

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound, made

standard remedy for female ills,

and has positively cured thousands of

women who have been troubled with

displacements, inflammation, ulcera-

tion, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bear-

ing-down feeling, flatulency, indiges-

PARIS "QUARTIER LATIN"

S. G. Blythe Says It Is the Fashion

to Say It Has Deteriorated.

once was, says Samuel B. Blythe in

tations of those who have been there

when I was there. At any rate, there

were droves of students, or persons I

took to be students, with funny whis-

kers and long hair and flowing ties,

in the quarter and drank beer or wine

and sang songs and were quite studi-

ously and poinstakingly devil-may-

probably, that the persons who think

it is not so gay and care-free as it

once was have grown a bit less careless

and gay themselves. They have

changed their viewpoint. However, it

His Reception.

At the succeeding banquet it was agree

DROPPED COFFEE.

Doctor Gains 20 Pounds on Postum.

For years I suffered with periodical

daches which grew more frequent

almost frantic. I was sallow, consti-

urged me to drop it. I tried many

"Finally Wife bought a package of

she made it same as ordinary coffee

and I was disgusted with the taste. (I

make this emphatic because I fear

many others have had the same ex-

perience.) She was distressed at her

failure and we carefully read the direc-

tions, made it right, boiled it full 15 min

utes after boiling commenced, and with

good cream and sugar, I liked it-it

invigorated and seemed to nourish me

have no headaches, am not sallow

my brain clear and my hand steady. I

have gained 20 lbs. and feel I am a

"I do not hesitate to give Postum

due credit. Of course dropping coffee

was the main thing, but I had dropped

it before, using chocolate, cocoa and

"Postum not only seemed to act as

rishment, giving me the needed

aginary tale. It can be substantiat

ed by my wife and her sister, who both

hanged to Postum and are hearty

"I write this for the information

and encouragement of others, and with

a feeling of gratitude to the inventor

Name given by Postum Co., Battle

ek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-

lle." in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A

one appears from time to time.

phates and albumens. This is no

an invigorant, but as an article of

other things to no purpose.

"That was about a year ago. Now I

mess and irritability are gone

times to do so, but was its slave.

The isthmus mosquitoes gathered en-usiastically around the genial Secretary

you know all about it.

"exactly to our liking!"

were often confused.

The Latin quarter is not what it

Why don't you try it?

Miss Lillian Ross, 530 East 84th Street, New York, writes; "Lydia ork, writes: "Lydia Pinkham's Vegetadic suffering, and vous headaches, after everything else had failed to help me, and I feel it a duty to let others know of it."

the lottery ticket reached him. It was several days in coming, and he had al-KatharineCraig, 2355 afayette St., Denver, most given it up, but the sight of it rais-ed his spirits to the highest pitch. It stopped the amount out of his salary. But, Thanks Lydia E. Pinkham' le began at once to indulge in dazzling egetable Compound I n well, aftersuffering risions of what he would do when the orize came to hand; how the "old man" Miss Marie Stoltz-man, of Laurel, Ia., writes: "Iwas in a runould be astoniahed and treat him with his possession, and Mr. Drummond decidncreased respect; how he would go to the ed to require him to make up the loss. ity and have a good time seeing the ions, and from henceforth throw off the shawl, Mr. Nichols?" asked his employer. galling yoke of dependence which his father's parsimony had made it so hard to

indigestion, and poor circulation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong."

Miss Ellen M. Olson, of 417 N. East St., Kewance, Ill., says: "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound of the compound of th bear. Whenever he was by himself, he used to pull out the ticket and gaze at it with the greatest satisfaction, as the key that wance, Ill., says: "Ly-diaE. Pinkham's Vege-table Compound cured me of backache, side ache, and established my periods, after the best local doctors had failed to help we." was to unlock the portals of fortune, in- be found. Mr. Drummond was surprised. dependence and happiness But at length the long-expected letter

strived. Joshua did not like to open it in the postoffice, lest it should attract the attention of the postmaster. He therefore withdrew to a place where he was not likely to be disturbed, and with trembling fingers opened the letter. Something dropped out. "I wonder if it is a check?" thought

CHAPTER X.

STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

from roots and herbs, has been the Joshua, stooping over and picking it up. "Per But no, it was an announcement of the frawing. Joshua's numbers—for each down." loftery ticket contains three numberswere 9, 15, 50. But of the thirteen lucky in the drawer, for the cash and the sales umbers drawn out of sixty-five, neither have always balanced. He's an ungrateof them was one.

ful young rascal," continued Mr. Drum-mond, harshly. "After I took him into Slowly it dawned upon Joshua that he tion, dizziness, ornervous prostration. ad drawn nothing, that his five dollars had been absolutely thrown away. But here was a letter. Perhaps this would explain it. Joshua read as follows: "Dear Sir-We regret to say that we

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass. are unable to send you a prize this time. We hope, however, you will not be discouraged. Some of our patrons who have as if he must be. been most fortunate have commenced by seen most fortunate have commenced by "What are you going to do about it, seing unlucky. Indeed, singularly enough, Mr. Drummond?" he asked. this is a general rule. ed He deserves it."

"Hoping to hear from you again, and to send you in return better news, we subscribe ourselves, very respectfully, "GRABB & CO."

Everybody's. There is authority for The effect of Joshua's ill success was that statement. Any person who has to make him very despondent. He thought of all he had intended to do, and now been two consecutive weeks in Paris will tell you so with sobs. The lamenais castles had crumbled, and all in conequence of this letter. He had been so six months are heartrending when they anguine of success. Now he must write rad, of Willoughby; but that was before o Sam that his visit to New York was his loss of property. Circumstances alrelate the same sorrowful story. It seems to be a personal grief, some bedefinitely postponed—that is, unless he could induce his father to provide him with money enough to go. The prospect reavement that has saddened them for life. I don't know why, for the Latin quarter seemed to be doing business was not very encouraging, but he felt desperate, and he determined to make the attempt. Accordingly, just after supper, he detained his father, just as he returning to the store, and said: and they got together at various places

"Father, I wish you'd let me go New York on a visit." "What for?" asked Mr. Drummond, derating his brows.

"Because I'm eighteen years old, and I've never been there yet.'

care. And I went to one of their balls. It was most preconceivedly riotous. "Then, if you've gone eighteen years without seeing the city, I think you can though rather weak-minded, was a good-Everybody seemed to have a particular go a while longer," said bis father, un- hearted young man. bit of wickedness-or what passed as r the impr on that he had made witty remark. But Joshua did not aphis or her part at the right time and preciate the humor of it.

with all the outward symptoms of gas-"I've lived in Stapleton ever since to. So far as I could learn the stuwas born," grumbled Joshua, "and have dents do what they please. If they got tired of it. I want to see something of life."

ever did more than that then the quar-"Do you? Well, I'm sure I've no object ter has deteriorated. The trouble is,

"May I go, then?"

"Yes; but, of course, you will pay your wn expenses."

"How can I?" exclaimed Joshua, in an gry disappointment. "I have no money." is the proper thing to say the quarter "Then you can save up your allowance tile you have enough." has gone back. It makes people think

"Save up on twenty-five cents a week couldn't go till I was an old man!" "I know of no other way," said Mr. Drummond, with provoking indifference, unless you earn the money in some way. "You treat me like a little boy!" said

"Here's a candidate," they hummed, oshua, angrily. "You are better off than I am. I have work for all I get. You get your board, by all present that a very enjoyable time lothes and pocket money for nothing."

