The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon

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CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

[H]e did not once interrupt her. All [the] time she was speaking he was [stu]dying the profile of her face as if [fas]cinated by its strange immobility. [For] the matter of a full half-hour he [sat] on the rail, his back against a post, [his] arms folded across the breast of [the] thick ulster he wore, staring at [her], drinking in every word of the [sto]ry she told. A look of surprise [cre]pt into his face when she came to [the] point where the thought of marry[ing] Hetty to the brother of her victim [first] began to manifest itself in her [des]igns. For a time the look of in[cr]edulity remained, to be succeeded by utter scorn as she went on with [the] recital. Her reasons, her excuses, [her] explanations for this master stroke in the way of compensation for all that she had endured at the hands of the scornful Wrandalls, all of whom were hateful to her without exception, stirred him deeply. He began to un[der]stand the forces that compelled her [to] resort to this Machiavellian plan for revenge on them. She admitted everything: her readiness to blight Hetty's life forever; her utter callousness in laying down these ugly plans; her surpassing vindictiveness; her reflections on the triumph she was to enjoy when her aims were fully attained. She confessed to a genuine [love] for Hetty Castleton from the beginning, but it was outweighed by that thing she could only describe as an obsession! . . . How she hated the Wrandalls! . . . Then came the real awakening: when the truth came to her as a revelation from God. Hetty had not been to blame. The girl was innocent of the one sin that called for vengeance so far as she was concerned. The slaying of Challis Wrandall was justified! All these months she had been harboring a woman she believed to have been his mistress as well as his murderess. It was not so much the murderess that she would have foisted upon the Wrandalls as a daughter, but the mistress! . . . She loved the girl; she had loved her from that first night. Back of it all, therefore, lay the stern, unsuspected truth: from the very beginning she instinctively had known this girl to be innocent of guile. . . . Her house of cards fell down. There was nothing left of the plans on which it had been constructed. It had all been swept away, even as she strove to protect it against destruction, and the ground was strewn with the ashes of fires burnt out. . . . She was shocked to find that she had even built upon the evil spot! . . . Almost word for word she repeated Hetty's own story of her meeting with Challis Wrandall, and how she went, step by step and blindly, to the last scene in the tragedy, when his vileness, his true nature was revealed to her. The girl had told her everything. She had thought herself to be in love with Wrandall. She was carried away by his protestations. She was infatuated. (Sara smiled to herself as she spoke of this. She knew Challis Wrandall's charm!) The girl believed in him implicitly. When he took her to Burton's inn it was to make her his wife, as she supposed. He had arranged everything. Then came the truth. She defended herself. . . .

"I came upon her in the road on that wild night, Brandon, at the place I pointed out. Can you picture her as I have described her? Can you picture her despair, her hopelessness, her misery? I have told you everything, from beginning to end. You know how she came to me, how I prepared her for the sacrifice, how she left me. I have not written to her. I cannot. She must hate me with all her soul, just as I have hated the Wrandalls, but with greater reason, I confess. She would have given herself up to the law long ago, if it had not been for exposing me to the world as her defender, her protector. She knew she was not morally guilty of the crime of murder. In the beginning she was afraid. She did not know our land, our laws. In time she came to understand that she was in no real peril, but then it was too late. A confession would have placed me in an impossible position. You see, she thought of me all this time. She loved me as no woman ever loved another. Was not I the wife of the man she had killed, and was not I the noblest of all women in her eyes? God! And to think of what I had planned for her!"

This was the end of the story.

The words died away in a sort of whimpering wail, falling in with the wind to be lost to his straining ears. Her head drooped, her arms hung limply at her side.

For a long time he sat there in silence, looking out over the darkening water, unwilling, unable indeed, to speak. His heart was full of compassion for her, mingling strangely with what was left of scorn and horror. What could he say to her?

At last she turned to him. "Now you know all that I can tell you of Hetty Castleton—of Hetty Glynn. You could not have forced this from me, Brandon. She would not tell you. It was left for me to do in my own good time. Well, I have spoken. What have you to say?"

"I can only say, Sara, that I thank God for everything," he said slowly.

"For everything?"

"I thank God for you, for her and for everything. I thank God that she found him out in time, that she killed him, that you shielded her, that you failed to carry out your devilish scheme, and that your heart is very sore today."

"You do not despise me?"

"No. I am sorry for you."

Her eyes narrowed. "I don't want you to feel sorry for me."

