

A firm of London motor manufactures supplies its customers with specially colored confetti, which the motorists sprinkle when running through a police trap. Drivers who follow at once read the sign and act accordingly.

#### Keeping Hogs Clean.

To give the pigs a thorough scrubbing may appear to be labor thrown away, but if two lots of pigs are treated alike in every respect, except that one lot receives a thorough scrubbing with soapsuds once in a while, there will be a marked difference in favor of the hogs that are washed when the time for slaughter arrives. A clean bed of straw with a dry house, so as to afford them comfort at night, will also promote thrift and growth. The hog is naturally a cleanly animal and enjoys a bath. If considered a filthy animal, that devours filthy food, it is because of the treatment given. Hogs will select clean and wholesome food if given the opportunity to do so.

#### Winter Wheat.

The importance of the winter wheat crop becomes more apparent when we consider that the annual production of the country is from 100,000,000 to 150,000,000 bushels greater than the annual yield of spring wheat, and that about twenty-four states and territories grow winter wheat exclusively, while only eleven grow spring wheat, and eight produce both crops together. Some of the advantages in growing winter wheat over raising spring wheat are a more convenient distribution of farm work; the conservation of soil fertility by the growing crop during the time the land would otherwise be bare; a better development of the crop, as it generally matures before the dry and hot weather of summer, and the production usually of heavier yields. The average yields per acre in the states growing winter wheat only are not generally as large as in the states producing spring wheat exclusively, but the better yields, as a rule, in the regions where both crops are grown are obtained from winter wheat.—American Cultivator.

#### Bees and Smoking.

Many times bees are smoked more than is necessary; perhaps, because not every one knows that during a nectar flow some honey is lost every time a hive is opened, says Farming. When bees are smoked they fill themselves with honey and if so much smoke is used that most of the bees in the hive at that time take honey, it will be more than an hour before it is redeposited into the cells and the regular work resumed. Bees sometimes gather nectar enough to make a pound of honey an hour, so one can see that it would be quite a loss if every colony in a fair-sized apiary were smoked enough to interrupt the work for one hour.

#### Setting Fence Posts.

Some farmers argue that it is best to set posts early in the fall, when the ground is solid. Of course, a post carefully set at any time will remain in its place, but the fall season is really a much worse time than in the spring. Digging the hole makes the soil loose, and if done in the fall it has not time to become compact again. Water filters down through the loose soil, which will raise the post a little every year until it throws it out altogether. If the soil has time to settle it absorbs less moisture, and after a year, if the heaving out has not already begun, it will rarely begin.

#### NO DAWDLING.

#### A Man of 70 After Finding Coffee Hurt Him, Stopped Short.

When a man has lived to be 70 years old with a 40-year-old habit grown to him like a knot on a tree, chances are he'll stick to the habit till he dies.

But occasionally the spirit of youth and determination remains in some men to the last day of their lives. When such men do find any habit of life has been doing them harm, they surprise the Oseerites by a degree of will power that is supposed to belong to men under 40, only.

"I had been a user of coffee until three years ago—a period of 40 years—and am now 70," writes a N. Dak. man. "I was extremely nervous and debilitated, and saw plainly that I must make a change.

"I am thankful to say I had the nerve to quit coffee at once and take on Postum without any dawdling, and experienced no ill effects. On the contrary, I commenced to gain, losing my nervousness within two months, also gaining strength and health otherwise.

"For a man of my age, I am very well and hearty. I sometimes meet persons who have not made their Postum right and don't like it. But I tell them to boil it long enough, and call their attention to my looks now, and before I used it, that seems convincing.

"Now, when I have writing to do, or long columns of figures to cast up, I feel equal to it and can get through my work without the fagged-out feeling of old." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

# One Man's Evil

By EFFIE ROWLAND

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

"Tell me what has happened," and Lady Charlotte paused only for an instant before she answered:

"A letter has come to me—a letter written by a strange man, signed by a name that I have never heard of before. This is the letter, Antonia; read what it says: The letter commenced:

"To the Lady Charlotte Singleton:

"Madame," it ran, "for some time past you have been laboring under a great mistake. A few years ago you lived in a little house close to Oxford. In this house you kept a safe containing some magnificent jewelry. The secret of the safe was known only to yourself and, as you supposed, to one other person who came to your house. Therefore, when these jewels were stolen suspicion naturally fell upon that one other person who was supposed to possess the key to the situation. I have been silent all this time, madame, because it has suited my purpose to be so, but now I have no hesitation in speaking out the truth. The jewels you lost were not stolen by Hubert Tenby—no, not even though a portion of them was found in his rooms at Oxford; the thief was one whom you have honored with your regard and your friendship. I leave you to guess his name. He did not act alone in this matter. He was assisted by myself; therefore you will understand that I am not inventing any statement that is put forward in this letter. I believe Hubert Tenby to be a young man of blameless character; a little hot-headed, perhaps, with, in his Oxford days, a perfectly natural tendency to be extravagant. But such faults as these are not sufficient to damn a man's whole life, and therefore I hope you may give voice to the sentiment I now express—namely, that I trust justice may be rendered to Hubert Tenby and to the man who enriched himself, and myself at your cost.

