

* of Her Hand George Barr McCutcheon

OUTPRIGHT, 1912 BY GEORGE BARR MECUTCHEON: COPYRIGHT, 1912 BY DODD, MEAD & COMPANY



Challie Wrandail is found murdered in a ruad house near New York, Mrs. Wran-dail is summoned from the city and iden-tifies the body. A young woman who acas it is summoned from the city and identifies the body. A young woman who accampanded Wrandall to the inn and subsequently disappeared, is suspected.

Mrs. Wrandall starts back for New York in an auto during a blinding snew storm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Wrandall. Feeling that the cirl had done her a service in ridding her of the man who though she loved him deeply, had caused her great serrow. Mrs. Wrandall determines to shield her and takes her to her own home. Mrs. Wrandall hears the story of Hetty Castleton's life, except that portion that relates to Wrandall. This and the story of the tragedy she forbids the girl ever to tell. She offers Hetty a home, friendship and security from peril on account of the tragedy. Mrs. Sara Wrandall and Hetty attend the funeral of Challis Wrandall at the home of his purents. Sara Wrandall and Hetty return to New York after an absence of a year in Europe. Leslie Wrandall, brother of Challis, makes himself useful to Sara and becomes greatly interested in Hetty. Sara sees in Leslie Wrandall and proparation for the wrongs she suffered at the hands of Challis Wrandall by marrying his murderess into the family. Leslie, in company with his friend Brandon Booth, an artist, visits Sara at her country place, leslie confesses to Sara that he is madly in love with Hetty. Sara arranges with Booth to paint a picture of Hetty, He speaks to her about it. Hetty declares it must be a picture of Hetty declares it must be a picture of Hetty Glynn, an English artist he finds one of Hetty. He speaks to her about it. Hetty declares it must be a picture of Hetty declares it must be a picture of Hetty declares it must be a picture of Hetty Glynn, an English artist he finds one of Hetty. He speaks to her about it. Hetty declares it must be a picture by an unknown English artist he finds one of Hetty. He speaks to her about it. Hetty declares it must be a picture of Hetty declares it must be a picture of Hetty declares it must be a picture

CHAPTER IX .- Continued.

Leslie was coming out on an evening Booth, in commenting on this again remarked a sharp change in Hetty's manner. They had been conversing somewhat bouyantly up to the moment he mentioned Leslie's impending visit. In a flash her manner changed. A quick but unmistakable frown succeeded her smiles, and for some reason she suddenly relapsed into a state of reserve that was little short of sullen. He was puzzled, as he had been

The day was hot. Sara volunteered to take him home in the motor. An I don't like this portrait painting nonerrand in the village was the excuse she gave for riding over with him. Heretofore she had sent him over sione with the chauffeur.

She looked very handsome, very tempting, as she came down to the

"By Jove," he said to himself, "she is wonderful!"

He handed her into the car with the grace of a courtier and she smiled spon him serenely, as a princess might have smiled in the days when knightbood was in flower.

When she sat him down at his little garden gate, he put the question that had been seething in his mind all the way down the shady stretch they had

Sara was always prepared. She knew the question would come when least expected.

"Oh, yes," she replied with interest. "Have you noticed the resemblance? They are as like as two peas in a pod. Isn't it extraordinary?" He was a bit staggered. "I have never seen Hetty Glynn," he replied.

"Oh? You have seen photographs of her!" she inquired casually.

What has become of her?" he ask ed, ignoring her question. "Is she still

"Heaven knows," she replied lightly "Miss Castleton and I were speaking of her last night. We were together the last time I saw her. Who knows? She may have married into the nobiliby this time. She was a very poor actrees, but the lovellest thing in the pose! world-excepting our lietty, of

If he could have seen the troubled look in her eyes as she was whirled off to the village, he might not have one about the cottage with such a dithesome air. He was happier than he had been in days, and all because of Hetty Glynn!

