



The Adventures of Kathlyn

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

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SYNOPSIS.

Kathlyn Hare, believing her father, Col. Hare, in peril, has summoned her, leaves her home in California to go to him in Alaha, India. Umballa, pretender to the throne, has imprisoned the colonel, named by the late king as his heir. Arriving in Alaha Kathlyn is informed by Umballa that her father being dead she is to be queen, and must marry him. She refuses and is informed by the priests that no woman can rule unmaried. She is given seven days to think it over. She still refuses, and is told that she must undergo two ordeals with wild beasts. If she survives she will be permitted to rule. John Bruce, an American, saves her life. The elephant which carries her from the scene of her trials runs away, separating her from Bruce and the rest of the party.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

Outside the palace courtyard stood Rajah, the howdah securely attached once more. Kathlyn was bidden to mount. A water bottle and some cakes were placed in the howdah beside her. Then a drunken mahout mounted behind Rajah's ears. The elephant did not like the feel of the man's legs, and he began to sway ominously. Nevertheless, he permitted the mahout to direct him to one of the city gates, the soldiers trooping alongside.



Set Off With a Shuffling Gait.

It appeared that there was a much shorter route to Alaha. Time being essential, Bruce had to make for the frontier blindly, as it were. The regular highway was a moderately decent road which led along the banks

of one of these streams which eventually join the sacred Jumna. This, of course, was also sacred. Many Hindus were bathing in the ghats. They passed by these and presently came upon a funeral pyre.

Sometimes one sleeps with one's eye open, and thus it was with Kathlyn. Out of that funeral pyre her feverish thoughts bulled a frightful dream.

The drunken mahout slid off Rajah; the soldiers turned aside. Hired female mourners were kneeling about, wailing and beating their breasts, while behind them stood the high caste widow, her face as tragic as Dido's at the pyre of Eneas. Suddenly she threw up her arms high above her head.

"I am suttee!"
Suttee! It was against the law of the British raj. The soldiers began arguing with the widow, but only half heartedly. It was a pious rite, worthy of the high caste Hindu's wife. Better death on the pyre than a future life like that of a parish dog. For a wife who preferred to live after her husband was gone was a social outcast, permitted not to wed again, to exist only as a drudge, a menial, the scuff and contempt of all who had known her in her days of prosperity.

The widow, having drunk from a cup which contained opium, climbed to the top of the pyre where her husband lay, swathed in white. She gazed about wildly, and her courage and resolve took wings. She stumbled down. A low hissing ran about.

"Make the white woman suttee in her place!" cried the drunken mahout. The cry was taken up by the spectators. Kathlyn felt herself dragged from the elephant, bound, and finally laid beside the swathed figure. There could be no horror in the wide world like it. Smoke began to curl up from the underbrush. It choked and stifled her. Sparks rose and dropped upon her arms and face. And through the smoke and flame came Rajah. He lifted her with his powerful trunk and carried her off, for hours and hours, back into the trackless jungle.

Kathlyn found herself, all at once, sitting against the roots of an aged banyan tree. A few yards away an ape sat on his haunches and eyed her curiously. A little farther off Rajah browsed in a clump of weeds, the howdah at a rakish angle, like the cocked hat of a bully. Kathlyn stared at her hands. There were no burns there. She passed a hand over her face; there was no smart or sting. A dream; she had dreamed it; a fantasy due to her light headed state of mind. A dream! She cried and laughed, and the ape gibbered at her uneasily.

In reality, Rajah, freed of his unwelcome mahout, had legged it down the road without so much as trumpeting his farewell, and the soldiers had not been able to stop him. How she managed to get down would always remain a mystery to her. Food and water, food and water; in her present state she must have both or die. Let them send her back to Alaha; she was beaten; she was without the will to resist further. All she wanted was food and water and sleep. After that they might do what they pleased with her.

in monotone. She held out her hands; the dry, raspy trunk curled out toward them. Rajah was evidently willing to meet her half way. She ordered him to kneel. Without even pausing to think it over Rajah bent his calloused knees, and gratefully Kathlyn crawled back into the howdah. Food and water; these appeared at hand as if by magic. So she ate and drank. If she could hold Rajah to a walk the howdah would last at least till she came to some village.

