May be promoted by those who gently cleanse the system, now and hen, when in need of a laxative remedy, by taking a desertspoonful of the ever refreshing, wholesome and truly beneficial Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which is the only family laxative generally approved by the most eminent physicians, because it acts in a natural, strengthening way and warms and tones up the internal organs without weakening them. It is equally benefificial for the very young and the mid-dle aged, as it is always efficient and free from all harmful ingredients. To get its beneficial effects it is always necessary to buy the genuine, bearing the name of the Company-California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package.

THE WEAK POINT.



Scuilbob-Don't know how to court the girl? Well, my boy, you just tell her that you know she despises "jollying" and is the one woman in the world who can't be flattered. Squilligan-Well?

"That sort of guff will flatter her!"

The Backteriologist.

A Richmond darky chanced to meet on the street a friend who complained of much "mis'ry." Indeed, the afflicted one was in despair, so "tuckersred out" was he.

"Wot seems to be de matter?" asked the first negro.

"Jim," said the other with a moan and a gesture indicating the portion of his anatomy that was giving him so much trouble, "I'se got sech awful pains in mah back heah!"

Jim assumed an air of great solem- white. nity and wisdom. "In dat case," said he, "dere's only one thing fo' yo to do. les' yo' put yo'se'f in de hands o' dat Doctah Blank. I hears dat he's de tinest bakteriologist in de whole souf."

Expensive Possession.

A small applicant for Christmas cheer was being interviewed by the charity worker.

"What is your father?" asked the

"E's me father." "Yes, but what is he?"

"Oh! 'E's me stepfather." "Yes, yes, but what does he do? Does he sweep chimneys or drive

busses, or what?" "O-o-w!" exclaims the small applicant, with dawning light of comprehension. "No, 'e ain't done nothin' since we've 'ad 'im."-London An-

Mary's Little Postscript. Mistress-Mary, wasn't that gentle-

man asking for me? The New Maid-No, mum, he de scribed the lady he wanted to see as being about 40, and I told him it could-

Mistress-Quite right, my dear, And you shall have an extra afternoon off

The New Maid-Yes, mum! Thankee, mum! Yes, mum! I told him it couldn't be you, as you was about 50. Mistress-And while you're taking

your afternoon off you'd better look out for a new place!

#### TIED DOWN. 20 Years' Slavery-How She Got Free-

A dyspepsia veteran who writes from one of England's charming rural homes to tell how she won victory in her 20 years' fight naturally exults in her triumph over the ten and coffee

"I feel it a duty to tell you," she says, "how much good Postum has done me. I am grateful, but also de sire to let others who may be suffering as I did, know of the delightful method by which I was relieved.

"I had suffered for 20 years from dyspepsia, and the giddiness that usually accompanies that painful ailment, and which frequently prostrated me. I never drank much coffee, and cocca and even milk did not agree with my impaired digestion, so I used tea, exclusively, till about a year ago, when I found in a package of Grape-Nuts the little book, 'The Road to Wellville.'

"After a careful reading of the booklet I was curious to try Postum and sent for a package. I enjoyed it from the first, and at once gave up tea in

"I began to feel better very soon, My giddiness left me after the first few days' use of Postum, and my stomneh became stronger so rapidly that it, in thunderation am 1, anyhow?" was not long till I was able (as I still He stood in thought, pursing his and to take mill and many other ar-underlip between a thumb and foreticles of food of which I was formerly proved the truth of your statement that Postum 'makes good, red blood.'

"I have become very enthusiastic over the merits of my new table beverage. and during the past few months, have conducted a Postum propaganda among my neighbors which has brought benefit to many, and I shall continue to tell my friends of the 'better way' in which retoice." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

### A HEALTHY, HAPPY OLD AGE NO MAN'S LAND A ROMANCE BYOLOUIS JOSEPH VANCE ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS COPYRIGHT, 1910 BY LOUIS JOSEPH YANCE

SYNOPSIS.