Leslie Wrandall did not arrive by the evening train. He telephoned late in the afternoon, not to lietty but to trait monopoly." Sara, to say that he was unavoidably detained and would not leave New York until the next morning. Some three to one against you-Hetty, Mr. thing in his voice, in his manner of Booth and I." speaking, disturbed her. She went to



"It's All Tommy-Rot." He Growled

bed that night with two sources of un

The motor met him at the station nd Sara was waiting for him in the ol. awning-covered verandah as he up. There was a sullen, dissatok in his face. She was stretched out comfortably, lazily, in a great haise-lounge, her black little slippers ing out at him with perfect aban-

"Helio," he said shortly. She gave him her hand. "Sorry I couldn't get out last night." He shook her hand

hair. I was never so lazy as now. Pear me, I am afraid I'll get stout and fore I go up to town, my dear girl," he announced, in a matter-of-fact way.

was plainly out of sorts. "I'll stand, if deuce of, a lot of thought, and I've we'll have to interrupt them. Perhaps wince, and was somewhat dashed to and then there was that very disquiyou don't mind. Beastly tiresome, sit- made up my mind to do it. I'm not it is just as well, for your sake," she find that she was looking out of the eting laugh of Sara's. A hundred ting in a hot, stuffy train."

something that, in the correct order of who shouldn't." things, ought to be plainly visible.

more." "Can't go in?" he demanded, stop that her fingers were rigid.

ping before her. He began to pull at his little moustache.

permit even me to disturb them." He glared. With a final, almost drahis moustache, and grabbed up a chair, chair with his finger tips, as if timing hour. How are you?" which he put down beside her with a his words with care and precision. vehemance that spoke plainer than "Spoke to dad about it at lunch. I words.

"I say," he began, scowling in the direction of the decreay, "how long is I'd better talk it over with the mater grievance. He shook Booth's hand brother-in-law was saying. He, in he going to be at this silly job?" "Silly job? Why, it is to be a mas-

terpiece," she cried. "I asked you how long?" "Oh, how can I tell? Weeks, per-

haps. One can't prod a genius." "It's all tommy-rot," he growled. "I suppose I'd better take the next train back to town."

"Don't you like talking with me?" she inquired, with a pout.

"Of course I do," he made haste to "But do you mean to say they won't let anybody in where- Oh, I This is rich!" say!

"Spectators upset the muse, words to that effect." He stared gloomily at his cigarette

case for a moment. Then he carefully selected a cigarette and tapped it on the back of his hand. "See here, Sara, I'm going to get this off my chest," he said bluntly.

"I've been thinking it over all week. sense. "Dear me! Didn't you suggest it?"

she inquired innocently, but all the time her heart was beating violent time to the song of triumph.

He was jealous. It was what she wanted, what she had hoped for all along. Her purpose now was to encourage the ugly flame that tortured him, to fan it into fury, to make it unendurable. She knew him well: His supreme egoism could not withstand an attack upon its complacency. Like all the Wrandalls, he had the habit of thinking too well of himself. He possessed a clearly-defined sense of humor, but it did not begin to include self-sacrifice among its endowments. "Have you ever seen Hetty Glynn. He had never been that himself for the excellent reason that She realized this, and promptly

laughed at him. He stiffened. "Don't snicker, Sara," he growled. He took time to light his cigarette, and

at the same time to consider his answer to her question. "In a way, yes. I suggested a tort of portrait, like that, you know. But not an all- sigh. summer operation."

Sara. "In fact, she is enjoying it. She and Mr. Booth get on famously to-

gether." "She likes him, eh?"

He is adorable." He threw his cigarette over the rail-"Comes here every day, I sup- mean?"

don't like your manner."

"Oh," he said in a dull sort of won der. No one had ever cut him short right. You have upset every one of in just that way before. "What's up, her pet theories. She sees it now, but Sara? Have I done anything out of -whew! She couldn't see it in the the way?"