Later, in the moonshine, she espied the ruined portico of a temple.

CHAPTER VI.

The Temple of the Lion.

In the blue of night the temple looked as though it had been sculptured out of mist. Here and there the heavy dew, touched by the moonbeams, hung back flames of sapphire, cold and sharp. To Kathlyn the temple was of marvelous beauty. She urged Rajah toward the crumbling portico.

It was a temple in ruins, like many in Hind. Broken pillars, exquisitely carved, lay about, and some of the tall windows of marble lace were punctured, as if the fist of some angry god had beaten through. Under the decayed portico stood an iron brazier. Near this reposed a cracked stone sarcophagus: an unusual sight in this part of the world. It was without its lid. But one god now brooded hereabouts—Silence. Not a sound anywhere, not even from the near-by trees. She saw a noiseless lizard slide jerkily across a patch of moonshine and dissolve into the purple shadow beyond.

What was this temple? What gods had been worshipped here. And why was it deserted? She had heard her father tell of the ruined city of Chitor. Plague? Kathlyn shuddered. Sometimes villages, to the last soul in them, were brushed from existence and known no more to man. And this might be one of them. Yet indications of a village were nowhere to be seen. It was merely a temple, perhaps miles from the nearest village, deserted save by prowling wild beasts, the winds, the sunshine, and the moonshine. She looked far and wide for any signs of human habitation.

She commanded Rajah to kneel. So held by the enchanting picture was Kathlyn that the elephant's renewed restlessness (and he had reason, as will be seen) passed unobserved by her. He came to kneel, however, and she got out of the howdah. Her legs trembled for a space, for her nerves were in a pitiable condition. Suddenly Rajah's ears went forward, he rose, and his trunk curled angrily. With a whuff he wheeled and shuffled off toward the jungle out of which he had so recently emerged.

"Halt!" cried Kathlyn. What had he heard? What had he seen? "Halt!" But even as she called the tall grass closed in behind the elephant. What water and food she had disappeared with him.

She paused by the brazier, catching hold of it for support. She laughed hysterically; it was so funny; it was all so out of joint with real things, with everyday life as she had known it. Weird laughter returned to mock her astonished ears, a sinister echo. And then she laughed at the echo, because in the grip of a species of madness, in the purple caverns of the temple she suddenly became conscious of another presence. A flash of moonlight striking two chrysoberyls told the madness out of her mind. This forsaken temple was the haunt of a leopard or a tiger.

She was lost. That magnetism which ordinarily was hers was at its nadir. She hesitated for a second, then climbed into the empty sarcophagus, crouching low. Strangely enough, as she did so a calm fell upon her; all the terrors of her position dropped away from her as mists from the mountain peaks. She had, however, gotten into the hiding place none too soon. She heard the familiar pad-pad, the whiff-whiff of a big cat. Immediately into the moonlight came an African lion, as out of place here as Kathlyn herself; his tail slashed, there was a long, black streak from his mane to his tail where the hair had risen. Kathlyn crouched even lower. The lion trotted round the sarcophagus, sniffing. Presently he lifted his head and roared. The echoes played battledores and shuttlescock with the sound. The lion roared again. This time at the insulting echoes. For a few minutes the noise was deafening. A rumble as of distant thunder, and the storm died away.

By and by she peered cautiously. She saw the lion crossing the open space between the temple and the jungle. She saw him pause, bend his head, then lope away in the direction taken by Rajah.

To Kathlyn it seemed that she had no longer anything to do with the body of Kathlyn Hare. The soul of another had stepped into this wearied flesh of hers and now directed its physical manifestations, while her own spirit stood gratefully and passively aloof. Nothing could happen now; the world had grown still and calm. The spirit drew the sleeves of the robe snugly about her arms and laid Kathlyn's head upon them and drew her down into a profound slumber.

