### Mistaken Identity

(Copyright, 1901, by E. A. Roebuck.) Mr. Emley was a burglar. He was, however, a select burglar, an artist in the profession. On a very dark night in March several years ago, he walked up the front to find Mr. Jenkinson should he not be at stairs of the finest bouse in Circletown. The house had been sold a few weeks before to a gentleman in France and Mr. Emley's reasons for visiting the place before its owner returned from abroad were and sent him away happy. known only to himself. He was a cool man, never taken unawares, prepared for any situation which might present itself and if on that dark night he was surprised to see the door before him suddenly his question shone forth. open no one would have guessed it. Certainly the servant on the inside of the threshold did not. He started back in

Good evening," said Mr. Emley, rais-'Wh-h-hy we didn't expect you for several days, sir," stammed the servant.

known master who stood confronting him.

"And nothing is ready, sir, but if you will come in we can fix up something." Mr. Emley stepped into the hall and the servant turned on the electric lights. A

sumptuously furnished room was revealed. a servant in correct uniform and a tallbrown-eyed gentleman of about 38 years of age. He wore a tan overcoat and high silk hat and carried an alligator dressingcase. The servant was greatly impressed with these evident proofs of gentility. He spoke reverently.

"The side room with the bay window is nearest ready, sir. If you would care to go in there-"It will do very nicely," said Mr. Em-

ley. I should have let you know I was that is, ran up bills. Altogether his path coming, but really the idea never occurred was one of roses, and he went on his way The side room was eminently satisfac-

tory. It was exactly the kind of a room a common sureness that charmed him. "Would you like something to eat, sir?" suggested the servant.

'Mr. Jenkinson, sir." "Yes? Well, I'll take it. I have charge

the house," Mr. Emley coolly appropriated the measage, and the messenger's book. After tions." signing the book, he gave the boy a quarter

this is from?" He turned the message round and round

"If I were in reality Mr. Smith I'd take this to Jenkinson, but as I am not-

Mr. Emley tore open the envelope. The dismay, believing it to be his new and unaccident. Return in a month. J. I. Smith." "Hurrah! Mr. Emiey, allow me the pleasure of bidding you a long adjeu! Mr. Smith, make yourself perfectly at home for a month, and I think it's high time you became acquainted with your new neighbors."

Mr. Smith proved an exceedingly popular man. Circletown was rather a dull little was but a thin mask covering Dick Emley, town, and its elite society was rapidly boring itself to death. Therefore the new owner of The Grange was welcomed, figura- it has been perfect," he sollioquized, "and tively speaking, with wide open arms. And the only thing to do now is to gain some this was not at all strange. Young, hand- lasting benefit from it; a sort of interest some, the possessor of great wealth, and a on my money, as it were." long, silky mustache, when mustaches were was "a good fellow," and the younger men admired the way he spent his money-or.

rejoieing. It was at a ball that he met the woman in the case Two of the precious four weeks that Mr. Emley had often, with pangs or had flown by on swift wings, and festivities in one himself had seemed an impossible himself into the new life with all the pent dream, but it was fast assuming a reality, up energy of his strong nature. It was his first taste of this kind of social pleasures and there must have been a hidden strain ware himself and the public at large was of refinement in his unknown parentage, for curious to see the interior of his new

You came rather unexpectedly, did you

By E. A.

Roebuck

"Yes. It has never been my custom to of everything here and will know just where herald my movements from the housetops." "Well," said Miss Lormer, rising and brushing the flower to the ground, "I hope Lormer. you weren't disappointed in your expecta-

"I did not imagine that anything could have so far exceeded them," replied Mr. "Now I wonder," said Mr. Emley, "who Smith, picking up the rose and pressing it to his lips.

They were constantly meeting after this in the brilliant sunlight, but no answer to and although Mr. Smith was not in love he climed down from the cart. was headed in the right direction. The third week seemed hardly begun ere it was finished and he was gazing with dismay upon the unavoidable ending to his advenmessage was from Paris and read: "Bad ture. Another telegram announcing the exact date of the real Mr. Smith's return threw him into a momentary whirlwind of

passion and deflance. "I will not give it up! I will not!" he cried.