"You don't understand. I am sorry for you because you have found yourself out and must be despising yourself."

"You have guessed the truth. I despise myself. But what could be expected of me?" she asked ironically. "As the Wrandalls would say, 'blood will tell.'"

"Nonsense! Don't talk like that! It is quite unworthy of you. In spite of everything, Sara, you are wonderful. The very thing you tried to do, the way you went about it, the way you surrender, makes for greatness in you. If you had gone on with it and succeeded, that fact alone would have put you in the class with the great, strong, virile women of history. It—"

"With the Medicis, the Borgias and—" she began bitterly.

"Yes, with them. But they were great women, just the same. You are greater, for you have more than they possessed: a conscience. I wish I could tell you just what I feel. I haven't the words. I—"

"I only want you to tell me the truth. Do you despise me?"

"Again I say that I do not. I can only say that I regard you with—yes, with awe."

"As one might think of a deadly serpent."

"Hardly that," he said, smiling for the first time. He crossed over and laid his hand on her shoulder. "Don't think too meanly of yourself. I understand it all. You lived for months without a heart, that's all."

"You put it very gently."

"I think I am right. Now, you've got it back, and it's hungry for the sweet, good things of life. You want to be happy. You want to love again and to be loved. You don't want to pitied. I understand. It's the return of a heart that went away long months ago and left an empty place that you filled with gall. The bitterness is gone. There is something sweet in its place. Am I not right?"

She hesitated. "If you mean that I want to be loved by my enemies, Brandon, you are wrong," she said clearly. "I have not been chastened in that particular."

"You mean the Wrandalls?"

"It is not in my nature to love my enemies. We stand on the same footing as before, and always shall. They understand me, I understand them. I am glad that my project failed, not for their sake, but for my own."

He was silent. This woman was beyond him. He could not understand a nature like this.

"You say nothing. Well, I can't ask you to understand. We will not discuss my enemies, but my friends. What do you intend to do in respect to Hetty?"

"I am going to make her my wife," he said levelly.

She turned away. It was now quite dark. He could not see the expression on her face.

"What you have heard does not weaken your love for her?'

"No. It strengthens it."

"You know what she has done. She

This Woman Was Beyond Him.

has taken a life with her own hands. Can you take her to your bosom, can you make her the mother of your own children? Remember, there is blood on her hands."

"Ah, but her heart is clean!"

"True," she said moodily, "her heart is clean."

"No cleaner than yours is now, Sara."

She uttered a short, mocking laugh. "It isn't necessary to say a thing like that to me."

"I beg your pardon."

Her manner changed abruptly. She turned to him, intense and serious.

"She is so far away, Brandon. On the other side of the world, and she is full of loathing for me. How am I to regain what I have lost? How am I to make her understand? She went away with that last ugly thought of me, with the thought of me as I appeared to her on that last, enlightening day. All these months it has been growing more horrible to her. It has been beside her all the time. All these months she has known that I pretended to love her as—"

"I don't believe you know Hetty as well as you think you do," he broke in. "You forget that she loved you with all her soul. You can't kill love so easily as all that. It will be all right, Sara. You must write and ask her to come back. It—"

"Ah, but you don't know!" Then she related the story of the liberated canary bird. "Hetty understands. The cage door is open. She may return when she chooses, but—don't you see?—she must come of her own free will."

"You will not ask her to come?"

"No. It is the test. She will know that I have told you everything. You will go to her. Then she may understand. If she forgives she will come back. There is nothing else to say, nothing else to consider."

"I shall go to her at once," he said resolutely.

She gave him a quick, searching glance.

"She may refuse to marry you, even now, Brandon."

"She can't!" he cried. An instant later his face fell. "By Jove, I—I suppose the law will have to be considered now. She will at least have to go through the form of a trial."

She whirled on him angrily. "The law? What has the law to do with it? Don't be a fool!"

"She ought to be legally exonerated," he said.

Her fingers gripped his arm fiercely. "I want you to understand one thing, Brandon. The story I have told you was for your ears alone. The secret lives with us and dies with us."

He looked his relief. "Right! It must go no farther. It is not a matter for the law to decide. You may trust me."

"I am cold," she said. He heard her teeth chatter distinctly as she pulled her thick mantle closer about her throat and shoulders. "It is very raw and wet down here. Come!"