Half a mile to the north of the ruined temple there lay, all unsuspected by Kathlyn, a village—a village belonging solely to the poor, mostly pyots or tillers of the soil. The lion roars in Asia know but two periods of time, for rarely do they possess such a thing as a watch or a clock; sunset and sunrise. Perhaps the man of the family may sit awhile at dusk on his

mud doorkill, with his bubbling water pipe (if he has one), and watch the stars slowly swing across the arch. A pinch of very bad tobacco is slowly consumed; then he enters the hut, flings himself upon his matting (perhaps a cotton rug, more likely a bundle of woven water reeds), and sleeps. No one wakes him; habit rouses him at dawn. He scrubs his teeth with a fibrous stick. It is a part of his religious belief to keep his teeth clean. The East Indian (Hindu of Mohammedan) has the whitest, soundest teeth in the world if the betelnut is but temperately used.

Beyond this village lay a ruined city, now inhabited by cobras and sinking jacksals. Dawn. A few dung fires smoldered. From the doorway of one of the mud huts came a lean man, his naked torso streaked with wet ashes, his matted hair hanging in knots and tangles on his emaciated shoulders. His aspect was exceedingly filthy; he was a holy man, which in this mad country signifies physical debasement, patience, and fortitude such as would have adorned any other use. A human lamprey, sticking himself always at the thin and meager board of the poor, a vile parasite, but holy!

The holy man directed his steps to the narrow, beaten pathway which led to the temple, where, every morning, he performed certain rites which the poor, benighted ryots believed would some day restore the ruined city and the prosperity which attends fat harvests. The holy man had solemnly declared that it would take no less than ten years to bring about this miracle. And the villagers fell down with their foreheads in the dust. He was a Brahmin; the caste string hung about his neck; he was indeed holy, he who could have dwelt on the fat of the land, in maharajahs' courts. The least that can be said is that he performed his duties scrupulously.

So, then, the red rim of the March sun shouldered up above the rolling jungle as he came into the beaten clay court which fronted the temple. The lion stalked only at night, rarely appearing in the daytime. Once a month he was given a bullock, for he kept tiger and leopard away, and the villagers dwelt in peace. The lion had escaped from Alaha, where the species were kept as an additional sport. Since he had taken up his abode in the temple there had been fewer thefts from the cattle sheds.

The holy man was about to assume his squatting posture in the center of the court, as usual, when from out of the sarcophagus rose languidly a form, shrouded in white. The form stretched its lovely arms, white as alabaster, and presently the hands rubbed a pair of sleepy eyes. Then the form sat down within the sarcophagus, laid its arms on the rim and wearily hid its face in them.

The watcher was the most dumfounded holy man in all India. For the first time in his hypocritical life he found faith in himself, in his puerile rites. He had conjured up yonder spirit, unaided, alone. He rose, turned, and never a holy man ran faster. When he arrived, panting and voiceless, at the village well, where natives were coming and going with water in goatskins and jars and copper vessels, he fell upon his face, rose to his knees, and poured handfuls of dust upon his head.

"Al, ai!" he called. "It is almost done, my children. The first sign has come from the gods. I have brought you in human form the ancient priestess." And he really believed he had. "O, my children, my little ones, my kids! I have brought her who will now attend to the sacred fires; for these alone will restore the city as of old, the fat corn, the plenitude of fruit. Since the coming of the lion two rains ago the leopard and the striped one have forsaken their lairs. One bullock a month is better than fire, together with the kids and the children. Al!" More dust.

Naturally the villagers set down their water skins and jars and copper



In the Shadow of Danger.

vessels and flocked about this exceptional holy man. They wanted to believe him, but for years nothing had happened but the advent of the lion, whence no one exactly knew, though the holy man had not been backward in claiming it was due to his nearness to the god Vishnu.

They followed him eagerly to the temple. What they beheld transfixed them. A woman with hair like corn petals of the lotus and hair like corn sat in the sacred sarcophagus and braided her hair, gazing the while toward the bright sun.