"You are very touchy, it seems to "I'm sore about this confounded por-

"I'm sorry, Leslie. I suppose will have to give in, however. We are

"I see," he said, rather blankly Then he drew his chair closer. "See here, Sara, you know I'm terribly keen about her. I think about her, I dream ning. All that silly rot about-" about her, I- oh, well, here it is in a nutshell: I'm in love with her. Now

do you understand?" "I don't see how you could help be ing in love with her," she said calmly. "I believe it is a habit men have where

she is concerned." "You're not surprised?" he cried nimself surprised.

"I mean to ask her to marry me." he announced with finality. This was intended to bowl her over completely. and then shook her head. "I'd like to

be able to wish you good luck." He stared. "You don't mean to say she'd be fool enough-" he began incredulously, but caught himself up in time. "Of course, I'd have to take my chances," he concluded, with more humility than she had ever seen him display. "Do you know of any one else?" "No," she said seriously. "She doesn't

confide in me to that extent, I fear. I've never asked.' "Do you think there was any one back there in England?" He put it in the past tense, so to speak, as if there could be no question about the

He was regaining his complacency. That's neither here nor there." he declared. The thing I want you to do,

Sara, is to rush this confounded portrait. I don't like the idea, not a little of the attractive Mr. Booth," she said,

with a significant lifting of her eye-"I'm going to have it over with be

the sort, you know, to delay matters said tauntingly. He took a couple of turns across the onge my mind's made up. By Jove, porch, his eyes shifting in the eager, Sara. you ought to be pleased. I'm fort. annoyed manner of one who seeks for not such a rotten catch, if I do say it

The Hollow

She was perfectly still for a long cerbity. . "Please sit down, Leslie. You make time, so still that she did not appear me nervous, tramping about like that. to be breathing. Her eyes grew dark-We can't go in for half an hour or er, more mysterious. If he had taken the pains to notice, he would have seen

"I am pleased," she said, very gently. She could have shrieked the words. "No. Hetty's posing. They won't How she hated all these smug Wran- her.

dalls! first. Not that she would be likely to heartily, almost exuberantly. kick up a row, you know, but-well. I'm not like Chal."

mother, after all. See what I mean?"



"She is quite satisfied, then, that you are not throwing yourself away on Miss Castleton," said Sara, with a course. A sketchy thing, something deep breath, which he mistook for a

"Oh, trust mother to nose into "But she doesn't mind," explained things. She knows Miss Castleton's pedigree from the ground up. There's Debrett, you see. What's more, you can't fool her in a pinch. She knows blood when she sees it. Father hasn't "Certainly. Why shouldn't she like the same sense of proportion, however. He says you never can tell."

Sara was startled. "What do you

"Oh, it's nothing to speak of; only a way he has of grinding mother once oon as he has flaished with her. I in a while. He uses you as an example to prove that you never can tell, and mother has to admit that he's

old days, could she?" "I fear not," said she in a low voice. Her eyes smouldered. "It is quite natural that she should not want you to make the mistake your brother made.' "Oh, please don't put it that way, Sara. You make me feel like a confounded prig, because that's what it comes to, with them, don't you know.

And yet my attitude has always been clear to them where you're concerned. I was strong for you from the begin-"Please, please!" she burst out,

quivering all over. "I beg your pardon," he stammered. You-you know how I mean it, dear

girl. "Please leave me out of it, Leslie," ment she went on calmly: "And so you are going to marry my poor little Hetty, and they are all pleased with the arrangement."

"If she'll have me," he said with a wink, as if to say there wasn't any She looked at him for an instant, use doubting it. "They're tickled to wings." death."

"Vivian?"

"Viv's a snob. She says Hetty's much too good for me, blood and bone. What business, says she, has a Wrandall aspiring to the descendant of Henry the Eighth!" "What!"