As she started off along the long, narrow pier, he sprang after her, grasping her arm. She leaned rather heavily against him for a few steps and then drew herself up. Her teeth still chattered, her arm trembled in his clasp.

"By Jove, Sara, this is bad," he cried, in distress. "You're chilled to the marrow."

"Nerves," she retorted, and he somehow felt that her lips were set and drawn.

"You must get to bed right away. Hot bath, mustard, and all that. I'll not stop for dinner. Thanks just the same. I will be over in the morning."

"When will you sail?" she asked, after a moment.

"I can't go for ten days, at least. My mother goes into the hospital next week for an operation, as I've told you. I can't leave until after that's over. Nothing serious, but—well, I can't go away. I shall write to Hetty tonight, and cable her tomorrow. By the way, I—I don't know just where to find her. You see, we were not to write to each other. It was in the bargain. I suppose you don't know how I can—"

"Yes, I can tell you precisely where she is. She is in Venice, but leaves there for Rome, by the Express."

"Then you have been hearing from her?" he cried sharply.

much: there has not been a day since she landed in England that I have not received news of her. I have not been out of touch with her, Brandon, not even for an hour."

"Good heaven, Sara! You don't mean to say you've had her shadowed by—by detectives," he exclaimed, aghast.

"Not directly. But I will say this

"Her maid is a very faithful servant," was her ambiguous rejoinder.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Disturbing News.

He walked home swiftly through the early night, his brain seething with tumultuous thoughts. The revelations of the day were staggering; the whole universe seemed to have turned topsy-turvy since that devastating hour at Burton's inn. Somehow he was not able to confine his thoughts to Hetty Castleton alone. She seemed to sink into the background, despite the absolution he had been so ready, so eager to grant her on hearing the story from Sara's lips. Not that his resolve to search her out and claim her in spite of everything was likely to weaken, but that the absorbing figure of Sara Wrandall stood out most clearly in his reflections.

What an amazing creature she was! He could not drive her out of his thoughts, even when he tried to concentrate them on the one person who was dearest to him of all in all the world, his warm-hearted, adorable Hetty. Strange contrasts suggested themselves to him as he strode along, head bent and shoulders hunched. He could not help contrasting the two women. He loved Hetty; he would always love her, of that he was positive. She was Sara's superior in every respect, infinitely so, he argued. And yet there was something in Sara that could crowd this adored one, this perfect one out of his thoughts for the time being. He found it difficult to concentrate his thoughts on Hetty Castleton.

How white and ill Sara had looked when she said good night to him at the door! The memory of her dark, mysterious eyes haunted him; he could see them in the night about him. They had been full of pain; there were torrents of tears behind them. They had glistened as if burnished by the fires of fever.

Even as he wrote his long, triumphant letter to Hetty Castleton, the picture of Sara Wrandall encroached upon his mental vision. He could not drive it out. He thought of her as she had appeared to him early in the spring; through all the varying stages of their growing intimacy; through the interesting days when he vainly tried to translate her matchless beauty by means of wretched pigments; up to this present hour in which she was revealed, and yet not revealed, to him. Her vivid face was always before him, between his eyes and the thin, white paper on which he scribbled so eagerly. Her feverish eyes were looking into his; she was reading what he wrote before it appeared on the surface of the sheet!

His letter to Hetty was a triumph of skill and diplomacy, achieved after many attempts. He found it hard not to say too much, and quite as difficult not to say too little. He spent hours over this all-important missive. At last it was finished. He read and re-read it, searching for the slightest flaw: a fatal word or suggestion that might create in her mind the slightest doubt as to his sincerity. She was sure to read this letter a great many times, and always with the view to finding something between the lines: such as pity, resignation, an enforced conception of loyalty, or even faith! He meant that she should find nothing there but love. It was full of tenderness, full of hope, full of promise. He was coming to her with a steadfast, enduring love in his heart, he wanted her now more than ever before.

There was no mention of Challis Wrandall, and but once was Sara's name used. There was nothing in the letter that could have betrayed their joint secret to the most acute outsider, and yet she would understand that he had wrung everything from Sara's lips. Her secret was his.

He decided that it would not be safe to anticipate the letter by a cablegram. It was not likely that any message he could send would have the desired effect. Instead of reassuring her, in all probability it would create fresh alarm.