The intake of many breaths produced a sound. Kathlyn turned instantly toward this sound, for a moment expecting the return of the lion. Immediately holy men and villagers drew themselves upon the ground, striking their foreheads against the damp clay. The alien spirit still ruled the substance; Kathlyn eyed them in mild astonishment, not at all alarmed. "Al!" shrieked the holy man, springing to his feet. "Al! She is our ancient priestess, rising from her tomb

of centuries! Al, ai! O, thou unholly creature, to doubt my word! Behold! Henceforth she shall share the temple with the lion, and later she will give us prosperity, and my name shall ever be in your households."

Having secured a priestess, he was now determined that he should not lose her. The future was rosete indosed, and when he took his next pilgrimage to holy Benares they would bestrew his pathway with lotus flowers.

"Wood to start the sacred fires!" he commanded.

The villagers flew to obey his orders. He was indeed a holy man. Not in the memory of the oldest had a miracle such as this happened. Upon their return with wood and embers the holy man built the fire, handing a lighted torch to Kathlyn and signifying for her to touch the tinder. The spirit in Kathlyn told her that these people meant her no immediate harm, so she stepped out of the sarcophagus and applied the torch. The moment the flames began to crackle the villagers prostrated themselves again, and the holy man besmeared his bony chest with more ashes.

A second holy man appeared upon the scene, wanting in breath. His jaw



Kathlyn Becomes the Vestal in the Ruined Temple.

dropped and his eyes started to leave their sockets. Knowing his ilk so thoroughly well, he flung himself down before the brazier and beat his forehead upon the ground; not in any chastened spirit, but because he had overslept that morning. This glory might have been his! Al, ai!

Later the two conferred. During the day they should guard the priestess, because, having taken human form, she might some day tire of this particular temple. At night she would be well guarded by the lion.

Several awe-stricken women came forward with bowls of cooked rice and fruits and a new copper drinking vessel. These they reverently placed at Kathlyn's feet.

Gradually the spirit which had comforted Kathlyn withdrew, and at length Kathlyn became keenly alive. It entered her mind clearly that these poor, foolish people really believed her a celestial being, and so long as they laid no hand upon her she was not alarmed. She had recently passed through too many terrors to be disturbed by a bit of kindness, even if stirred into being by a religious fanaticism.

Kathlyn ate.

By pairs the villagers departed, and soon none remained save her self-appointed guardians, the two holy men. Kathlyn felt a desire to explore this wonderful temple. She discovered what must have been the inner shrine. The chamber was filled with idols; here and there a bit of gold leaf, centuries old, glistened upon the bronze, the clay, the wood. The caste mark on the largest idol's head was a polished ruby, overlooked doubtless during the looting. She swept the dust from the jewel with the tip of her finger, and the dull fire sent a shiver of delight over her. She was still a woman.

As she wandered farther in her foot touched something and she looked down. It was a bone; in fact, the floor was strewn with bones. She quickly discerned, much to her relief, that none of these bones were human. This was, or had been, the den of the lion. There was an acrid, unpleasant odor, so she hurried back to the brazier. Vaguely she comprehended that she must keep the fire replenished from time to time in order to pacify the two holy men. At night it would fend off any approach of the lion.

Where was Bruce? Would he ever



NOT GIVEN MEED OF PRAISE

Inventors and Promoters of Agencies Which Have Enriched the World Too Frequently Overlooked.

History bristles with the names of doughty warriors and rulers, describes at length their struggles and achievements, and dismisses the inventors and promoters of the great agencies which have made modern civilization possible, with scanty, if any, mention.

The invention of printing has had more influence upon the development of the race than any act or any ruler that the world has ever known, and more than half of those who read this will not know the inventor's name.

The men who invented and developed the steam engine did more to lighten human toil and to make possible to each of the dwellers upon earth a larger meed of comfort and enjoyment than all the generals who ever pitted men against their fellows. Hunt for their names in the indexes of your histories.