"Other boys go to New York when they "I have told you you can go when you

like, but you mustn't expect me to supply A physician of Wash., D. C., says of his coffee experience: Mr. Drummond put on his hat and

rossed the street to the store, leaving Joshua in a very unfitial frame of mind.

until they became almost constant. So Two days later two women entered Mr. severe were they that sometimes I was Drummond's store. One was Joshua's ustomer and she wore the same shawl pated, irritable, sleepless; my memory which she had purchased of him. It hapwas poor, I trembied and my thoughts pened that Walter was out, but Mr. Drummond and Nichols were both behind "My wife, in her wisdom, believed coffee was responsible for these ills and

"Have you got any more shawls like his?" asked the first lady, whom we will all Mrs. Blake. "Mrs. Spicer, who is a neighbor of mine, liked it so well she vants to get another just like it." Postum and persuaded me to try it, but "Did you buy this shawl of us?" ask-

d Mr. Drummond. "Yes, sir. I bought it about a fortnight ago, and paid five dollars for it." "Five dollars! There must be some We never sell such a shawl as hat for less than ten dollars."

"I can't help it," said Mrs. Blake, positively. "I bought it here, and paid five "Why, those shawls cost me seven dol-

ars and a half at wholesale. It is not kely I would sell them for five. Mr. Nichols," said Mr. Drummond, "did you el' this lady the shawl she is wearing.

for five dollars?" "No, sir; I have not sold a shawl I'ke that for two months. I know the price well enough, and I wouldn't sell it for ess than ten dollars."

"I didn't buy it of him. I bought it of boy," said Mrs. Blake, "It must have been that stupid Conexclaimed Mr. Drummond, angrily.

"Wait till he comes in, and I'll haul bim over the coals," "Then you won't let my friend mother like it for five dollars?"

"No," said Mr. Drummond, provoked. I don't do business that way. I've lost icarly three dollars by that shawl of You ought to make up the whole-

ing his face. "Perhaps you will deny ule price to me." "I shan't do it," said Mrs. Blake. "If rou've made a mistake, it's your lookout. er, to my knowledge, saw the lady before, wasn't willing to pay more than five and I know that I did not sell her the

The two ladies were about to leave the store when Mr. Drummond said: "The boy will be back directly. I wish you vould wait a few minutes, so that if he enies it you can prove it upon him." "I've got a call to make," said Mra. Blake, "but I'll come in again in about an hour."

"I did not buy the shawl of him." "Didn't you say you bought the shawl of the boy?" asked Mr. Drummond, with

a sickly hue of disappointment over-spreading his face.

"Yes; but it was not that boy. Come to think of it, I believe it was your son," said Mrs. Blake. "Isn't he a little elder than this boy?"

"My son-Joshua!" exclaimed Mr. "Yes, I think it must be he. He's got rather an old-looking face, with freckles

 \mathcal{C}

They left the store, and Mr. Drumm

our hero received his board only, and

that could not very well be levied upon.

"When did she say she bought the

"Will you look on the books, and see

if you find the sale recorded? I am sur-

Nichols looked over the book of sales

and announced that no such entry could

Though not inclined to judge others any

"Yes," said Nichols; "to make sure, I looked back four weeks. The woman said

concealed the sale and kept the money."

"Perhaps," suggested Nichols, who rether liked Walter, "he forgot to put it

"If he did, he forgot to put the money

my house and treated him as a son"-

this was not saying much, if Joshua be

believed-"he has robbed me in the most

Nichols was astonished by the evidence

against our hero. He did not like to

think him guilty, but it certainly seemed

"I suppose I ought to have him arrest-

"I hope you won't do that. He may be

"If I do not proceed to extremities, it

will be on account of his relationship,

The time had been, and that not long

since, when Mr. Drummond felt proud of

his relationship to the rich Squire Con-

his loss of property. Circumstances al-

ter cases. Quite unconscious of the storm

that was gathering, Walter at this mo-

"So you've got back?" said Mr. Drum-

mend, harshly. "You haven't been in

any particular hurry. However, that was

We have made a discovery since you went

knowing what else was expected of him.

"I am sorry for that," said Walter, not

out, and not a very agreeable one."

as providentially come to light."

"I don't know what you are talking

"I wish you would stop talk-

about, Mr. Drummond," said Walter, im-

"Did you ever witness such brazen ef-frontery, Mr. Nichols?" demanded Mr.

