

SYNOPSIS.

Trancois Besupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amissing incident in which Murshall Ney figures, is made and the solution of the Chevelier of France by the Emperor Na-polect, who prophesied that the boy might one day be a marshal of France under another Bonaparte. At the age of ten Francois visits General Baron, Gas-pard Gourgand, who with Alize, his reconvent of the tempire under Napoleot he fires the boy's imagination with stories of his campaigns. The boy hecomes a copyist for the general and fearms of the friendship between the gen-rati and Marcuis Zappi, who campaigned with the general under Napoleon. Mar-tin the general under Napoleon Mar-ting Zappi and his sea. Pietro, arrive at the Chateau. The general agrees to care the Printip in Italy. He discovers in his grafit one of Pietro's old family servants, and through him sends word to his friends of his plight. The general, Altre-and Fietro plans Francois escape from his prises. Alixe awaits him on horsehards and leads him to his friends on board the American selling vessel the "Lovely Lucy." goes to America to manare Pietro's estaite in Viratas. Lucy Hampton fails in love with Francois. Prince Louis Napoleon in America becomes the graest of the Harry Hampton and is himself thurd in the effort. Francois tells Lucy of his fore failing the Latter Saves the He of the American Later Mampton to save the fore that the American Later Napoleon in America becomes the graest of the Harry Hampton and is himself thurd in the effort. Francois tells Lucy of his fore failing the Latter Saves the He of the plant to Landon to ald him th his plotters. His health fails and he is forced to getarm to America. Later Napoleon to the fired subscience to be seen the fore the state shall be allow the state state the fore failing the fails and he is forced to getarm to America Later Napoleon to the fired state state his health fails and he is forced to getarm to America Later Napoleon to the fore the battle shows the prince a better to Francois telling thin the is plotter to Francois telling thin the is forced to getarm to America Later Napoleon to the spons to Alixe and is accented. They plan a letter to Prancois telling thinks is a contension of ther love for him. CHAPTEE XXXI.—Continued.

CHAPTER XXXI .- Continued.

Prince Louis saw the dawning of consternation. Rapidly he considered. glad I left him his hope and his happi-Was it well to take away a man's happiness and courage just before a fight? look rose before him. He remembered some words of Francois spoken three years before, words whose dramatic bareness had struck forgotten in another man's joy, he fell him. "When a knight of the old time asleep. went into battle," the young man had said, "he wore on his heimet the badge of his lady, and the thought of her in his heart. A man fights better so." Very well. This blind knight should have his letter, with the meaning he

that caught at the Prince's nerves, and made him draw a breath quickly

trust it to you-we will march today against the oppressors, crying 'Long

live France." "It gives me a 'crise de nerfs,' that One who has not heard a regiment

strung. Go to bed, and at daylight you a smile to speak his gratitude-to stop will be warm enough, with the work the storm. There was much to be that awaits us. Sleep well-good done. The fourth artillery was but

ber, Prince Louis lay awake, his imag- Colonel Lombard was dispatched to a

is no doubt but the girl will marry the marquis," he reflected. "Yet I am ness." A vision of Francois' beatified

cers, and the people poured from their "A man fights better so," the Prince houses, and joined and answered the murmured aloud, and, his own sadness shouts of the soldiers. "Vive l'Empereur!" the soldiers

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Bugle-Call, The gray dawn of a Sunday morning

son of Josephine!" began to break over the sleeping city They pressed so close about the had read into it, for his lady's badge, of Boulogne, yet earlier than the dawn small figure in its Swiss uniform of a and he should fight tomorrow with the anxious eyes opened to watch, and colonel that for a moment he was septhought of her in his heart. The let- men's hearts beat fast to meet it. arated from his officers, and Colonel Scattered in lodging-houses and bar- Vaudrey, smiling for all his military

the Prince said:

strength at every yard, through the

third artillery had gone to proclaim

hold them ready. In case of success

at the Place d' Alton, Beaupre was to

go back and bring them to join the

Prince. In case of failure they were

to be his reserve. The Place d' Alton

barracks lay between town and ram-

parts, to be reached from the town

side only by a narrow lane; but the

ramparts commanded with a large

open space the yard where the sol-

diers assembled. If the Prince entered

from the town side, from the street-

stop."

