

CHAPTER XVII.-Continued. | I got up and stood looking down at They're mamma's friends," Anita I her.

was answering. "Oldish and tiresome. "Don't pity me!" I said. "My re- impulse from a sense of justice-of When you leave I shall go straight on | mark was a figure of speech. I want | decency. I am the cause of your trou- | up to bed."

self than to her.

A friend of ours who has the anti-germ strew the street with their blood and gain. fad insisted on it. But my sitting- broken bones." room isn't so bad."

"Langdon has the anti-germ fad," said I. liking you!" she exclaimed.

She answered "Yes." after a pause, and in such a strained voice that I her a smile that must have been She tried to speak several times, looked at her. A flush was just dying grim. out of her face. "He was the friend I spoke of," she went on. like a cloistered nun's," said 1. "If

You know him very well?" I asked. We've known him-always," said

she. "I think he's one of my earliest recollections. His father's summer place and ours adjoin. And once-I wouldn't like them, if they were." guess it's the first time I remember seeing him-he was a freshman at down town to-day-after you left me?" Harvard, and he came along on a horse past the pony cart in which a me into a trap-why, I can't quite groom was driving me. And I-I fathom. To-day he sprang the trap of herself to a man, it's for the man's fraternity would "stake" him. But was very little then-I begged him to and ran away." take me up, and he did. I thought he was the greatest, most wonderful man that ever lived." She laughed queerly. When I say my prayers, I used to say them to."

I echoed her laugh heartily. The idea of Mowbray Langdon as a god struck me as peculiarly funny, though natural enough, too.

'Absurd, wasn't it?" said she. But her face was grave, and she let her cigarette die out.

"I guess you know him better than that now?" "Yes-better," she answered, slowly

and absently. "He's-anything but a god!

"And the more fascinating on that account," said I. "I wonder why women like best the really bad, dangerous sort of man, who hasn't any respect for them, or for anything."

I said this that she might protest, at least for herself. But her answer was a vague, musing. "I wonder-I wonder."

"I'm sure you wouldn't," I protested earnestly, for her.

She looked at me queerly. "Can I never convince you that I'm

just a woman?" said she mockingly. "Just a woman, and one a man with

"I have decided not to accept your of woman I am, that I am almost of woman I am, that I am almost TRADE AT HOME release." I sprang to my feet. look at me that left me rooted there, "Anita!" I cried, my arms stretched astounded. toward her. But I went down the avenue with a But she only looked coldly at me, light heart. "Just like a woman," I was folded her arms the more tightly and saying to myself cheerfully, "not to said: know her own mind." A few blocks, and I stopped and "Do not misunderstand me. The bargain is the same as before. If you laughed outright - at Langdon's want me on those terms, I must-give treachery, at my own credulity. "What an ass I've been making of myself!" myself." "Why?" I asked said I to myself. And I could see A faint smile, with no mirth in it, myself as I really had been during drifted round the corners of her those months of social struggling-an ass, braying and gamboling in a lion's mouth.

"An impulse," she said. "I don't skin-to impress the ladies! quite understand it myself. An im-But not wholly to no purpose," I pulse from-from-" Her eyes and reflected, again all in a glow at her thoughts were far away, and her thought of Anita. expression was the one that made it

hardest for me to believe she was a XVIII. child of those parents of hers. "An A WINDFALL FROM "GENTLE-

MAN" JOE. I went to my rooms, purposing to no alms. I wouldn't take even you as ble, and I daren't be a coward and a go straight to bed, and get a good "I'd like to-to see your room- alms. They'll probably get me down, cheat." She repeated the last words. sleep. I did make a start toward un- a problem for which a solution must where you live," said 1, more to my- and stamp the life out of me-nearly. "A coward-a cheat! We-I-have dressing; then I realized that I should But not quite-don't you lose sight of taken much from you, more than you only lie awake with my brain wearing bility of the nation is to stand. "I sleep in a bare little box," she that. They can't kill me, and they know. It must be repaid. If you still me out, spinning crazy thoughts and replied with a laugh. "It's like a cell. can't tame me. I'll recover, and I'll wish. I will-will keep to my bar- schemes hour after hour-for my im-"It's true, I'd not have got into the ive thinking after the lights are out

mess," said I, "if I'd been attending and the limitations of material things to business instead of dangling after | are wiped away by the darkness.