Drummond, turning to his head salesman :

even when he is found out he brazens it

"Wouldn't it be as well to tell him

what is the matter, Mr. Drummond?" asked Nichols, who was in hopes our

hero would be able to prove his innocence

"To come to the point, did you, or did

you not, a fortnight since, sell one of

"It might not have been exactly a fort

"I have not sold such a shawl since I

rad, that you didn't sell such a shawl

for five dollars-only half price-and, in-

stend of entering the sale, put the money

"I do deny it most emphatically, Mr.

"I shall soon be able to prove it," said

Mr. Drummond, "The lady who bought

the shawl came into the store half an

hour since, and asked for another. When

I told her that it would cost ten dollars,

he said she only paid five for the one

she had on. She then told us that she

"There is some mistake about this, Mr. Orummond. She has made a mistake.

She must have bought it somewhere else."

like others I have. How do you account

for that?" queried Mr. Drummond, tri-

"I don't pretend to account for it, and

don't feel called upon to do so. All I

have got to say is that I did not sell the

"Mr. Drummond, the ladies have re

"Aha!" said his employer, with exul-

our guilt, you young rascal! Here is

Mrs. Blake and her friend, Mrs. Spicer

here entered the store. Mr. Drummon

went forward to meet them. His face

shawl of a boy?" turning to Mrs. Blake.

Drummond, a malignant smile overspread-

now, to this lady's face fithat you sold

"I certainly do," said Walter. "I nev

"What do you think of that, Mr. Nich

is?" said Mr. Drummond. "Did you ever

itut here a shell was thrown into Mr

Drummond's camp by Mrs. Blake her-

witness such unblushing falsehood?"

"Come forward, Conrad," said

er the shawl she has on."

"I am glad to see you back, ladies," he

inshed, but he tried to look composed.

he lady who bought the shawl of you."

"Now we will be able to prove

shawl, nor pocket the money.

orned," said Nichols.

"She would not be likely to make such

bought it of you a fortnight since."

Drummond," said Walter, impetuously,

and I challenge you to prove it."

night. Have you sold such a shawl with-

"I did not," said Walter, promptly

what I wished to speak to you about.

which I blush to acknowledge."

ment entered the store.

sh, Mr. Nichols?"

patiently.

ing in riddles."

ter, for five dollars?"

nto your own pocket?"

umphantly.

tation.

"Yes, sir."

slinwl."

n four weeks?"

mond."

"I know. Then it seems Conrad has

too charitably, he had never suspected

prised that it escaped my attention."

However, he might have some money to

"About a fortnight ago,"

Walter of dishonesty.

ough?" he asked.

cold-blooded manner."

able to explain it."

only a fortnight, you know."

and reddish hair; isn't so good-looking as this boy." "Joshua!" repeated Mr. Drummond, bewildered. "He doesn't tend in the store.

"It was about dinner time," said Mrs. Blake. "He was the only one here." "Do you know anything about this, seemed to him the first step to a fortune. unfortunately for this plan of reprisal, Mr. Nichols?" asked Mr. Drummond,

> Light dawned upon Nichols. He reembered now Joshua's offer to take his place, and he felt sure in his own mind who was the guilty party.
> "Yes, Mr. Drummond," he answered;

turning to his head clerk.

"about a fortnight ago, as Walter was rather late in getting back, Joshua offered to stay in the store for a while. He must have sold the shawl, but he must have guessed at the price."

"A mistake has been made," said Mr. Drummond, hurriedly, to the ladies, mistake that you have profited by. shall not be able to sell you another shawl for less than ten dollars."

The ladies went out, and Mr. Drum "Are you sure you looked back far mond and his two clerks were left alone "Mr. Drummond," said Walter, quietly, "after what has happened, you will not be surprised if I decline to remain in your employ. I shall take the afternoon train to Willoughby."

He walked out of the store, and cross ed the street to Mr. Drummond's house. (To be continued.)

SAVAGES ARE LEARNING.

Rubber Traders on the Amazon Can No Longer Make Good Bargains.