But things finally readjusted themselves to their normal condition and Mr. Smith smartest burglar, coolest man of Chicago. "I have had my taste of high life and

Circletown was an old little town- and scarce. Mr. Smith was an unusually eligible within its narrow limits treasured many man. Sweet girls smiled encouragingly priceless ancestral heirlooms. Family relics upon him, and anxious mothers deluged him were in great distinction and chief among with invitations. The older men said he these was silver. Every housewife recognized in society had her Dutch, or English, or French, or German silverware, heavy with age and tradition. It strange no one had thought of a silverware

with delight. "Having proposed the plan, the very envy, seen other men sleep in. To sleep were at their height. Mr. Smith had flung least I can do," said Mr. Smith, "is to twinkle in her eye); "but you were such a offer for the exhibit the use of my house and my service.'

exhibit before Mr. Smith proposed one,

but nobody had and the idea was hailed

As he owned many rare pieces of silver-

before some one stepped out from the relished to be well digested; this has been shadows and caught hold of the bridle rein. so clearly revealed it seems a waste of Mr. Emley sprang to his feet, only to find time to risk a repetition of the truth. But himself looking into the barrel of a re- in view of the fact that it is quite impossible volver.

ments?" For the first time in his life Mr. Emley was stunned, helpless, at the mercy of his opponent. The voice was that of Miss

"If you will get down from the cart," she said, "I will put this gun away. I am a very good shot," and she laughed, "but the tite, and to be partaken of in very homeo-

thing makes me nervous." "Who would have thought that you were in the profession, too," Mr. Emley mui- hands of the intelligent and temperate, but tered in dazed tones as he mechanically calculated to do serious harm if used in

Miss Lormer laughed again, more heartly than before, and it was then he saw that she was not alone. A man stood at the horse's head. One of his legs was ban 1aged and he leaned heavily on a cane. He was a tall, good looking young man, and he returned Mr. Emley's survey with great interest. Noticing the exchange of glanc.s. Miss Lormer turned to Mr. Emley, slightly embarrassed. "Allow me to introduce to you, Mr. Smith,

Mr. Emley started and flushed. Quickly ecovering himself, however, he bowed low

to the stranger. "I congratulate you, sir." "Thank you," murmured the real Mr.

Smith. "Yes," said Miss Lormer, reflectively, leaning her head on one side and looking down at the revolver which she held in one hand and patted with the other; "you see I met him in Paris and we became engaged, I wanted a home here where I was born, so he bought The Grange, and I picked out the servants. That is why you weren't known as an impostor at once. Mr. Smith was coming here with me, but had an accident, so I extended my visit in New York where I was waiting for him. When I got here I was rather surprised to see you, you know" (she looked up with a good actor I hated to interfere. Of course, had to tell Frank, but he always lets me do just as I please, and here we all are."

horse, evidently much amused with situation. It was hard to realize that the gentlemanly Mr. Emley was a common burglar, as, indeed, he was not. "And now that we are here what are we going to do?" asked Mr. Emley. His voice had a strange, unnatural sound that made Miss Lormer wince. Per-

She smiled triumphantly, as though

having gathered together a picnic party,

and Mr. Smith stood leaning against the

haps her conscience was not entirely untroubled as to her treatment of him. She slipped the revolver into a leather belt encircling her slender waist and held out "I think," she said gently, "you had

better go."
Mr. Emley bowed low over the little He lifted his hat to Mr. Smith, and, turning, walked away from them into the darkness. When he was far enough away to render conversation inaudible, Miss

Lormer called to him: "Wait a minute!" He stood in the darkness waiting and she fearlessly went up to nim. "I don't like to think of you going away without anything," she said; "here,

"She pulled a tearose from her hair, thrust it into his hand and ran back to "Dick," said Mr. Emley to himself, "you have waked up."

#### Table and Kitchen Practical Suggestions About Food and the Proparations of It.

Daily Menus.

BREAKFAB...
Fruit.
Cereal. Cream.
Sweet Breads Breaded and Fried.
New Peas. Cream Sauce.
Toast. Coffee.
DINNER.
Tomato Bouillon.
Rice.

