

Young Man and Employer.

When the inexperienced young man enters the business field, the first thing he runs up against is the other man's point of view.

Six and Five Point Stars.

The stars on the great seal and the seal of the president of the United States are five-pointed, while on the seal of the house of representatives they are six-pointed.

Growth of Kindness.

The American people, in their need of reconstruction, are not losing their characteristic virtues of kindness and good-humor.

Soon after King Edward of England decorated Prince Henry of the Netherlands for his gallantry in rescuing passengers from the wrecked steamship off the Hook of Holland, in February, Queen Wilhelmina presented gold medals of the Order of Orange-Nassau to the three sea-captains who assisted in the rescue, and silver medals to the members of the boat crews who risked their own lives in the work.

Lord Curzon, when he was a student at Oxford, burned the midnight oil, won scholastic honors galore, took a brilliant degree and won the grand prize of a fellowship.

A man has just been acquitted in Missouri on the unwritten law. When the people of that state all learn to read and write they will not have to depend on the country squire to tell them what is law.

President G. Stanley Hall of Clark university coined the word europaia in an address he delivered some time ago to the graduating class of a woman's college.

It is said that the government cannot secure enough pure-food inspectors. Naturally, this is a difficult position to fill, as recent revelations have made it very plain that pure food is something very few are able to identify on sight.

Though the late shah of Persia possessed jewels worth \$50,000,000, it was a mistake to suppose that he did much marrying in order to get a sufficient number of wives to wear them.



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST, ETC."

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

As the Albatross steamed into the little harbor, I saw Mowbray Langdon's Indolence at anchor. I glanced toward Steuben Point—where his cousins, the Vivians, lived—and thought I recognized his launch at their pier.

You may be imagining that, through all, Anita had been conimating my mind. That is the way it is in the romances; but not in life.

As I stood there that summer day, looking toward the crest of the hill, at the mocking mausoleum of my dead dream, I realized what the incessant battle of the street had meant to me.

Through the foliage I had glimpses of some one coming slowly down the zigzag path. Presently, at one of the turnings half-way up the hill, appeared Mowbray Langdon.

He had not seen me, and my impulse was to avoid him by continuing on toward the kennels. I had no especial feeling against him; I had not lost Anita because she cared for him or he for her, but because she did not care for me—simply that to meet would be awkward, disagreeable for us both.

At first I could make nothing of this remark. But as he drew nearer and nearer, and his ugly mood became more apparent, I felt that he was looking forward to provoking me into giving him a distraction from whatever was tormenting him.

He fought hard to keep his eyes steadily on mine; but they would waver and shift. Not, however, before I had found deep down in them the beginnings of fear.

"You think I am afraid of you?" he sneered, bluffing and blustering like the school bully.

"I don't in the least care whether you are or not," replied I. "What are you doing here, anyhow?"

It was as if I had thrown off the cover of a furnace. "I came to get the woman I love," he cried. "You store her from me! You tricked me! But, by God, Blacklock, I'll never pause until I get her back and punish you!"

care for you, and, then, because I rather admired your pluck and impudence. I like to see fellows kick their way up among us from the common people."

I put my hand on his shoulder. No doubt the fiend that rose within me, as from the dead, looked at him from my eyes. He has great physical strength, but he wined under that weight and grip, and across his face flitted the terror that must come to any man at first sense of being in the angry clutch of one stronger than he.

"You can't provoke me to descend to your level," said I, with the easy philosophy of him who clearly has the better of the argument.

He was shaking from head to foot, not with terror, but with impotent rage. How much we owe to accident! The mere accident of my physical superiority had put him at hopeless disadvantage; had made him feel inferior to me as no victory of mental or moral superiority could possibly have done.

"I shan't indulge in flapdoodle," I



"HOW THAT HORRIBLE FEAR CHANGED MY WHOLE WAY OF LOOKING AT HER, AT HIM, AT EVERYTHING!"

went on. "I'll be frank. A year ago, if any man had faced me with a claim upon a woman who was married to me, I'd probably have dealt with him as your vanity and what you call 'honor' would force you to try to deal with a similar situation.