"The Murgatroyds go back to old Henry, straight as a plummet. 'Gad, what Vivvy doesn't know about British aristocracy isn't worth knowing. She looked it up the time they tried to convince her she ought to marry the to cling pretty closely to your own duke. But she's fond of Hetty. She says she's a darling. She's right: Hetty is too good for me."

Sara swished her gown about and she said, and he was never to forget the deep thrill in her voice:

"Well, I wish you good luck, Leslie. Don't take no for an answer! "Lord, if she should say no." he rasped, confronted by the possibility

of such stupidity on Hetty's part. Her answer was a smile of 6 the effect of which was to destroy his

"Spring fever," he announced. He | "I've given the whole situation a | "It is time for luncheon. I suppose | He grinned, but it was a sickly ef-

"You're the one to spoil anything of

"Certainly," he said with so much flectively he rhymed with "pad."

"I came to the decision yesterday." Wrandall. "Train late, old chap? struck by the curious pallor of her train leaving before he could get back matic twist he gave over jerking at he went on, tapping the arm of the We've been expecting you for the last face, and the lack-luster expression if it took him as long to find it as

He came up with a frank, genuine smile of pleasure on his lips, his hand was coming out on the five o'clock, as extended. Leslie rose to the occasion. I'd planned, but he seemed to think His self-esteem was larger than his that she did not hear a word her

"Didn't want to disturb you, Branfor policy's sake. See what I mean? dy," he cried, cheerily. "Besides, Sara For reasons of his own, he did not Decent thing to do, you know. She wouldn't let me." He then passed on attempt to draw her into the convernever quite got over the way you and to Hetty, who had lagged behind, sation, fascinated as he was by the Chal stole a march on her. God knows Bending low over her hand, he said study of that beautiful, emotionless something commonplace in a very low face. Once he had the queer sensa-Her eyes narrowed again. "No," she tone, at the same time looking slyly tion of feeling, rather than seeing, a said, "you are not like your brother." out of the corner of his eye to see if "Chal was all right, mind you, in Booth was taking it all in. Finding it down to fancy on his part. what he did." he added hastily, noting that his friend was regarding him raththe look. "I would do the same, 'pon er fixedly, he obeyed a sudden impulse my soul I would, if there were any and raised the girl's slim hand to his this strange ghost at the feast, for. senseless objections raised in my lips. As suddenly he released her fincase. But, of couse, it was right for gers and straightened up with a look me to talk it over with her, just the of surprise in his eyes; he had dissame. So I stayed in and gave them | tinctly heard the agitated catch in her all the chance to say what they throat. She was staring at her hand to call her attention to Mrs. Wrandall, thought of me-and, incidentally, of in a stupefied sort of way, holding it Hetty. Quite the decent thing, don't rigid before her eyes for a moment tige of color had gone from the girl's you think? A fellow's mother is his before thrusting it behind her back as if it were a thing to be shielded from all scrutiny save her_own.

"You must not kies it again, Mr. Wrandall," she said in a low, intense stant to be doubted. Suddenly, after voice. Then she passed him by and a quick glance at Sara's face, she hurried up the stairs, without so much as a glance over her shoulder.

He blinked in astonishment. All of a sudden there swept over him the unique sensation of shyness-most unique in him. He had never been ashamed before in all his life. Now overstepped the bounds, and for the first time to be shown his place by a girl. This to him, who had no scruples about boundary lines.

All through luncheon he was volahim to Sara, who already suspected go on, she wouldn't be rude again. the temper of his thoughts. He talked aeroplaning without cessation, direct- subject and sullenly disposed of it in ing most of his conversation to Booth, a word or two. et thrilled with pleasure each time Hetty laughed at his sallies. He was beginning to feel like a half-baked friend after the women had left them schoolboy in her presence, a most deplorable state of affairs he had to admit.

and your automobile is out of whack. why don't you try volplaning down from the Metropolitan tower?" demanded Booth in response to his lugubrious wail against the beastly luck of having to go about in railway coaches with a lot of red-eyed, nose blowing people who hadn't got used to their spring underwear yet.