the

to whom he came caught up the cry, thing had happened to the officer sent of them did, this man's anomalous yet and the deep voices sent it rolling to arouse them-another slip in the strong hold on Prince Louis. down the empty streets. Louis Bona- chain-and instead of being drawn up Francois rode again to the colonel's parte standing erect, motionless, im- in the yard they were getting ready side, and he did not doubt that he had passive as always, wondered if a pulse for Sunday inspection, but they flock- decided rightly. might beat harder than his and not ed to the windows at the noise, they

break. He held up his hand, and rap- rushed into the yard at the name of idly, yet with lingering shouts of en- Napoleon. An old sergeant of the Imperial Guard ran forward and kiss-

thusiasm, the tumult quieted.

back from Elba. Soldiers, the honor

It was necessary at last for the

quiet slender young man who was the

storm-center to raise his hand again.

and with a word, with the glimmer of

one of several regiments to be gained

if the victory were to be complete.

printing office with proclamations to

be struck off; Lieutenant Laity hur-

ried away to his battalion; a detach-

ment was sent to hold the telegraph

office; the tumult once quieted, the

yard was a scene of efficient business,

for all this had been planned and each

officer knew his work. In a very few

moments the officers of the third ar-

tillery who were with the Prince had

hastened to their quarters, another had

self was on his way to the same place.

longer empty, he passed with his offi-

cried. "It is the nephew of Napoleon,"

est king of Holland! It is the grand-

"Soldiers," he said, "I have come to ed Prince Louis' hand, and the reyou first because between you and served face lightened-he knew the being human, cannot see all sides of me there are great memories. With value of a bit of sentiment with a question; that a decision right in yours; yours shall be the honor of sa- Louis. pale and composed in the cen- quarter of an hour's work which made Wagram." He caught the standard ing sea of excitement, heard a word standing still, or going forward, took from an officer and held it high. "It at his ear and turned.

is the sign of French glory; it has "Sire, it is success. I go to bring up after Francois' going. shone over every battlefield; it has your Majesty's other regiment," Franpassed through every capitol of Eur- cois said, and the Prince answered owy smile which made his face winope. Soldiers, rally to the eagle! I quietly:

"Yes, it is success. Go, mon ami." In a moment the messenger had of the forty-sixth, crowded about him thrown himself on the horse of an ar- shouting, cheering, kissing his hands, Tube reserve and has an Pierra and has an Pierra and has an Pierra and has a Pierra and a Pierra and Pierra and Pierra and Pierra and Pierra and Pierra and Pierra has the end of the generation of the interference of the and the shadk of the first and Pierra and Pierr tilleryman and forced a way through and the loyal fourth artillerymen fra-

that this was true and not a dream, and he, Francois Beaupre, was lead- commotion was heard at the farther ing a regiment of France to France's Emperor. . Suddenly a man galloped from a

side street, in front of the advancing troops; he stopped, saluted, called a word. It was not a day to take anything for granted; Colonel Couard halted the regiment.

"The arsenal," the man gasped. They have taken Monsieur de Persigny prisoner. Monsieur le General Voirol is on his way, but he is distant. It is a step from here. The third artillery could arrive there before him-they would surrender-

Monsieur de Persigny would be released"-he stopped breathless. The colonel turned an inquiring look on Francois. As the Prince's mes-

been sent to arouse the forty-sixth of the line, at the Place d' Alton barracks, and shortly Prince Louis him-Through the streets of the city, no and the citizens threw back. "Vive l'Empereur! It is the son of the hon-

"Fool! He has thrown away the empire," he hissed through set teeth. "If I could run him through!"