Art and literature have been broad

and her? That philosophy which she had inherited from her father, that quiet acceptance of the inevitable, was the one thing which carried her through her trials sanely. An ordinary woman would have died from mere exhaustion.

Bruce, indeed! At that very moment he was rushing out of Kumar's presence, wild to be off toward the road to Alaha, since Kathlyn had not been seen upon it. He found where Rajah had veered off into the jungle again, and followed the trail tirelessly. But it was to be his misfortune always to arrive too late.

To Kathlyn the day passed with nothing more than the curiosity of the natives to disturb her. They brought her cotton blankets which she arranged in the sarcophagus. There were worse beds in the world than this; at least it shielded her from the bitter night wind.

She ate again at sundown and builded high the sacred fire and tried to plan some manner of escape; for she did not propose to be a demt-goddess any longer than was necessary. From Pundita she had learned many words and a few phrases in Hindustani, and she ventured to speak them to the holy men, who seemed quite delighted. They could understand her, but she on her part could make little or nothing of their jabbering. Nevertheless, she pretended.

Finally the holy men departed, after having indicated the sacred fire and the wood beside it. This fire pleased Kathlyn mightily. While it burned brightly the lion would not prowl in her immediate vicinity. She wondered where this huge cat had come from, since she knew her natural history well enough to know the African lions did not inhabit this part of the globe. Doubtless it had escaped from some private menagerie.

The fire, then, giving her confidence, she did not get into the sarcophagus, but wandered about, building in her fancy the temple as it had stood in its prime. The ceilings had been magnificently carved, no two subjects alike; and the walls were of marble and jasper and porphyry. A magic continent this Asia in its heyday. When her forefathers had been rude barbarians, sailing the north seas or sacrificing in Druidical rites, there had been art and culture here such as has never been surpassed. India, of splendid pagodas, or brave warriors and gallant kings! Alas, how the mighty had fallen! About her, penury, meanness, hypocrisy, uncleanness, thievery, and unbridled passions. . . . What was that? Her heart missed a beat. That pad-pad; that sniffling noise!

She whirled about, knocking over an idol. It came down with a crash and, being of clay, lay in shards at her feet. (Unfortunately it was the holy of holies in this temple.) How she gained the shelter of the sarcophagus she never knew, but gain it she did, and cowered down within. She could hear the beast trotting round and round, sniffling and rumbling in his throat. Then the roaring of the preceding night was repeated. The old fellow evidently could not find those other lions who roared back at him so valiantly. Evidently he had no terrors for him. For an hour or more he patrolled the portico, and all this time Kathlyn did not stir, hardly daring to breathe for fear he might undertake to peer into the sarcophagus.

Silence. A low roar from the inner shrine told her that for the present she was safe. Tomorrow she must fly, whether it cost matter. Toward four o'clock she fell into a doze and was finally awakened by the sound of voices raised in anger.

Poor sheep! They had discovered the shattered idol. It did not matter at all that the return of their ancient goddess was to bring back prosperity. Damnation would come in a devil's wink that night.

The holy man who had missed the chance of claiming the miraculous appearance of Kathlyn as a work of his century now saw an opportunity to rehabilitate himself in the eyes of those who had made his holiness a comfortable existence. With a piece of the idol in his hand he roused Kathlyn and shook the clay before her face, jabbering violently. Kathlyn understood readily enough. She had unwittingly committed a sacrilege.

The natives gathered about and menaced her. Kathlyn rose, standing in the sarcophagus, and extended her hands for silence. She was frightened, but it would never do to let them see it. What Hindustani she knew would in this case be of no manner of use. But we human beings can, by facial expression and gesture, make known our messages with understandable clearness. From her gestures, then, the holy men gathered that she could recreate the god. She pointed toward the sun and counted on her fingers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ROAD BUILDING

