

The
TEMPTRESS

BY H. M. EGBERT

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The little Welshman and Van Trevor looked at each other in the rich man's library. The little Welshman was obviously in need of a job. Van Trevor thought. A sense of compassion rose up in him as he inspected the shabby figure.

"Well, Mr. Evans?" he inquired blandly.

"I have come with reference to that advertisement for a man to catalogue your books," said Evans. His heart was thumping madly; he was desperately afraid Van Trevor would see his need and cut down the salary.

"You are acquainted with the classics, I believe?" inquired Van Trevor.

"Yes, sir. I studied Greek and Latin at Cardiff university. I know French and German, a little Hebrew, some Spanish."

Van Trevor extended his hand cordially. "My dear fellow, that is satisfactory," he said. "The work should last about three months. You understand it is not permanent, of course?" he added.

"I only need it for the summer, sir," replied the little Welshman. "I am studying at the Theological seminary. I have a means of working off our board after the term begins."

He hesitated. The use of the plural form had betrayed what he had not been anxious to reveal. "My wife and myself," he explained, hesitating.

Van Trevor nodded. "Well, my dear fellow, about the salary," he said. "Would—er—forty dollars a week be satisfactory?"

The little Welshman could not restrain a gasp. He had expected twenty-five, he had hoped daringly for twenty-five.

"That's settled, then," said Van Trevor. "And now, Mr. Evans, you



"She's Too Good for That Little Shrimp."

must lunch with me and meet Mrs. Van Trevor."

Mrs. Van Trevor proved to be a little, vivacious brunette. She shook hands with Evans cordially, and they sat down to lunch in a magnificently furnished room, while a butler served them.

Evans was conscious of a painful diffidence. A gentleman by birth, a long period of hardship had made him self-conscious. He wondered whether he was using his knife and fork correctly. The Van Trevers seemed sticklers for etiquette. In Wales one met all classes upon a free and easy basis; here there seemed to be a conventionalized ritual, a little different, and puzzling. The Van Trevers drew him out about his wife. "You must bring her to see us," said the rich man's wife, as they parted.

II.

Leila Evans' beauty and copper hair was the sensation of Mrs. Van Trevor's afternoon. The girl had been married six months. She had run away from a wealthy home in Cardiff to go to America with the little Welshman. Those six months had been of unmitigated hardship. Her illusions of happiness in the New World were shattered. She loved her husband, but she hated the sordid barrenness of life in furnished lodgings. The visit to the Van Trevers had opened up a new vista of life for her.

She clung to Evans' arm as they left the house together.

"Dear," she said, "Mrs. Van Trevor has asked me to come to the house every day to act as her secretary. What do you think of it? She is going to pay me twenty-five dollars a week!"

Evans was overcome by emotion. "They are splendid people, Leila," he said. "Who would have thought that we should find such good friends in New York? It looks like a prosperous future for us, doesn't it, dear?"

Elsie Van Trevor and her husband sat together in their drawing-room after the guests had gone.

"What do you think of them?" asked Van Trevor.

"She's dear," said Elsie. "She's too good for that little shrimp. Too good altogether."

"Poor little devil!" said Van Trevor. "He told me he's saving up for an operation on his ear. He says it's likely to prove serious some day if he doesn't have it done."

"She's too good for him," his wife repeated, following her train of thought. "I don't see how she came to marry him. If I have any chance I'm going to open her eyes. Why, he isn't even a gentleman, dear."

III.

Elsie Van Trevor had gone to their bungalow at the seashore and taken her secretary with her. The little Welshman was cataloguing the books in the library alone.

He missed his wife greatly. It was their first separation. Somehow he felt that Mrs. Van Trevor's sudden friendship for Leila boded ill for them both. But Leila had been crazy to go; there were to be house parties and all sorts of gaiety, and later Evans was to be invited for a day or two.

Somewhere a bell had been ringing furiously all the morning. The little Welshman wondered where it could be. He threw up the window and looked out. Suddenly a violent pain shot through his head, as if a knife had pierced him. The bell was in his own head. And the pain was stabbing without cessation.