DINNER.
Tomato Bouillon.
Baked Spring Chicken. Rice.
Stewed Tomatoes.
Lettuce.
Cafe Partait.
SUPPER.
Maronnaise of Salmon.
Bliced Tomatoes.
Fruit Compote.
Lemonade.

THURSDAY.
BREAKFAST.
Peaches, Sliced in Cereal Mush.
Grilled Tomatoes. Bacon.
Sally Lunns. Coffee.
LUNCH.
Corn Padding. Fried Okra.

Corn Pudding. Fried Okra.

Stewed Apples. Cream.

Soft Gingerbread. Tea.

DINNER.

Cream of Pea Soup.

Veal Cutlets. Cream Sauce.

Rice Crochettes, Grape Sauce.

Tomatoes and Cucumbers.

Fruit Taploca. Coffee.

FRIDAY. BREAKFAST.

BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Cereal. Cream.
Creamed Codish. Plain Potatoes.
White Muffins. Coffee.
LUNCH.
Clam Chowder.
Squash Fritters. Cold Catsup.
Cereal Coffee.
DINNER.
Springtime Soup.
Bolled Salmon. Sauce Hollandaise.
Mashed Potatoes. String Beans.
Cress Salad.
Apple Float. Vanilla Cream Sauce.
Coffee.

Apple Float.

BREAKFAST. Fruit.
Plain Omelet. Tomato Sauce.
Rice Waffles. Coffee.
LUNCH.
Curry of Vegetables. Rice,
Peach Puffs. Orange Sauce.

Peach Puffs. Orange Sauce.

Tea.

DINNER.

Cream of Lima Bean Soup.

Braised Pigeons. Brown Sauce.

Spiced Grapes. Stewed Carrots.

vonnaise of Tomatoes Stuffed with Corn.

Pear Compote. Cake.

Coffee.

VINEGARS AND CATSUPS.

To the Appetite Add Taste, and Health to Both.

"If all the world Should, in a pet of temperance, feed on ware under the stern supervision of the trustworthy Jenkinson. Mr. Smith had exspis'd; And we should serve Him as a grudging

There is a happy medium to be attained between the pulse and water diet and a riotous and extravagant variety of dishes. The natural and normal appetite is one that is satisfied with simple foods. But we must be reasonable in our deductions The and understand the principal reason why we are not content is not so much because we have lost our relish for plain and natural foods as owing to the fact that bad cooking renders these foods "flat, stale and

This is another and too often the chief cause of our dissatisfaction and want of The poison is known as caffein. Tea appetite for simple and natural foods. We contains 6 per cent. and coffee 2 per cent. are not content with the moderate use of of this poison, of which 7% grains will kill things we relish, we are prone to deceive a cat. ourselves with the false reasoning that if a little of the good things kindly provided stop tea and coffee at once. It's no trouble will give us pleasure, by increasing the at all when you drink Caramel Cereal, quantity we increase the pleasure, until the Battle Creek Sanitarium scientific sub-

in a very short time we pervert our taste or disorder our powers of digestion. This improvident indulgence in food we do not need and are much better without which many so-called cereal beverages con has no doubt been the cause of the increased demand for spicy and piquant ac-

"I beg your pardon," said a soft voice, the right condition, with the osmazome un-"but could I speak to you for a few mo- changed and the natural flavors intact, we are therefore forced to substitute the natural flavors of the food substances with those nature with evident and kindly intent furnishes us for substitutes in the aromatic herbs, seeds, flowers and fruit acids.

All foods of the nature of condiments which are merely incentives to the appepathetic portions, are to be regarded in the light of necessary evils, harmless in the excess.

The acids of vegetables and fruits form but a very small per cent of the aubstances contained in our foods, but their presence is necessary to maintain a healthy condition of the system. Acetic acid, which is best known to us in the form of vinegar, is extensively used as a condiment in sauces and salads and in the preparation and preservation of many vegetables and fruits known as pickles. Aromatic or flavored vinegars are so easily made and are of the greatest value to the cook, especially when fresh herbs cannot be obtained. They are used principally in salads and sauces.

Vinegars.

