WHISTORY BOWLES BY ANDRE BOWLES COPYRIGHT 1906 BY CHAS SCRIBNER 3 5093 THE door opened and Kennedy mark dended with the storm center moving slowly across the room might develop. Kennedy, seeling everything and talking pleasantly with one of the barkeepers, his close-set teeth gleaming 20 feet trying to let on he is not a Dutch.

though he did not stop his horse to

reached the open country the horse

had settled into a fast, long stride

that not only redeemed his reputation

When McCloud entered his office it

shades. He examined the hat again,

CHAPTER XIV.

At the Wickiup.

Two nights later Whispering Smith

rode into Medicine Bend. "I've been

up around Williams Cache," he said,

answering McCloud's greeting as he

entered the upstairs office. "How goes

it?" He was in his riding rig, just as

When he asked for news McCloud

told him the story of the trouble with

Lance Dunning over the survey, and

added that he had referred the matter

pleasant surprise when riding home

feverish interest at McCloud's head;

afterward.

"I heard about it."

luck that he missed you."

"Let me see the hat."

McCloud when he had done.

has nothing to do but guess."

up the best hat worn on the range."

"Where did you hear about that?"

"I will loosen up in the way you do.

much about it, Gordon, and where?"

"Through a friend, but forget it."

"Do you know who shot at me?"

"One of Dunning's men, was it?

"I'd like nothing better. When?"

and perhaps is yet."

was not Seagrue."

Stormy Gorman?"

"How do you know?"

didn't he fire again?"

"The man that was after you."

"Who missed me?"

put questions.

man!"

stances!'

he had come from a late supper.

but relieved his rider's nerves.

SYNOPSIS.

Murray Sinclair and his gang of wreckers were called out to clear the railroad iracks at Smoky Creek. McCloud, a young road superintendent, caught Sinclair and his men in the act of looting the wrecked train. Sinclair pleaded innocence, declaring it only amounted to a small sum—a treat for the men. McCloud discharged the whole outfit and ordered the wreckage burned. McCloud became acquainted with Dicksie Dunning, a girl of the west, who came to look at the wreck. She gave him a message for Sinclair. "Whispering" Gordon Smith told President Bucks of the railroad, of McCloud's brave fight against a gang of crazed miners and that was the reason for the superintendent's appointment to his high office. McCloud arranged to board at the boarding house of Mrs. Sinclair, the ex-foreman's deserted wife. Dicksie Dunning was the daughter of the late Richard Dunning, who had died of a broken heart shortly after his wife's demise, which occurred after one year of married life. Sinclair visited Marion Sinclair's shop and a fight between him and McCloud prepared to face the situation. President Bucks notified Smith that he had work ahead. McCloud worked for days and finally got the division running in fairly good order. He overheard Dicksie criticising his methods, to Marion Sinclair. A stock train was wrecked by an open switch. Later a passenger train was held up and the express car robbed. Two men of a posse pursuing the bandits were killed. McCloud was notified that Whispering Smith was to hunt the desperadoes. Bill Dancing, a road lineman, proposed that Sinclair and his gang be sent to hunt the bandits. A stranger, apparently with authority, told him to go ahead. Dancing was told the stranger was "Whispering Smith." Smith approached Sinclair. He tried to buy him off, but failed. He warned McCloud hat his life was in danger. McCloud on a lonely trail to warn him his life was in danger.

CHAPTER XIII .- Continued.

"Miss Dunning, won't you listen just a moment? Please don't run away!' McCloud was trying to come up with ner. "Won't you hear me a moment? I have suffered some little humiliation to-day; I should really rather be shot up than have more put on me. I am a man and you are a woman, and it is already dark. Isn't it for me to see you safely to the house? Won't you at least pretend I can act as an escort and let me go with you? I should make a poor figure trying to catch you on horseback-" Dicksie nodded naively. "With that

horse. "With any horse-I know that," said

McCloud, keeping at her side. "But I can't let you ride back with looking directly at McCloud for the first time. "How could I explain?" "Let me explain. I am famous for explaining," urged McCloud, spurring,

"And will you tell me what I should be doing while you were explaining?" she asked.