Garrett Coast, a young man of New York City, meets Douglas Blackstock, who invites him to a card party. He accepts, although he dislikes Blackstock, the reason being that both are in love with Katherine Thaxter. Coast fails to convince her that Blackstock is unworthy of her friendship. At the party Coast meets two named Dundas and Van Tuyl. There is a quarret, and Blackstock shoots Van Tuyl dead. Coast struggles to wrest the weapon from him, thus the police discover them. Coast is arrested for murder. He is convicted, but as he begins his sentence. Dundas names Blackstock as the murderer and kills himself. Coast becomes free, but Blackstock has married Katherine Thaxter and fled. Coast purchases a yacht and while sailing sees a man thrown from a distant boat. He rescues the fellow who is named Appleyard. They arrive at a lonely island, known as No Man's Land. Coast starts out to explore the place and comes upon some deserted tuildings. lore the place and comes upon some de erted buildings.

#### CHAPTER VII .- (Continued.)

His voice must have carried to the animal; he heard a whine, the quick padding of paws, and a huge Scotch collie bounded clumsily out of the mists, passed him within an arm's length, vanished and returned, whining and circling, nose to ground, as if confused and unable to locate him. He watched the animal, half-stupefied with wonder at its erratic actions; then unconsciously moved slightly. A pebble grated beneath his foot. The dog wheeled toward him instantly and paused at attention, a forepaw lifted, ears pricked forward, delicate nostrils expanding and contracting as he sniffed for the scent of man.

"Here, boy, here!" Coast called softly; and the next moment had the animal fawning upon him, alternately cringing at his feet and jumping up to muzzle his legs and hands, as it they were his own master's.

"Good boy! Steady now! So-o. so!" Puzzled by this demonstrative reception. Coast bent over the animal, trying to soothe it with voice and hand. It was plainly in a state of high excitement and evidently deeply grateful for his sympathetic toleration. He caught the finely modeled head between his palms, lifting up the muzzle. "Come, now," he said in a soothing tone, "let's have a look at you, old fellow. Good old boy-it's all right now-steady . . . the poor brute's blind!"

For as its eyes rolled up he saw that they were blank and lightless, the irides masked with a film of

"Cataract," he said, releasing the dog. "That's why he couldn't see . I wondered . . . Helme.

le, what now?" Comforted and reassured, the dog had drawn away and resumed its mysterious circling, nosing the earth with anxious whinings. Abruptly is paused. tense, lithe frame quivering, then made off at a rapid trot in the direcappeared. A mo ment later the heartrending howl wailed out again.

Almost unwillingly Coast followed. perving himself against the discovery he feared to make.

Half a dozen steps, and he almost tell over the dog. He recoiled with a cry of horrified consternation.

"Appleyard!. But it was not Appleyard.

On raw, naked earth in the middle of the rude village street, a man lay prone with one forearm crooked be neath his head, his other limbs repulsively asprawl. His head, near

The man had been murdered, toully slafn by a means singular and unique outside the Orient. Deep buried in a crease round his throat Coast had seen a knotted loop of suffocation, of a throbbing in his temcrimson silk whipcord—the bow-string ples like the throbbing of a muffled of the East. Above it the face was a drum. In a trice he had forgotten grinning mesk of agony and fear, everything that had passed up to that dark with congested blood; a face moment; even the haunting thought hardly knew it for his own-"Where that, none the less-despite those of the murdered man dropped out of is he?" frightfully shadowed, blurred and his consciousness; he was unable to swollen features-had unquestionably entertain the faintest shadow of a once been comely in the youthful thought that did not center about this

He rose and searched the ground found none. No confusion of footprints about the dead man showed on memory than his own features. the damp earth. Apparently the victim had been taken from behind, with. Thaxter. out warning.

Irresolute, baffled, he lingered for another moment.

By his side the dog howled deep and long.

He turned, half-faint, and fled the place, bearing with him what he was not to forget for many a night: the picture of the blind dog mourning fullmouthed beside the crumpled, lifeless Thing that had been its master, there in that nameless spot of death and desolation.

The horror of it crawled like de strium in his brain. "No Man's Land?" he muttered

. . "Land of devils

#### CHAPTER VIII.

"There's no sense in this-none whatever!" Coast spoke for the first time in twenty minutes or so. "Where

finger, wits alert to detect the clue to his bearings that was denied him, for all that the fog bad thinned per- and restaurant menus. Immense numceptibly within the last third of an more: that he was lost.

As from a great distance came the muffled mourning of the blind dog. them to the United States if some one Coast shivered. "I can't stand that." he said irritably, and plunged on in sample case. The eggs easily could

started up out of the mist-bound earth, Southampton in 19 days, thus bringing Read the little book, "The Road to a low stone wall, grey where it was the penguin nest and the American Weilfrille." in pags. "There's a rea not green with lichen, and ran off in epicure within a little more than three iand, diverting the path to keep it weeks of each other.