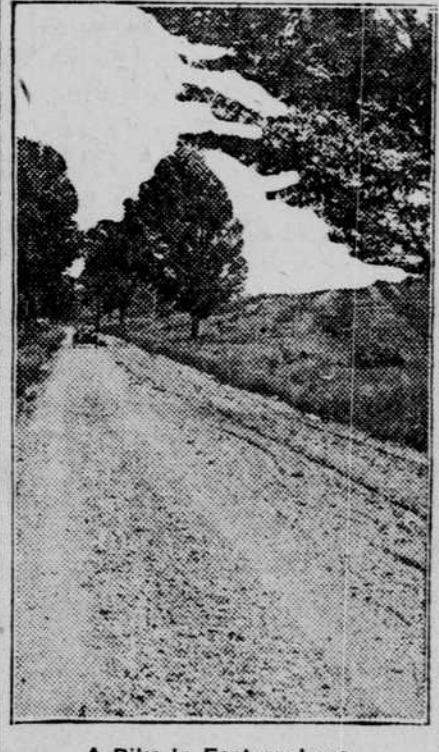
ROADS AS CROP PRODUCERS

Government Studies Show How Agricultural Outlook of Country Depends Upon Its Highways.

That an improved road will increase vastly the productiveness of the area through which it runs has now been satisfactorily demonstrated by studies conducted by the United States department of agriculture in Virginia. Conditions in Spotsylvania county were investigated with particular care, and the results have proved surprising. In 1909 the county voted \$100,000 to improve 40 miles of roads. Two years after the completion of this work the railroad took away in 12 months from Fredericksburg, the county seat, 71,000 tons of agricultural and forest products hauled over the highways to that town. Before the improvement of the roads this total was only 49,000 tons annually; in other words the quantity of the county's produce had risen more than 45 per cent. Still more interesting, however, is the increase shown in the quantity of the dairy products. In 1909 these amounted to 114,815 pounds, in 1911 to 273,928 pounds, an increase of practically 140 per cent in two years. In the same time shipments of wheat had increased 59 per cent, tobacco 31 per cent and lumber and other forest products 48 per cent.

In addition to this increase in quantity the cost of hauling each ton of produce was materially reduced. In other words the farmers not only produce more but produce more cheaply, for the cost of transportation to market is, of course, an important factor in the cost of production. From this point of view it is estimated that the \$100,000 spent in improving the roads in Spotsylvania county saved the farmers of that county \$41,000 a year.

In the past two years the traffic studies of the federal experts show that approximately an average of 65,000 tons of outgoing products were hauled over the improved roads in the county, an average distance of eight miles, or a total of 520,000 "ton-miles." Before the roads were improved it was estimated that the average cost of hauling was 20 cents a "ton-mile;" after the improvement this



A Pike in Eastern Iowa.

fell to 12 cents a "ton-mile," or a saving of eight cents. A saving of eight cents per mile on 520,000 "ton-miles" is \$41,000 a year. The county's investment of \$100,000, in other words, returns a dividend of 40 per cent annually.

Because this saving, in cases of this character, does not take the form of cash put directly into the farmers' pockets, there is a widespread tendency to believe that it is fictitious profit, while as a matter of fact it is just as well a source of profit as the increase in the price of wheat.

In Dinwiddie county, Virginia, for example, where peanuts is one of the staple crops, the average load for two mules on a main road was about one thousand pounds before the road was improved. After its improvement the average load was found to be 2,000 pounds, and the time consumed in hauling the larger load to market was much reduced. In other words, one man with a wagon and two mules could do more than twice as much work with the improved road than with an unimproved road. This is the explanation of the extraordinary rise in the total output of agricultural products in a county with a good road system.

Bad Roads Excepted. There is an excuse for everything except bad roads.

Roads and the Schools. Improved roads make it possible to consolidate or centralize schools, and to establish graded schools in the rural districts. Such schools, centrally located, will accommodate all of the children within a radius of from four to five miles.

New Road Machine. In a new road-making machine the asphalt is heated as it is being mixed by flames from the fire box of the boiler, blown into the mixing drum by a powerful blast.

Pack Eggs Well. Provide good cases for the eggs, having plenty of dry excelsior packing under the bottom layer of eggs. Don't complain if the grocer candles your eggs when buying. Better demand candling, as you then insure protection for yourself and the merchant.