Langdon gazed sullenly at the ground. "I can't," he answered. "I don't believe it. Besides—he has given you to me. Let us go. Let me take you to the Vivians." He threw out his arms in a wild, passionate gesture; he was utterly unlike himself.

He was staring at me with a dazed expression. I rather expected him to show some of that amused contempt with which men of his sort always receive a new idea that is beyond the range of their narrow, conventional minds.

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other mood, I suppose my fury would have been beyond my power to restrain it. Just then—the day grew dark for me, and I wanted to hide away somewhere.

She reappeared at the turn round which she had vanished. I now noted that she was riding without saddle or bridle, with only a halter round the horse's neck—then she had seen us, had stopped and come back as soon as she could.

"I saw your yacht in the harbor only a moment ago," she said to me. She was almost panting. "I feared you might meet him. So I came."

"As you see, he is quite—intact," said I. "I must ask that you and he leave the place at once." And I went rapidly along the path toward the kennels.

An exclamation from Langdon forced me to turn in spite of myself. He was half-kneeling, was holding her in his arms. At that sight, the savage in me shook himself free. I dashed toward them with I knew not what curses bursting from my lips.

Her eyelids were quivering—her eyes were opening—her bosom was rising and falling slowly as she drew long, uncertain breaths. She wondered, sat up, started up. "Go! go!" she cried. "Bring him back! Bring him back! Bring him—"

There she recognized me. "Oh,"

There she recognized me. "Oh,"

atione gesture; he was utterly unlike himself. His emotion burst through and shattered pose and cynicism and hard crust of selfishness like the exploding powder bursting the shell.

But her gaze was all this time steadily on me, as if she feared I would go, should she look away. "I will tell you myself," she said, rapidly, to me. "We—Uncle Howard and I—read in the papers how they had all turned against you, and he brought me over here. He has been telegraphing for you. This morning he went to town to search for you. About an hour ago Langdon came. I refused to see him, as I have ever since the time I told you about Alva's. He persisted, until at last I had the servant request him to leave the house."

"But now there's no longer any reason for your staying, Anita," he pleaded. "He has said you are free. Why stay when you would really no more be here than if you were to go, leaving one of your empty dresses?"

She had not for an instant taken her gaze from me; and so strange were her eyes, so compelling, that I seemed unable to move or speak. But now she released me to blaze upon him—and never shall I forget any detail of her face or voice as she said to him: "That is false, Mowbray Langdon. I told you the truth when I told you I loved him!"

I should have had no heart at all if I had not felt pity for him. His face was gray, and on it were those signs of age that strong emotion brings to the surface after 40.

He lifted his hat, bowed at me without looking at me, and drawing the tatters of his pose still further over his wounds, moved away toward the landing.

I, still in a stupor, watched him until he had disappeared. When I turned to her, she dropped her eyes. "Uncle Howard will be back this afternoon," said she. "If I may, I'll stay at the house until he comes to take me."

A weary, half-suppressed sigh escaped from her. I knew how she must be reading my silence, but I was still unable to speak. She went to the horse, browsing near by; she stroked his muzzle. Lingeringly she twined her fingers in his mane, as if about to spring to his back! That reminded me of a thousand and one changes in her—little changes, each a trifle in itself, yet, taken all together, making a complete transformation.

"Let me help you," I managed to say. And I bent, and made a step of my hand.

She touched her fingers to my shoulder, set her narrow, graceful foot upon my palm. But she did not rise. I glanced up, she was gazing wistfully down at me.

"Women have to learn by experience just as do men," said she, forlornly. "Yet men will not tolerate it."

I suppose I must suddenly have looked what I was unable to put into words—for her eyes grew very wide, and, with a cry that was a sigh and a sob, and a laugh and a caress all in one, she slid into my arms and her face was burning against mine.

"Do you remember the night at the theater," she murmured, "when your lips almost touched my neck?—I loved you then—Black Matt—Black Matt!"

And I found voice; and the horse wandered away.

[The End.]

Lively Time With Baboon

Broke Loose on Shipboard and for Two Days Had a Circus.