"Sinister suggestion, I must say," he exclaimed. "You must be eager to see my life blood scattered all over creation. But speaking of volplaning. I've had three lessons this week. Next week Bronson says I'll be flying like a gull. 'Gad, it's wonderful. I've had two tumbles, that's all-little ones, of course-net result a barked knee and a peeled elbow."

"Watch out you're not flying like an angel before you get through with it, Les," cautioned the painter. "I see that a well-known society leader in Chicago was killed vesterday."

"Oh, I love the danger there is in it," said Wrandall carelessly. "That's what gives zest to the sport."

"I love jt, too," said Hetty, her eyes gleam. "The glorious feel of the wind as you rush through it! And yet one seems to be standing perfectly still in the air when one is half a mile high and going fifty miles an hour. Oh, it is wonderful, Mr. Wran-

"I'll take you out in a week or two. Miss Castleton, if you'll trust yourself with me."

"I will go," she announced promptly Booth frowned. "Better wait a bit," he counseled. "Risky business, she said, collecting herself. After a mo- Miss Castleton, flying about with fledgelings."

"Oh, come now!" expostulated Wrandall with some heat. "Don't be a wet blanket, old man." "I was merely suggesting she'd bet-

ter wait till you've got used to your "Jimmy Van Wickle took his wife

with him the third time up," said Leslie, as if that were the last word in aeroplaning. "It's common report that she keeps

Jimmy level, no matter where she's got him," retorted Booth. "I dare say Miss Castleton can hold me level," said Leslie, with a profound bow to her. "Can't you, Miss Castleton?"

She smiled. "Oh, as for that Mr. Wrandall I think we can all trust you

"Rather ambiguous, that," he re-"She means you never get below it, Leslie," said Booth, enjoying himself.

"That's the one great principle in aeroplaning," said Wrandall, quick to recover. "Vivian says I'll break my neck some day, but admits it will be a heroic way of doing it. Much nobler than pitching out of an automobile Central park." He paused for effect drop of a mile or so, isn't it?"

window, quite oblivious to the peril times over he repeated to himself that he was in figuratively for her special sickening question: "What the devil consideration.

that sort," he said, with some as- the term "prig" as applied to Leslie edly cross about it. was a misnomer; he hated the

Hetty and Booth came into view at course of this one-sided discussion gone to the trouble to come all the that instant. The painter was laying that the hostess was making no ef- way out in a stuffy train, by Jove, it a soft, filmy scarf over the girl's bare fort to take part in it, whether from was! With considerable asperity he shoulders as he followed close behind lack of interest or because of its friv- rang for a servant and commanded olous nature he was, of course un- him to fetch a time table, and to be "Hello!" he cried, catching sight of able to determine. Later, he was quick about it, as there might be a of her eyes. She seldom removed her it took other people to remember their gaze from Wrandall's face, and yet obligations! His sarcasm failed to there persisted in the observer's impress Murray, who said he thought mind the rather uncanny impression turn, took to watching her covertly. At no time did her expression change. haunted look in her eyes, but he put

And Leslie babbled on in blissful ignorance of, not to say disregard for, to Booth's mind, the ghost of Challis Wrandall was there.

Turning to Miss Castleton with a significant look in his eyes, meant to he was amazed to find that every vesface. She was listening to Wrandall and replying in monosyllables, but that she was aware of the other woman's abstraction was not for an inlooked squarely into Booth's eyes, and he saw in hers an expression of actual concern, if not alarm,

Leslie was in the middle of a sentence when Sara laughed aloud, with- lie, "I wouldn't be here now." out excuse or reason. The next instant she was looking from one to the he was curiously conscious of having other in a dazed sort of way, as if cochere. coming out of a dream.