"Perhaps getting ready a first aid for the injured."

"I feel as if I ought to run away," declared Dicksie, since she had clearly decided not to. "It will have to be a compromise, I suppose. You must not ride farther than the first gate, and let us take this trail instead of the road. Now make your horse go as

fast as you can and I'll keep up." But McCloud's horse, though not a wonder, went too fast to suit his rider, who divided his efforts between checking him and keeping up the conversation. When McCloud dismounted to open Dicksie's gate, and stood in the twilight with his hat in his hand and his bridle over his arm, he was telling a story about Marion Sinclair, and Dicksie in the saddle, tapping her



McCloud Laid His Head Low and Spurred His Horse.

down and past him as if the light upon his face were too bright. Before she would start away she made him remount, and he said good-by only after half a promise from her that she would show him sometime a trail to the top of Bridger's Peak, with a view of the Peace river on the east and the country on the north. Then she rode away at an amazing run.

McCloud galloped toward the pass with one determination—that he would have a horse, and a good one, one that is a man-killer, but a square one." could travel with Jim, if it cost him his salary. He exulted as he rode, for the day had brought him everything he wished, and humiliation had been swallowed up in triumph. It was nearly dark when he reached the crest between the hills. At this point the southern grade of the pass winds is after you is in town at this minute, ested in looking at the man that had sharply, whence its name, the Elbow; but from the head of the pass the finishes his job." grade may be commanded at intervals road with his head in a whirl of ex- know him?" citement, McCloud heard the crack of a rifle; at the same instant he felt a yourself if you want to." sharp slap at his hat. Instinct works on all brave men very much alike. dle, and, seeking no explanation, laid the door.

The door is head low and spurred Bill Denelng's horse for life or death. The lorse, quite amazed, bolted and blinking so in the light?

The augus were not to some time, is now working on a daspletous day. The augus were not in some time, is now working on a new transmitter, which is very sensitive, and enables conversation to be per of a cheap cigar and rolling it seeking no explanation, laid on the business, for about half a new transmitter, which is very sensitive, and enables conversation to be per of a cheap cigar and rolling it seeking no explanation, laid on the door.

"The augus were not industriously licking the broken wrappers for about half a new transmitter, which is very sensitive, and enables conversation to be per of a cheap cigar and rolling it fondly under his foreinger, he was like that and blinking so in the light?

The augus were not industriously licking the broken wrappers for about half a new transmitter, which is very sensitive, and enables conversation to be per of a cheap cigar and rolling it fondly under his foreinger, he was sea tipped the junk and the gift of the Korean king plunged into the sea. liability of error.

swerved down the grade like a snipe, with his rider crouching close for a second shot. But no second shot came, and after another mile McCloud ventured to take off his hat and put town, Farrell." his finger through the holes in it,

make the examination. When they Visiting friends or doing business?"

was half past nine o'clock, and the first thing he did before turning on day to get in in time to talk it over the lights was to draw the windowwith him. Want to go?"

with sensations that were new to him -fear, resentment, and a hearty hatred of his enemies. But all the road man you would have made a tongue and slowly across his lips. while the picture of Dicksie remained. great undertaker, do you know that?" He thought of her nodding to him as they parted in the saddle, and her picivory teeth. "You have such an inture blotted out all that had followed. Smith.

> we waiting for? I'm ready," said waistcoat for a match. Du Sang, how-Kennedy, taking out his revolver and ever, made no effort to take up the examining it.

are really accompanying me as my through design, it was scratched the guest, George," explained Whispering Smith, reproachfully. "Won't it be fun to shove this man right under Du Sang's nose and make him bat his eyes?" he added to Kennedy. "Well, put one in your pocket if you like, mildly surprised, looked up. "Hello, George, provided you have one that to Glover. He told then of his un- will go off when sufficiently urged." McCloud opened the drawer of the

table and took from it a revolver. "Yes," assented Smith, looking with Whispering Smith reached out his hand for the gun, examined it, and handed it back.