An exciting story of a baboon's escape from its cage on the Union-Castle liner Comrie Castle was told when the vessel reached Plymouth, England, on the way to London with a large collection of wild animals on board, including five wolves and eight zebras, the property of Herr Windhorn.

Herr Windhorn, who for 30 years has collected wild animals which he sells to dealers and zoological gardens, said the baboon stood four feet six inches in height and was very wild. About a week after leaving Cape Town it broke out of its cage, but fortunately the escape was discovered before the animal reached the deck.

The beast afterward refused to be overcome by half a bottle of whisky and a dose of opium powerful enough to poison ten men was also given him in a bottle of lemonade without effect. Eventually a large grating was fixed outside the companionway and then by means of a display of fruit the brute was coaxed near it and as he stretched his arm through the grating to grasp an orange he was secured. Legs and arms were at length tightly lashed, after which the baboon, attached to the grating, was returned to the cage and then released. He died four days later and Herr Windhorn says he thinks death was due to a broken heart.

Irony in Death.

DESSERTS OF FRUIT

APPEZIZING AND HEALTHFUL LITTLE DISHES.

Chartrouse of Orange an Improvement Over the Usual Form of Jelly.—Pineapple Marmalade and Peach Cream.

Chartrouse D'Orange.—Make a clear orange jelly with one and one-half pints of water, six oranges, sugar to taste, one and one-half ounces of gelatin; divide four oranges into quarters, have two plain molds, one about one and one-quarter inches more in diameter than the other; pour a little jelly in the bottom of the large mold; place in this a layer of orange quarters, cover with more jelly, but just enough to get a smooth surface; set on ice to set; when quite firm put the small mold inside of large one, right in the center, so that the vacant place between the molds be the same; in this vacant place put more orange quarters, filling up with jelly till the whole space is filled. Place on the ice; whip one pint of cream with one-half ounce of dissolved gelatin, and some sweetened orange juice, adding a little at a time, else the cream will not rise in a froth; when the cream is ready and the jelly set, remove the inner mold by pouring warm water into it, and fill the space of the chartrouse with the whipped cream. Set on ice for an hour, turn out, and serve.

Pineapple Marmalade.—Grate two large, fully ripe pineapples, and to each pound of the fruit thus prepared add three-quarters pound of loaf sugar, the juice of two lemons, and the grated yellow rind of half a lemon. Bring to the boiling point quickly and cook until clear, which will take about one hour. Skim often and, when done, seal in small jars.

Peach Cream.—Wash two cups of canned peaches, rub through a sieve, and cook for three minutes in a sirup made of boiling a cup of sugar with one of water. Have soaked one-half package of gelatin. Add this to the sirup and peaches. Stir a few moments to dissolve the gelatin. Place in a pan of snow or ice water, beat until nearly cold, add whites of six eggs beaten stiff. Beat all the mixture until it begins to harden. Pour into mold, set on ice or in cold place. Serve with cream.

Banana Compote.—Make a sirup of four tablespoonfuls of water and four tablespoonfuls of sugar; add the rind of one-half lemon, two cloves, one inch of stick cinnamon; cook ten minutes, then drop into the sirup six bananas cut into fourths. It is best to cook just enough pieces of banana at a time to cover the bottom of the saucepan. When the fruit becomes transparent and soft take it up carefully, put into a pretty dish and pour over the sirup. Cool and serve with whipped cream, slightly sweetened and flavored with lemon.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A little ammonia added to water colored clothes are washed in will remove dirt easily.

Use only hot water with a little ammonia added for cleaning paint. Ordinary kitchen soaps wear off the paint and do not clean it so quickly and thoroughly as ammonia. Use a good sand soap on obstinate places.

Lace may be easily washed and made white again if put to soak in a basin of warm water in which soap powder has been worked into a lather. Two or three of these warm lathers in 24 hours will be found to cleanse very dirty lace without rubbing.

To keep an ice chest in good condition wash thoroughly once a week with cold or lukewarm water in which washing soda has been dissolved. If by chance anything is spilled in the ice chest it should be wiped off at once. Milk and butter very quickly absorb odor and if in the ice chest with other foods should be kept closely covered.