Smarty—Every tree has a bark do you suppose any would bite?

Smarty—Every tree has a bark do you suppose any would bite?

Downrite—The dogwood.

er, intersected it at right angles. Here was a primitive stile. Coast climbed

with recent use.

round toward the front of the house. his footsteps noiseless on the sod.

Ten feet distant a woman stood in the other touched her cheek with slen- placable hand. der fingers. She was dressed plainly to the verge of severity: a well-tailored tweed skirt ending a trifle above

beyond expression, the one being irrevocably lost to him, he divined anew with bitter clarity the bridge less gulf that yawned between them. It was inevitable that the woman should in time become sensitive to his proximity. Though wholly unaware of his approach, though thoroughly assured that she was alone, a feeling of uneasiness affected her. She resisted it subconsciously and strove to continue the line of thought which had engaged her; but without effect. Then she turned her head, and threw a flickering glance toward the house; the shadow of his figure lay upon the boundary of her vision. She swung quickly to face him, suppressing a cry. Their eyes focussed to one another, his burning, her successively a-swim with astonishment, incredulity and consternation. For a long moment, during which neither moved or spoke, while she grew pale and yet more pale and he flushed darkly, their questing glances crossed and re-

their lives. Seeing before him the one being in the world dear to him

crossed like swords at play. From Katherine's eyes a woman's soul gazed forth, experienced, mature, inured to sadness, gently brave: ing an interior untenanted but warm where had been the eager, questioning, apprehensive, daring spirit of a Coast did not enter, but moved girl. He who had suffered and lived could see that she in no less degree had lived and suffered since that even-By the corner he stopped as though ing when last he had seen her behe had run against an invisible bar- neath the street lights, bending forward from the seat of her town-car to bid him farewell. Life is not kind: the gateway of a fence of palings. Life had not been kind to her. If he Half turned away from him and more, bad endured, she likewise had enso that only the rounded curves of dured, in another way, perhaps, but cheek and chin were visible, she in no less measure. She, too, had seemed absorbed in pensive medita- seen the splendid tapestry of her 11tion. One hand held the gate ajar, !usions rent to tatters by Life's im-

For this one man alone was answerable-Blackstock.

Of a sudden, on the echo of that ankles protected by high tan boots; name in his brain, Coast's hatred of a blouse of heavy white linen with a the man, the animosity that had hard-



The Man Had Been Murdered.

which the collie squatted, lifting its deep sailor collar edged with bluemouraful muzzle to the sky, was bare sleeves rolled well above the elbow, cible of his passion, recurred with tenand thickly thatched with reddish revealing arms browned, graceful and fold strength and nearly overmastered round; for her head no covering other him. It is only the ruin their own than its own beavy coils of bronze shot with gold.

Coast was conscious of a tightening in his throat producing a feeling of woman, not a line of whose gracious pose, not a tress of whose matchless ficulty. for indications of a struggle. He hair, not a tint of whose wonderful coloring but was more intimate to his She was-she had been-Katherine

#### CHAPTER IX.

His first translatable impulse was to turn and make good his escape before she became aware of him. But, as it the shock of recognition had palsied his will, he remained moveless. Contending emotions, resembling the flashes of heat and cold of an aguefit, alternately confounded and stung him to the point of madness. For the first time in days he had forced home to him all that he had sought to banish from his life; his memories, of his gnawing passion for the woman, of the black crime that had severed

| ened to inexorable enmity in the crudeeds have wrought that men can view complacently.

He stepped forward a single pace. with an unconscious gesture as one who tears from his throat that which hinders free respiration. "Where," he demanded without preface or apology, in a voice so thick and hoarse he He saw her recoil from his ad-

vance, but whether from fear or repugnance he could not guess. When she replied it was with evident dif-

Impatient, he waved aside what seemed a palpable quibble: she must know very well what he meant. "What are you doing here, in this place, alone? Why did he leave you here?" He moved nearer, his voice rising to vehemence. "Why are you here, Kath-

She drew back again, passing through the gateway, so that the fence stood between them. He comprehended dully that she did this through fear of him.

"I might ask as much of you." "Of me?" Her quietly interjected remark threw him momentarily off

his line of thought. "Yes, of you," she replied quietly, quick to see and take advantage of his distraction. "How did you get

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Something New in Eggs

Penguin Fruit May Soon Figure on American Hotel and Restaurant Menus.

