The SABLE LORCHA

By HORACE HAZELTINE

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SYNOPSIS.

Robert Cameron, capitalist, consults Phillip Clyde, newspaper publisher, regarding anonymous threatening letters he has received. The first promises a sample of the writer's power on a certain day. On that day the head is mysteriously cut from a portrait of Cameron while the latter is in the room. Clyde has a theory that the portrait was mutilated while the room was unoccupied and the head later removed by means of a string, unnoticed by Cameron. Evelyn Grayson, Cameron's niece, with whom Clyde is in love, finds the head of Cameron's portrait nailed to a tree, where it was had been used as a target. Clyde pledges Evelyn to secrecy. Clyde learns that a Chinese boy employed by Philetus Murphy, an artist living nearby, had borrowed a rifle from Cameron's lodgekeper. Clyde makes an excuse to call on Murphy and is repulsed. He pretends to be investigating alleged infractions of the game laws and speaks of finding the bowl of an opium pipe under the tree where Cameron's portrait was found. The Chinese boy is found dead next morning. While visiting Cameron in his dressing room a Nell Gwynne mirror is mysteriously shattered. Cameron becomes seriously ill as a result of the shock. The third letter appears mysteriously on Cameron's sick bed. It makes direct threats against the life of Cameron. Clyde tells Cameron the envelope was empty. He tells Evelyn everything and plans to take Cameron on a yacht trip. The yacht picks up a fisherman found drifting helplessly in a boat. He gives the name of Johnson. Cameron disappears from yacht while Clyde's back is turned. A fruitless search is made for a motor boat seen by the captain just before Cameron disappeared. Johnson is allowed to go after being closely questioned. Evelyn takes the letters to an expert in Chinese literature, who pronounces them of Chinese origin. Clyde seeks assistance from a Chinese fellow college student, who recommends him to Yip Sing, most prominent Chinaman in New York. The latter promises to seek information of Cameron among his countrymen.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"Mr. Clyde," he said, with no more emotion than he might have exhibited had I told him I wished him to sell for me a Chinese bronze on commission. "Mr. Clyde, I do not see, exactly, why you come to me."

"I came at Mr. Mow's suggestion," I explained. "He tells me you know the Chinese of New York as no one else does."

"The police, I should say," he returned, "know the class you seek better than I. Why not go to the police?"

It was not easy to explain to him why I had not gone to the police, for I did not care to reveal all that we feared, and how we dreaded that which police pursuit might precipitate.

"Because," I began, after a moment's hesitation, "I believe the whole thing is a mistake. I believe that those involved in the plot must sooner or later find out it is a mistake. If the aid of the police is enlisted, the fact that a mistake has been made will not be any extenuation. My object is to find the plotters, prove to them that they are in error, promise them immunity, and recover my friend."

"What you have told me," said Yup Sing, speaking slowly, "is not enough. If you will tell me everything, I will let you know what I think. You must give the names and the places and the dates."

I did give him the names and the places and the dates. Mow Chee had told me I could rely upon him, implicitly, and I told him all, without reservation. I gave him even the letter, the only one of the three that remained to us—the last letter in which the final threat was made.

As I look back on it, now, I cannot understand why I did this. It was the only piece of proof, the only clue left. And yet, when he asked to keep it for a little, I consented without so much as a demur. I argued, I suppose, that he was a reputable merchant, with an established business, and that, therefore, treachery on his part was not to be considered.

"And your friend," he said, as he folded the paper, "was never in China?"

"Never," I affirmed.

"How do you know?"

"He has told me so."

It was neither a smile nor a sneer which floated for just a moment across those sphinx-like features. It was a look of pitying tolerance, a patronizing gleam, merely, from the small, deep-set, almond eyes. One of England's greatest actresses, in speaking of the Chinese, has said: "They look as if they are always thinking, 'I have lived before you; I shall live after you.'" That was how Yup Sing looked then. But he merely said:

"Very well. I will learn what I can."

"Soon?" I begged. "Very soon?"

He stood up, an imposing figure in his purple silk.

"Come to me tomorrow evening. Not here, but at the Chinese restaurant on Doyers street. Come at nine o'clock."

From my pocket I drew out the copy of the afternoon paper, and pointed to the article about the Celestial and the mysterious box.

"Do you suppose that could have any bearing on the matter?" I asked.

He adjusted his spectacles and read the half-column, slowly, from first to last. Then he smiled.

"I have that box in my cellar," he said. "It contains woolen underwear shipped to me from Lowell, Massachusetts."