"I am, madame, your obedient servant, "GEORGE STANTON."

Antonia, when she came to the end of this letter, was trembling. The tears that she had denied herself so long rushed from her like some mighty flood. With a cry she sank on her knees beside Lady Charlotte and buried her face on the older woman's knee; but it was only for a very brief time that Antonia gave way to the wildness of that joy that swept her through and through. She remembered what this letter must signify to this gentle, suffering woman. Indeed, when she lifted her head after that one moment's natural outburst of emotion, the girl had a quick pang of self-reproach at her heart, for, looking upon Lady Charlotte, she saw that the strain had been too much and that the invalid had fainted.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

Ben Coop had passed on after that brief glimpse of Gerald Tenby driving to the station. He had made his way to the Metropolitan line and had taken his ticket, as he had been advised, for a certain station that would land him near to the address furnished by Stephens.

He drew near the first house and stopped to look at the name painted in dim letters on the gate, and he realized that the information that Stephens had given him was certainly correct, for here stood the shabby little house which the ex-servant had told him to look for.

Ben saw a small, broad woman, dressed in black, with a big white apron covering her, and he drew back into the shadows a little as he saw that she was coming slowly down the path toward the gate.

As she drew nearer he could see her clearer. She was evidently a working woman, a common enough looking person. Acting on an impulse that was rare to him, Ben Coop determined to speak to her. Sarah gave a little gasping cry.

"Master George?" was her exclamation. Then she saw her mistake. "Have you come from him? Have you brought me a message?" she asked.

"Let me in," said Ben, gently, "I wish to speak to thee."

The woman stood with her rough, work-stained hands clasped against her heart.

"Where do you come from?" she asked.

"What are you doing here?"

"You serve a man called George Stanton; what do you know of him?"

"For years I have served the Stantons. I took Master George when he was born. My whole life has been given in devotion to this family; am I to turn and give an account of those I love to the first one that comes by and questions? Yes, I serve George Stanton. I love him," the woman said, her voice trembling. "I love him, no matter what he has done."

This time she turned, went resolutely into the house and closed the door, and as Ben stood and listened to the rattle of the chain put back in its place, as the echo of her words rang in his ears, he felt his heart thrill and throb.

Lady Elizabeth Marchmont was prostrated by the shock and horror of the terrible experience through which she had passed.

She had been carried to the house of a very great personage near by, and nothing could exceed the care and the attention bestowed upon her.

Telegrams were sent to her relations, and everybody imagined that Lady Betty would go to Ireland for a time, but she

suddenly developed sufficient calmness to decide this step.

"I will stay with Piero. He belonged to my poor Edward. He cannot refuse to take me. I know he is angry with his girl—yes, he is angry with Antonia," Lady Betty huddled on, "because the foolish girl refused to marry Gerald Tenby. Poor Edward was so upset about it. There was a great scene at my house, but Piero cannot be hard to me now; he must take me in. I long to go back to the place where dear Edward lived as a boy. I cannot breathe in this hot London."

She knew that Gerald Tenby was at Mill Cross Court. She had, in fact, obtained this information direct herself the evening after he had started northward.

When dusk had fallen on the summer evening Lady Betty had crept from her house carefully shrouded from observation and had made her way once again to Gerald's chambers.

The news that he was gone North angered her at first, but she had not the intention of letting this separate them very long.

"If he can go North I can go there also," she had said to herself; and now, behold, she was installed at Egremont, within a stone's throw of the man she had determined to make her second husband.

Lord Marchmont hastened to tell the widow that he thought she was wise to go out, to do anything to distract her thoughts, and so the very next day after her arrival Lady Betty found herself taking the walk from Egremont to Mill Cross Court.

It was not often that she indulged in such a long walk. She was determined to speak plain, cruel truths. For by this time Lady Betty was convinced that Gerald had a great secret he wished to hide. Everything pointed to this purpose, though nothing was definite save that strange intimacy between himself and Stanton.

It was in this mood that she advanced over the grass under the tall, leafy trees and drew near to Gerald.