A letter from Iquitos, at the head of navigation on the Amazon, says that the rubber traders have overdone the business of bargaining the flimslest kind of gewgaws for good, hard rubber collected by the Indians. Fortunes had been made in the business, but the natives have cut their eye teeth. They have found at last that many of the trade goods they accepted are almost valueless, and that the commodity they exchanged for baubles is highly prized by many nations.

An amusing illustration of the willingness of rubber buyers to impose upon the ignorance or superstition of native collectors is told by members of the Ill-fated expedition to the Amazon to build the railroad around the Madeira Falls.

Years ago a young fellow from Indiana, known to newspaper readers as "the boy naturalist of the Amazon," earned a good living by wandering over parts of the Amazon basin and collecting orchids for the conservatories of wealthy men. He was later employed by the Madeira River Railroad Company on account of his familiarity

with the Indian languages. "No doubt you are sorry," sneered Mr. Drummond. "I should think he would be, When the enterprise falled he said he would go farther up the river to trade for rubber and the company told than a bald head." "I am sorry also," said Nichols, who, him to take whatever he pleased from its stock of gimeracks to assist him in his commercial project. To everybody surprise he added to his peddler's pack 'It strikes me I have most reason to be orry, considering that the loss has fallen all the playing cards with which the party expected to kill time on their on me. I have discovered how you have repaid me for my kindness. You didn't way home. When asked what use he hink I would find out, but your iniquity intended to make of the cards he re-

plied: "Why, I expect to make money out of them. The people on the rivers will think the face cards represent saints and will swap no end of rubber for them."

Many a tusk of lvory was cheerfully handed over to the white men by the Congo natives twenty years ago for a poor jackknife or a few yards of cotton cloth. Some of the traders defended ehemselves on the ground that a jackknife was worth more to the natives than a score of lvory tusks.

To-day the Congo natives are familiar with the white man's cutlery, and it is not easy to fool them as to the value of ivory. So the palmiest days of that trade are at an end.

It is the old story. The poor Indians of this country were swindled right and have been in your employ, Mr. Drumleft when Europe first began to buy their furs and skins. It was a poor "You hear what he says, Mr. Nichols," said Mr. Drummond. "You see how he trading company that could not make 100 per cent on its capital by a single adds falsehood to dishopesty. But that is not uncommon. It is only what I expected. Do you mean to say, Walter Con-

Missionary reports were filled with stories of the cheap and worthless things, the spoiled food and poisonous brandy which the traders gave in exchange for good beaver and mink skins.

"They are killing the Indians we are trying to save," wrote one despairing missionary. "It seems as though we can accomplish nothing and might as well abandon our missions to the white thleves and brandy traders."

Never Missed. Two Frenchmen who had quarreled agreed that their wrongs could be settied only by a duel. So early one morning they repaired to the railway station, bound for a small village just mistake as this. Besides, the shawl is outside Paris.

> "A return ticket to F." said the first at the booking office, "Single for me," said man, quietly.

"Ah," exclaimed the first, "you are afraid you won't come back, are you? As for me, I always take a return." "I never do," said the other. "I always take the return half from my victim's pocket."

Practiced What He Preached. "You know, my dear, I have often said that, like the rest of mankind, I am only a poor, weak sinner," said Wedderly, who was trying to excuse "You told me that you bought your

one of his misdeeds. "Yes I know you have," rejoined the better half of the matrimonial combine, "and I never in my life saw anybody as anxous to prove the truth of his statements as you seem to be."

Doctor-My dear sir, your wift eeds some change. Husband-I know she does, but, good

heavens, doctor, you took it all. He (after the quarrel)-I was a fool when I married you. She-Yes, but I thought you w

"LEST WE FORGET."

When the mists lie low and the sun slants up, And the east is an aufeate lip; When the road lies free to the morning cup, And the air has a frosty nip; When the steed champs foam with its nostrils wide,

For the master's mettle rife, And a gay song fits to the strong, long stride-There are still some things in life!

When the pool ites still, or the current clides Like oil round the far-flung line; When the tarpon deep in the blackness gildes And nibbles the live-buit mine;

When the reel says "crrrrk" and the wrist feels jar, And the first leap marks the strife. As the play begins and the foam flies-Ah! There are still some things in life!