Penguin eggs from South Africa may soon figure on American hotel bers of them are being gathered on This much he knew and no several of the islands off the southern extremity of Africa, and one dealer down there has offered to introduce will pay for the transportation of a stand the journey, as the fast steamers make the run from Cape Town to

ally to a limited extent, as even there they do not grow on every bush. In California and Arizona, where the ostrich has been acclimatized, these huge eggs are not less esteemed for the table, but to eat them generally is regarded as a wanton waste of possibilities in the way of feathers.

Californa is less scrupulous about eating the eggs of gulls and murres, which have been gathered in such untold thousands on the Farallone islands that steps have had to be taken to prevent the extermination of these two sea birds. In Texas not only gulls and terns but herons have been robbed of their eggs with similar deplorable results.

Smarty-Every tree has a bark but

# New News of Yesterday

By E. J. EDWARDS

### How Grant Made First Speech | "Well, at the appointed time Raw-lins and Captain Grant drove out to

Persuaded by Rawlins, He Addressed throughout the north at that time. a Meeting Near Galena to Recruit Company After the Attack on Sumter.

When General Grant became presiup a cabinet, to turn to General Raw- with him. lins as the one man to fill the office of secretary of war. But that post General Rawlins occupied for a few months only. He had contracted consumption as the result of exposure during the war, and in September, 1869, he dled.

General A. C. Chetlain, then of Chicago, who, as a resident of Galena, Ill., in 1861, had enlisted in the first company of volunteers that left Grant's home town in defense of the Union. I asked General Chetlain if he had 1881, I was compelled to wait at the known well General Rawlins, who was | railway station at Albany, N. Y., for a a resident of Galena at the time of

remember well the intimacy that deserted except by employes. existed between him and Grant prior to the outbreak of the war. I have and, looking up, saw Gen. Chester A. only to shut my eyes now and see Arthur. He carried a gripsack, which and, most earnestly of all, the one the day had brought out. great question of the day-would there be war between north and south?

"But though they often differed on other questions, on the question of the possibility of war they were fully agreed; and of all the men who gathered in the leather store from time to time to talk the matter over they were the only two who felt that war was surely coming and that it would be a prolonged struggle. Rawlins thought that it would take as much as five

William Cullen Bryant Had a Hard

Time Finding a Publisher for

Richard Henry Dana's "Two

Years Before the Mast."

One of the great sea classics of

English literature is Richard Henry

Dana, Jr.'s "Two Years Before the

Mast." As is well known, the book

was the outcome of a voyage that its

author made as a common sailor

around the Horn and up the Pacific

coast in the fifties of the last cen-

tury. He left college to make the

trip in the hope that the hardly life

on the deep would cure his weakened

eyesight, caused by an attack of

measles. His father, Richard Henry

Dana, the poet, was fully able to send

his son on a health seeking sea voy-

age as a passenger, even on one ex-

tending around the world. But young

Dana, as a lad, had conceived a great

fascination for the sea, and it was his

own idea that he sail before the mast.

At that time he was still in his teens.

experience as a sailor partly on ship-

board and partly after he returned to

his home. The story finished, he

showed the manuscript to his father.

with it," said the late Col. George

Bliss, for many years a prominent

politician of New York state, and an

intimate friend of the Dana family.

"He was so delighted with it that

about the first thing he did after read-

ing it was to hunt up his warm friend,

William Cullen Bryant, and give him

the manuscript to read. Bryant grew

almost as enthusiastic over the story

as the boy's father had done, and

when Dana, Sr., asked Bryant if he

could find a publisher for the story,

Bryant gladly replied that he would

make every effort to do so, since he

Good Champ Clark Story.

about it," said Champ Clark, at a ban-

quet in Bowling Green of a tax that he

expensive scheme for raising revenue,

"'Cal.' said Mrs. Webster, one lovely

norning in early spring. 'I wish you'd

save up your money and get a biplane

"What for?" the astonished Calhoun

"O,' said the wife, 'we need so many

things this summer-hats and harem

skirts and new carpets and talking me-

chines, and so on-and winning aero-

plane prizes seems such a quick way

The fall of the year always lays a

special strain upon the nation's finan-

cial resources. For not only is there

the money needed to move the crops.

to earn money."-Washington Post.

of Mrs. Calhoun Webster.

cr a monoplane."

