"Thank you for saying it for me," she replied. "You can't imagine how pleased I was at having earned her gratitude, even in so little a matter. 'I have thought of that,' said I. 'It is of no consequence.'"

"But you don't understand," she pleaded earnestly. "On the contrary, I understand perfectly," I assured her. "And the reason I am not disturbed is—you are here, you are not with him."

She lowered her head so that I had no view of her face. "You and he do not marry," I went on, "because you are both poor?"

"No," she replied. "Because he does not care for you?" "No—not that," she said. "Because you thought he hadn't enough for two?"

A long pause, then—very faintly: "No—not that." "Then it must be because he hasn't as much money as he'd like, and must find a girl who'll bring him—what he most wants."

She was silent. "That is, while he loves you dearly, he loves money more. And he's willing to see you go to another man, be the wife of another man, be—every thing to another man." I laughed. "I'll take my chances against love of that sort."

"You don't understand," she murmured. "You don't realize—there are many things that mean nothing to you and that mean—oh, so much to people brought up as we are."

"Nonsense!" said I. "What do you mean by 'we'? Nature has been bringing us up for a thousand thousand years. A few years of silly false training doesn't undo her work. If you and he had cared for each other, you wouldn't be here, apologizing for his selfish vanity."

"No matter about him," she cried impatiently, lifting her head haughtily. "The point is, I love him—and always shall. I warn you."

"And I take you at your own risk?" Her look answered. "Yes!" "Well," I took her hand—"then, we are engaged."

Her whole body grew tense, and her hand chilled as it lay in mine. "Don't—please don't," I said gently. "I'm not so bad as all that. If you will be as generous with me as I shall be with you, neither of us will ever regret this."

There were tears on her cheeks as I slowly released her hand. "I shall ask nothing of you that you are not ready freely to give," I said. Impulsively she stood and put out her hand, and the eyes she lifted to mine were shining and friendly. I caught her in my arms and kissed her—not once but many times. And it was not until the chill of her foolish face had cooled me that I released her, drew back red and ashamed and stammering apologies. But her impulse of friendliness had been killed; she once more, as I saw only too plainly, felt for me that sense of repulsion felt for herself that sense of self-degradation.

"I cannot marry you!" she muttered. "You can—and will—and must," I cried, infuriated by her look. "There was a long silence. I could easily guess what was being fought out in her mind. At last she slowly drew herself up. 'I can not refuse,' she said, and her eyes sparkled with defiance that had hate in it. 'You have the power to compel me. Use it, like the brute you refuse to let me forget that you are.' She looked so young, so beautiful, so angry—and so tempting."

"So I shall!" I answered. "Children have to be taught what is good for them. Call in your mother, and we'll tell her the news."

Instead, she went into the next room. I followed, saw Mrs. Ellersly seated at the tea-table in the corner farthest from the library where her daughter and I had been negotiating. "Congratulations, Mrs. Ellersly," said I. "Your daughter has consented to marry me."

TIED BACKS. The kidneys have a great work to do in keeping the blood pure. When they get out of order it causes backache, headaches, dizziness, languor and distressing urinary troubles. Keep the kidneys well and all these sufferings will be saved you. Mrs. S. A. Moore, proprietor of a restaurant at Waterville, Mo., says: "Before using Doan's Kidney Pills I suffered everything from kidney troubles for a year and a half. I had pain in the back and head, and almost continuous in the loins and felt weary all the time. A few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills brought great relief, and I kept on taking them until in a short time I was cured. I think Doan's Kidney Pills are wonderful."

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

WOMEN IN NEW FIELDS. British Smart Society Takes to "Hopping"—Woman Veterinarian.

Work in the hop fields is the latest "ret cure" fad for London's smart set, and the luxurious society "hoppers" claim that a week's hopping is far better and more pleasant than a rest at any well-known health resort. The tents of these well-to-do pickers are expensively furnished, and easy chairs, soft beds and up-to-date camping outfits are among their hopping appliances.

In Berlin there is a woman veterinarian surgeon who is an official inspector of animals. She rides through the streets on the lookout for animals suffering from any disablement, and before reporting a horse as unfit for work, she examines its injuries and whenever possible applies remedies to alleviate its pain. She carries a leather case filled with bandages and other surgical appliances.

That an article may be good as well as cheap, and give entire satisfaction, is proven by the extraordinary sale of Defiance Starch, each package containing one-third more Starch than can be had of any other brand for the same money.