When the great moose sniffs by the water's edge, And starts with an angry snort; When the hunter crawls through the rustling sedge, And the heart beats thick and short; When the finger crooks on the trigger's curve; When the eye cuts like a knife, And the rifle cracks with a vicious verve-There are still some things in life!

When the dinner's o'er and the pipe burns free, And the dog curls by the chair; When your trail is good (as It ought to be) And the light glints on Her hair; When the drowsy thoughts of the past come back, And you smile, "That's she-the wife!"

When you're quite prepared for the morrow's track-There's a lot of good in life! -New York Times.

Witch.

The group outside of the Yellow Witch's tent shivered in agreeable anticipation. The Idler, who had just gone out, was besieged by eager inquirles.

"Is she blood-curdling?"

"What did she tell you?" "Haven't you guessed who she is?" The Idler sank exhaustedly into a deck chair. "Don't talk to me. I require nourishing food and strong drink. She is a terror, and this kind of entertainment is too strenuous for a garden party."

"Oh, but do tell us!" begged the Bud. "Does she tell you who you are in love with?"

"Or who's in love with you?" sup plemented the Timid Man. "Such a pity to quote Byron,"

love is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole exist-" "Love?" scoffed the Idler. "Man't

marked the Freckled Girl to a neighbor. "Dates you so, doesn't it?-more The Idler gasped indignantly. "Allow me to tell you-" he spluttered.

Freckled Girl, impudently. "Just now we can think of nothing but the Yellow Witch." "I have nothing whatever to tell you

about her," the Idler avenged himself. "We must respect her incognito," mimicked the Sharp Girl, loftily. "Until we can tear it away," laughed

the Freckled Girl. "But a sense of honor-" the Idler protested. "Bother " interrupted the Bud

"Madeline will be out in a minute She'll tell us." "Doubtless." The Idler smiled nastily, and the Bud turned sparkling eyes

"Are you daring to insinuate," she asked, belligerently, "that women are without a sense of honor?"

The Idler staggered momentarily at the shock of the impact, and the Timid Man interposed a conciliatory "Oh, I

The Diplomat smiled at the "Dear young lady," he said, smoothly "isn't it too hot for so much heat" And don't we all know that in women the sense of honor is a sixth sense?" The Bud was appeased. "Of course

The Idler gave an idle laugh. "What's the matter?" demanded the Bud, suspiciously.

it is. That's all right, then."

"Oh, nothing. Only it was so neat." "Neat?" "Yes. The sixth sense."

Then they all saw it except the Bud. and there was a ripple of laughter.

"I don't know what you mean," she cried, petulantly. The Idler shrugged his shoulders

"There isn't a sixth sense, you know," he drawled. "O-oh!" trembled the nipped Bud.

The flap of the tent was lifted, and the group fell upon the newcomer. "Oh, Madeline, tell us!" The newcomer looked a little dazed

"My dears, she's uncanny. I've had the time of my life. The things she knows about one!" "Bad or good?" demanded the Sec

ond Girl, searchingly. "Both. Whatever there is to know "I daren't go in," said the Freckled

Girl, decidedly. "You must; she's waiting," they chorused.

"Think of her as the Yellow Perilit's more impersonal," soothed the Diplomat, as she held the flap up for her. "Who can she be?" marveled the Bud. "It must be some one in our set, and yet-nobody is missing. less-where's Mrs. Headley?"

"In the rose garden, flirting with Tony," supplied the Sharp Girl. "Whoever she is, she knows much," the Idler volunteered. "We haven't all got your stormy

blandly. "Your turn next," some one informed the Second Season Girl.

"Oh," shuddered the emerging vic tim, "it's awful-nerve-shattering-in- suddenly born in his own eyes. Then describably grisly. The creature talks it as suddenly went out. in a whisper, too, all the time, The flap fell behind the Second Sea-

son Girl, and in the sudden gloom she stood an instant irresolute. "Over here, please," whispered the "Don't tell," he implored, below his Yellow Witch, and the girl went for breath.

ward, looking curiously at the seated figure. A yellow cloak, hood and mask were as effectual a disguise as an amateur photographer's first snap shot.