He did not see her coming. He was lost in a dream of thought. Stretched in a low chair, he lay with his eyes fixed on the faintly moving canopy of leaves above his head. Beside him were placed writing materials.

As the swish of her dress reached his ears Gerald started, then sprang to his feet. His first thought was that he should see Antonia. The girl lived so vividly before him that this was a natural thought, and for an instant a joy took possession of him; then as he saw that small, black-robed figure, with its mocking smile and its hard expression, standing before him, he turned gray and the sunshine was blackened.

Elizabeth Marchmont saw that look on his face; she saw him recoil from her, and she was convulsed with passion.

"Have you no word to say to me, Gerald?" she said, shrilly; "no word of welcome?"

"Why do you come to me?" he asked.

"What have I to do with you?"

"You belong to me," she said; "I have come to tell you this."

His eyes fell suddenly upon the papers scattered on that table close beside her. She caught sight of Antonia's name, and as she bent forward she read some of the passionate words he had just written. She took the papers up and tore them viciously into small pieces.

"There is no other love for you," she said; "you belong to me."

"You are mad," he said; "I am nothing to you. I never have been anything. It is true in the past I amused myself a little by flirting with you, but I never gave you the smallest cause to consider there was anything more than mere amusement. You do yourself a great wrong, Lady Betty, and you do me a wrong also. I have seen this approaching; I have tried to check it. There is nothing in life that can bring us together."

"You are wrong," she said; "we are linked together by crime! We stand here well thought of by all the world, yet we know ourselves for what we really are! I do not hesitate to tell you, Gerald, that I have stopped at nothing that would give me freedom. You shiver. Are you, then, so much better than I am? By what right do you live in this place? Why should you possess so much? What have you done with Hubert Tenby?"

That gray, ashen look crept anew over Gerald's face.

"Not even crime," he answered her, thickly, "can put me on the same level with you. If you have sunk to degradation to satisfy your vanity, you will get no help from me. I deny your right to class yourself in with me. I deny your right to question me. You have some mad idea in your brain. Hubert Tenby is dead. I am master here. I know," he went on, more quickly, "what folly it is you have put into your brain, and you have been deceived by the story Miss Marchmont has told you. She told it to me also, that story that spoke of her meeting with a man who called himself Hubert Tenby. Such things do happen now and then, that the chance of an extraordinary resemblance is used as a means for fraud. I myself have seen this man." Gerald went on, gathering boldness as he spoke; "I can take you to him

if you wish. He was easily satisfied; I only regret that the scoundrel should have worked so completely upon Miss Marchmont's feelings. I fear he has made her very unhappy, but I am making it my business to prevent him coming into contact with her again, for so strong is the resemblance between this man and my dead kinsman that I should not be astonished if this proud girl should be led to commit any folly at this man's instigation."

He turned as he said these words and walked swiftly away from her, and Lady Betty turned to go away from this place, about which she had woven so many dreams in the past, and as she went she met the same footman advancing across the grass, and following him closely another man, a big, burly, country-looking man, whom vaguely Lady Betty remembered to have noticed somewhere before.

As the servant spoke to her she realized where it was that she had seen this man. He had been walking with Antonia that bygone morning, he was the friend of whom Antonia had spoken to her, the man who had come back to England with Hubert Tenby.

"Could you not find Sir Gerald, my lady?" the footman asked, respectfully.

Betty Marchmont hardly knew what she answered. All at once she felt frightened. She turned ashen white and trembled in every limb.

Without giving heed to the curiosity that was clearly visible on the servant's face, she almost ran in her haste to leave Mill Cross Court.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

Ben Coop followed the footman across the velvet lawn. The man had attempted to deny him entrance, but Ben had refused to be denied.

"Take me to your master, man," he had said; "I come with a message that will not be put aside for any man."

Ben had his hat in his hand and for a moment he did not speak; he only stood and looked upon the man who had blighted Hubert's life, had driven him from his home, divided him from his father, from honor and from love.

"I am speaking to Gerald Tenby?" he asked.

"I am Gerald Tenby, at your service."

"The service I ask of you, Gerald Tenby," he answered, "is no light one; may be you'll understand that clear enough. I want you to give me back your kinsman, Hubert Tenby."

Gerald stretched out his hands with a gesture of despair.

"You ask me what I cannot fulfill. I do not know where Hubert Tenby is. But," the man looked suddenly into Ben's face, "I pray that he may be happier, wherever he is, than I am at this moment."

"Come, man!" said Ben Coop, "be honest for once! try and atone by telling the truth."