Corn Vinegar-This is a vinegar many prefer to elder vinegar; use the following proportions: To each gallon of soft water (rain water is best) add a pint of light brown sugar, or molasses, if you are not particular to have a white vinegar; one pint of corn scraped from the cob. Put all into a stone jar, cover with a cloth and set in the sun for three weeks; by this time you

will have a good vinegar. Mint Vinegar-This, if acceptable, is nice to use as a condiment to serve with roast mutton when fresh mint is out of season. It may also be added to a drawn butter sauce served with mutton and a small quantity improves canned peas or string beans. Loosely fill bottles with fresh, tender leaves of mint, cover with good vinegar; cork tightly and let stand for three weeks. Then pour off into clean bottles, keep tightly

Parsley Vinegar-Gather fresh parsley, pick off the leaves and fill a bottle loosely; cover with vinegar; cork tightly and let stand three weeks; then pour off the vinegar into clean bottles, season to taste with salt, cavenne and white pepper,

Chill Vinegar-Take fifty small red chill peppers, bruise them slightly or cut them into small pieces and cover with good, strong vinegar.

Onion Vinegar-Skin and chop rather fine three large white onlons; mix with them two level tablespoonfuls granulated sugar and one of sait. Put them in a china dish and stand in a slow oven for three hours, then turn into a glass jar or wide-mouthed bottle, fill with strong vinegar; cover or cork tightly and let it stand two or three weeks, shaking several times each day; strain, bottle and cover or cork tightly.

Lemon Vinegar-This is a substitute for emon juice; grate the yellow rind from five lemons, being careful not to get any of the pith. Squeeze the juice of three lemons over the grated rind; scrape out the pulp, but discard seeds and white bitter skin; cover the rind, juice and pulp with a quart of good cider vinegar, cork tightly and let stand two weeks; then strain and bottle.

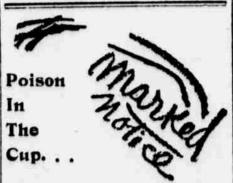
Spiced Vinegar-One ounce each of ground mustard, lemon, ginger, white pepper, mace and dried lemon peel, quarter of an ounce each of cloves, alispice and cinnamon and an ounce of celery, sait and quarter of a teaspoonful of cayenne or a few chopped chilli peppers; put all into a glass jar; pour over them a quart of scalding vinegar; cover tightly while hot; let stand three days, shaking three times each day; strain and bottle.

Cataupa Tomato Catsup-One gallon of ripe to matoes; one and one-half pints of good cider, one nutmeg, one clove or garlie, four tablespoonfuls of salt, half a tablespoonful of allspice, two level tablespoonfuls celery seed, three level tablespoonfuls mustard, one level tablespoonful cloves, quarter of cup of sugar, seven level teaspoonfuls of black pepper and one level teaspoonful of cayenne. Boil the tomatoes until they are soft and then rub them through a sieve; measure and put into the preserving ket tle with all the other ingredients and boil

for three hours, stirring frequently enough to prevent burning. Bottle and seal. Walnut Catsup—Take green walnuts before the shell is hardened, usually in right condition early in August. If you have a food chopper put them through that; if not chop very fine; put the pulp into a coarse cloth and squeeze out all the juice; to a gallon of the juice add a pound of an-chovies, a pound of salt, four ounces of cayenne, two ounces of black pepper, an ounce each of ginger, cloves and mace and root of horseradish grated. Boll all together until reduced one-half; pour off into bottles and when cold bottle tight and It will be ready for use in three

months. Gooseberry Catsup-Take eight pounds of gooseberries that are nearly ripe, put them into a porcelain-lined kettle, scald and mash and rub through a coarce sieve. Add four pounds of brown sugar and boil three hours, then add four ounces of cinnamon two ounces of cloves and one grated nutmeg, tie the whole spices up in a bag, cook an hour longer covered closely, then add a pint of scalded vinegar, pour off into

bottles, cork and seal. Cold Catsup-Four quarts of tomatoes, not too ripe, finely chopped; drain off all the water in a sieve; do not throw this away; as it can be used in making a soup or chowder instead of clear water. Add to the tomato pulp three-quarters of a cup of salt two roots of horseradish grated, quarter of a pound of brown and a quarter of pound of white whole mustard seed, two teaspoonfule of black pepper, two large red peppers chopped fine, celery chopped, one pint of nasturtiums and half a pint of chopped onlons, one teaspoonful each of ground cloves and mace, two teaspoonfuls ground cinnamon, a cup of brown sugar and a quart of strong cider vinegar. Mix all well together, cover with a cloth and let stand for three days, stirring occasionally, then bottle.