"That's odd, for I haven't said a "You don't like ft." word about the matter to anybody but Smith smiled a sickly approbation. Marion Sinclair, and you haven't seen 'A forty-five gun with a thirty-eight bore, George? A little light for shock; "I heard up the country. It is great a little light. A bullet is intended to knock a man down; not necessarily to kill him, but, if possible, to keep him from killing you. Never mind, we all have our fads. Come on!"

"The bullet went through my hat." At the foot of the stairs Whispering Smith stopped. "Now I don't know McCloud produced it. It was a where we shall find this man, but we'll heavy, broad-brimmed Stetson, with a try the Three Horses." As they bullet hole cut cleanly through the started down the street McCloud took front and the back of the crown. the inside of the sidewalk, but Smith Smith made McCloud put the hat on dropped behind and brought McCloud and describe his position when the into the middle. They failed to find me," declared Dicksie, urging Jim and shot was fired. McCloud stood up, Du Sang at the Three Horses, and leaving started to round up the street. They visited many places, but each "What do you think of it?" asked was entered in the same way. Kennedy sauntered in first and moved Smith leaned forward on the table slowly ahead. He was to step aside and pushed McCloud's hat toward him only in case he saw Du Sang. Mcas if the incident were closed. "There Cloud in every instance followed him, is no question in my mind, and there with Whispering Smith just behind, never has been, but that Stetson puts amiably surprised. They spent an hour in and out of the Front street re-McCloud raised his eyebrows. "Why, sorts, but their search was fruitless.

thank you! Your conclusion clears "You are sure he is in town?" asked Kennedy. The three men stood dethings so. After you speak a man liberating in the shadow of a side "But, by heaven, George," exclaimed street.

Smith, speaking with unaccustomed answered Whispering "Sure!" fervor, "Miss Dicksie Dunning is a Smith. "Of course, if he turns the hummer, isn't she? That child will trick he wants to get away quietly. He have the whole range going in another is lying low. Who is that, Farrell?" A man passing out of the shadow of a the table, watched the lightning-like year. To think of her standing up and lashing her cousin in that way shade tree was crossing Fort street move. For the first time the crapwhen he was browbeating a railroad 100 feet away.

"It looks like our party," whispered Kennedy. "No, stop a bit!" They "The whole Crawling Stone country drew back into the shadow. "That is is talking about it. You never told Du Sang," said Kennedy; "I know his me you had a misunderstanding with hobble." Dicksie Dunning at Marion's. Loosen

CHAPTER XV.

A Test. What scared me most, Gordon, was waiting for the second shot. Why Du Sang had the sidewise gait of a wolf, and crossed the street with the "Doubtless he thought he had you the first time. Any man big enough long saddle. Being both uncertain and away, and with his right hand half to start after you is not used to shooting twice at 250 yards. He probably easily. He traveled around the block thought you were falling out of the and disappeared among the many open saddle; and it was dark. I can account for everything but your reaching the Less alert trailers than the two bepass so late. How did you spend all hind him would have been at fault: but when he entered the place he was your time between the ranch and the looking for, Kennedy was so close McCloud saw there was no escape from telling of his meeting with Dick- him had he turned around.

Kennedy passed directly ahead. A sie Dunning, of her warning, and of his ride to the gate with her. Every overestimated you a little, George; a bar on the left; crap games at the just a little. Good men make mis- table behind the screen on the right. takes. The sport of circumstances Kennedy, will you take the rear end of knee with her bridle-rein, was looking that we are! The sport of circum- the bar? It covers the whole room ready to shoot if he had to, but and the back door. George, pass in "Now tell me how you heard so ahead of me and step just to the left Williams Cache could pull or shoot of the slot machine; you've got the front door there and everything behind the screen, and I can get close to ly against the man that faced him. Du Sang. Look for a thinnish, yellow-"I think I do, too. I think it was faced man with a brown hat and a the fellow that shot so well with the whole Mission range and the park rifle at the barbecue—what was his ing craps under this window. I'll shoot name? He was working for Sinclair, craps with him. Is your heart pump-