you. But you're not responsible for I dressed myself again and went out-went up to Joe Healey's gambling place in Forty-fourth street. before she finally succeeded in say-Most of the well-known gamblers up

town, as well as their "respectable" down town fellow members of the fra-I studied her, but I couldn't puzzle ternity, were old acquaintances of mine: Joe Healey was as close a friend as I had. He had great fame said. "Now, I see you are a mystery. served it. With his fellow gamblers he was as straight as a string at all

meant that when he went broke he "When a woman makes a mystery would stay broke, because none of the with his patrons-being regarded by them as a pariah, he acted toward them like a pariah-a prudent pariah. He fooled them with a frank show of gentlemanliness, of honesty to his own hurt; under that cover he fleeced

them well, but always judiciously. That night, I recall, Joe's guests were several young fellows of the fashionable set, rich men's sons and their parasites, a few of the big down town operators who hadn't yet got hipped on "respectability-they playing poker in a private room-and a couple of flush-faced, flush-pursed chaps from out of town, for whom one of Joe's men was dealing faro from what looked to my experienced and accurate eye like a "brace" box.

Joe, very elegant, too elegant in fact, in evening dress, was showing a new piece of statuary to the oldest son of Melville, of the National Industrial bank. Joe knew a little something about art-he was much like the art dealers who, as a matter of business, learn the difference between good things and bad, but in their hearts wonder and laugh at people willing to part with large sums of the like.

As soon as Joe thought he had suff-

behind us.

Why Farmer Should Give His Support to the Local Merchant.

PRESERVES HIS OWN MARKET

Depreciation of Village Property Must Inevitably Mean Depreciation of Agricultural Property and Encouragement of Monopoly.

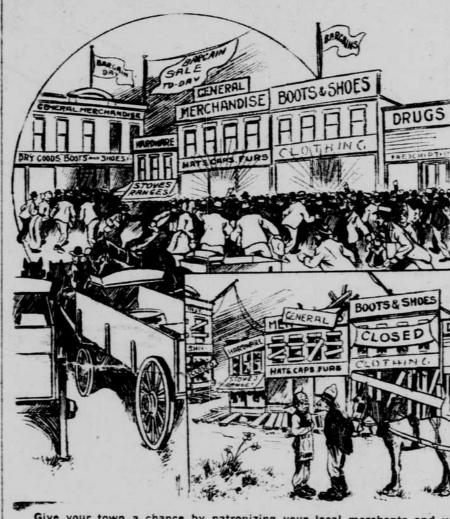
(Copyright, 1966, by Alfred C. Clark.) The most serious problem that con- the opportunity that is theirs by right fronts the rural towns and villages of birth, and your acres, that are now of this country is the competition of valuable because they lie in close fered local enterprises by the cata- proximity to a market, will show a logue houses of the large cities. It is depreciation that will astonish you. be found if the prosperity and sta- those of the merchants of your town.

And the solution of this great prob- you may cause the merchants to close lem lies in the han : of the people of their establishments, but when they agination rarely lets it do any effect- the towns and villages and the farms, are forced to this they can pack their especially the farms.

The people of the rural communities you cannot pack up your farm and have everything to lose and nothing move it; your acres must lie in the

quickly.

within close proximity to your farm



Give your town a chance by patronizing your local merchants and you may confidently expect its growth in business and population and a raise in pliable brush. Then I was the floor real estate valuation. Send your money to the catalogue houses and you may look for the reverse. The picture tells the story of the possibilities.

to gain by sending their money to bed you have builded for them whether the catalogue houses, by passing by it be fair or foul, and it is "up to you," money for a little paint or marble or their local merchants and sending Mr. Farmer, to spend your money at their dollars to the concerns who have home, and in this way you can solve absolutely no interest in their com- the greatest problem that now con-

If you are doing these things it is CARE OF THE FLOOR time for you to stop and consider the future. You will have to look but a little way ahead to see the result, and

it will not be an attractive picture that USEFUL DIRECTIONS FOR THE greets you. The prosperous com-CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE munity of which you are now a part

will fade like the summer flowers before the winter winds, and almost as Expert Tells of Methods He Uses in Keeping in Condition the Floors It is the fact that there is a market

In a Large City Hotel.

that makes your acres valuable. The Hardwood floors are becoming more men who maintain this local market and more of a necessity in the averfor you are the men who cause the age home.

railroad trains to stop at your town. They are practical, sanitary and in Take them away and soon the town the end less expensive than carpets, will be wiped off the map. The besides affording opportunities for churches will close for lack of support. artistic rugs. The schools will cease to be a pride,

In hotels and large houses the floors and your sons and daughters will lack are under the supervision of a man who comes in once a month or so to refurbish and look them over.