But I scarcely heard him, for my attention was on the swiftly moving brush of the little Chinese maid, as, deftly handled, it now blocked out with bold black strokes a silhouette upon the piece of rice paper before her—a familiar silhouette of a short, clumsy curved boat with broad lug-sail.

CHAPTER XII.

"We Were in Peking Together."

At my evening conference with Evelyn Grayson, reviewing the day's events, I dwelt with some insistence upon the singularity of that episode at Yup Sing's.

"It was impressively significant," I maintained, "even if it was only a coincidence. Incidentally it convinced me that nothing escaped Mr. Yup's observation. I had no intention of referring to my discovery. I chose rather to have him think I had not noticed the figure the child was painting. But my choice was not to be gratified. He knew that I had seen and noticed it; and so, to relieve the situation, he frankly directed my attention to the symbol, explaining that what I had regarded as mysterious was most commonplace. 'It is one of the first things that Chinese babies learn to draw,' he went on, 'it is like the pothook and hanger of the American primary schools. First they draw houses, then ships, then men; and the houses, the ships and the men are all alike, just as are your A's, your B's, and your C's. 'And when signed to a letter,' I queried, 'what does your ship stand for?' He shrugged his lean shoulders in a manner almost Gallic. "Who shall say?' he returned."

"And do you believe the pothook and hanger explanation?" Evelyn asked, pointedly. It was her way to probe at once to the heart of a matter.

"I can't say that I am altogether convinced," I answered, non-committally. "In spite of Mow's enthusiastic encomium, I was not very favorably impressed by Yup Sing. His wall of reserve is too high and too thick. It is neither scalable nor penetrable. And yet he stands well, I believe, in the community."

We sat in the music room, where a fire of drift wood wove a woof of green and violet strands through the red warp of the blaze, for the weather had turned chill. Evelyn wore a clinging gown of black panne velvet, with purple orchids at her waist. It had a wonderfully mature effect for one so young as she, but it was not unbecoming. Indeed it effectively accentuated the deep raw gold tints of her hair and added to the transparency of her unwonted pallor. I was marvelling once again over her outwardly brave up-bearing in spite of the constant anxiety of which pallid cheeks were the only visible sign, when she said:

"I was sure we should hear from Captain MacLeod today."

"He has probably met with rough weather," I consoled. "It isn't child's play rounding Point Judith at this season, you know."

"Rough weather or not," she insisted, "he must have reached Gloucester by now. And if he found Peter Johnson, or if he didn't, he was to telephone, you remember."

"Gloucester is something of a place," I explained, adopting the vernacular. "It includes no less than eight villages and five thousand men are engaged there in the fishing industry. MacLeod can't be expected to learn in five minutes whether a man named Peter Johnson is one of the five thousand."

"But the whole community would know if one of their number had such an experience as he just passed through." And for this argument I had no answer ready.

Fortunately, however, none was required of me, for at that moment steps were audible crossing the hall, and when our eyes turned downward they encountered the dapper figure of Louis, Cameron's French valet, halting respectfully on the threshold.

"Mademoiselle," he said, bowing, "mais voici des lettres qui jai trouve." And we saw, then, that he carried a tin despatch box.

Evelyn directed him to place it upon the table by which she sat. It seemed that she had not given over the idea that the letters for which we had searched so diligently on Sunday were somewhere in the house, and had directed Louis to bring to her anything in the way of writing that he could lay his hands upon.

He had found the despatch box, he told us, hidden away behind some seldom employed volumes in the library, and thinking it might contain that of which Miss Grayson was in quest, had foced the lock, to discover several carefully-tied packets of letters.

I wish I could give even a half adequate idea of the way she thanked Louis. It would add so much to a realizing sense of her sweetness without detracting at all from the envisagement of her dignity. No one could have heard her "bon garcon" and not have felt impelled to consecrate his endeavors henceforth and forevermore to her service. As for Louis his respectful homage and fidelity were almost pagan. I verily believe he would willingly have suffered martyrdom to serve her.

As he withdrew we fell avidly upon the contents of the box, yet with small hope of finding what we sought; for the letters it contained were all, apparently, of distant date; letters, for the most part, of a private, personal nature, carefully assorted, and arranged in red-taped or elastic-banded bundles.