He screamed with the agony of it. He tried to stagger across the room, collapsed, and moaned upon the floor. He saw Van Trevor standing over him, a look of fear in his eyes. Then through a period of unconsciousness he grew to a dim realization of the jolting ambulance, the hospital, the white-capped nurses, and the sickening stench of the ether cone.

He opened his eyes to find himself in a bed in the hospital. His head was swathed in bandages.

"You'll do finely now," the nurse said, and he opened his eyes a second time to see Van Trevor at his side.

"How are you, my dear chap?" he asked. "By George, that was touch and go, but the surgeon says you're all right now."

"You hadn't told my wife?" asked Evans weakly.

"No. I thought it best not to alarm her," answered the other.

Van Trevor never came again through the slow days of convalescence. Evans' letters to Leila were unanswered. Gradually a sickening fear began to come over the little Welshman, a sense of some undefinable tragedy. At last, when two weeks had passed, he was permitted to leave the hospital. He hurried to the Van Trevor house. The butler, who opened the door, stood in his way.

"Mr. Van Trevor left a letter for you, sir," he said, handing him a missive.

The little Welshman opened it. It stated briefly that the work had come to an end, and included a check for five hundred dollars.

Evans tore the check to pieces and turned away from the house in blind agony and rage.

IV.

The bungalows stood side by side in their trim plots at the edge of the shore. Near by, at the huge hotel, were music and dancing, and the mirth of holiday-makers. Many couples, strolling along the road, looked askance at the seedy little man, with the bandage about his head, who walked hurriedly toward the bungalow at the end of the row.

In the shadow of a pine tree Evans halted. The bungalow was ablaze with lights. He heard the voices of Van Trevor and his friends, and the tittering laughter of his wife. Then came a laugh that made him clutch at his heart—Leila's.

Then suddenly the little Welshman seemed to become inspired with a strong personality that had never been his. He strode through the open door into the living-room, and stood there at the door.

He saw a look of fear in Van Trevor's eyes, astonishment in the guests', wonder in Leila's. The little, shabby man suddenly dominated the situation.

"Hugh!" exclaimed Leila, leaping to her feet. "You are ill! What is the matter?"

"I have come to take you home, dear," said Evans.

Mrs. Van Trevor advanced with mincing steps. "This is Leila's husband," she explained to the group. "He has been unwell, you know. Mr. Evans, it would really have been more seemly to have written."

"Come, dear," said Evans, taking his wife's arm in his. In that moment he saw all the struggle in the girl's soul; the old love and the new pleasures. It was a hard test for her, beaten by the storms of uncertainty.

"Leila is certainly not going away with you," exclaimed Elsie Van Trevor angrily. "This is an outrage! Leila, dear, we will protect you."

With a swift, passionate gesture Evans tore the bracelets from Leila's arms, the pendant from her neck, and cast them down. And while they still stared at them, they were gone, and Leila clung to her husband's neck in the darkness.

"Hugh, dearest!" she wept. "What was it? Why didn't you write? I didn't know you had been ill. They wanted me to get a divorce—O, Hugh, if you hadn't come they would have made me do anything—anything. Keep me! Guard me! Never leave me again!"

And in her husband's clasp she felt at last a safeguard against the dangers that had beset her, and knew that thenceforward their real life would be together.

His Disinclination.

"Come, my brother," invited Deacon Hawhee, addressing a stranger who had wandered into the revival meeting. "don't you want to fine de heavenly band?" "No, sah; but t'ankee for de bid, dess de same!" was the polite reply. "I done played de trombone in a minstrel band all last season, and isn't got no dan half mub salry twell plumb yet!"—Kansas City Star.

Grease the Nail.

All mechanics know that a nail when oiled or greased is much more readily driven through hard woods. Elmer S. Ellis of Pomona, Cal., has devised a receptacle for grease or other lubricant, to be contained in the handle of a hammer into which the nail can be inserted and withdrawn without wasting the lubricant and at little loss of time.—National Magazine.