Smaller households can attend to these details themselves.

The following directions given by a Your interests are identical with floor finisher may help some persons who can not have their floors taken By sending your dollars to the city care of by experts.

"The most important part of finishing a floor," says this man who attends to the large hotels in a city. stock of goods and go elsewhere, but 'is to give it a smooth, soft appearance.

"It should be well planed, scraped and sandpapered to give it an 'even surface before any filling is applied.

"No. 1 sandpaper is best for this nurnose It is ruinous to a floor to finish it without properly preparing it in the beginning.

"Varnish should be seldom used on a floor. If I had my way I should never use it, but some persons prefer it for kitchens, bathrooms and floors that need wiping with water.

"If the floor is old the first step is to scrape it thoroughly, using a cabinet maker's scraper. This is a rounded piece of sheet tin and does not scratch the floor while it will remove y particle of old dirt and fillings. "If the varnish sticks badly the hard places can be soaked with lye and water before using the scraper. "A new floor will not have any holes, but an old floor may have many that will have to be puttied up be-

fore applying any finish. "Care must be taken not to use

much oil in doing this, as it spreads on the wood and when the hole is filled the surface must be smoothed with the scraper.

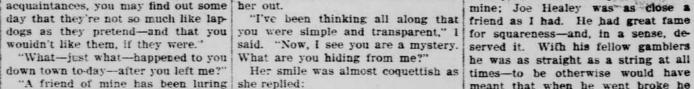
"The next step is to apply the coal-

"Its object is to bring out the grain of the wood and it should be rubbed in with a rag. Linseed oil is good for this.

"I let it lie about ten minutes before wining for the last time. When the floor is dry I apply a coat of shellac. I thin this, so it will dry readily, and apply with a wide and with a prepared wax which I bev by the pounds and use a white cotton rag for the purpose.

"After the floor has remained in this state over night I polish it with the heaviest polishing iron I can use. "Sometimes this iron weighs 50; pounds and the floor looks so well am repaid for the effort. I always have success if I am allowed to finish a floor exactly in this manner." If there are stains use a little turpentine on a rag to remove them unless they are ink stains, in which case a little oxalic acid will remove them. The true secret of good looks in hardwood floors is never to wash them in soap and water. If wax makes them too slippery the shellac alone can be supplied. Soft wood floors can be finished like hardwood, and though they are more easily scratched they are to be preferred to carpets.





She drew in her breath sharply.

"And a minute ago I was almost

there are any real men among your

"A friend of yours?"

your ex-god--Langdon."

I retreated to my chair and gave that folly."

"Your ideas of life and of men are ing:

good. I took her hand-almost timidly. "The man we were talking about-

"Anita," I said, "do you still-dislike me?" "Langdon," she repeated, and her "I do not-and shall not-love you,

"It's my fault. I mustn't shirk."

imagine a god that looked like him to tone told me that Sammy knew and she answered. "But you are----

your ideas of women would fly from. "I wish you were!" I exclaimed. "Then-I'd find it so-so impossible to give you up."

She rose and made a slow tour of the room, halting on the rug before the closed fireplace a few feet from me. I sat looking at her.

"I am going to give you up," I said at last.

Her eyes, staring into vacancy, grew larger and intenser with each long, deep breath she took.

"I didn't intend to say what I'm about to say-at least, not this evening," I went on, and to me it seemed to be some other than myself who was speaking. "Certain things happened down town to-day that have set me to thinking. And-I shall do whatever 1 can for your brother and your father. But you-you are free!"

She went to the table, stood there in profile to me, straight and slender as a sunflower stalk. She traced the silver chasings in the lid of the cigarence box with her forefinger; then she took' a cigarette and began rolling it slowly and absently.

"Please don't scent and stain your 1 rather harshly.

along with me-wasn't that your pear and disappear-first one, then ing up in the dark." thinking of something else.

"So I have," I retorted. "But my me. mood-please oblige me this once."