Then, quickly, he was himself again. Serenely while the maddened soldiers pressed on him, he turned and spoke Port of a quiet word to his friends, and then. serenely, too, with a gaze that was San half contemptuous, half friendly, he

It is a common tragedy that men let himself be made prisoner. Yet the fight was not all over even now. On the ramparts, where the you the Emperor, my uncle, served as Frenchmen; he was not wrong; in a one light may bring disaster in an- Prince and his column should have captain; with you he won glory at the moment the line regiment had caught other. If events had stayed where he been, had gathered from the Faubourg siege of Toulon; you opened the gates up the cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" left them, Francois Beaupre and Col- Pierre a formidable crowd, who adof Grenoble to him when he came raised by the artillerymen, and the onel Couard and his regiment would vanced angrily to his rescue, and peltearlier scene of the Austerlitz bar- have won honor and eternal grati- ed the line regiment with stones, and of beginning a new empire shall be racks was being repeated here. Prince tude from Louis Bonaparte for the cried again and again, "Vive l'Empereur!" Colonel Talandier had to reckluting first the eagle of Austerlitz and ter of the roar of voices, the seeth- the arsenal theirs. Events, instead of on with a many-sided trouble. But the

an unexpected sinister turn, not long

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Accolade at Last.

The happy Prince, smiling the shadning, stood in the center of triumphant turmoil; his new followers, the men

Suddenly, above the sea of sound, a

end of the barrack yard. The colonel of the forty-sixth, Colonel Talandier, had arrived. Very loyal to Louis Phillipe, very angry at the scene before him, he would not believe the news. He called excitedly, and the men's voices died down as they saw him gesticulating.

"Soldiers," he cried, "you are deceived! This man for whom you are shouting is an adventurer, an impostor!

In the shock of silence which followed his words, another voice rang clattered at gallop into the yard and out, clear and indignant, the voice of a staff-officer whom they all knew. "It is not the nephew of the Em-

peror! It is the nephew of Colonel Vaudrey! I recognize him!" the officer cried in a strong staccato, and a gasp as if ice-water had been scattered went through the crowded place.

There is nothing more absurd in history than the instant effect of this quick-witted lie. Only with a merhave succeeded, but it succeeded here | Prince's feet. with hopeless swiftness. It flew from mouth to mouth-they were cheated, tricked; the Emperor's nephew, their Prince, had not come; this young man was a make-believe, a substitute, the soldiers who had shown most enthusiasm almost lost their minds now in rage.

en: the Prince, composed

INSPECTOR Fran-

IMMIGRATION

cisco Praises Peruna for personal

> benefit received.



"Sire! | Bring You the Arsenal."

heart of it was in his hands, and slowly order and the old rule were coming back.

The tumult of the struggle had quieted, the volatile forty-sixth regiment, returned to its allegiance, stood formed in ranks, in appearance as firm for the king as the everlasting hills, and, at the end of the court was a sad and silent, yet a stately group of

men, the Prince who had almost been Emperor and those who had watched slipping with his hope, their hopes of grandeur.

Suddenly a horse's hoofs rang down the lane from the Faubourg; a rider across the front of the soldiers, and every one in the agitated company saw that the man reeling in his sad-

dle was wounded. With blind gaze he stared about as he reined in, and then he caught sight of the sorry group, the Prince and his officers. To Francois Beaupre, clutching to this

world by one thread of duty, this was the victorious Emperor and his triumphant staff. With a choking shout he threw himself from the horse and curial French mob, perhaps, could it fell, too far gone to stand, at the

"Sire, I bring you the arsenal." he stammered painfully, loudly. In the silence of the courtyard one heard every word. "Two wishes-good fairies-" he gasped. And then, his mouth nephew of an officer; some of the twisting to a smile, "the third-is no matter."