ing, George? Never mind, this is "You mean Seagrue, the Montana easy! Farrell, you're first!" cowboy? No, you are wrong. Seagrue lated, was counted tough among tough places. White men and colored mixed before the bar and about the tables. "I will tell you sometime-but this When Smith stepped around the screen and into the flare of the hanging lamps, Du Sang stood in the small "No, no, a very different sort! corner below the screened street win-Stormy is a wind-bag. The man that dow. McCloud, though vitally interand he has come to stay until he come to town to kill him, felt his attention continually wandering back "The devil! That's what makes to Whispering Smith. The clatter of for half a mile. Trotting down this your eyes so bright, is it? Do you the rolling dice, the guttural jargon of the negro gamblers, the drift of "I have seen him. You may see him men to and from the bar, and the clouds of tobacco smoke made a hazy let him find out what a close call you and a fleet "To-night—in 30 minutes." Mc- man with his gray hat and shabby blooded as a wild-cat and cruel as a the royal augurs had agreed upon an the way of improving the telephone ud closed his desk. There was a coat, dust-covered and travel-stained. soft bullet. Du Sang would shoot a auspicious day. The augurs were not for some time, is now working on a

McCloud. "You wouldn't believe it, Whispering Smith pushed past the onbut I can remember when Farrell lookers to get to the end of the table wore wooden shoes and lighted his where Du Sang was shooting. He pipe with a candle. He sleeps under made no effort to attract Du Sang's a feather bed yet. Du Sang is in attention, and when the latter looked up he could have pulled the gray hat "Du Sang!" echoed the tall man from the head of the man whose with mild interest as he picked up a brown eyes were mildly fixed on Du ruler and, throwing his leg on the Sang's dice; they were lying just in edge of the table, looked cheerful. front of Smith. Looking indifferently "How long has Du Sang been in town? at the intruder, Du Sang reached for the dice; just ahead of his right hand, "He is after your superintendent. Whispering Smith's right hand, the He has been here since four o'clock, I finger-tips extended on the table, reckon, and I've ridden a hard road to- rested in front of them; it might have been through accident, or it might have been through design. In his left Kennedy slapped his leg with the hand Smith held the broken cigar, and ruler. "I always want to go, don't I?" without looking at Du Sang he passed "Farrell, if you hadn't been a rail- the wrapper again over the tip of his

Du Sang now looked sharply at him, Kennedy, slapping his leg, showed his and Smith looked at his cigar. Others were playing around the semi-circular stinct for funerals," added Whispering table-it might mean nothing. Du Sang waited. Smith lifted his right "Now, Mr. Smith! Well, who are hand from the table and felt in his dice. He watched Whispering Smith McCloud put on his new hat and scratch a match on the table, and, asked if he should take a gun. "You either because it failed to light or second time on the table, marking a cross between the two dice.

The meanest negro in the joint would not have stood that, yet Du Sang hesitated. Whispering Smith, Pearline! You shooting here?" He pushed the dice back toward the outlaw. "Shoot again!"

Du Sang, scowling, snapped the dice and threw badly.

Smith moved closer to Du Sang. The | we're cone with him!" two men touched arms. Du Sang, threatened in a way wholly new to him, waited like a snake braved by a mysterious enemy. His eyes blinked like a badger's. He caught up the He took up the dice. "Shoot with me!" eleven. "Shoot with me. Du Sang." "What's your game?" snapped Du pipe.

Sang, with an oath. "What do you care, if I've got the pieces."

Du Sang's eyes glittered. Unable to understand the reason for the affront, he stood like a cat waiting to spring. "This is my game!" he snarled. "Then play it."

"Look here, what do you want?" Smith stepped closer. "Any game you've got. I'll throw you left-handed, Du Sang." With his right hand he snapped the dice under Du Sang's nose and looked squarely into his eyes "Got any Sugar Buttes money?"