It was no mere idle curiosity which impelled us to read many of them. We were in a position which may best be described as anomalous. Though Cameron was my dearest friend I knew little of his life prior to our meeting, and Evelyn, his niece and ward, was scarcely less uninformed than myself. In the letters just brought to light there might, we decided, be found some clue of incalculable service in the task now before us. And so we untied the tapes and stripped off the bands and set ourselves to careful painstaking examination.

Seldom have I engaged in a labor so deadly uninteresting at one moment and so keenly engrossing at the next. There was correspondence here which meant nothing to us whatever, and there was correspondence which threw a search-light upon portions of Cameron's career, baring good deeds and follies alike, without discrimination.

It was only natural, I suppose, that we should dig up a romance—a gem of luster shining amidst dun, sordid surroundings. Evelyn and I came upon two of its facets, simultaneously, and paused in our work to question its disposal. It seemed to us a holy thing, too sacred for a strange touch, and, even at the risk of passing over what might prove our one agent of revelation, we folded it away again with a sense of guilt at having dared to lift even the corner of the veil.

For a full hour I had scanned one letter after another in absorbed intentness, but with small profit. Evelyn, across the table, had been quite as busy. Rarely had we interrupted our employment with exchange of words. But now the writing which I held provoked exclamation.

"Addison!" I cried, so sharply cutting the silence that the girl started. "Addison! Did you ever hear of him?"

She gestured a negative. "Not that I remember," she qualified. "Why?"

"Because we must find him," I declared, a little excitedly, I imagine; for the letter seemed wonderfully important.

Instantly she was all alert.

"What is it?" she asked, springing up and coming to my side. "What have you found?"

"Look!" I commanded, the sheet of paper in one upraised hand, a finger of my other hand pointing to a passage. "Look! In 1903, your uncle Robert was in Peking; and yet he gave me his word that he had never visited China."

Resting an arm on my shoulder and bending forward she read for herself: "Just to think! We were in Peking together and neither of us was aware of it until too late! What a foregathering we missed! Even five minutes' chat would have been something; but I no sooner saw you, than the crowd on Legation street swallowed you up."

"Have you read it all?"

"Not to the end," I told her, "just the beginning and the signature. Come," I added, "we'll read it from first to last, together."

It was written from Cairo, and bore date of December 7, 1903.

"My dear Cameron," it began, "I am wondering whether you are back in New York again. However, you will probably be there for Christmas and therefore this letter will not long await you. We have been making a rather leisurely tour of the east. Arrived here two days ago and shall remain until some time in January."

The writer then gave a general outline of his travels. "You will probably be surprised to learn that once you and I passed each other as ships in the night, save only that we did not even speak each other in passing," he went on. "It was my last day—indeed my last hour—in northern China. Otherwise I should have made search for you. Just to think! We were in Peking together, and neither of us was aware of it until too late. What a foregathering we missed! Even five minutes' chat would have been something; but I no sooner saw you, than the crowd on Legation street swallowed you up. Half an hour later I was on the train for Tien-tsin."

The rest of the letter was rather confusingly personal in its references to mutual friends and interests. It was signed: "Always with warm regard, Addison."

"Do you suppose that is his first name or his last?" Evelyn asked me as we came to it.

"I refuse to suppose," I returned, smiling. "It's an even chance. What is more to the point is, how long has Louis been your uncle's valet?"

"Several years."

"Several is indefinite. Too indefinite. Too indefinite. Suppose we have him in here and find out exactly. Possibly he knows Mr. Addison."

When Louis came, however, he knew nothing. He had never heard of a Mr. Addison or of a Mr. Addison Something, in all the three years and eight months of his service with Mr. Cameron. So Evelyn thanked him once more in her own gracious way and we continued our work, directing our efforts especially now to unearthing further Addison-signed letters which might prove enlightening.

"Why should Uncle Robert tell you he had never been in China?" Evelyn asked me, looking up suddenly and dropping to her lap the letter she was at that moment examining. "I can't understand that."

"Nor I," I admitted. "If I had asked him out of idle curiosity he would have been justified perhaps in misleading me; but he must have known that it was in his interest I made the inquiry."

For just a moment she sat in silence, her narrowed gaze on the glowing embers in the fireplace. Then she turned to me again.

"Do you think, Philip, it was because he had something to hide?" she asked, seriously. "Something he was ashamed of and feared might become known?"

Instantly I sprang to my friend's defense.

"No," I assured her, with emphasis. "No, Evelyn. Whatever his motive was, I am satisfied it had no dishonorable basis. If he told me a deliberate falsehood it was not to spare himself. Possibly—yes, probably, it was to shield others."