Louis Bonaparte looked down at the Colonel Talandier began to form his him in a rapture of loyalty; whose life ordinary golfer, he gave up in dispair. 38 AVAT

San Francisco, January 6, 1914. Mr. A. de la Torre, Jr., formerly U. S. Inspector of Immigration, Port of San Francisco, writes from No. 1111 Powell

St., San Francisco, Cal .: "I take great pleasure in recommending your great national catarrh cure, Peruna, as the best I ever used. I sincerely express my thanks to you for the health which I now enjoy. It has done me and a number of my friends good, and I can assure you that I shall take every opportunity to speak in favor of what I consider to be the best remedy for catarrh in existence to-



Probably Station Master Laughed a Little Before He Knew He Had the Best of the Joke.

"Look here," said the traveler to the railway station master, "don't you think that thing is rather dangerous where-'

"Ah!" interrupted the official, who had just been promoted, "you've noticed that barrow, have you, sir? You're going to make a suggestion about the place where it ought to stand, I suppose? Might I go on, sir, and ask your opinion about the position of the ticket office? Do you think the signal box is in the right place? Shouldn't the station master's house be shifted a few yards farther west? Any opinion you would like to express, sir, shall have immediate attention."

The traveler went away, and the station master turned round triumphantly to the conductor of a train waiting in the siding.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "Did you see the sport I had with that old nuisance? I soon shut him up."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied the conductor. "You see, he's the traffic manager."-London Tit-Bits.

Poor Consolation.

A vicar and his church warden were playing a round of golf. The man of the cloth was completely off his game. and after foozling most of his shots and suffering from the disadvantage of being unable to use the common man whose dying face stared up at expletives which give comfort to the "Cheer up, my friend,"

NORTHWESTERN, LOUP CITY, NEBRASKA

ter suggested another meaning to sois no need to hasten the feet of unspoke at last in an unused accent of ungrudging graciousness.

"Mistaken, my Francois! Not at all. The little billet-doux breathes love for you in each line-there is no question! But, mon ami, you have not finished your story." So Francois explained about the letter left with Lucy Hampton and its premature sending. "That has reached her now-she knows now that I love her, she knows what has really been my lifelong wish-she has hurried this," and his hand crushed the note tenderly-"she has hurried this to me before the fight-that 1 might know her love also-that J might fight better for you, my Prince -- Louis-with that joy in my heart." Frince Louis, his head thrown back, his expressionless eves watching the rings of smoke which he puffed from his mouth-ring after ring, mounting in dream-like procession to the low ceiling, considered again. Somewhere in the chain of events of this loveaffair his keen practical sense felt a link that did not fit-a link forced into connection. Vaguely he discerned how it was-something had happened to the Virginian letter-there had been · confusion somewhere. To him the four words of Alixe's postscript were final. "Pietro sends his love." A subconscious reasoning made him certain that Fietro would not have come into such a letter if it had been indeed a love-letter; that the three lines of writing just before the battle could not have held another man's name, if they had been written to the man whom she loved. Very dimly, very surely the Prince concluded these things; and then he lowered his cigar, and his gray dull eyes came down from the ceiling and rested, kindly on the radiant face. "You are right, my friend. It was an exquisite thought of your-lady-love to put this other weapon, this bright sword of happiness into your hand, to fight with tomorrow. Mon Dieu, we will reward her by sendfor her back a Marshal's baton by you; a Marshal's baton tomorrow, Francois! How would it sound, par example, to say 'Madame la Marechale'?"

like a lamp.