Gerald paced to and fro in and out of the sunlight and the shadows. Suddenly he began to speak. It was like the voice of a man in a dream.

"I struck him," he said, "and he fell to the ground. At first I thought he was dead, he lay so still, but Stanton, who knows a little of everything, soon assured me that though he did not move he was not dead. We carried him into another room that was not occupied. Perhaps if you have been questioning my servant," said Gerald, in that even, dull voice, "he will have told you that a sleeve-link fell from Hubert's wrist as we carried him along. It was necessary to have the link cleared, so I suddenly discharged Stephens, the valet whom I had had for some time, and Stanton and I remained alone together, until he left me to go to the old house which, it seems, belongs to him somewhere in the north of London, where he resolved that Hubert should be taken at nightfall. It was a difficult matter to arrange, especially as the day advanced and Hubert still remained unconscious, but Stanton is a man of resource. He found a large packing case in my rooms and we put Hubert into this, drilling holes in the cover so that the air might reach him. Again it was Stanton who found a man with a cart to take this strange package up to that lonely, small house. He went on ahead to receive this man, and I remained alone."

Ben's breath was coming quickly, his heart beat like a sledge hammer in his breast.

"Go on," he said, as the other man paused.

(To be continued.)

#### A Poor Likeness.

An artist who had painted a portrait of a gentleman who was fond of good living, summoned one of the household servants of his subject to see the picture before it was sent home. The canvas was displayed on an easel, and the servant came to view it. For a long time he gazed upon it with evident admiration, but at last found words to express his approval. "There's no doubt that the portrait represents my master," he said. As he approached closer to the counterfeit presentation to get a better view, the painter shouted, "Take care—he's not dry!" The man turned with a comical look on his face, and, shaking his head, said, "Ah, then, I've made a mistake, and you've made a mistake! It can't be my master—he is always dry!"

#### Just Remember Them.

Tess—Have you ever read any of Mrs. Gayman's stories?

Jess—Yes. They're awfully improbable, aren't they? I don't see how she imagines such things.

Tess—She doesn't imagine them. She just makes note of the excuses her husband gives her when he gets home late at night.—Philadelphia Press.

#### Averages 10,000 Feet.

The Atlantic Ocean has an average depth of 10,000 feet.

The chauffeurs who drive Emperor William's automobiles must be total abstainers. He insists on traveling at a speed of no less than forty miles an hour, and therefore wants chauffeurs upon whom he can absolutely rely.

Ink spots can be taken from white linen by dipping them in melted tallow. Let the latter cool and harden on the spots and rest their for awhile; then wash the article in the usual manner. Many stains of paint or medicine can be easily removed by rubbing them with pure glycerine.

America ranks first in the paper making industry, Germany second and Great Britain third. The production in America is two or three times greater than that of Great Britain.

#### Logical.

Mrs. Nulywed—You don't love me any more—I know you don't.

Nulywed—But, my dear, you're mistaken; I adore you.

"No, you don't! No man could love a woman so badly dressed as I am."—Le Rire.

#### Drop Too Much.

Rodrick—Ballooning is getting to be more and more popular every day. They say it is an easy fad to drop into.

Van Albert—Yes, and a still easier fad to drop out of.

## WOMEN WHO CHARM

HEALTH IS THE FIRST ESSENTIAL

It Helps Women to Win and Hold Men's Admiration, Respect and Love

Woman's greatest gift is the power to inspire admiration, respect, and love. There is a beauty in health which is more attractive to men than mere regularity of feature.



To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband, should be a woman's constant study. At the first indication of ill-health, painful or irregular periods, headache or backache, secure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and begin its use.

Mrs. Chas. F. Brown, Vice-President Mothers' Club, 21 Cedar Terrace, Hot Springs, Ark., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"For nine years I dragged through a miserable existence, suffering with inflammation and female weakness and worn out with pain and weariness. I once noticed a statement by a woman suffering as I was, but who had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I determined to try it. At the end of three months I was a different woman. Every one remarked about it, and my husband fell in love with me all over again. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound built up my entire system, cured the trouble, and I felt like a new woman. I am sure it will make every suffering woman strong, well and happy, as it has me."

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, bloating (or flatulence), displacements, inflammation or ulceration, that "bearing-down" feeling, dizziness, faintness, indigestion, or nervous prostration may be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

When you buy WET WEATHER CLOTHING you want complete protection and long service. These and many other good points are combined in TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING. You can't afford to buy any other.

A Positive CURE FOR CATARRH. Ely's Cream Balm. It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts. at Druggists or by mail. Trial size 10 cts. by mail. Ely Brothers, 55 Warren Street, New York.