Cleaning Dairy Utensils. The dairy utensils must be carefully washed and thoroughly scalded. It is the only way to keep them clean and if they are not clean they cannot produce a good quality of milk.

IN STERLING LIVES A GIRL

Who Suffered As Many Girls Do—Tells How She Found Relief.

Sterling, Conn.—"I am a girl of 22 years and I used to faint away every month and was also very weak. I was also bothered a lot with female weakness. I read your little book 'Wisdom for Women,' and I saw how others had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and decided to try it, and it has made me feel like a new girl and I am now relieved of all these troubles. I hope all young girls will get relief as I have. I never felt better in my life."—Miss BERTHA A. PELOQUIN, Box 116, Sterling, Conn.



Massena, N. Y.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I highly recommend it. If anyone wants to write to me I will gladly tell her about my case. I was certainly in a bad condition as my blood was all turning to water. I had pimples on my face and a bad color, and for five years I had been troubled with suppression. The doctors called it 'Anemia and Exhaustion,' and said I was all run down, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought me out all right."—Miss LAVISA MYRES, Box 74, Massena, N. Y.

Young Girls, Heed This Advice. Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should immediately seek restoration to health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

DIDN'T SEEM MUCH TO SAY Final Wallop From His Best Girl That Left Fervent Lover Without an Answer.

The west wind howled in the branches, but they heard it not, for they were in the Swiffler parlor and plate-glass windows were down.

"I admit there is a certain fascination about your stickpins," she said, "but I cannot marry you. There are reasons."

"Name them!" he cried, and it was beautiful to see the way his square jaw set and his No. 40 chest expanded. "Father hates you."

"I'll ruin his business and bring him to terms."

"Mother despises you."

"I'll come out for woman suffrage."

"You have a terribly shady past."

"We'll surround the house with shade trees."

"And besides, I was married to Jack Billencoo last Wednesday."

For a moment he was quite at a loss for a reply.—Detroit Free Press.

Worth the Punishment. I well remember the time, although years have passed since then, when my brother and two chums caught a pocketful of young field mice and turned them loose in the kitchen.

In the meantime I had spread the doorknobs with sticky tar.

We ran out and closed the door from the outside, leaving my mother and auntie in the room. They were busy and had not noticed us.

The boys all got a whipping and I had to stay in my room two days on a bread and water diet. But the fun we had watching them through the window was worth the punishment.—Chicago Tribune.

Pageant That Cost Millions. The most magnificent scene ever witnessed at the cathedral of Notre Dame, in Paris, was the coronation of Napoleon and Josephine. The expense of this was \$5,000,000 francs.

But the water wagon isn't as popular at this season of the year as the gasoline joy chariot.

LIGHT BOOZE. Do You Drink It?

A minister's wife had quite a tussle with coffee and her experience is interesting. She says:

"During the two years of my training as a nurse, while on night duty, I became addicted to coffee drinking. Between midnight and four in the morning, when the patients were asleep, there was little to do except make the rounds, and it was quite natural that I should want a hot cup of coffee about that time. I could keep awake better."

"After three of four years of coffee drinking, I became a nervous wreck and thought that I simply could not live without my coffee. All this time I was subject to frequent bilious attacks, sometimes so severe as to keep me in bed for several days. "After being married, Husband begged me to leave off coffee for he feared that it had already hurt me, almost beyond repair, so I resolved to make an effort to release myself from the hurtful habit. "I began taking Postum, and for a few days felt the languid, tired feeling from the lack of the coffee drug, but I liked the taste of Postum, and that answered for the breakfast beverage all right. "Finally I began to feel clearer-headed and had steadier nerves. After a year's use of Postum I now feel like a new woman—have not had any bilious attacks since I left off coffee. "Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read 'The Road to Wellville,' in pkgs. "Postum comes in two forms: "Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages. "Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins. "The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same. "There's a Reason" for Postum. —sold by Grocers.