things I have desired all my life, all colorless face turned grayer, but that artillery might be at his back. This great things, but of them that one- was all, and quickly Colonel Vaudrey baton of a Marshal-is the least, spoke to his men, If I might win her love-I have said: of I might help put you in Napoleon's said loudly, "a revolution begins tolace and shout 'Vive l'Empereur' for day under the nephew of the Emperor you on the throne of France; if I Napoleon. He is before you, and might fulfill the Emperor's prophecy comes to lead you. He has returned and be not a 'Marshal some day' any to his land to give back the people meer but a Marsual of your empire- their rights, the army its greatness. It is asking much of one lifetime, above He trusts in your courage, your deall for a man born a peasant, is it votion to accomplish this glorious misnot? Yet of those three wishes one sion. My soldiers, your colonel has the narrow lane at the side toward monderful fulfillment has come to me" answered for you. Shout then with the city. It was a serious mistake, -he gripped his letter closer-"and me "Long live Napoleon! Long live

one, I believe tomorrow brings. Be fore tomorrow night"-his great eyes The terse soldierly words were were lifted toward the ceiling of the room, and in them was the rapt look of the child of the farm-house in the Jura c look of a seer of visions, a look

phisticated Louis Bonaparte, but there racks Louis Napoleon's followers were discipline, was forced to order his waiting before daylight for the part mounted artillerymen to clear the happiness. The resonant French voice they had to play. No man among them road. Every moment an old soldier was as quiet, as little nervous as the broke out of the mass and embraced cordiality and the Prince lied, with Prince, yet his as well as every gal- the eagle which Lieutenant de Querlant heart of them felt a throb of elles carried proudly high above all relief with its bound of excitement this emotion; the soldiers' eyes flashwhen a trumpet from the Austerlitz ed with success; the Prince's heart barracks, the barracks of the fourth beat high for joy to know that he had closest to the Prince's person, he desuddenly sounded.

the pulsing air.

Louis reached the barrack-gate, and failure. the soldier-blood in him rushed in a square. If the fourth artillery fol- of preparation had come into play, this was the core of his army. Colonel Vaudrey was in the center of the square; the Prince marched quietly to him and as he came, with a sharp rest, quick-witted, resourceful, officers simultaneous clatter that was the mu-



"Soldiers! The Honor of Beginning a New Empire Shall Be Yours!"

sic of Heaven to his ears, the whole The light from Francois' eyes was regiment presented arms.

In the glowing light the soldiers who go with him. If he went by the ramthen was the route chosen. But as the Prince and the regiment "Soldiers of the fourth artillery," he and the swinging shouting mass of citizens made its way toward the

quarters, suddenly, too late, the officers about his Highness saw that some one had blundered. Someone in the van a man had lost his head, had forgotten, and the compact inelastic procession had been led toward the approach from the Faubourg Pierre, yet not of necessity fatal, and at all events they must make the best of it.

The Prince could not make a dramatic

senger, as the man whom he had seen artillery, Napoleon's own regiment, not misread the heart of army or peo- ferred to him, and Francois realized ple. When the column passed the gen- that he must make, and make quickly, It was the signal, and in a moment darmerie the guard turned out and a momentous decision. The arsenal the Prince and his escort were mov- presented arms, shouting, "Long live was immense and lightly guarded. De ing down the dark street toward the Emperor!" So he went through Persigny had been sent with a small Colonel Vaudrey's quarters, toward the streets of Boulogne, Louis Napo- force to take it, for the ammunition that ringing note not yet died out from | leon Bonaparte, eight long years be- it held might at any moment be of fore he came to his own, and march- supreme importance. It seemed that The city was tranquil when Prince ed in triumph and acclamation to a the detachment which guarded it had be trusted.