Sleep did not come to him until after three o'clock. At two he got up and deliberately added a postscript to the letter he had written. It was in the nature of a poignant plea for Sara Wrandall. Even as he penned these lines, he shuddered at the thought of what she had planned to do to Hetty Castleton. Staring hard at the black window before him, the pen still in his hand, he allowed his thoughts to dwell so intimately on the subject of his well-meant postscript that her ashen face with its burning eyes seemed to take shape in the night beyond. It was a long time before he could get rid of the illusion. Afterwards he tried to conjure up Hetty's face and to drive out the likeness of the other woman, and found that he could not recall a single feature in the face of the girl he loved!

When he reached Southlook in the morning, he found that nearly all of the doors and windows were boarded up. Wagons were standing in the stable yard, laden with trunks and crates. Servants without livery were scurrying about the halls. There was an air of finality about their movements.

"Yes, sir," said Watson, in reply to his question, "we are in a rush. Mrs. Wrandall expects to close the 'ouse this evening, sir. We all go up this afternoon. I suppose you know, sir, we 'ave taken a new apartment in town."

"No!" exclaimed Booth.

"Yes, sir, we 'ave, sir. They've been decorating it for the pawst two weeks. Seems like she didn't care for the old one we 'ad. As a matter of fact, I didn't care much for it, either. She's taken one of them hexpensive ones looking out over the park, sir. You know we used to look out over Madison avenue, sir, and God knows it wasn't hinspirin'. Yes, sir, we go up this afternoon. Mrs. Wrandall will be down in a second, thank you, sir."

Booth actually was startled by her appearance when she entered the room a few minutes later. She looked positively ill.

"My dear Sara," he cried anxiously, "this is too bad. You are making yourself ill. Come, come, this won't do."

"I shall be all right in a day or two," she said, with a weary little gesture. "I have been nervous. The strain was too great, Brandon. This is the reaction you might say."

"Your hand is hot, your eyes look feverish. You'd better see your doctor as soon as you get to town. An ounce of prevention, you know."

"Well," she said, with a searching look into his eyes, "have you written to her?"

"Yes. Posted it at seven o'clock this morning."

"I trust you did not go so far as to—well, to volunteer a word in my behalf. You were not to do that, you know."

He looked uncomfortable. "I'm afraid I did take your name in vain," he equivocated. "You are a—a wonderful woman, Sara," he went on, moved to the remark by a curious influence that he could not have explained any more than he could have accounted for the sudden gush of emotion that took possession of him.

She ignored the tribute. "You will persuade her to come to New York with you?"

"For your sake, Sara, if she won't come for mine."

"She knows the cage is open," was her way of dismissing the subject. "I am glad you came over. I have a letter from Leslie. It came this morning. You may be interested in what he has to say of Hetty—and of yourself." She smiled faintly. "He is determined that you shall not be without a friend while he is alive."

"Les isn't such a rotter, Sara. He's spoiled, but he is hardly to be blamed for that."

"I will read his letter to you," she said, and there was no little significance in the way she put it. She held the letter in her hand, but he had failed to notice it before. Now he saw that it was a crumpled ball of paper. He was obliged to wait for a minute or two while she restored it to a readable condition. "He was in London when this was written," she explained, turning to the window for light. She glanced swiftly over the first page until she found the place where she meant to begin. "'I suppose Hetty Castleton has written that we met in Lucerne two weeks ago,'" she read. "'Curious coincidence in connection with it, too. I was with her father, Col. Braid Castleton, when we came upon her most unexpectedly. I ran across him in Paris just before the aviation meet, and got to know him rather well. He's a fine chap, don't you think? I confess I was somewhat surprised to learn that he didn't know she'd left America. He explained it quite naturally, however. He'd been ill in the north of Ireland and must have missed her letters. Hetty was on the point of leaving for Italy. We didn't see much of her. But, by Jove, Sara, I am more completely gone on her than ever. She is adorable. Now that I've met her father, who had the beastly misfortune to miss old Murgatroyd's funeral, I can readily see where in the saying "blood will tell" applies to her. He is a prince. He came over to London with me the day after we left Hetty in Lucerne, and I had him in to meet mother and Vivian at Claridge's. They like him immensely. He set us straight on a good many points concerning the Glynn and Castleton families. Of course, I knew they were among the best over here, but I didn't know how fine they were until we prevailed on him to talk a little about himself. You will be glad to hear that he is coming over with us on the Mauretania. She sails the twenty-seventh. We'll be on the water by the time you get this letter. It had been our intention to sail last week, but the colonel had to go to Ireland for