General Omission.

People occasionally announce their intention of "summering" or "wintering" here or there, but oddly enough they never say they will "fall" or "spring" in any place in particular.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Plans for New Public Buildings Are Deferred

WASHINGTON.—The long-pending plans for construction of new buildings for the state, justice and commerce departments, south of Pennsylvania avenue, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets northwest, will not be taken up, at the earliest, before the lapse of two more years. Word has gone out to the heads of these departments that congress will not be asked to appropriate for federal construction before 1917.

The reason for this postponement is economy at a time when the treasury is in a depleted condition, together with the prospect that congress will be asked to appropriate for the national defense.

The labor, justice and commerce departments now occupy leased buildings. The two former have complained about the inadequate quarters. The commerce department arranged with private capitalists to erect its present home on a five-year lease at an annual rental of \$65,000.

The tract south of Pennsylvania avenue, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets, was bought by congress a few years ago with the announced intention of putting up buildings for three departments. Steps to appropriate for them fell through, however, and since then some of the properties on the tract have been leased by the government by the year.

Lock and Key of Peking Interested These Two

TWO young Chinese men stood before a glass case over at the museum. That the exhibit on its lower shelf had caught the interest of the two was evident from their suppressed excitement of speech and the care with which one of them copied the information on the accompanying card.

Curiosity is contagious. As soon as the Chinese had passed on another person who had been watching from the fish pond went over to the case. At first sight the exhibit looked like a cistern pump of old and rusty iron, and lying by it another piece of the same ancient metal that might be a sort of lever, say, about three feet long. Its dramatic interest for the Orientals lay in the printing on the card: "Lock and key to the city gate of Peking, known as the front gate, directly opposite the emperor's palace. This gate was taken by the United States marines, August 14, 1900. In the spring of 1900 the perilous situation of the members of the American legation at Peking, and their complete isolation in the midst of a murderous population demanded prompt action for their relief. The commandant, division of the Philippines, was instructed by cable, June 6, 1900, to send at once a regiment of infantry to Taku, and Maj. Gen. Adna R. Chaffee, U. S. V., was selected to command."

"Please move so's we can see," the person who had been reading the card made way for a heavy-shouldered, double-chinned, big-waisted young woman in silver-gray crumpled from travel, and freak white shoes that bulged over at the sides like raised dough. And she was clinging to an undersized and obvious bridegroom.

When she saw what there was to see the young lady elephant said to her undersized one—with an artless disregard of the fact that other people have ears:

"Lordy, Jim; I thought it mustberen somethin' worth lookin' at the way that woman was starin'—comerlong." To them the lock and key of the city gate of Peking was only so much rusty, time-gnawed iron. So, naturally, they turned to metal more attractive. And when the case was clear the Chinese men returned.

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New Air Fighting Gun That Shoots Both Ways

A NEW air-fighting gun is undergoing experimental trial by the aviation corps of the United States navy department. It is the invention of Commander Cleland Davis, U. S. N., and fires a 15-pound shell carrying about one pound of high explosive—enough to blow a flying machine to smithereens or to inflict dangerous damage upon a Zeppelin or other dirigible.

Commander Davis is the navy's foremost inventor. It was he who not long ago originated a new kind of torpedo gun which is under consideration by the department.

One remarkable feature of his "aero gun" is that it shoots both ways. For loading, it is "broken" in the middle, where the big cartridge is introduced. In the rear part of the cartridge are packed 15 rounds of buckshot, between which and the projectile is the firing charge of smokeless gunpowder.

When the shell is discharged at the muzzle the buckshot is simultaneously thrown out at the butt end of the tube, which is of the same diameter throughout its length.

The buckshot, needless to say, is not meant to do the adversary any damage. Its discharge merely serves to take up the recoil of the weapon. This, up to the present time, has been the principal difficulty encountered in efforts to solve the problem of the aeroplane gun. To fire large explosive projectiles from a flying machine has seemed impracticable because the recoil of the gun would upset the delicate balance of the warplane, imperiling its safety and that of its navigator.