been underrated, for it had made pris-And close by his side, his look as oners of De Persigny and his men, tide when he saw sixty mounted artil- radiant as the Prince's look was con- and this aide-de-camp had alone eslerymen posted at the entrance, and tained and impassive, marched always caped. If they were to be rescued, if beyond, in the yard, statue-like, war- Francois Beaupre. The hard-earned the arsenal was to be gained for the like, silent, the regiment formed in military knowledge, the patient toil Prince, this very moment must be seized. General Voirol, royalist, the and read: lowed its colonel, if the day went well, and in a hundred ways the man had commandant at Boulogne, was on his been useful. With no exact rank as way with reinforcements and the yet, but ready at any moment, eager third might well hold the arsenal for the hardest task, never asking for against him but not gain it from him. With his whole being concentrated eur! as well as Prince had developed a Francois thought. The orders were habit of turning to Beaupre for serv- plain to lead the third artillery to join ice after service. And always they the Prince on the ramparts. But there are times in history when to obey orwere met with a glad consent which encouraged them to ask more until ders is treachery. Was not this mo-

ment, heavy with the right or wrong of his decision, one of them? Was it the seething mass. "It is the case of the willing horse; will not permit that my right-hand not the part of a mind capable of greatness to know and grasp the flying man be worked to death-it must second of opportunity? Would not the Prince reproach him, if he stupidly let Today, however, Francois had a definite duty of responsibility. While this one chance in a thousand go by. Prince marched, gathering for servile fear of disobeying orders?

He had left his Highness safe with town toward the Place d' Alton at its two regiments at his back; this other farther side, Colonel Couard of the could do nothing at the Place d' Alton barracks but swell the ranks; here, by the great news to his regiment and to a turn of a hand, they might win for the cause the very blood and bones FEEDING BIRDS IN WINTER beak, tufted titmouse, Canada jay, of success, a mighty arsenal, and for themselves honor and gratitude from their Emperor. In Francois' mind was a touch of innocent vanity that he should have the power to render so signal a service, yet no thought at all

for himself or for the honor he might gain or lose; whole-heartedly he weighed the reasons why or why not it would be best for the Prince. The aide-de-camp's voice broke in. hairy woodpeckers, creepers, bluejays, 'My Colonel, I beg you, I implore you,

Faubourg Pierre-only an escort could moment of fate to win the arsenal." the arsenal!"

had been consecrated to him: whose vet earnest, swift, tried to rally his, death was for him; who had lost him but it was impossible to start any- an empire. For a second a struggle where, in this confusion, for line and shook him, and then the large kindartillery had become mixed in an un- ness through which he came nearest manageable mob. A word from either to greatness, overflowed. In the ca-Prince or colonel and blood would reer to come was no finer moment, no have flowed. higher inspiration for Prince Louis

hope; he glanced every moment toward ing eyes. the ramparts. The third must appear

there shortly; it could not be many minutes. They would turn the tide. One glimpse of that solid swinging -and salvation was certain. The third was coming, would be here any second-Francois' faithfulness could Francois heard-they did not doubt it

about him, he was driven toward the barracks wall, and,' in a flash, from somewhere, a man was before him, thrusting a bit of paper at him. With

a swift movement he had it opened about a defeated Prince cried it for "Destiny throws arsenal into our

hands. Have taken third artillery to hold it. I wait to bring the news-a jewel for your crown. Vive l'Emper- life. But only the Prince knew that said George .- Harper's Monthly. Beaupre."

Few men ever heard Louis Napo- on the gasp which let the soul out, a leon sob, yet the officers stood about girl's name. He bent quickly again, him at that moment caught a sound with an eager assurance, but it was that wrung them. It meant the end. late. The accolade of a higher king and they knew it. Passionately he had touched his servant, and the crushed the paper and threw it into knightly soul of Francois had risen. THE END.