"Your name?" demanded the Yellow

"Oh, but I thought you were going to tell me things," the girl protested, flippantly. Unwillingly her voice sank to a whisper. She made a mental note of the fact that when whispered to you cannot help whispering.

"Your name?" repeated the Yellow Witch. "Alice Green."

The Yellow Witch assimilated the information. "You are not happy," she said, at last, abruptly. "There are two men-"How dreadfully commonplace!" fu-

terrupted the girl; but she winced. "I must ask you not to interrupt. I'wo men who love you-one poor, one not poor. Shall I describe to you the one you love?"

"If you please," whispered the girl. The remark was meant to be ironical, but one cannot whisper ironically, as she then discovered.

"He is slight and has a fair mustache, brown eyes, a pale complexion, and-" The Yellow Witch gave two ineffectual gasps and a convulsed shudder. Then she surrendered to the inevitable and sneezed.

The girl leaned forward suddenly. "Summer colds are horrid," she said, sympathetically. The Yellow Witch ignored the inter-

ruption. "A pale complexion and thin lips. That is the man you love." The girl nodded. "Yes," she said. The Yellow Witch was silent for a moment. "Is there anything else you

would like to know?" she asked. The girl rose. "Nothing," she answered, and gave a little, low laugh. 'Nothing, thank you-John."

The bent shoulders of the Yellow Witch grew suddenly straight. "You knew-all the time?" he asked. The girl shook her head. Take those

things off," she commanded. "I can't talk to a Yellow Witch. He tore the yellow draperies off im-"Are you-angry with me?"

asked. "Was-was it frightful cheek? I wanted so badly to find out which of us it was without you knowing

"Please understand," he explained anxiously, "I was so afraid that if I asked you, and you said 'No,' you wouldn't let us even be friends afterwards, like-like now, and I couldn't have borne that. So I hit on this way. And-and when I described him, and you said 'Yes,' I was prepared, and I didn't show anything, did I? Honor bright, I would never have shown anything, only-you guessed-"

She raised her eyes, and with a look swept him into paradise. "You darling duffer," she said, unsteadily.

. "John, I must go! They'll think I've had such a stormy past as-as ever was, if I stay any longer. And there are heaps waiting to see the Yellow Witch. Pick up your things and put them on again."

"I won't see another person," he protested, violently.

She smiled. "Oh, well, then! Wait a minute." She knelt down at the back of the tent and peered cautiously through the inch of space between canvas and ground. "There's not a soul this side, John; and look, this peg's loose. Pull the rope, and you'll be able to crawl through. That's right. Now go and join the glddy throng outside. I'll make time for you."

She waited an instant, and then lifting the flap of the tent door, held the Diplomat in momentary conversa tion before he went in. Two seconds later he reappeared.

"The Yellow Witch is not?" he announced.

"What do you mean? Has she gone?" There was a sudden rush into the tent, and cries of disappointment.

"And I know I'd have found out who she was when it was my turn." the Sharp Girl said, regretfully. John Wilde strolled round the

past," the Diplomat reminded him, ner. "What's all this?" he asked, lazily. Then for a second his eyes met and held those of the Second Season Girl. The Diplomat was nothing if not observant. A flicker of intelligence was

> "So!" he dropped quietly in Wilde's Wilde gave him a guick glance, and anathematized his own imprudence.

was," deplored the Freckled Girl. The Diplomat opened his lips. "Oh, you beast," mur-

"Now we shall never know who she

mured Wilde, distractedly. "I think I can tell you," the Diplo-

mat remarked, placifly. "Oh, who?" They gathered mound

"The Yellow Witch," began the Dip-

lomat "was-" He caught the eye of the Second Season Girl and led her by the expression in his own to suppose she had melted him to a tardy elemency. But of course that was rubbish. Being a Diplomat, he had never learned how to tell things

-only how to conceal them. "Well, she was-" he stumbled, artistically-"our old friend, the Greeneyed Monster."