It is for this reason that nowadays no more formidable weapons than light machine guns, weighing about 20 pounds and firing ordinary rifle bullets, are installed on the armored aëros.

Why They Cheered Transfer of George E. Downey

CHEERS on the transfer of George E. Downey from the post of comptroller of the treasury to a place on the court of claims arose from at least one department in which Downey had curtailed expense accounts that were described as verging upon graft. In some instances, it is admitted in the comptroller's office, the apparent "graft" was perfectly regular under the law, but even in these Downey held it to be illegitimate and declined to approve vouchers which technically seemed to be correct.

For example, an army officer stationed in the tropics put in a claim for his "fuel allowance" of \$75 for "heating his home," and threatened the comptroller's office with dire consequences when it declined to honor the bill. Under the law of the United States this officer was entitled to this allowance; under the law of common sense Downey put his foot down.

"This is only one of almost a thousand instances demonstrating the negligence, carelessness and recklessness with which congresses pass laws, especially under the army, navy and other appropriation bills," said an official of the comptroller's office.

Also it is said to be "very customary" for an army officer to rent a house for, say, \$40 and charge the government the maximum of \$60, allowed him for his quarters, while some officers' wives are said to rent houses from the real owners and in turn lease them to the government at a higher rate for their own families' occupancy. Many other irregularities also have been exposed under the Downey regime.

So now the alleged beneficiaries of the reported irregularities have cheered the departure of Downey.

An Illinois inventor has patented a guitar with two sets of strings on which one person can play duets.

A Massachusetts man has patented pads to be worn inside trousers to keep the knees from bagging.

An Englishman has invented a fly-killing instrument that works with a trigger and resembles a pistol.

A combination ladder and scaffold with many uses that folds as compactly as a step ladder has been patented.

A Chicago inventor's burglar proof window sash is provided with bars that rise from within the window frame as the sash is lifted.

Ladybirds are of great service to the gardener by reason of their destruction of plant lice, among which they lay their eggs, and as the larvae come to life they feed on the lice.

Water issued from an artesian well on a Georgia farm with sufficient force to light its owner's house and barn with electricity and to give him power for small machinery.

ADD SALAD DISHES TO MENU

People Today Eat Too Much Cooked Food That is Frequently Lacking in Nutritive Qualities.

It has long been a joke how cats and dogs, when out of sorts, fly to grass or some kind of green food for relief. The animal knows by instinct what only a few human beings are beginning to learn from experience—namely, that nature has provided vegetables of the leaf order, rich in mineral salts. These salts possess a double power—they not only combine with the acids and poisons in the body, rendering them powerless, but they also drive them out of the system altogether.

It is not too much to say that no great mental, moral or physical progress can be made without an ample supply of this vegetable food. Salad is the one ingredient of our regular diet which we cannot afford to do without.

Some people say salad is cold and indigestible, but cabbage, if eaten raw, needs only two and a half hours for digestion, as against five hours when boiled! The boiling of green foods destroys the original organic combination of the mineral salts.

The blood of a healthy person should be alkaline—that is, the opposite of acid—and it is the alkaline salts in vegetables which bring about this healthy condition.

Many thousands of men and women of all ages suffer from anemia, from having lived almost entirely on cooked food.

To those long accustomed to highly flavored food, salads will at first seem tasteless, but a liking for them comes with use.

Salad should be very carefully washed in several changes of clean water. This is essential. During washing the leaves should be well picked over and inspected.

Leaves should be torn, not cut. When done, they can be allowed to soak for an hour, or overnight, but not longer in cold water, to which a little lemon juice has been added to increase the crispness of the leaves.

The Japanese use the petals of many flowers for salads. Chrysanthemums, stocks, violets, roses, nasturtiums, and dandelions are especially good, as they possess strong antitoxic powers.