Kindly Act to Set "Dinner Table" for the Wild Feathered Songsters.

er and yellow throated vireo have How best to feed the birds is albeen known to feed from the hand of most an art in itself. A winter lunch counter spread with suet, nuts, hemp a trusted friend, even with plenty of seed, meat and crumbs will attract food all around .- From Boy Scouts of nuthatches, chickadees, downy and America.

etc. Canary seed, buckwheat, oats save Monsieur de Persigny. The and hay chaff scattered on the My Prince-Sire-there are three fronted toward him could see that the parts the whole enthusiastic fourth Prince loves him-he will be very ground beneath will provide an irreangry if he is left helpless-they sistible banquet for other feathered threaten to execute him-I myself boarders. A feeding place of this sort heard-I impore you, Monsieur le Col- can be arranged for convenient obseronel. For the rest, it is indeed the vation from a window and afford no end of diversion and instruction. But Francois' face lit with a fire of whether close to home or far afield, decision. "My Colonel, it is for the the great secret of success in such Prince-it would be his will-we must work is regularity. Begin to put the not let slip the gift of destiny. To food out early in November, and let the birds get to know that they are And while orders rang out sharply always sure to find a supply of dainand the regiment wheeled into sliding ties in a certain spot, and the news lines that doubled and parted and will soon spread among them. In win- evident purpose is to benefit manflowed together again in, an elastic try weather, especially, it is amazing stream toward the looming arsenal, what can be accomplished by feeding ancois, with a quick word to De the birds regularly, and at least the Persigny's aide-de-camp, was writing following birds have been induced to rapidly on a bit of paper. feed from the human hand: Chicka-

layman. "There's one thing-you'll get your own back when you have to bury me." "That's all very well," was the gloomy reply of the vicar, "but even then it will be your hole."-London

Yet the steadfast mind kept its than this. He bent close to the glaz-

"Courage!" he said clearly. "Courage, mon ami. Live for me and for our country. Live, my brother Francois-Chevalier Beaupre, Marshal of flashed out and touched his shoulder. The other world closing about him

who saw the eyes flame as a firefly Slowly, with his officers crowding flames out of darkness, and when his lips stirred they knew that he wished to cry once more "Vive l'Empereur!" Frenchmen all, shaken with the liv-

ing drama, the ruined men who stood him-the old magic cry of the Bonapartes. With kepis lifted, as one man.

"Vive l'Empereur!" the deep voices cried, hailing a lost cause for a lost a thought came after; only he caught,

along.

Tit-Bits. Painful Process. Little Prescott had been leaning out of an upstairs window. "Come away from the window, son,"

his father said sternly. "You might regiment and the day would be saved the Empire." And the Prince's sword fall out and get a hump on your back -like the camels you saw yesterday." The little boy was silent for a few minutes. Then he asked: "Father, do all the little camels have to fall out of the window to get their humps?"

Quite Impartial.

George, the sexton's youngest, was recounting the prowess of his grandfather to Herbert, the rector's son, who was properly impressed, and asked: "Your grandfather on your father's

or mother's side?" "Oh, he sticks up for both of 'em."

Let Mary Do It. Redd-Do you ever have to get out and start your automobile?" Greene-No, not when my wife is

Smiles

Usually show up with Post Toasties.

And why not, when the famous "toastie" flavor begins operations!

There's a deal of skill required in cooking and toasting these thin bits of corn so that every one of the millions of crinkly flakes has the delicious Toasties taste that invites one to call for more.

Post Toasties come in sealed packages-fresh. crisp and appetizing -

Ready to eat with cream or good milk, and a sprinkling of sugar if you



American Benefactions. Many a worthy but struggling charity has been placed on its feet by a

timely bequest or gift from a living friend, and the whole cause of organized benevolence has frequent reason to rejoice over this tendency which, while not by any means confined to one nationality, is known in the United States on a scale never known before. Large gifts in this country amounted last year to more than \$300,000,000, without including any of less than \$10,000. Examined in detail the list is a long one. The kind in making it better equipped for the duties of life, and to prevent and

Florida jay, Oregon jay, and redpoll.

Even in spring untiring patience has

resulted in the gratification of this su-

preme ambition of the bird lover, and

bluebird, robin, catbird, brown thrash-

ameliorate human suffering. Educational institutions, hospitals and santrapidly on a bit of paper. "You will take this to the Prince at once," he ordered, and the young offi-cer saluted, for he, too, knew, as most