

said. "I can not believe-" "You mu-must believe. I have no of the basement windows. right to profit by your disbelief. Dear

It was very late-or extremely early. Mr. Maitland, you have been kind to The moon was down, though its place was in some way filled by the golden disk of the clock in the Grand Central The young face turned to him was station's tower. The air was impreggravely and perilously sweet; very nated with the sweet and fragrant breath of the new-born day. In the "Yes." tunnel beneath the street a trolley car rumbled and whined and clanked lone somely. A stray cat wandered out of a cross street with the air of a seasoned debauchee; stopped, scratched itself with inimitable abandon, and suddenly, mysteriously alarmed at nothing, turned itself into a streak of shadow that fled across the street and vanished. And, as if affected by its her. terror, the gray girl slipped silently into the area and tapped at the lighted window. Almost immediately the gate was "Yes.' cautiously opened. A woman's head looked out, with suspicion. "Oh, thank Heavings!" it said, with abrupt fervor. "I was afraid it mightn't be you. Miss Sylvia. I'm so glad you're back. There ain't-hasn't been a minute these past two nights that 'I haven't been in a fidget." The girl laughed quietly and passed through the gateway (which was closed behind her) into the basement hall, where she lingered a brief moment.

There was a click. And her face named scarlet, as hastily she lifted the receiver to her ear. The armature and I'll send 'em back with my thanks buzzed sharply. Then central's voice cut the stillness. "Hello! Nine-o-five-one?" "Wait a minute." She waited, breathless, in a quiver. The silence sang upon the wire the silence of the night through which he was groping toward her. "Hello! Is this nine-o-" "Yes. ves!" "Is this the residence of Alexander C. Graeme?" "Yes." The syllable almost choked "Is this Miss Graeme at the 'phone?" "It is." "Miss Sylvia Graeme?" "This is Daniel Maitland-Sylvia!" "As if I did not know your voice!" she cried, involuntarily. There followed a little pause: and in her throat the pulses tightened and drummed. "I have opened the bag, Sylvia--" "Please go on." "And I've sounded the depths of hitherto have been made of pine, but your hideous infamy!" "Oh!" He was laughing. "I've done more. I've made a burnt offering within the last five minutes. "My father, Annie?" she inquired. up in price. In one month (March, Can you guess what it is?" "He ain't-hasn't stirred since you 1908) over 50,000 boxes of butter from said. "I-I-don't want to guess! I want Queensland arrived in Englandwent out, Miss Sylvia. He's sleepin' to be told." 1,250 tons, worth £140.008. In the peaceful as a lamb. "A burnt offering on the altar of new box a mixture of kaolin and straw "Everything is all right, then?" your happiness, dear. The papers in is used. It can be produced and sold "Now that you're home, it is, praises the case of the Dougherty Investment | for 1s. At present 3,000,000 boxes are | Lippincott's Magazine. be!" The servant secured the inner used in Australia annually, costing Company no longer exist." door and turned up the gas. "Not if I "Dan! £200,000. The new box will save

area. There was a dull glow in one ness hung in the scales of his mercy. If he could forgive.

ing; at that very moment her happi-

them." "Cit

She laughed softly. "My big brother caught a burglar once, and kept the kit for a remembrance. I borrowed

in his ear that I wanted him to bring me a baby brother or sister. He didn't of her New England clerical great say anything, but I knew he would do grandfather, who was a man of in-It, because he bent his head toward genuity and resources. She says:

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me, very kind to me; do me this last kindness, if you will."

nearly he forgot all else. But that she would not have.

"Do this for me. What you will find will explain everthing. You will understand. Perhaps"-timidly-"perhaps you may even find it in your heart to forgive when you understand. If you should, my card-case is in the bag, and-" She faltered, biting her lip cruelly to steady a voice quivering with restrained sobs. "Please, please go at once, and-and see for yourself!" she implored him passionately.

Of a sudden he found himself resolved. Indeed, he fancied that it were dangerous to oppose her; she was overwrought, on the verge of losing her command of self. She wished this thing, and though with all his soul he hated it, he would do as she desired.

"Very well," he assented quietly. "Shall I stop the cab now?" "Please."

He tapped on the roof of the hansom and told the cabby to draw in at the next corner. Thus he was put down not far from his home-below the Thirty-third street grade.

Neither spoke as he alighted, and she believed that he was leaving her in displeasure and abhorrence; but he had only stepped behind the cab for a moment to speak to the driver. In a moment he was back, standing by the step with one hand on the apron and staring in very earnestly and soberly at the shadowed sweetness of her pallid face, that gleamed in the gloom there like some pale, shy, sad flower.