She let the cigarette fall into the asked. hox, closed the lid gently, leaned against the table, folded her arms upon her bosom and looked full at had been regarding her as a being what I was when I came in here." me. I was as acutely conscious of her above and apart, an incarnation of every movement, of the very coming youth and innocence; with a shock it she, a beauty shining from her that roll of bills. He pried this out, and going of the breath at her nostrils, as a man on the operating table lenced, intelligent, that she understood as-as love is beyond passion. is conscious of the slightest gesture of the whole of life, the dark as fully as

the surgeon. "You are-suffering!" she said, and live it, too. It was not a girl that was her voice was like the flow of oil upon questioning me there; it was a a burn. "I have never seen you like woman.

this. I didn't believe you capable of -of much feeling."

I could not trust myself to speak. is nothing but the fortune of war. I If Bob Corey could have looked in on assure you, when I see him again, I'll that scene, could have understood it, be as friendly as ever-only a bit less how amazed he would have been! day?" she went on. "Tell me, if I change sides whenever it's expedient;

may know." "I'll tell you what I didn't think, to give warning. To-day, before 1

ten minutes ago, I'd tell any human knew he was the assassin, I had made o'clock in the morning-precisely at the best friend I had down town. No ten-they're going to put on the doubt he's got some good reason for screws." I laughed. "I guess they'll creeping up on me in the dark." have me aqueezed pretty dry before noon."

She shivered.

'So you see," I continued, "I don't deserve any credit for giving you up. he'll succeed. He's not the man to lift Why, I can even tell you the story of I only anticipate you by about twenty- his gun unless he's sure the bird will four hours. Mine's death-bed repent- fall." ance.'

"I'd thought of that," said she reflectively. Presently she added: your manner only bravado-to show used to buy a dozen hats a season, 600 depositors possessed \$12,000,000 in "Then, it is true." And I knew Sammy off before me?" had given her some hint that prepared her for my confession.

Yes-I can't go blustering through to have a hard row to hoe the next derby. the matrimonial market," replied I. few months or years." I've been thrown out. I'm a beggar at the gates."

"A beggar at the gates," she mur-Finally she said:



"SHE BLAZED A LOOK AT ME THAT LEFT ME ROOTED THERE, ASTOUNDED."

"Yes-Langdon," I replied. "But

of a trusting ass, I fancy. We're a lot

and under the code it's not necessary

peated.

fingers with that filthy tobacco," said had hinted to her more than 1 sus- "More endurable?" I suggested, as that my polite excuse had not fooled pected him of knowing. And, with she hesitated.

"And only this afternoon you were her arms still folded, she paced up "Less unendurable," she said with always did have good sound sense and saving you had become reconciled to and down the room. I watched her raillery. Then she added, "Less un- a steady eye for the main chance. I my vice—that you had canonized it slender feet in pale blue slippers ap endurable than profiting by a—creep used to think the women'd ruin you, a competition that affords to the phrase?" This indifferently, without the other-at the edge of her trailing I thought I understood her better some mug and figure of yours. But turning toward me, and as if she were skirt. Presently she stopped in front than she understood herself. And sud- when I saw you knew exactly when of me. Her eyes were gazing past denly my passion melted in a tender- to let go, I knew nothing could stop

ness I would have said was so foreign you." "You are sure it was he?" she to me as rain to a desert. I noticed that she had a haggard look. "You disclosing several compartments and

I could not answer immediately, so are very tired, child," said I. "Good a small, inside safe. He worked away amazed was I at her expression. I night. I am a different man from at the second combination lock, and "And I a different woman," said little safe. It was filled with a great now came to me that she was exper- was as far beyond her physical beauty brought it over to the desk and began

"A nobler, better woman." I exthe light, and that she was capable to claimed, kissing her hand. She snatched it away. "If you only knew!" she cried. "It proceeds."

seems to me, as I realize what sort (To be Continued.)

I've no guarrel with him. My reverse Hats Reveal Life Stories

"'How's the baby?' I asked as I

"'Fine,' says he, just as if it was

perfectly natural the whole world

"A week later he came in looking

"That was a year ago. He hasn't

been buying many hats since then, but

Swiss Savings.

At the Woman's Club.

only ones he'll ever have!"

pale and seedy. He wanted a black

should know he had a baby.

derby and a mourning band.

"What happened down town to- of free lances down in the street. We Broadawy Dealer Tells Different handed him the cheap brown derby. Stages from Men's Headgear.