There was a blank silence. The Idler turned away with a yawn. "That man," he grumbled to the Freckled Girl as they made for the tent and ices, "would conceal your own) name from you if he could. Beastly character."

"He knows," acquiescently mused the Freckled Girl

"Of course. But what?" "And how?" she added. It was precisely on these points that

ering information "You arranged it beforehand?" asked the Second Season Girl.

"I've earned a reward," the Diplomat reminded her. "Oh, yes! I don't mind your know-

ing-now. But-you tell, John." Wilde looked a little bewildered. 'Honor bright. I don't quite know. I-I did it in order to find out something I wanted to know, only she found

me out.' The Second Season Girl smiled, and the Diplomat looked at her curiously. "How?" he asked.

"Yes; how did you-" began Wilde, and broke off, the victim of another violent sneeze.

The Second Season Girl laughed happily. "That way," she said, and turned her back rather pointedly on the Diplomat. "Nobody does it like you."-Pennsylvania Grit.

REHIND IN HUMANE WORK.

Berlin Affords a Fine Model in Upto-Date Ambulance Service. Ambulance service in this country is poor, chiefly because the need for it does not appeal personally to the aver-

age citizen, and there is no general demand upon officials for its betterment, says Leslie's Weekly. What has been done has been accomplished through the efforts of physicians and humanely inclined persons of wealth and public spirit. A good example to pattern after is that of Berlin. A private organization, the Rescue Society, made up largely of surgeons, looks after emergency cases, and does it well. It is considered an honor to be a member of the society, and only surgeons who have practiced a number of years are eligible. Each member takes his turn riding the ambulance, for which he gets rehensible American practice of in-

ternes, and others seeking experience, The Rescue society has nine emergency stations, fitted with all the facilities of a fire-engine house for getting out quickly. These Rescue society ambulances are co-operated with by at least one ambulance from each of the sixteen large hospitals. Several times each day the director of the ambulance service is notified how many empty beds there are at each reception hospital, thus preventing the complication that frequently arises in this country of a dying man being taken to a hospital only to find that there is no place for him. They also have test runs in Berlin. At the pleasure of the director any or all the ambulances are called out unexpectedly, their time noted, and their condition inspected. Berlin is the only city where this practice prevails. A well-maintained ambulance service increases the demand for attention from the really needy. Berlin, virtually the same size as Chicago, responds to four times as many calls. St. Louis, half as large, has more calls by several thousands than Chicago, owing to the

better service and the familiarity of the citizens with it. Persons in city streets are thrilled by the clanging of the ambulance gong and fascinated when the horses gallop by. A feeling of horror is oftentimes followed by one of some comfort at the thought that, in case of accident to himself, one speedily would be taken care of. In a majority of instances this feeling of comfort is not justified. If you don't believe it, watch some one try to get an ambulance in a hurry.

A Telephone Oplate. The elder's wife was seriously ill,

and the doctor advised rest and quiet. But the lady was very devoted to church work and worried herself into hysteria because she could not attend services and hear her favorite pastor preach. "She must not leave the house,"

warned the doctor, "but you can easily arrange to have her hear the sermon by telephone."

The elder grasped the suggestion and made the necessary arrangements for transmitting the sermon into his wife's

At poon on the Sabbath the doctor called and asked, "How did it work?" "Fine," declared the elder, rubbing his hands gleefully. "Ten minutes aftor the sermon began she fell sound

asleep."-Philadelphia Ledger. On the Trail. "I'm gunning for railroads,"

nounced the trust-buster. "Then come with me," whispered the near-humorist. "I can show you some of their tracks." - Southwestern's

book, a moonlight night and a pretty girl, and he will talk like a poet about the sordidness of gold. Some people do nothing but hate

people who chew toothpicks on the

Give a young man an empty pocket-

People don't believe in giving a boy

anything except a whipping.

the Diplomat was at that moment gath-She shook her head.