When a dark ring is left on the material after using such a cleansing agent as turpentine to remove a stain, make a ring all around the outside of the first ring by dipping the finger in chloroform and applying it to the material; keep rubbing toward the center of the circle with plenty of chloroform, allowing it to evaporate freely, and the ring will have disappeared when the spot is entirely dry.

Rhubarb Pie.

Rhubarb is now plentiful in all markets, and the head of the family is pretty sure to ask for the sort of rhubarb pie "that mother used to make."

Two and one-half cups flour, one-half cup butter, one-half cup lard, one-half cup water, one-quarter teaspoon baking powder. Sift flour with powder; rub in lard and butter cold; add the water; mix into a smooth dough. One and a half bunches rhubarb, one and a half cups sugar. Cut fruit in small pieces after stripping off skins, cook it very fast in shallow stewpan, with sugar. Line pie plate with the paste; wet rim; add rhubarb, cold; lay three bars paste across, fastening ends; lay three more across, forming diamond shaped spaces; lay around a rim, wash over with egg, and bake in a quick oven 15 minutes.

How to Clean a Light Suit.

To clean light cloth suits buy two blocks of the best magnesia, lay a sheet on the table, spread the skirt of your suit on it, rub into the skirt as much magnesia as it will hold. Treat the jacket in the same way. Let the suit lie folded in the sheet for a week or more, when it will be ready to brush and press. White felt hats cleaned in this way look like new.

A Hint About Silk.

When silk is slimsy, its body may be restored in large measure by sponging with water in which an old kid glove has been boiled.

Faded silks should be sponged with warm water and soap, taking care not to apply the water too hot; then rub with a clean, dry cloth. Iron on a flat-board on the inside, thin paper being spread over to prevent glazing.

The Evolution of Household Remedies.

The modern patent medicine business is the natural outgrowth of the old-time household remedies.

In the early history of this country, EVERY FAMILY HAD ITS HOME-MADE MEDICINES. Herb teas, bitters, laxatives and tonics, were to be found in almost every house, compounded by the housewife, sometimes assisted by the apothecary or the family doctor. Such remedies as picra, which was aloes and quassia, dissolved in apple brandy. Sometimes a hop tonic, made of whiskey, hops and bitter barks. A score or more of popular, home-made remedies were thus compounded, the formulae for which were passed along from house to house, sometimes written, sometimes verbally communicated.

The patent medicine business is a natural outgrowth from this wholesome, old-time custom. In the beginning, some enterprising doctor, impressed by the usefulness of one of these home-made remedies, would take it up, improve it in many ways, manufacture it on a large scale, advertise it mainly through almanacs for the home, and thus it would become used over a large area. LATTERLY THE HOUSEHOLD REMEDY BUSINESS TOOK A MORE EXACT AND SCIENTIFIC FORM.

Peruna was originally one of these old-time remedies. It was used by the Mennonites, of Pennsylvania, before it was offered to the public for sale. Dr. Hartman, THE ORIGINAL COMPOUNDER OF PERUNA, is of Mennonite origin. First, he prescribed it for his neighbors and his patients. The sale of it increased, and at last he established a manufactory and furnished it to the general drug trade.

Peruna is useful in a great many climatic ailments, such as coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, and catarrhal diseases generally. THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES HAVE LEARNED THE USE OF PERUNA and its value in the treatment of these ailments. They have learned to trust and believe in Dr. Hartman's judgment, and to rely on his remedy, Peruna.

No Offense.

First Stranger (on train)—Do you ever quarrel with your wife?

Second Stranger—Never.

First Stranger—Have any trouble with the hired girl?

Second Stranger—Not me.

First Stranger—Don't your children worry you at times?

Second Stranger—No, indeed.

First Stranger—Say, I don't like to call you a liar, but—

Second Stranger—Oh, that's all right. I'm a bachelor.

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using De-fiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

Little One's Prayer.

Mary always gets a little piece of candy every day to keep her from being naughty. One day she was naughty, and she did not get her candy. That night when she was going to bed she said her prayers as follows: "Our Father, who art in heaven, please give me my daily candy."



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