Webster asked.

"They are going the wrong way

"The old gentleman was delighted

Young Dana wrote the story of his

would be able to subdue the south in

the first speech he ever delivered.

dent on March 4, 1869, he made John news that Fort Sumter had been fired cept before his friends, said Rawlins. A. Rawlins secretary of war. Shortly on, I immediately began to recruit our 'Well, without the slightest hesitation after he had become a major of first Galena company, of which I a volunteer Illinois regiment in the was elected captain, and with which very plain and simple but earnest first year of the civil war, Rawlins re- Grant went from Galena to Springfield, signed that post in order to assume the state capital, where the company the duties of assistant adjutant gen- was mustered in. It was thought the farmer boys came forward and eral on General Grant's staff. From worth while to have somebody go to a said that they would, on the following then on until the close of the war, little suburb of Galena, some three or day, come to our recruiting office in Rawlins served on Grant's staff. He four miles beyond the city limits, and Galena and enlist." was the youngest of all the men who make a speech that would urge the served with the great commander, but. young farmers round about to enlist in duced Grant to make his first speech; nevertheless, he was one of Grant's our company. Rawlins was well known and it was Grant's success as a speakclosest advisers in military matters. and liked in that community, and I er in that little village which led to He also was his chief's intimate asked him if he would undertake this our making him chairman of the great friend; and it was most natural for task. He replied that he would be mass meeting which a day or two later Grant, when he knew for a certainty glad to do so, adding, as an after- was held in our Galena public hall." that he would be called upon to make thought, that he'd take Captain Grant (Copyright, 1911, by E. J. Edwards. All

the suburb, and Rawlins told me afterwards that he made a brief speech 90 days-an opinion commonly held and then introduced Captain Grant, saying that the captain had already "And well I remember, too," contin- served in the United States army in ued General Chetlain, "that it was Mexico and was therefore more compe-Rawlins who persuaded Grant to make tent than any civilian to address a meeting called to secure recruits. 'You "As soon as we had received the know how backward the captain is exhe stood upon the rostrum and made a speech, about 15 minutes in length. After he had finished four or five of

"So it was John Rawlins who in-

### Arthur Wanted Western Man

One afternoon in 1901 I met the late Story of a Chat With Him Just Before the Convention at Which He Was Nominated for the Vice-Presidency.

One day in the first week of June, train from the west that was reported two hours late. The day was warm, "Indeed I did," was the reply, "and and the station platform was almost At last I heard a step approaching

them in memory as they sit together he set down in order to remove his in Grant's father's leather store earn- hat and wipe from his forehead the estly discussing political questions, profuse perspiration which the heat of General Arthur seldom failed to recognize any one with whom he had

> his greeting of me, therefore, was most cordial. "I suppose you are on your way to Chicago, general?" I asked, having in mind the fact that the Republican national convention was about to con-

> acquaintance, even the slightest, and

vene in that city. "Yes," he replied. "I am to take years to overcome the south, while here the special train that is running Grant would declare that no one could from New York city. I came up to Altell how long it would take to do that bany yesterday to attend to some per-And then they would have a time of it sonal business and to visit my sister. trying to convince their fellow citi- Mrs. McElroy, whom I have not seen

lisher each a fine profit.

"Bryant entered upon his love's er-

rand with great enthusiasm. But pub-

would attract the public to it.

Poet Who Peddled a Classic

become mistress of the White House. As we paced up and down the platform, General Arthur, whose train also was late, spoke with great frankness of the probable result of the balloting for the presidential candidate.

"I doubt," said he-and he was one of Roscoe Conkling's stanch supporters in the Grant third term moven ant -"I doubt whether we shall be able to secure the nomination of General Grant. Judge William C. Robertson of this state seems to have his bolting delegates well in hand, and I am convinced that the delegates from Pennsylvania who have stated that they will not support Grant's nomination will stick to that determination. All this looks to me as if Grant cannot be nominated."

"In case you do not nominate General Grant," I asked. "who, then, is likely to be the choice of the convention? Blaine?"

"No, not Blaine. But for him Grant would be nominated. If Grant can't be nominated, Blaine can't be." "Does that mean a dark horse?" I

asked. "Or John Sherman?" Sherman was an avowed candidate.