I was perfectly sincere in this, but even had I believed otherwise I should have been tempted to prevarication could I have foreseen my reward. Before I quite realized her purpose Evelyn was out of her chair, had slipped over behind me, and encircling my neck with her arms, had pressed her lips softly to my cheek.

"Oh, how glad I am to hear you say that! You believe in his bigness—in his nobility, just as I do, don't you, Philip, dear?"

"I'm sure he could never have been guilty of anything dishonorable," I declared again, imprisoning her hands. But the next moment, hearing steps again crossing the hall, I reluctantly released them.

For a third time Louis stood in the doorway. Now he upheld a small red-bound book, and his face was beaming.

"Voila, mademoiselle!" he exclaimed, delightedly. "Je viens de trouvant ce livre."

It was a book of addresses, and the valet, nervously turning the pages, put his finger upon the name of Horatio Addison, M. D., with the air of one who had discovered buried treasure. I am inclined to think that we were ourselves almost as demonstratively elated as he, for though we could not be sure that this was Cameron's correspondent, the odds certainly favored that conclusion; and unless the physician had died or moved away since the entry was made, we were now in possession of his address, which chanced to be an apartment house on Madison avenue, that I knew to be given over entirely to doctors' offices.

This time Evelyn assured Louis that he was not merely a "good boy" but an incomparable assistant, and the richness of the reward came nigh to totally wrecking his composure, for, as he started to back from the room, I detected unmistakable tears glistening on his lashes.

"Louis," I checked him, with sudden inspiration, "apportez-nous le directoire telephonie, s'il vous plait."

And when the book was brought the fact that Dr. Addison's address had not been changed was promptly established. I was for calling him up, then and there, but Evelyn pointed to the clock and advised patience. It was already after midnight.

"Tomorrow," she said, in her wise fashion, "you shall call on him, and learn, if possible, how Uncle Robert replied to that letter. There is a difference, you know, Philip, between being in a place and having some one see you there. No one's eyes are infallible."

CHAPTER XIII.

When Damon Doubted Pythias.

Not until I had been passed into an elevator by a dainty young woman in the white habit of a trained nurse, shot up four floors into the hands of another who might have been the first's twin sister, and ushered by her, in turn, into a severely professional-appearing waiting room, did it occur to me that I was upon an errand involving the employment of an extraordinary degree of tact. So imbued had I been with the importance of learning whether Cameron had or had not been in Peking in 1903, that up to this moment I had quite lost sight of my own position. Now I asked myself, on what ground was I to make my plea for information? To tell this Dr. Addison the whole story would certainly be inexpedient. To hint even at alarm concerning Cameron might involve the precipitation of that financial disaster he had feared and regarding which he had warned me. Indeed, would not any effort to obtain the facts I desired be likely to arouse suspicion, no matter how delicately made?

The more I pondered the situation, sitting there thoughtfully while one after another the patients who had preceded me passed into the physician's consultation room, the more beggarly, it seemed to me, became my chances of success. And when, at length, my turn came to enter the presence of my friend's friend, I was about persuaded that I should very soon be making an ignominious exit, branded as an impertinently meddling busybody.

I have always contended that it was Dr. Addison's severely professional air which was responsible for my inspiration, for no thought of such a course occurred to me, until standing dumbly hesitant before him, I became conscious that he was making mental inventory of me with a view to a diagnosis.

The penetration of his gaze impressed me at once. His steel gray eyes were like a pair of converging probes; and they were his dominant feature. Aside from them his face was commonplace.

"Doctor," I said, and the sound of my voice was a relief to the strained tension of the moment, "I learned of you through Mr. Cameron—Mr. Robert Cameron, a mutual friend."

I hoped to see his expression brighten at the name, but it did not. If there was any change whatever it was in the reverse direction. After a second's deliberation he asked:

"You wish to consult me regarding yourself?"

On a sudden impulse I answered, "Yes," though I had neither ache nor pain, and, so far as I could judge, was perfectly normal.

"I see," he replied. "Am I right in assuming that your trouble is of a nervous character?"

Heaven knows that in spite of my fancied normality there had been sufficient reason in the past few weeks for my nerves to go awry. I confessed that I had been under considerable mental strain.

Thereupon, having bade me be seated, he began to ply me with questions with a view to sympathetic revelation. I fear, however, that I gave him meager material upon which to base a conclusion. I slept well, my appetite was excellent. I had observed neither a numbness nor a supersensitiveness in my finger tips, nor a sensation of fullness at the base of the brain. I could not recall any twitching of my muscles, nor any diminution of muscular power. At length, after a brief pause, he inquired:

"Will you be good enough to tell me, Mr. Clyde, why you think you require professional attention?"