Booth Was Startled by Her Appearance.

a few days to settle some beastly squabbles among the tenants. Next year he wants me to come over for the shooting. He isn't going back to India for two years, you may be interested to hear. Two years' leave. Lots of influence, believe me! We've been expecting him back in London since day before yesterday. I dare say he found matters worse than he suspected and has been delayed. He has been negotiating for the sale of some of his property in Belfast—factory sites, I believe. He is particularly anxious to close the deal before he leaves England. Had to lift a mortgage on the property, before he could think of making the sale. I staked him to four thousand pounds, to tide him over. Of course, he is eager to make the sale. 'Gad, I almost had to beg him to take the money. Terribly proud and haughty, as the butler would say. He said he wouldn't sleep well until he has returned the filthy lucre. We are looking for him back any hour now. But if he shouldn't get here by Friday, we will sail without him. He said he would follow by the next boat, in case anything happened that he didn't catch the Mauretania.'"

Sara interrupted herself to offer an ironic observation: "If Hetty did not despise her father so heartily, I should advise you to look farther for a father-in-law, Brandon. The colonel is a bad lot. Estates in the north of Ireland! Poor Leslie!" She laughed softly.

"He'll not show up, eh?"

"Not a bit of it," she said. "He may be charged to profit and loss in Leslie's books. This part of the letter will interest you," she went on, as if all that had gone before was of no importance to him. "'I hear interesting news concerning you, my dear girl. My heartiest congratulations if it is all true. Brandy is one in a million. I have hoped all along to have him as a full-fledged brother-in-law, if that's the way you'd put it. Father writes that every one is talking about it, and saying what a fine thing it is. He has a feeling of delicacy about approaching you in the matter, and I fancy it's just as well until everything is settled. I wish you'd let me make a suggestion, however. Wouldn't it be wise to let us all get together and talk over the business end of the game? Brandy's a fine chap, a corker, in fact, but the question is: has he got it in him to take Challis' place in the firm? You've got to consider the future as well as the present, my dear. We all do. With his artistic temperament he might play hob with your interests, and ours too, for that matter. Wouldn't it be wise for me to sound him a bit before we take him into the firm? Forgive me for suggesting this, but, as you know, your interests are mine, and I'm terribly keen about seeing you get the best of everything. By the way, wasn't he a bit gone on Hetty? Passing fancy, of course, and not deep enough to hurt anybody. Good old Brandy!'"

"There is more, Brandon, but it's of no consequence," she said, tossing the letter upon the table. "You see how the land lays."

Booth was pale with annoyance. "By Jove, Sara, what an insufferable ass he is!"

"The shoe pinches?"

"Oh, it's such perfect rot! I'm sorry on your account. Have you ever heard of such gall?"

"Oh, he is merely acting as the family spokesman. I can see them now in solemn conclave. They think it their indisputable right to select a husband for me, to pass upon him, to accept or decline him as they see fit, to say whether he is a proper man to hang up his hat and coat in the offices of Wrandall & Co."

"Do you mean to say—"

"Let's not talk about it, Brandon. It is too silly."

They fell to discussing her plans for the immediate future, although the minds of both were at work with something else.

"Now that I have served my purpose, I suppose you will not care to see so much of me," she said, as he prepared to take leave of her.

"Served your purpose? What do you mean?"

"I should have put it differently. You have been most assiduous in your efforts to force the secret from me. It has been accomplished. Now do you understand?"

"That isn't fair, Sara," he protested. "If you'll let me come to see you, in spite of what the gossips and Mr. Redmond Wrandall predict, you may be sure I will be as much in evidence as ever. I suppose I have been a bit of a nuisance, hanging on as I have."

"I admire your perseverance. More than that, I admire your courage in accepting the situation as you have. I only hope you may win her over to your way of thinking, Brandon. Goodby."

"I shall go up to town tomorrow, kit and bag. When shall I see you? We have a great deal left to talk about before I sail."

"Come when you like."

"You really want me to come?"

"Certainly."

He studied her pale, tired face for a moment, and then shook his head. "You must take care of yourself," he said. "You are unstrung. Get a good rest and—and forget certain things if you can. Everything will come out all right in the end."

"It depends on what one is willing to accept as the end," he said.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why She Mourned.

"Boo-hoo!" sobbed the lady.

"What are you crying about?" the man asked.