Could there be evil combined with such sheer loveliness, with features said the girl. "Thank you, and-good that in every line bodied forth the purity of the spirit that abode within? In the seul of him he could not believe Sylvia"-followed her up the stairs. that a thief's nature fed canker-like at the heart of a woman so divinely, naively dear and desirable. And-he

would net.

"Won't you let me go?"

-If I find that you have done nothing ment; but he was sleeping as quietly, so very dreadful," he laughed uneasily, "do you wish to know?"

"You know I do." She could not far into her heart.

"You spoke of my calling, I believe. That means to-morrow afternoon, at the earliest. May I not call you up on the telephone?" "

"The number is in the book." she said in a tremulous voice. "And your name in the card-case?"

"Yes.'

"And if I should call in half an hour-?" "O, I shall not sleep until I know!

Good night!" "Good night! Drive on, cabby."

He stood, smiling queerly, until the hansom, climbing the Park Avenue hill, vanished over its shoulder. Then swung about and with an eager step retraced his way to his rooms, very confident that God was in his heaven and all well with the world. 111.

The cab stopped. The girl rose and descended to the walk. The driver touched his hat and reined the horse away. "Good night, ma'am," he bade her, cheerfully. And she told him

was to be given notice to-morrow mornin'," she announced, firmly, "will I ever consent to be a party to such goin's-on another night."

"There will be no occasion, Annie," night.'

A resigned sigh-"Good night, Miss She went very cautiously, careful to brush against no article of movable furniture in the halls, at pains to make no noise on the stairs. At the door of her father's room on the second floor "Just a minute. I-I should like to she stopped and listened for a full moas soundly, as the servant had declared. Then on, more hurriedly, up another flight, to her own room, where help saying that, letting him see that she turned on the electric bulb in panic haste. For it had just occurred to her that the telephone bell might ring before she could change her cloth-

ing and get downstairs and shut herself into the library, whose closed door would prevent the bell from being audible through the house.

In less than ten minutes she was stealing silently down to the drawing room floor again, quiet as a spirit of burg, Wash., south of Spokane. It is the night. The library door shut withbelieved to be a world's record. out a sound; for the first time she breathed freely. Then, pressing the farm owned by N. B. Atkinson, presibutton on the wall, she switched on dent of the Washington State Farmthe light in the drop-lamp on the cen-

ter table. The telephone stood be side it. She drew up a chair and sat down near the instrument, ready to lift the residents of the town, including Mayor into dough. receiver off its hook the instant the R. M. Breeze, R. H. Osborne, former-

bell began to sound; and waited, the ly prosecuting attorney of Walla soft light burning in the loosened tresses of her hair, enhancing the soft of the Waitsburg Times, and P. B. color that pulsed in her cheeks, fading Morrow, general merchant. The three

before the joy that lived in her eyes last named were official timekeepers. when she hoped. For she dared hope-at times; and converting standing grain into bis- nesses .- Spokane Correspondent Chi-

--No, by George! I won't, either. I've as much right to keep 'em as he has on that principle.' And again she laughed, very gently and happily. Dear God, that such happiness could come to one! "Sylvia?" "Yes, dear?" "Do you love me?" "I think you may believe it, when I sit here at four o'clock in the morning, listening to a silly boy talk nonsense over a telephone wire." "But I want to hear you say so!" "But central-" "I tell you central has other things to do!" At this juncture the voice of central, jaded and acidulated, broke in curtly: "Are you through?" THE END. Butter Boxes Made of Straw.

In future the boxes containing butter shipped from Queensland to Great Britain are to be made of straw, and a £50,000 company has been formed to work the business. Butter boxes

the drain upon this timber, owing to the heavy exports, have been so severe that the wood is rapidly going

"Sylvia-Does it please you?"

The wheat was cut on a hillside

"Don't you know? How can it do year, as the material for manufacturanything but please me? If you knew ing the box can be grown in the padhow I have suffered because my fa- dock which supports a cow. It ther suffered, fearing the-No, but weighs about 10½ pounds, being damp you must listen! Dan, it was wearing proof and odorless.



## **Record for Hot Biscuits**

From Field to Table in Just Twenty-9:03-Ripe wheat standing in the Three Minutes. field.

9:04-First head clipped from the Biscuits made from flour of which straw by the heading machine.

the dairy industry about £40,000 a

the plump heads of grain nodded lazily 9:08-Grain started into the cylinin the morning sun 22 minutes before der of the thrashing machine. is a performance recorded at Waits-

9:11-Four sacks thrashed, sacked, sewed and loaded unto automobile.