And my inability to answer him, off hand, paradoxical as it may seem, eventually supplied me with an answer at once truthful and convincing.

"Because," I explained gravely, "I find that of late I am losing my power of mental co-ordination."

The ardor with which he seized upon this index of my supposed malady was amusing. Instantly he grew obviously and deeply interested. I have since learned that what is known as confusional insanity, a rare condition, usually has its inception in this wise, "without essential emotional disturbance," if I may quote an authority. At the time, I believe he was suspicious of a developing paresis. What he thought, however, or what he did not, is aside from the story. I know only that his manner changed abruptly, his object evidently being to gain my full confidence. Whereupon, the bars of reserve lowered between us, I ventured to revert to our so-called "mutual friend."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Supplied for Many Years

Philadelphia Man Has No Need to Worry About Getting a Suitable Office Boy.

"Talk about luck in having office boys," said a well known Philadelphia business man. "I have hit it great. Back in 1887 I took on my first boy, and he was all that could be desired. After he had been with me for over three years and began to get nearly as tall as I was, he decided that he should learn a trade. Before he left he told me he had a younger brother who would like to take up the job. 'If he does as well as you did, he will do all right,' I said.

"The second brother came, and after four years' service he decided on a trade. But before he left he brought his younger brother, who took up the work. He proved as good as the first two, and then he grew too large for a $3.50 a week job and passed it along to the next in the family. Well, the fourth brother went to a trade and two more after him. I began to think that it was going to be perpetual. Then I learned something. The boys were all used up. There were no more to come.

"While I was wondering where to get another good boy, he spoke for his nephew. 'Who is your nephew?' I said. 'John's boy,' said he. It was the son of the first boy that I had started in 25 years before, and he had grown up to the same age as his five uncles and his father when they began. 'Send him along,' I said. He has been with me for several months and is as good as any of his uncles. From last reports I understand I am good for a supply of good boys for the next 25 years."

Solar Eclipse Affects Wireless.

During the recent solar eclipse an interesting test was undertaken between the radio station of the Royal dock yard in Copenhagen and the Blaavandshuk station on the coast of Jutland, so as to ascertain the effect of the eclipse upon wireless transmission. It transpired that the telegraphing became more distinct and reliable as the eclipse progressed, and that it was most distinct shortly after the culmination of the eclipse. The view that it is the effect of the solar light upon the atmosphere which is the cause of radio telegraphy being much better at night than during the day seems thus to be confirmed.

Progressive Milkman.

Competition among the milkmen is active in Evanston. A few mornings ago a woman moving to Evanston from Kansas City was surprised as she approached her new residence on her way from the train to see a stranger come up to her and call her by name. "I'm the milkman," he explained. "I heard that you were coming today. Let me carry your grips." He got her trade.—Chicago Tribune.

GOOD ROADS

NEED OF ROAD IMPROVEMENT

One of Essentials to Prosperity of Country Is Good Highways—Special Action Necessary.

(By RALPH PARSHALL, Colorado Agricultural College.)

A busy growing nation such as ours certainly requires internal improvements to keep pace with its prosperity. Our prosperity is measured by industrial activities and such activities are scattered in all parts of our great commonwealth.

There are several essentials to promote this growth, and one of the chief of these is that of good roads or highways.

Investigations have shown that the average horse can exert at a walking pace a traction pull of about one-eighth to one-tenth his weight. Assuming this to be about the correct value, what effect will the kind of road have upon the load the horse is able to pull?

On an asphalt pavement it requires 30 to 70 pounds pull to move one ton, on a sand road 100 to 200 pounds pull to move the same road. We might conclude that the limits are 30 to 250 pounds for the best to the poorest surface. This one horse, say of 1,500 pounds weight, could draw a load of five tons on the smooth asphalt pavement and only 1,200 pounds on the soft sand road. These figures are only approximately correct since they are average values, but sufficiently close to give us some idea of the relative value of good and poor road surfaces.

Before any district or state can fully realize the value of good roads, special action on its part must be necessary. This action must embrace three things; a non-political organization, whose purpose is to provide good roads; a practical and economical construction, and maintenance.