That's why tea and coffee make so many people nervous, dyspeptic and rheumatic

If you have sick headache or indigestion stitute for coffee. Has a fine aroma, a pleasant flavor. Made from pure cereals. No molasses or cheap sugar factory refuse

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"Some Leading Features of Kansas Agriculture," F. D. COBURN, Secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture.

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#### What other Agricultural paper can match this? Every week in the year for one dollar.

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Twentieth Century Farmer OMAHA.

"I am hungry, and ab-ab-"Jenkinson, sir. Thanks. If you have something drink, Jenkinson? It is a trifle raw out-

mail come for me lately?

This was an excellent stroke of diplomacy on Mr. Emley's part. He was anxious to know who he was. The address on the envelope would tell him. "A letter came a week ago, sir, but we forwarded it to Paris." "I must have missed it. How was

addressed? "Just F. I Smith, The Grange, Circletown, Ill. str. I think it was, an adverti e-"Probably. I'll take the lunch here. And perhaps something hot-oysters, now?"

"Yes, sir. 'Twill be ready in a few minutes, sir." The servant departed and Mr. Emlly gazed about with a fast swelling air of pompousness.

isn't exactly what you come for, but it'll do. It's your infernal luck again, old man delicate oval face filled with childish inand if you're asleep I don't care, but if nocence and purity. you wake up I'll never forgive you." When the luncheon was finished and the called to him:

"Jenkinson! Be sure and lock everything then, of course, that was absurd, up securely. I have been told that burg ar. are very daring in this part of the country." "Indeed they are, sir," replied Jenkin-"There's no telling what they'll de next. But it'll be a mighty cold day when

"It is rather chilly tonight," ob erved Mr.

they get ahead of me, sir."

Emley. By noon the next day the whilom master had in a large degree overcome the strange- of accompanying her statements with an apness of his situation. He no longer had an pealing, upward glance that made Mr. almost ungovernable impulse to gather to Smith's brain whirl. He jured her into the his bosom all the silver on the sideboard, conservatory, but when he had found a and noiselessly flit through the nearest win- divan small enough for two she became dow. But it was still a novelty to step deeply interested in the mysterious arout of the front door in full sight of the rangement of a tea rose she held in her and had made all arrangements for their servants and enjoy the view from the porch hand. Mr. Smith adored her shy timidiy return the next morning. It was very early drawing a revelver or taking to his heels. It was a delight to his artistic nature to of the latest magazine with a gold-bandled of the seat and looking at the brown curls Emley had decided to leave. But there ivory paper knife, replacing the knife on the table when through with it. I must admit he tried this latter experiment several time before successfully accomplishing it, and in spite of his earnest endeavors his policis were soon filled with a collection of small

"I would be an honest man were I in reality Mr. Smith," he told himself, running his hand caressingly over a jewe ed sabre hilt that hung in the hall. But the sabre hilt held strong attractions not consistant with moral reform, and Mr. Emley strolled out of doors and down the gravel path toward the wrought-iron entrance gates. Through the gates came a messenger boy with a yellow envelope in his

valuables. However, his environment was

baving a good effect upon his moral nature.

"Good afternoon, my little man," said "Good afternoon, sir," said the boy.

he easily adapted himself to his new surroundings. And it was no wonder that under the smile of fortune he forgot he was wanted by the police of almost every large doors. And-by the way, has there any city in the country, and walked through the ball room with head held proudly

THEY WERE CONSTANTLY MEETING AFTER THAT.