"No." said the Broadway hatter, 'you can't fool me on human nature. being," said I. "They've got me my plans to try to save myself at his You can tell any man by his hat. strapped down in the press. At ten expense, though I believed him to be There's the dandy who comes in and buys an opera hat and one of those fool things that turns up square in the front. There's the tough who never this afternoon he came in and bought "You are sure it was he?" she re- takes a hat until he's tried it on at an half a dozen of the best varietiesangle of 30 degrees. There's the skinderby, straw, silk, auto, tennis, every-"He, and nobody else," replied I. fint that buys one hat a season and thing for sport. "He decided to do me up-and I guess sticks to it till the whistle blows. some men's lives by their hats. For get the wedding order, anyway."

instance, see that sport over there "Do you really not care any more paying five dollars for a rough straw. than you show?" she asked. "Or is Well, when he first came in here he

everything from a high silk to an 167 savings banks. There are now "I don't care a damn, since I'm to auto cap. Then one day he stopped 1,400,000 depositors possessing \$160,000,lose you," said I. "It'll be a godsend all of a sudden and took to wearing a 000 in more than 300 savings banks.

"'You're married,' said I, and he ac-She went back to leaning against knowledged I had hit it. the table, her arms folded as before. "A year later he came in, in an brains?

I saw she was thinking out something, awful hurry, and wanted a two-dollar

affair. I wasn't surprised.

iently impressed young Melville, he munities. drifted him to a roulette table, left These catalogue houses do not pay taxes in your town; the local mer-

him there and joined me. "Come to my office," said he. "I chant does. They do not build sidewant to see you." walks in your town; the local mer-He led the way down the richly- chant does. They do not contribute carpeted marble stairway as far as the to the building of roads over which landing at the turn. There, on a sort the crops of the farms are hauled to of mezzanine, he had a gorgeous little market; the local merchant does that he sends commissions here to suit. The principal object in the sit- They do not help to build school ting-room or office was a huge safe. houses for your children; the local He closed and locked the outside door | merchant does. They do not assist in

the support of your churches; the "Take a seat," said he. "You'll like local merchant does. the cigars in the second box on my But there are some things the cata-

desk-the long one." And he began logue houses do for you and the turning the combination lock. "You first and greatest of these is to assist haven't dropped in on us for the past materially in bankrupting your comthree or four months," he went on. munity. The dollars they take away "No," said I, getting a great deal of never come back to you. They will pleasure out of seeing again, and thus never help to make a city of your vilintimately, his round, ruddy facelage. They will never increase the like a yachtman's, not like a drinker's value of your real-estate holdings by

-and his shifty, laughing brown eyes. making local improvements. The game down town has given me Let us look at the subject from the enough excitement. I haven't had to standpoint of the farmer, for it is the continue it up town to keep my hand farmer who is the greatest patron of the catalogue houses.

"I've noticed that you are getting The town or village one, two or too swell to patronize us fellows," three miles from his home is his marsaid he, his shrewd smile showing ket for the butter and eggs and other produce of his farm. The half dozen him. "Well, Matt, you're right-you or more merchants of the town, each anxious to obtain his full share of the business of the community, maintain they were so crazy about that handfarmer at all times top prices for the products of his farm. It is these half dozen merchants that make farm profits possible; the profits are in no way due to the catalogue houses of By this time he had the safe open.

the cities. But the farmer persists in sending his dollars to the city. He wants a buggy, or a set of harness, or a pair presently exposed the interior of the of stockings, or any of the necessities or luxuries of life, and to get them he takes out his mail order catalogue and looks at the finely printed cuts, reads wrapping it up. "I want you to take the well written description, and, passthis with you when you go," said he. ing the local merchant by, the mer-"I've made several big killings lately; chant who has purchased his produce and I'm going to get you to invest the at the best market prices, the merchant who has helped to build the community, he sends his dollars to the catalogue house in the city and takes what they choose to send him. What is the result?

> One after another the doors of the local stores are closed, and where at a desk. He replied in his quiet, easy one time there were half a dozen mer- voice: "Mr. Stevens, you are mad, chants, each bidding for his share of patronage by offering fair prices for that which the farmer had to sell, there is now but one merchant who worse, if anything, when Mr. Reed has a monopoly, not only of the selling, but of the buying as well, and he pays what he pleases for the farmer's must go right down stairs, or I will produce.

The farmer can continue to send his money to the catalogue house in the stairs. city for his supplies, but he cannot

send his produce to the same place. In disposing of that he is absolutely "I'd like to see the girl. Hope we'll dependent upon his local merchant, scythe for 20 years when they acciand by his patronage of the catalogue | dentally met again. He was a bachehouses he has killed competition, and lor of 45, bald and slightly disfigured, sugar and cinnamon. When tender

Fifty years ago, in Switzerland, 180,what he has to sell. Mr. Farmer, are you helping to kill to be. the goose that is laying your golden egg?