Du Sang for an instant looked keenly back; his eyes contracted in that time to a mere narrow slit; then, sudden as thought, he sprang back into the corner. Kennedy, directly across dealer looked impatiently up.

It was a showdown. No one watching the two men under the window breathed for a moment. Whispering Smith, motionless, only watched the half-closed eyes. "You can't shoot craps," he said, coldly. "What can you shoot, Pearline? You can't stop

a man on horseback." Du Sang knew he must try for quick kill or make a retreat. He took in the field at a glance. Kenchoppy walk of the man out of a nedy's teeth gleamed only ten feet quick, he was a man to slip a trail under his coat lapel he toyed with his with freight traffic this year, and I watch-chain. McCloud had moved in from the slot machine and stood at doors that blazed along Hill street. the point of the table, looking at Du Sang and laughing at him. Whispering Smith threw off all pretense. "Take your hand away from your gun. you albino! I'll blow your head off that Du Sang could have spoken to left-handed if you pull! Will you get out of this town to-night? If you can't drop a man in the saddle at 250 yards, moment later Whispering Smith put what do you think you'd look like aftpoint brought a suppressed exclama- his head inside the door of the joint er a break with me? Go back to the tion from Whispering Smith. "So she Du Sang had entered, withdrew it, whelp that hired you, and tell him gave you your life," he mused. "Good and, rejoining his companions, spoke when he wants a friend of mine to for her! If you had got into the pass in an undertone: "A negro dive; he's send a man that can shoot. If you are on time you could not have got away lying low. Now we will keep our reg- within 20 miles of Medicine Bend at the cards were stacked for you. He ular order. It's a half-basement, with daylight I'll rope you like a fat cow

and drag you down Front street!" Du Sang, with burning eyes, shrank narrower and smaller into his corner, not liking the chances. No man in mountains had ever drawn successful- nese antiquarian, and now, crusted as

Whispering Smith saw that he would not draw. He taunted him again in brown shirt-and pink eyes-shoot- low tones, and, backing away, spoke laughingly to McCloud. While Kento the door and waited for the two to send a fitting token of his respect to time of earthquakes the sea folk along to the door and waited for the two to join him. They halted a moment at Kiyomori, the powerful leader of the the shore listened to hear the mad I began to sleep peacefully and sweet-The dive, badly lighted and venti- the door, then they backed slowly up the steps and out into the street.

There was no talk till they reached the Wickiup office. "Now, will some of you tell me who Du Sang is?" asked McCloud, after Kennedy and Whisperhad gone over the scene.

Kennedy picked up the ruler. "The

"Where is your hat, George-the one he put the bullet through?" asked ticular. Whispering Smith, limp in the big missed you. Burn it up now. Never Korean town had. Du Sang! Yes, he is cold- coast of C



"Up jump the devil, is it? Shoot It's bad enough to watch a man when | want it moved through the mountains again!" And, pushing back the dice, you can see his eyes. Here's hoping like checkers for the next six months.

CHAPTER XVI.

Callahan crushed the tobacco under dice and threw. "Is that the best you his thumb in the palm of his right The splendid showing of the winter can do?" asked Smith. "See here!" hand. "So I am sorry to add," he construction, on which he had de- flection, thereby giving him the desired concluded to McCloud, "that you are pended to enable him to finish the opening. Smith threw the dice up the table to- now out of a job." The two men whole work within the year, was by ward Du Sang. Once he threw craps, were facing each other across the this news brought to naught. Those realism to a ridiculous extreme," conbut, reaching directly in front of Du table in McCloud's office. "Personally, of the railroad men who said he could tinued the poet. Sang, he picked the dice up and threw I am not sorry to say it, either," added not deliver a completed line within Callahan, slowly filling the bowl of his the year could never be answered now. somewhat impatient to reach the point

> ntil he had heard more. "I never him of his chance for a reputation pany and purposely made the meter knew before that you were lefthanded," he returned, evasively.