It was thus that she first saw him. "Who is that?" she inquired of a friend. "Where? Oh! that is Mr. Smith of The

Grange. "Of The Grange! Up here on the hill?" "Yes. Haven't you met him yet?" "No." she answered, looking curiously at

him, "I have not," She was introduced to him as Mics Lormer. "She just got back from Paris a few

the introducing. "How strange you did not meet her over there, Mr. Smith. "Well, ah! Paris is rather a large town, you know," said Mr. Smith. "Were you there long?" inquired Miss "Dick, old boy," he said to himself, "It Lormer, looking up with earnest eyes. She was a sweet, pretty little creature with a

Mr. Smith felt uncomfortable. Fortunately, though, his conscience didn't servant was about to retire Mr. Emliy trouble him much. Kate, the warbler, used In the little outside vestibule he took a to say he didn't have any conscience, but

"It all depends upon what you call long,"

he said, evasively replying to Mizs Lormer's question. He asked her to dance, and was charmed with her conversation and manner. They danced together several times as was noticed and remarked upon by the eagleeyed matrons. Mis: Lormer's dancing 'ss said, "Good night!" beyond criticism and she had an artless way

without being driven to the ext emity of and ambitiously planned to get possession of the rose, but he was trained to patience. "It is strange I have not met you before," sit in the drawing room and cut the pages he murmured, laying his arm on the back

before him. "I just came from New York last night. Have you been here long?" The earnest eyes were uplifted and Mr. Smith was glad he could tell the truth.

here, nor anyone you know very well." "I do not find it dull now," he said mean-The gray eyes drooped and the petals of the rose were cruelly mutilated. There

"No, only two weeks."

was silence for a while "Are you going to make your home per manently at the grange?" asked Miss Lormer, breaking the speaking stillness. "Well, I can hardly tell yet," said Mr. Smith. "It depends on circumstances."

"Yes?" "Yes. But at present I haven't the slightest intention of leaving."

offer accepted.

all Circletown turned out. The affair was nodding palms the silverware reposed upor

endeavoring to accept the fact graciously "Now he will always live here." of so small a place and return to Paris."

responsibility of the borrowed heirlooms the next morning when Mr. Smith arose customary thoughtfulness of others Mr. stairs and down, and not a single sound "How dull it must seem to you after fingers and after he pased it was though Paris, especially as you have no relatives an army of strange ants had been at work taken the precaution of having the silver-

"It is a very cold day, Jenkinson," he

back toward the house and smiled.

home, he was gratefully thanked and th

Two evenings the exhibit lasted and one of great social magnificence. Under velvets of ruby, green and gold. Subdued lights flung their rosy radiance upon gleaming statuary and soft strains of music throbbed through a bower of ferns and lilies. The host was irreproachable. With a dignified and reserved, yet cordial welcome, he put all at their case, establishing for himself an enviable reputation Such a social success had never before

for him that he might find difficulty in weeks ago, too" said the friend who did was the object of Mr. Smith's most marked attentions. The town had recognized this and the feminine portion of it was honestly

hesitating farewell of her. "Think the best you can of me always, he said. "Although no man can be all a good woman thinks he is, still I would have opportunities I have now."

ware under the stern supervision of the pressed himself as disinclined to assume longer than was absolutely necessary the Indeed it was still night. It was the day of the real owner's arrivel and with his vere several small matters to be attended to first. All over the house he went, updid he make. It was now that his great art showed itself. Bolts and bars opened like magic before the touch of his slender The walls and mantels, the cabinets, tables and floors were bare and unsightly. He had ware packed in small boxes, but even so he found difficulty in loading it on the cart he had driven out upon the lawn. But at 3

been known in Circletown. The real Mr. Smith was having a precedent established

As was to be expected, Miss Lormer

the matrons, wisely nodding their heads. "If he had not fallen in love with one of our girls, he would probably grow weary On the last evening of the exhibit Mr Smith escorted Miss Lormer to her home.

been all I seem to be had I always had the

Miss Lormer looked troubled and was

about to speak impulsively when a slight

cough was heard and, blushing slightly, she

o'clock the cart was filled. Climbing into the high seat and taking the reins he turned

Then he clucked softly to the horse and journey. The horse had not taken ten steps | Food Must Be Palatable—Food must be Creek, Mich. Ask your grocer for it.

tain. The genuine bears a picture of the world