"You know the bread and the jelly I sent to the fair?"

"Yes. Didn't it take a prize? Well, cheer up—those judges—"

"But it did take a prize—they both took first prizes—boo-hoo!—"

"Well, what are you crying about?"

"The bread took first prize as the best specimen of concrete, and the jelly as the best china cement!"

LEGEND NO LONGER

"Thunder Bird" of Blackfeet Indians Not a Myth.

Finding of Frozen Body of Bird Puts to Rout Expressed Skepticism of White Men of Glacier Park Reservation.

Glacier Park Station, Mont.—The weird legend of the "Thunder Bird," long regarded as gospel by the Blackfeet Indians of Glacier Park reservation, and much smiled at by the skeptical white man, now seems to be given a concrete foundation by the recent discovery of a specimen of the Willow Ptarmigan at the topmost edge of the timber line on the mountains of Glacier National park.

The bird was found frozen to death and the Indians now are lamenting lest it was stricken by the Great Spirit as an ill omen to the entire Blackfeet tribe. The dead object of awe to the red man was brought to Glacier station by Chief Three Bears, who made the trip over the mountains on snow shoes in order to intercept Louis W. Hill, president of the Great Northern railway, and have him take it to a taxidermist to be preserved. Mr. Hill delivered the "sacred bird" to a renowned Rocky mountain taxidermist. The ornithologist rather took the railway magnate's breath away when, upon examining the dead bird he exclaimed: "Why, Mr. Hill, you have got a rare specimen here! It is the Willow Ptarmigan, which is of great scientific interest among ornithologists. Chapman's Color Key shows the Willow Ptarmigan has been reported only twice in the United States, once from Maine and once from Massachusetts."

The bird is being set up as true to life as the taxidermist's skill can make it and it will be placed in the crotch of the poles of the one-hundred-year-old buffalo skin tepee which has been pitched, on exhibition, in the forest lobby of the big log hotel at the eastern gateway to Uncle Sam's newest national park.

Here is the translated story of the "Thunder Bird" which Old Three Bears faithfully repeats to this day:

"Long ago there was an old man who was called Four-Bears. When he

Watching for the "Thunder Bird."

was a young man the Blackfeet were camping on Elk river. It was in summer. The long-time rain had commenced. In the morning, when he went for the horses (to bring them into camp), he came to this river. He saw there was a bird, (that) was sitting (near the edge of the water). He walked toward it. When he was looking at it, then he knew, (that) the bird did not belong to this country. Its feathers were all of different colors, its legs were colored the same. It had three claws. It would not open its eyes (literally; look). He then caught it. Then he took it home. When he entered, all the chiefs were invited. They all entered. The bird sat at the upper end of the lodge. He told these chiefs: Now, here is a bird, that you may look at it (to know), what it is. It was not known (nobody could tell what kind of bird it was). After a long while Four-Bears pushed it. When it opened its eyes (literally, looked), then it flashed lightning. The flap of the tepee lay open. The bird flew towards the door. When it opened its eyes (literally, looked) again, then it flashed lightning again. When it flew, then the thunder roared. That way the thunder was seen."

ELEPHANT'S HOME FOUND

Complete Skeleton of Prehistoric Animal Found Near Los Angeles.

Los Angeles.—The practically complete skeleton of a prehistoric elephant, which, it is believed, roamed the earth thousands of years ago, was found in the La Brea fossil fields, near here.

"The animal in life measured more than sixteen feet in length," said Frank S. Daggett, director of the Southwest Museum. "It stood fourteen feet high and its tusks are sixteen feet long."

Fright Restores Woman's Voice.

Rockport, Miss.—Miss Sophrenia Lowe, sixty-five, who lost her voice following a heavy cold last Thanksgiving, screamed when she saw a man in her home. Her speech was restored. The man had leased part of the house unknown to her.

Freaks of Heavy Wind.

Chicago.—Two children were injured here when run down by a light auto truck which a gust of wind started after the chauffeur had "killed" the [illegible]

RATHER DEAD THAN ALIVE

Deplorable Condition of Lumpkin Lady Whose Troubles Multiplied Until Life Became Almost Unbearable

Lumpkin, Ga.—Mrs. G. W. Booth, of this place, says: "I suffered with dumb chills and fever and was very irregular. Was also nervous and weak, short of breath, couldn't do my housework without it being a burden, and then I began suffering untold misery in my left side and back. I got to where I would rather have been dead than alive.