Wrandall turned scarlet There had been nothing in his remarks to call for a laugh, he was quite sure of that. sir." Flushing slightly, she murmured sometile and gay. There was a bright spot thing about having thought of an in his cheek, however, that betrayed amusing story, and begged him to He had little zest for continuing the

> "What the devil was there to laugh at, Brandy?" he demanded of his together on the porch a few minutes later. Hetty had gone unstairs with

Mrs. Wrandall, her arm clasped tightly about the older woman's waist. "I dare say she was thinking about you falling a mile or two," said Booth

pleasantly But he was perplexed.

CHAPTER X.

Man Proposes. The young men cooled their heels for an hour before word was brought down to them that Mrs. Wrandall begged to be excused for the afternoon on account of a severe headache. Miss Castleton was with her, but would be down later on. Meanwhile they were to make themselves at home, and so on and so forth.

Booth took his departure, leaving Leslie in sole possession of the porch. He was restless, nervous, excited; half-afraid to stay there and face Hetty with the proposal he was determined to make, and wholly afraid to forsake the porch and run the risk of knock off on Sundays and bank holimissing her altogether if she came down as signified. Several things disturbed him. One was Hetty's deplorable failure to hang on his words

He looked to see Miss Castleton | as he had fondly expected her to do; was there to laugh at?" and no an-Booth was acutely reminded that swer suggested itself. He was decid-

Another hour passed. His heels thought of the other word, which re- were quite cool by this time, but his blood was boiling. This was a deuce meaning in the word that she flushed. It occurred to him early in the of a way to treat a fellow who had



What the Devil Was There to Laugh at, Brandy?"

there was a schedule in Mrs. Wrandall's room, and he'd get it as soon as the way was clear, if Mr. Wrandall didn't mind waiting. "If I minded waiting," snapped Les-

As the footman was leaving, Sara's automobile whirled up to the porte-

"Who is going out, Murray?" he called in surprise, "Miss Castleton, sir. For the air,

"The deuce you say!" gasped the harassed Mr. Wrandall. It was a pretty kettle of fish!

Hetty appeared a few minutes later, attired for motoring. "Oh, there you are," she said, espying him. "I am going for a spin. receipt of the following commu

He swallowed hard. The ends of his mustache described a pair of abhorizontal exclamation solutely points. "If you don't mind being encumbered," he remarked sourly.

"I don't in the least mind," said she sweetly. "Where are you going?" he asked without much enthusiasm. He wasn't to be caught appearing eager, not he.

Besides, it wasn't anything to be flippant about. "Yonder," she said, with a liberal sweep of her arm, taking in the whole landscape. "And be home in time to dress for dinner," she added, as if to

relieve his mind

"Good Lord!" he groaned, "do we have to eat again?" "We have to dress for it, at least,"

she replied. "I'll go," he exclaimed, and ambled

off to secure a cap and coat "Sara has planned for a run to Lenox tomorrow if it doesn't rain." she informed him on his return

"Oh," he said, staring. "Booth gets a day off on the portrait, then." "Being Sunday," she smiled. "We days. But, after all, he doesn't really get a holiday. He is to go with us, poor fellow."

HAD SOMETHING LEFT OVER

Senator Was Wondering Just How He Would Employ the Remnant of His Salary Left.

Senator John K. Shields of Tennes see is a homelover and likes his own fireside better than the gilded glories of a gaudy hostelry. On his big plantation out in his state he has a large, colonial mansion surrounded by several hundred acres of fine land on which he pastures cattle, ponies and

goats. But when he came to the capital and sought to get a house suitable for his lares and penates, he found it a difficult task. An energetic real estate agent motored him and his wife from one house to another, each time the price rising skyward for the rent. Now, the senator receives \$7,000 a year, and if he pays out much for rent he will have to be pretty economical in his food and clothing.

So he and Mrs. Shields tramped over houses of all kinds for days. At last the agent got them cornered in a lovely mansion big enough to house the Shah of Persia. He took them over it from top to bottom and at last stood up before them in the handsome library.

tor, who was mightily pleased with the "Very reasonable," replied the agent.