General Arthur looked at me queerly for a moment before replying. "Do you really think that the New York delegation would support the nomination of Sherman in view of what has happened?" he asked. He referred to the fact that it was John zens that they were wrong in the be- for some time." She was the sister, Sherman, who, as secretary of the lief that, if war did come, the north who, a little over a year later, was to treasury under Hayes, had caused Arthur's removal from the office of collector of the port of New Yorkan act that greatly angered the New

York organization. "For myself I should like to see some one nominated from one of the considered the book a second 'Robinson Crusoe, and was equally sure that states west of the Mississippi river if we can not nominate General Grant," it would net its writer and its pub-Arthur continued.

"The temptation will be great, General Arthur." I said. "to publish the lisher after publisher refused to be fact that you, and presumably your tempted by the poet's enthusiastic friends, have some Republican who praise of the story. They could see lives west of the Mississippi in mind nothing in the book, they said, that as second choice in case you cannot nominate General Grant" "It wouldn't do at all," he replied,

"At last Bryant carried the manuscript to Fletcher Harper. He told hastily; "it would mix everything all

Harper what he had told other pub- up." "Well" I said "in case you nomilishers about the book; among other things saying that though it was the nate a far western man for president, work of a mere boy, it was, never- the convention will probably come theless, in his opinion, a second 'Rob- east for its candidate for vice-presiinson Crusoe.' Harper was decidedly dent."

General Arthur smiled. "The vicereluctant at first to give the book any serious consideration, but at last he presidency is so remote a contingency told Mr. Bryant that he would buy the until the candidate for president is manuscript outright, including the nominated that we haven't given it a copyright, provided he did not have moment's thought," he said. "Almost to pay over three hundred dollars any good Republican who lives in the east would make a good candidate for "Bryant, remembering what he had vice-president. Personally, I should been through, thought that was a be inclined to name some one from pretty fair bargain and he let Fletch- Pennsylvania or New England, but the er Harper have the manuscript for matter at this time is not worth a motwo hundred and fifty dollars, I be ment's consideration."

lieve, and twenty-five copies of the That was the attitude of the man book. You know the hit that the who a few days later was himself to book made in this country as soon as be nominated for vice-president and it was published. And it was the who, as we paced the platform tofirst American work to be widely gether, tacitly admitted to me that he translated. If Harper had accepted was contemplating his election on the it on a royalty basis that would have following winter as United States senmeant a small fortune, for young ator from New York to succeed Fran-Dana. But Dana never regretted that cis Kernan.

he did not reap a fortune out of the Who General Arthur's far western book. He was satisfied with the choice for the presidential nomination fame that the story brought him- was I never learned.

much more satisfied than he would (Copyright, 1911, by E. J. Edwards. All

Women can't think, but they sugar (Copyright, 1911, by E. J. Edwards. All the brains of every man who can.

## Where Women Keep Hidden

the Custom of the Country.

have been with any pecuniary suc-

cess.

Should the women of Persia ever | Maidens wishing to get married visget a vote, they will doubtless see to it the tomb of some sacred woman. it that the lot of their sex is consider- There are many such tombs, and most ably improved, for at the present time of them are considered as the patrons they are regarded as nonentities. A of virgins. Marriages are contracted husband in Persia never speaks of his very early. Sometimes, owing to famwife to his acquaintances, and, if ily reasons, one hears of a youth of obliged to mention her, it is by some 15 or 16 married to a girl much oldother term than wife, as "mother of er. The marriageable age for a girl my son," or "my house." She must is fixed at nine. not exist for anyone but her husband, and from all others she must be hidden-non-existing. For this reason, when the harems of governors or very high personages pass through the streets of Persia, the men whom they meet either turn their backs or slip fourth day, when his wife visited him. down a by-street or into some conven-

but also those great rolls of bills which prudent men, in putting away their light clothing, do not forget to forget ient doorway. they may come joyfully to light next none of her co-religionists see her, a the money. You had better stay your in the pockets thereof, in order that woman, particularly if she be young | week out."

opposed. "They remind me, in this Practically Non-Existent, According to and good-looking, will often raise her veil, from under which a pair of dark eyes follow the stranger with a curi-

Her Frugal Mind.

A man whose illness threatened to develop into typhoid was taken to the nospital. Instead of growing worse he improved, and at the end of the he asked to be taken home. "But you have paid for a week," replied his On passing a European, if sure that thrifty spouse. "They won't refund