"It's a lucky thing, because it won't | ning. do for a freight-traffic man, nowadays, left hand does," observed Callahan, feeling for a match. "I am the only self. We are going to be swamped what he had already earned.

You know what I mean, George." To McCloud the news came, in spite

of himself, as a blow. The results he had attained in building through the lower valley had given him a name among the engineers of the whole line. And there was some slight bitterness of his witticism. McCloud said nothing to the point, in the reflection that the very stumas there seemed to be nothing to say bling-block to-hold him back, to rob day I wrote a sonnet to the gas comwith men like Glover and Bucks, defective." should be the lands of Dicksie Dun-

He made no complaint. On the dito let his right hand know what his vision he took hold with new energy and bent his faculties on the operating problems. At Marion's he left-handed man in the traffic depart- saw Dicksie at intervals, and only to ment, but the man that handles the re- fall more hopelessly under her spell bates, Jimmie Black, is cross-eyed. each time. She could be serious and Bucks offered to send him to Chicago | she could be volatile and she could be to have Bryson straighten his eyes, something between which he could but Jimmie thinks it is better to have never quite make out. She could be them as they are for the present, so he serious with him when he was serious. can look at a thing in two different and totally irresponsible the next minways-one for the interstate com- ute with Marion. On the other hand merce commission and one for him- when McCloud attempted to be flipself. You haven't heard, then?" con- pant, Dicksie could be confusingly tinued Callahan, returning to his rid- grave. Once when he was bantering dle about McCloud's job. "Why, Lance with her at Marion's she tried to say Dunning has gone into the United something about her regret that com-States court and got an injunction plications over the right of way against us on the Crawling Stone line should have arisen; but McCloud made -tied us up tighter than zero. No light of it, and waved the matter aside more construction there for a year as if he were a cavalier. Dicksie did at least. Dunning comes in for him- not like it, but it was only that he self and for a cousin who is his was afraid she would realize he was a ward, and three or four little ranchers | mere railroad superintendent with have filed bills-so it's up to the law- hopes of a record for promotion quite yers for 80 per cent. of the gate re- blasted. And as if this obstacle to a ceipts and peace. Personally, I'm glad greater reputation were not enough, a of it. It gives you a chance to look willier enemy threatened in the spring after this operating for a year your- | to leave only shreds and patches of (TO BE CONTINUED.)



SEVEN CENTURIES IN OCEAN

Great Korean Bell Recovered Through Aid of Wealthy Japanese Antiquarian.

A great Korean bell which for 700 years has been lying 20 fathoms below the waves off the shore of Chi- against the kings of Korea and the kuzen province, Japan, has just been junks of the Koreans ravaging the raised through the efforts of a Japait is with the sea waste of centuries, it stands on exhibition at Kanegasaki. According to tradition, which is only partially borne out by ancient documents, the king of Korea decided seven centuries ago that he would Heike clan, on the west coast of the southern island of Kiushiu. He ordered the royal bell founders, many tidal wave. and expert in those days, to cast a

The dimensions were to be these: ing Smith with banter and laughing In height, 1 jo 6 shaku; in diameter, 8 shaku 9 sun, and a circumference of 2 jo 8 shaku 7 sun. Tradition says wickedest, cruelest man in the bunch it was a great bell, and in the absence of translated proportions tradition must rule in the abstract in this par-

The bell was successfully cast and chair. "Burn it up; he thinks he was loaded on a mammoth junk at the Masampeo. The junk the Hongwanji temple. onvoys sailed for the n, in Japan, when all

No attempt was made, either by the emissaries of the king or the retainers of the prince of Heike, to fish for the bell. Within 100 years the deover the sunken bell in war forays ing nightmare. coasts of Kiushiu.

But among the folks of the Japanese island there sprang legends and had derived, I concluded coffee must rainy-night tales about the sunken be the cause of my trouble, so I got bell of the Korean king. When the sea raged the fishermen declared they could hear the booming of the great bronze cup on the sea's bed, and in taste. It entirely took the place of coftolling of the bell, which they were ly. My nerves improved, and I wish sure would sound the signal for a I could wean every man, woman and

Last year it was that Yamamoto Kikutaro, a man of wealth of the province and devoted to the collection of ancient art objects, began to search for the ancient bell. Through the fishermen he succeeded in locating it after long effort, and last month divers raised it to the surface.