Are you sending your dollars to the time we met and I refused you?" catalogue houses and by so doing killing the local industries of your town? "Does your husband like calves' Are you putting your merchants out tion of my life." of business, and creating a monopoly "Oh, he's got to like 'em. They're the that will pay you what it pleases for she meandered along on her lonely the products of your farm?

fronts this country. Will you do it? YANKEE IN DIAMOND FIELDS.

Commissions to Study a Country Which Produces Such Men.

Mr. Alfred Mosely is an Englishman who admires American ways so much study us.

Mr. Mosely does not admire us without a reason. It is not a very specific reason. Its name is Mr. Gardner F. Williams, and it is by way of being an American mining engineer. Mr. Williams directs the diamond out-

put of the world. Mr. Mosely made his fortune in South Africa. He watched Cecil Rhodes' dream of empire develop and knew the men who made it real. The one who took his imagination was

Gardner Williams. Here was a man who had left

Michigan at the age of 15 to go with a pioneering father to California in the flush days of the early mining camps, had had a taste of California mining, had gone when still a young man to explore in South Africa and had become a general manager of the

great monopoly of the diamond mines. A fighter of financial battles and a manager of men, a writer, a scientist and one of the world's greates!" gineers, he so stamped his personality on the people among whom he

lived that he was feted and cheered by all South Africa when he retired last spring and came back to the United States to build a home for his

leisure years in the land of his birth. -Worla's Work.

Reed's Unruly Tenant.

There used to live in Portland Josept Reed, an uncle of the late Speake Reed. He was a very large man, and was never known to lose his temper He had an office on Exchange street, up one flight of stairs. One day he sent one of his tenants.

who was behind in his rent, a five tenant very mad. He called on Mr. Reed boiling over with rage, using

some very profane language. Mr. Reed was sitting and writing at

and you must not come up here when you are mad." Mr. Stevens kept right on, only started to get up, saying in the same

have to cuff you." Mr. Stevens went quietly down

In After Years.

Father Time had been swinging his must now take whatever is offered for but still in the fing. She a spinster, rub through a sieve, cool, and freeze;

> "Do you remember," she gurgled, chilled apple shells. "how you proposed to me the last

"Well, I guess yes," he replied. "It is by long odds the happiest recollec-

way.

And seeing it was a hopeless case

It is a mistake to put coloring mat ter on a floor.

Natural color is always preferable either in hard or soft wood.

For Making Good Coffee.

First, scald the coffee pot and be sure that it is thoroughly scoured and no stain is on the inside, then put in about one cupful more of water than you will require when it is done. Let it boil hard for five minutes and then out in the coffee which must be ground rather fine? Turn the pot away from a hot fire and let it simmer for ten minutes, then set it back

where it will only keep hot and settle for five minutes. Put cream in the cups first and pour the coffee into it. Never attempt to use the coffee a secand time nor add to the old grounds. Throw all out and start fresh with a clean not.

Chicken, Family Style.

Cut up a large tender fowl and parboil briskly. Drain or wipe each piece dry and place in dripping pan. Then add six thin slices of bacon. a lemon cut in thin slices, a pint of baby olives, a can of small mushrooms, half a dozen bay leaves, salt and pepper. Add to the liquor in which the fowl has been parboiled. a pint of cream. Then pour the mixture over the chicken and cook

for an hour and a half. Uncover days' notice to move, which made his the last half hour to permit the chicken to brown.

Boiled Beets.

Old beets require great care in boiling. Four hours' slow cooking will, as a rule, make them tender. If they are wilted and tough, soak them in cold water over night. Next morning wash, put them into boiling water. and cook slowly. When done remove the skin by rubbing with a towel; easy tone of voice: "Mr. Stevens, you | cut into thin slices, dish in a hot dish, dust with salt and pepper and pour over a little melted butter. Those

left over may be put in vinegar and used as a garnish for potato or carrot salad.

Apple Sherbet.

Cook the pulp of six apples in one quart of cider, seasoned to taste with fat and 40, but not as fair as she used when partly frozen add the stiffly heaten whites of two eggs. Serve in

Dates and Cereal.

Cook any preferred cereal until well done and just moist. Remove pits from large dates and in their places put roasted and shelled peanuts. Roll in granulated sugar; heap on a dish and surround with hot cereal.