I tried many remedies, but they failed to help me.

Finally, I purchased two bottles of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and began taking it according to directions. Cardui helped me right away. I believe it saved my life.

I cannot praise Cardui enough to my lady friends. It is certainly the medicine for suffering women and girls."

If you have any of the ailments so common to women, or if you feel the need of a good, strengthening tonic, we urge you to give Cardui a trial. It has helped thousands of women in its past 50 years of success, as is proven by the numerous enthusiastic letters of gratitude, similar to the above, which come to us every day.

Don't delay. This letter from Mrs. Booth should convince you that Cardui is worth a trial. Get a bottle from your druggist today. You'll never regret it.—Adv.

Using Up Mistakes.

A mother was showing her small daughter how to do something. Later the child made a mistake, but the mother advised her not to worry about it, but to remember never to make that same error again, and explained that if we profited by our mistakes they were useful after all.

"Oh, I know why," answered the little one. "Because if you keep on making and making mistakes by and by there won't be any more mistakes left."

If only true, how nice this would be!

New Modern Dancing

The leading Expert and Instructor in New York City, writes: "Dear Sir:—I have used ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, for the past ten years. It is a blessing to all who are compelled to be on their feet. I dance eight or ten hours daily, and find that ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE keeps my feet cool, takes the friction from the shoe, prevents corns and Sore, Aching feet. I recommend it to all my pupils."
(Signed) E. FLETCHER HALLAMORE.
Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

Cabbage as Real Estate.

Wonders never cease in American law. Here comes a judge in our own state, trying the case of a man who entered his neighbor's garden and pinched a head of cabbage. The judge decides that it was not larceny of personal property at all, and hence not a basis of criminal action; but the cabbage heads are real estate, and that the neighbor's remedy is to bring a civil action contesting title. We have eaten garden truck—spinach and lettuce for instance—which tasted like real estate. But we never knew before that to steal it was not theft. And after a cabbage head is eaten what good is the title? Now, if it had been a franchise or an election that was stolen, it would have been less surprising in the law to let the culprit go free; but who would ever have thought that the science of judicial hairsplitting would finally be successfully invoked to protect a plain, every-day cabbage thief?—Pittsburgh Press.

Sign of the Times.

When a man like A. J. Drexel Biddle of Philadelphia, society leader and millionaire, preaches in the city streets from a gospel wagon on the "Inasmuch Mission," and when we see other young millionaires in various parts of the country joining the Salvation Army of uplift and human betterment, it is calculated to make the world think a bit—to make it stop, look and listen. There is something which comes home to everybody in such a spectacle, and which is not to be dismissed as an emotional crusading outburst. In many ways the religious impulse of the age shares the democratic spirit that is dominant in political and economic spheres, and is coming out from high places into the highways and hedges in order to get face to face with the masses.

False Alarm.

Farmer's Wife — That yellow hen has cackled three times and hasn't laid an egg yet.

Farmer—Maybe she's entitled to a relay.

A woman gives her heart to but one; a man is more liberal.

LIVING ADVERTISEMENT

Glow of Health Speaks for Postum.

It requires no scientific training to discover whether coffee disagrees or not.

Simply stop it for a time and use Postum in place of it, then note the beneficial effects. The truth will appear.

"Six years ago I was in a very bad condition," writes a Tenn. lady. "I suffered from indigestion, nervousness and insomnia.

"I was then an inveterate coffee drinker, but it was long before I could be persuaded that it was coffee that hurt me. Finally I decided to leave it off a few days and find out the truth.

"The first morning I left off coffee I had a raging headache, so I decided I must have something to take the place of coffee." (The headache was caused by the reaction of the coffee drug—caffeine.)

"Having heard of Postum through a friend who used it, I bought a package and tried it. I did not like it at first but after I learned how to make it right, according to directions on pkg., I would not change back to coffee for anything.

"When I began to use Postum I weighed only 117 lbs. Now I weigh 170 and as I have not taken any tonic in that time I can only attribute my present good health to the use of Postum in place of coffee.

"My husband says I am a living advertisement for Postum."

Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum now comes in two forms:

Regular Postum — must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers

[FO]UND PACE TOO STRENUOUS

[Fa]ther Had to Have Rest If He Was to Continue His Companionship With Son.

"Could you spare me?"