Great German Socialist. Herr Bebel, the leader of the German socialists, who has been so much in evidence of late, is a wheelwright by trade. Although entirely self-educated, he is one of the finest orators and debaters in the fatherland, and distasteful as his views may be to the reichstag, whenever he addresses the assembly he is certain of having a large and attentive audience. In such esteem he is held by the socialists millions will obey his will without thinking whether they are doing right or wrong. Herr Bebel neither drinks nor smokes, and besides being a celebrity in the political world has gained some fame as a writer.

Give Defiance Starch a fair trial—try it for both hot and cold striae, and if you don't think you do better work, in less time and at smaller cost, return it and your grocer will give you back your money.

Queer Idea of a Chinese. The following is a quite modern Chinese conception of the foreigners' treatment of infectious cases: "If an epidemic broke out two foreigners took the sick away and put them in a little room, washed them with lime water, and then locked them up, so that no one could see them, on purpose that they might soon die and not propagate the disease. Wives and children might cry and weep, but the foreigner would not drive them away with sticks, for until dead no one must see those faces again. Better for all of us to jump into the sea than submit to this."—South China Post.

Judging People. We are all inclined to judge of others as we find them. Our estimate of a character always depends much on the manner in which that character affects our own interests and passions. We find it difficult to think well of those by whom we are thwarted or depressed; and we are ready to admit every excuse for the vices of those who are useful or agreeable to us. That is, we believe, one of those illusions to which the whole human race is subject, and which experience and reflection can only partially remove.—McCaulay.

Painting for Profit. No one will question the superior appearance of well-painted property. The question that the property-owner asks is: "Is the appearance worth the cost?" Poor paint is for temporary appearance only. Paint made from Pure Linseed Oil and Pure White Lead is of lasting appearance and for protection. It saves repairs and replacements costing many times the paint investment. The Dutch Boy trade mark is found only on kegs containing Pure White Lead made by the Old Dutch Process.

SEND FOR BOOK. "A Talk on Paint," gives valuable information on the paint market. Sent free upon request. All orders should be sent to the National Lead Company, 207 West 23rd St., New York.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY. Sole agents for the following cities: New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, London, Philadelphia, St. Louis, St. Paul, Pittsburg, and other cities.

Uncle Jerry. "Don't take to stock in the market that's always whispering," advised Uncle Jerry Peesler. "If he's afraid to trust his own voice, he's a scoundrel on the inside of 'em."

HONEST MEDICINE

TRY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR STOMACH TROUBLE.

Convincing Evidence Supported by Guarantee That Must Convince The Most Skeptical.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a doctor's prescription, used by an eminent practitioner, and for nearly a generation known as a reliable household remedy throughout the United States. Needless to say, no advertised medicine could retain popular favor for so long a period without having great merit and it is the invaluable curative properties of the pills that have made them a standard remedy in every civilized country in the world. Added to this is the absolute guarantee that the pills contain no harmful drug, opiate, narcotic or stimulant. A recent evidence of their efficacy is found in the statement of Mrs. N. B. Whitley, of Bosley, Ark., who says:

"I had suffered for a good many years from stomach trouble. For a long time I was subject to bad spells of faintness and lack of breath accompanied by an indescribable feeling that seemed to start in my stomach. Whenever I was a little run-down or over-tired, these spells would come on. They occurred frequently but did not last very long."

"I was confined to my bed for ten weeks one time and the doctor pronounced my trouble chronic inflammation of the stomach and bowels. Since that time I have been subject to the fainting spells and at other times to fluttering of the heart and a feeling as though I was smothering. My general health was very bad and I was weak and trembling."

"I had seen Dr. Williams' Pink Pills mentioned in the newspapers and decided to try them. When I began taking the pills I was so run-down in strength that I could hardly do any housework. Now I could walk ten miles if necessary. Both my husband, and myself think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best medicine made and we always recommend the pills to our friends."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood and give strength and tone to every part of the body. They have cured serious disorders of the blood and nerves, such as rheumatism, sciatica, anemia, nervousness, headaches, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance and many forms of weakness in either sex. They are sold by all druggists or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Ely's Cream Balm. A Positive Cure for CATARRH. Ely's Cream Balm is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once.

MICA Axle Grease. Takes miles off the road, and wears from the load. Helps the team and pays the teamster. Practically destroys friction. Saves half the wear that comes from jolting over rough roads, and lengthens the life of a heavy vehicle more than any other one thing.

ECZEMA Rashes Itchings And Irritations Of THE SKIN

Speedily Cured by Warm Baths With CUTICURA SOAP

And Gentle Anointings Of CUTICURA

The Great Skin Cure, when all other remedies and even physicians fail. Guaranteed absolutely pure, sweet, and wholesome, and may be used from the hour of birth.

DEFIANCE STARCH. Other starches only 10 cents—made price 14¢. "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.