9:14-Grain received at mill, two niles from field, weighed and dropped into the receiving hopper; four sacks weighing 535 pounds.

ers' Educational and Co-operative 9:19-First flour appeared at packunion, two miles from town, was er having traveled 640 feet in the maground into flour at the Preston-Parchinery. A. Beck, baker, began mix. ton mill and baked by A. Beck. Fifty ing flour, baking powder and water

9:21-Molded dough in pans placed nto oven. Walla county; E. L. Wheeler, editor

9:23-Two sacks of flour ground, acked and sewed, ready for market. 9:26-Biscuit taken from the oven, The varied stages of the operation of buttered and distributed among wit-

me and winked an eye." Joke Medicine. He is a very practical, serious-

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

a friend.

asked.

ous.

For chi

tell the truth.

How She Knew.

"I just know Fred didn't want to

work at the office last night," she

"Why, how do you know?" was

minded man of business. The other many. My grandfather used to tell day he met a friend, and related to us with pride of an instance which ochim an alleged joke, and at its concurred at a time when a new church clusion laughed long and heartily. edifice had been proposed, and was The friend looked awkward for a under warm discussion. Great-grandmoment, and then said: father thought this a worldly and un-"You'll have to excuse me, old man. necessary expense, and emphasized but I don't see the point." his opinion by pausing in the midst of "Why, to tell you the truth, I don't

his sermon on a Sunday, saying imjust see the point myself. But I've pressively, as he fixed the somnolent made it a rule to laugh at all jokes: members of his congregation with a I think it's good for the health." stern look:

"'You are talking about building a **Deafness Cannot Be Cured** Dealness Cannot be Cured py local applications, as they cannot reach the dis-eased portion of the ear. There is only one way to ure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or im-perfect hearing, and when it is entriely closed. Deaf-ness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condi-tion, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO... Toledo, O. Sold by Drugsists, 75c. new church. It seems to me quite unnecessary, since the sleepers in the old one are all sound!""-Youth's Companion.

## His Proper Field.

"He employed more than one device

to secure wakefulness on the part of

his weary congregation. Standing

during the prayer was but one of

A colored man was brought before a police judge charged with stealing chickens. He pleaded guilty and received sentence, when the judge asked how it was he managed to lift those chickens right under the window of the owner's house when there was a The cartoonist's wife was talking to dog loose in the yard. "Hit wouldn't be no use, judge," said the man, "to try to 'splain this thing to yo' all. Ef you was to try it you like as not would get yer hide full of shot an' get no chickens, nuther. Ef yo' want to engage in any rascality, judge, yo' better stick to de bench, whar yo' am

"Because in his sleep he said: 'Well, I'll stay, but I don't want to draw.' "familiar."-Ladies' Home Journal.

Editorial Amenities. In case of pain on the lungs Hamlins Wizard Oil acts like a mustard plaster, except that it is more effective and is so much nicer and cleaner to use. Editor Junkin of the Sterling Bulletin has red hair. Editor Cretcher of the Sedgwick Pantagraph has no hair

at all. A girl never feeis more important "Mac," asked Junkin, "how did you than when she is getting married, and lose your hair?" a man never looks more inconspicu-

"It was red and I pulled it out," growled Cretcher .- Everybody's.

THE SOURCE OF TROUBLE nust be reached before it can be cured. Allen's ang Balsam goes to the root of your cough, and ures it. Harmless and sure. At all druggists. Hixon-"Did the operation on your wife's throat do her good?" Dixon-"It did us both good. She hasn't been We live truly for ourselves only able to talk for six weeks."-Boston when we live for others.-Seneca. Herald.

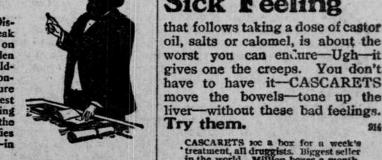
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrap. Midren teething, softens the guns, reduces in-ation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25ca bottle. Tell the Dealer you want a Lewis' Single Binder cigar for its rich, mellow quality. Live up to the Bible you/know, and Money talks, but it often fails to your Bible will grow.



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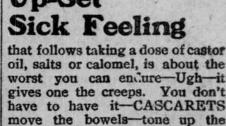
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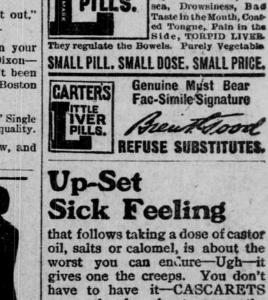


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