There should be one or more good business men on the board of control, a lawyer of some years' experience should be a member and there should be represented on the board of control

An Improved Michigan Road.

an engineer who knows his business. The engineer should also be chief engineer of the construction with as many assistants as necessary to carry on the work of road building. Some states of our commonwealth have made the state engineer the chief engineer of a road commission whose personnel is composed of business men, lawyers, and engineers who receive no salary and are appointed by the governor of the state for a definite period of time.

There are several methods of organization and only experience will eliminate the undesirable elements, leaving the good. What might be successful in one part of the country may be unsuccessful in another.

SHOWING PLEASES BOOSTERS

Work Done on Highway Improvements During Last Year Is Successful All Over Country.

Good roads movements have been unusually successful in many states during the year just ended, according to figures given out in New York showing the liberal appropriations which various legislatures made.

New York state heads the list with a $50,000,000 bond issue added to its previous appropriation of an equal amount, and as good a showing is said to be assured in Pennsylvania, where a proposed $50,000,000 appropriation is pending. In California an $18,000,000 bond issue is now being expended, and in Maine a $2,000,000 issue has been authorized, to be met by the automobile fees.

The defeat of the $50,000,000 bond issue in Ohio is said by the good roads enthusiasts to be the only discouraging feature of the year, and they believe it will be reconsidered. Many states have made slight increases in their good roads appropriations.

Lack of Interest.

In view of what has been accomplished by the use of the split log drag on the public roads in various rural localities it is discouraging to note the general lack of interest in this most practical and easily adapted method of road reform.

How Not to Build.

Don't try to build roads as the crow flies, unless you expect to use the crow's transportation facilities on them.

HUSBAND TIRED OF SEEING HER SUFFER

Procured Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which made His Wife a Well Woman.

Middletown, Pa.—"I had headache, backache and such awful bearing down pains that I could not be on my feet at times and I had organic inflammation so badly that I was not able to do my work. I could not get a good meal for my husband and one child. My neighbors said they thought my suffering was terrible.

"My husband got tired of seeing me suffer and one night went to the drug store and got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and told me I must take it. I can't tell you all I suffered and I can't tell you all that your medicine has done for me. I was greatly benefited from the first and it has made me a well woman. I can do all my housework and even helped some of my friends as well. I think it is a wonderful help to all suffering women. I have got several to take it after seeing what it has done for me."—Mrs. EMMA ESPENSHADE, 219 East Main St., Middletown, Pa.

The Pinkham record is a proud and honorable one. It is a record of constant victory over the obstinate ills of woman—ills that deal out despair. It is an established fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored health to thousands of such suffering women. Why don't you try it if you need such a medicine?

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Many a man fools himself when he thinks that he is fooling his wife.

Red Cross Ball Blue gives double value for your money, goes twice as far as any other. Ask your grocer. Adv.

If some men were compelled to pay as they go they would never get started.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day, Cures Grip in Two Days. 25c.

When a man begins to think of getting married he never figures on a church wedding.

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. Tiny sugar-coated granules. Adv.

Crusty.

"Your hair is falling out," said the barber.

"Yes," replied the crusty customer. "You see my skull is so hard that it can't fall in."

Not Unlikely.

"Well, my boy," said the visitor to Bobby, "I suppose some day you expect to step into your father's shoes?"

"Oh, I suppose so," said Bobby, gloomily. "I been wearin' out everythin' else he wears since mother learned how to cut 'em down for me."—Harper's Weekly.

Automobile Aroma.

Farmer Hiram was mending the front fence when an automobile whizzed past, emitting a trail of blue smoke from its oil-choked engine.

Farmer Hiram's hand went to his nose. When the car had disappeared far down the lane and the smell had died away he ventured to address the hired man.

"Sam," he said, "they may be swell city fellers an' all that; but they certainly was smokin' some vile seegars."

Queen Victoria Detested Tobacco.

The number of smoking rooms now distributed over Windsor castle would considerably astonish Queen Victoria could she but see them. Her late majesty could never bring herself to do more than tolerate the weed in any form, and the smoking room was always relegated to a very distant part of her various residences. Nor were the guests permitted to solace themselves with a quiet smoke in their own apartments, as on their arrival they were specialy warned not to do so.

Ready Cooked Meals

are rapidly growing in popular favor.

Post Toasties

served either with cream or good milk, or preserved fruit, make a most appetizing dish for breakfast, dinner, or supper.

These delicious toasted flaky bits of white corn have a delicate taste that is very pleasing at this time of year.

Post Toasties are economical, make less work for the busy housewife and please everyone at the table.

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers everywhere

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.