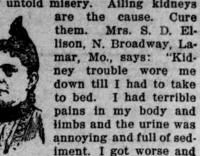
The bell has been cleaned of its corroding mass of barnacles and found to be still whole. It will soon be taken to Kyoto, there to be hung in

Edison, who has done so much in

DISCOURAGED WOMEN.

A Word of Hope for Despairing Ones.

Kidney trouble makes weak, weary, worn women. Backache, hip pains, dizziness, headaches, nervousness, languor, urinary troubles make women suffer untold misery. Ailing kidneys



doctors failed to help. I was discouraged. Doan's Kidney Pills brought quick relief and a final cure and now I am in the best of health." Remember the name-Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Fos-

ter-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. The Exempts.

"Why are all women so anxious to get rid of freckles?" "Some of them aren't; but these don't have freckles."

For Colds and Gripp-Capudine. The best remedy for Gripp and Colds is Hicks' Capudine. Relieves the aching and feverishness. Cures the cold—Headaches also, It's Liquid—Effects immediately—10, 25 and 50c at Drug Stores.

Fitted for the Job.

The general consulted the topographical chart. "You understand, colonel," he said, "that this charge on the enemy's fortification necessitaties the most reckless disregard for human life?" "I understand, general," the colonel replied. "The forlorn hope that leads the movement will be composed exclusively of amateur chauffeurs."

Your Salary.

The universe pays every man in his own coin; if you smile, it smiles upon you in return; if you frown, you will be frowned at; if you sing, you will be invited into gay company; if you think, you will be entertained by thinkers; and if you love the world and earnestly seek for the good that is therein, you will be surrounded by loving friends, and nature will pour into your lap the treasures of the earth. Censure, critise and hate, and you will be censured, criticised and hated by your fellow men.-N. W Zimmerman.

A Realist. "I am a great believer in realism,"

remarked the poet. "Yes?' we queried with a rising in-

"I sometimes carry my ideas of "Indeed!' we exclaimed inanely,

"Yes," continued the poet, "the other

At this point we fainted.

The Artless Boy. The boy bowed politely to the gro-

"I understand," he said, "that you want a boy, sir. Will you kindly look me over." "I only pay \$3," said the grocer, ab-

ruptly. "I understood," said the boy, "that

you paid four." The grocer nodded. "I did pay four," he said, "until I

saw in the paper the other day that Millionaire Rogers began his business career on \$3 a week." The boy smiled.

"But I don't expect to be a million-

aire." he said. "I don't care to be rich-I'd much rather be good." The grocer was so much pleased

with this artless reply that he compromised with the boy for three and a half.

GOT HIM!



Gertrude-The man I marry must be a genius. Bertie-Thank heaven we have met!

> BAD DREAMS Caused by Coffee.

"I have been a coffee drinker, more of less, ever since I can remember, until a few months ago I became more and more nervous and irritable, and finally I could not sleep at night for I was horribly disturbed by dreams scendants of the prince were crossing of all sorts and a species of distress-

"Finally, after hearing the experience of numbers of friends who had quit coffee and were drinking Postum, and learning of the great benefits they some Postum and had it made strictly according to directions.

"I was astonished at the flavour and fee, and to my very great satisfaction, child from the unwholesome drug-ordinary coffee.

"People really do not appreciate or realize what a powerful drug it is and what terrible effect it has on the human system. If they did, hardly a pound of it would be sold. I would never think of going back to coffee again. I would almost as soon think of putting my hand in a fire after I had once been burned.

"A young lady friend of ours had stomach trouble for a long time, and could not get well as long as she used coffee. She finally quit coffee and began the use of Postum and is now perfectly well. Yours for health.'

Read "The Road to Wellville," in