As the father spoke, his once handsome figure leaned forward slightly toward the boy who sat before him, while his hands trembled nervously.

"My boy," he continued, "about a month ago you introduced me to the 'like-father-like-son' idea, which is now spreading over this country, and which, formulated by eminent educators, simply means that all fathers shall make companions of their sons, and that an intimate relationship shall ensue. Have I done this with you?"

"You certainly have," replied the [illegible] twirling [a se]mblance of a mus[tache] [illegible] [tha]t you spare me [illegible] replied. [illegible] [begi]nning [illegible] whole [illegible] movement is that it be continuous. I must say, however, that you have been a dead game sport. What do you want to quit for?"

In reply the kind father, summoning all his control, said, gently:

"Believe me, I don't want to quit, but the fact is that since you and I have been thrown together I have smoked so many cigarettes, played so much poker, danced so many new-fangled dances, raced over the country in so many autos that I thought if you didn't mind I would take a couple of weeks off in some good sanitarium until I can gather strength enough to go on with the growing friendship between us."—Life.

Can't Kiss Unwilling Wife.

Whether or not a man has a right to kiss his wife against her will was decided in the negative by Recorder John Schwarz in the police court when he sentenced Morgan Martin to 30 days in jail for displaying such affection for the spouse against her protest.

Mrs. Martin has begun a suit for divorce, and has received her first decree. Martin admitted that he had forcibly kissed his wife, but said that he dearly loved her, and could not bear to be separated from her without some display of affection.

Martin met his wife on the street, and after attempting to persuade her to return to him held her while he kissed her good-by.—Savannah (Ga.) Dispatch to the New York Sun.

Mean Insinuation.

She was a plump widow with two charming daughters. She had been a "relic" just a year, and was beginning to wear her "weeds" lightly. All the same when the new curate called upon her she sighed:

"Ah, I feel the loss of my poor, dear husband very much. I never have any appetite for anything now."

The curate was all sympathy, and in the endeavor to cheer her by pointing out what a comfort to her her daughters must be, replied:

"I can quite understand that, but you are solaced in—"

"S-i-r-r!" interrupted the indignant lady, "allow me to inform you that I am not laced in at all."

WANTED HUSBAND TO LOAF

Only Then Was He Agreeable, Testified Wife—Sought Divorce From Her Silent Spouse.

We read of him in three places in the dispatches of the day. The first case was where a man kissed his wife against her will, which made her so mad that she had him arrested for assault and battery, and the court sentenced him to thirty days in jail.

Next case was where a woman had her husband arrested for getting drunk and abusing her. When before the court, here is what she said:

"My man's a fine man when he's sober. The trouble is he earns money and spends it on liquor. The only time he's behaved himself was when he wasn't working and got no money. I have an income and can support the family. I wish you'd make him quit work."

"All right," said the judge. And he sentenced the husband not to work for thirty days.

The third case was a suit for divorce, where the wife charged that her husband would not speak to her. He would eat his meals without a word, then sit down with a paper and read without looking at her or speaking to her. So it has been going on for a long time. Of course the court granted the wife a divorce. Having a silent, sour husband around is intolerable.—Ohio State Journal.

Wisdom of the Ancients.

It is now believed that the ancients used telescopes for astronomical purposes. In excavations in Babylonia a lens has been found which was undoubtedly used in a telescope centuries before the birth of Christ. The ancients, both Chaldean and Egyptian, were acquainted with the planetary system, knew that the earth was round, could calculate meridians exactly, calculate the orbits of the planets; in fact, paid great attention to eclipses of the sun and moon, to occultations of the planets, to the motions of the planets, and the determination of their periodic and synodic times, to the construction of tables of the fixed stars and the mapping of them into constellations and to settling the exact length of the true solar year. It is fair to presume, then, that they had telescopes to aid them in their work.

Crown Prince a Hunter.

Crown Prince Frederick William is strongly desirous of visiting America. The heir to the German throne is not particularly anxious to pay an official visit to the United States, in fact he would like to avoid anything like this if it were possible, but he wants more than anything else to do some big game hunting in the Pacific northwest. The crown prince has hunted in India and is going to the African colonies in June, but he would like particularly to hunt in Alaska. He has an ambition to shoot bears, moose, and caribou.

Fitting Herself.

"Marriage is a serious business. Are you preparing yourself to be a good housekeeper, my dear?"

"Oh, yes, grandma. You ought to see the house gowns I am having made."