"What is the rent?" asked the sens

thought.

"Well, sir, what is it that is puz zling you?" inquired the agent. "Nothing much," remarked Shields, "I was only thinking what I would do

with the other five hundred of my sal-

ary. She Was No Easy Mark. Martha is seven, and has shown nore than ordinary childish aversion to learning lessons, being washed and

having curls made smooth and shiny,

and less than the average delight in fairy-tales. One day upon her return from Sun day school she was questioned as to what she had learned from her nice eacher this time. She cried out with flashing eyes and an indignant toss of her pretty head, "Why, mamma; my teacher told me today that story about the Children of Israel walking across the Red sea and not getting their selves wet one single bit-and she es-pected me to believe it!"

Cass Gilbert, the noted architect of New York-the Woolworth Building is one of his creations-said of a recent criticism of skyscrapers: "This criticism is not fair. It is prejudiced Hence it will do more harm than good -like the remark of the waiter. 'Waiter, confound it, this steak isn't tender enough!' 'Not tender enough?' the waiter snarled. 'Aw, what do you expect. Do you want it to jump up and

HOW WOMEN **OPERATIONS**

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Cleveland, Ohio - "My left side



pained me so for several years that I expected to have to undergo an operation, but the first bottle I took of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound relieved me of the pains in my side and I continued its use until I became regular and free

from pains. I had asked several doctors if there was anything I could take to help me and they said there was nothing that they knew of. I am thankful for such a good medicine and will always give it the highest praise." - Mrs. C. H. GRIFFITH, 7305 Madison Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Hanover, Pa .- "I suffered from female trouble and the pains were so bad at times that I could not sit down. The doctor advised a severe operation but my husband got me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I experienced great relief in a short time. Now I feel like a new person and can do a hard day's work and not mind it. What joy and happiness it is to be well once more. I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for the Compound."-Mrs. ADA WILT, 196 Stock St., Hanover, Pa.

If there are any complications you do not understand write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

The Wretchedness of Constipation Can quickly be overcome by

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable -- act surely and gently on the iver. Cure Headness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.

Genuine must bear Signature

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.



Confidential. The dull routine of the day in the bank was one day lightened by the

tion: "Dear Bank: What interust would you give on a Depossit of 15 dollers? What interust per annium and allso (confidenshial) could my Husband draw it out without my signachure an is it the Law and that I would have to have his Permishion to Deposit it thare in your Bank. Please to ancer back an be sure to say what interust per annium an if he can draw it out.

Yours with respeck." Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Chart Hillthing

In Use For Over 30 Years Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria Accounting for Expense. Redd-I understand that golf enthusiasts in Massachusetts yearly spend about \$800,000 on the game. Greene-Gee! They must put away

a lot of Scotch! Where the Adage Is True. Gobang-I attended a spiritualistic seance last night and the spirit of my father appeared. Grymes-You should remember that appearances are deceptive.

Allen's Foot-Base, the Antiseptic powder for Tired, Tender, swollen, nervous feet. Gives rest and comfort. Makesdancing a delight. Sold everywhere, A young man who imagines that

he has been called to preach the gospel may discover later that few people have been called to listen to him.

Don't be misled. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue. Makes beautiful white clothes. At all good grocers. Adv. Among others, the forger appreci-

ates a good name.

The Source of Uric Acid Eating too much is a common habit that does a lot of harm. Meat, especially, forms uric acid and the constant filtering of acid-laden blood weakens the kidneys. Uric acid

laden blood weakens the kidneys. Urle acid causes rheumatic and nervous trouble, weakens the eyes, forms gravel and leads to dropsy and Bright's disease. Kidney weakness gives early warnings, however, such as backache and urinary disorders and can be stopped by prompt treatment. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the best rec ded and most widely