PARSNIP NOT GIVEN ITS DUE

With Proper Preparation the Vegetable Should Be One of the Greatest Table Favorites.

Do you like parsnips? If you don't, why don't you? If they cost as much as French artichokes—which have far less flavor—wouldn't you like them? Perhaps the reason they have never appealed to you is because they are so common that they are fed to the cattle. Often our likes and dislikes for food are based on such reasoning.

Of course, parsnips must be carefully cooked to be really worth the eating. Baked parsnips have a delicious flavor. To prepare them, wash them and pare them, and steam them until tender. Then slice them lengthwise and put them in a baking dish, with butter and pepper and salt sprinkled over them. Bake them until brown in a moderate oven.

Parsnip salad is made of parsnips that have been steamed until tender, sliced crosswise, dredged in flour and fried brown in butter. Chill them and put them on lettuce leaves and add a teaspoonful of chopped ham and one of hard-boiled egg chopped fine to each plate. Sprinkle a little chopped parsley over them and serve with mayonnaise.

Parsnip fritters are made from mashed boiled parsnips. To a pint of it add a teaspoonful of flour, a well-beaten egg and salt and pepper. Make into flat cakes and fry brown.

Scalloped parsnips: Mix two cups of cold, mashed parsnips with two tablespoonfuls of butter and cream enough to make smooth. Put in a pudding dish, sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs and bake until brown.

White Bread.

Into your bread mixer put one cupful of flour, one tablespoonful of salt, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and a heaping tablespoonful of lard. Then pour in one pint of boiling water; stir until smooth and allow to cool. Add one quart of luke-warm water and one-half a yeast cake dissolved in one cupful of luke-warm water. Then add flour enough to make a firm dough; knead until smooth. In the morning mold into loaves and allow to raise. Bake for one hour. This recipe makes three loaves.

Italian Mold.

Cook two tablespoonfuls of rice until tender in a pint of milk in a double saucepan, with the very thin rind of a lemon. Sweeten to taste, add three sheets of leaf gelatin and the yolks of three eggs. Let cook in a double saucepan a few minutes longer to cook the yolks; add the whites, stiffly beaten and two tablespoonfuls of cream. Pour into a wetted mould and turn out when stiff and set.

Fine-Grained Cake.

One egg, one cupful sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one and one-half cupfuls flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder, one-half cupful milk, flavor. Bake in round tins. Put together with jelly. Frost with a tablespoonful butter, one cupful of powdered sugar, little milk and flavor. Put this cake together with whipped cream.

Cabbage and Rice.

Boil one head of cabbage weighing about two pounds, in salted water until done. Boil in another pan, cupful of washed rice. Drain, when cooked, of all but a little water. Fry one onion in four slices of salt pork. Mix these all together and boil up for one minute. Season to taste.

Original Molasses Cookies.

One-half cupful sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter and lard, cream together with sugar, one-half cupful molasses, one-half cupful sweet milk, one-half teaspoonful ginger, one teaspoonful soda in flour, four enough to roll; roll thin and bake in hot oven five minutes.

Value of Hardship.
"So you've been camping?"
"Yes," replied the sunburned man.
"Of course you had a good time?"
"No. It rained almost incessantly, the insects nearly ate me alive, and I didn't catch any fish. Still, I derived a great deal of benefit from the experience."
"I must say you are optimistic."
"Yes. Before I went away I didn't know how to appreciate a hall bedroom."

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"I want to get a bed and a mattress," said Farmer Wayback, entering a Newark furniture store.

"Yes, sir," replied the furniture dealer; "a spring bed and spring mattress, I suppose?"

"No; I want that kind that kin be used all the year round."—Mrs. Emma L. P. Wilcox, California.

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You can rid yourself of that cold in the head by taking Laxative Quinine Tablets. Price 25c. Also used in cases of La Grippe and for severe headaches. Remember that.—Adv.

Yea, Verily.
Elois—It is said that many a book is sold by the title.

Jack—Yes; and many an American heiress has been sold by the same thing.

All news isn't as black as it is printed.

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