

**Missing Ships.**  
Men go down to the sea under blinding canvas in fewer and fewer numbers, the "tin kettle" tramp now doing the old clipper's work, but Neptune still exacts his toll from the square-rigged ships that are fated to float upon the ocean, bound 10,000 miles or more, and never again to be heard of. Ten big sailers thus vanished in 1908. Last year eight wind-jammers of large burden were recorded on the world's log of missing ships. One was an American, the four-masted Fort George of 1,770 tons, and there are few enough of ours left. Most of them are swallowed on Cape Horn voyages.—New York Press.

**No Conscience Yet.**  
"He hasn't been in politics very long, has he?"  
"No, but how did you know?"  
"I was walking with him to-day just as a police patrol wagon dashed up behind us, and he didn't start guiltily or look nervous at all."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**TRIALS of the NEEDLES**  
DON'T EVER ASK ME TO GO SHOPPING WITH YOU AGAIN. WE'RE WASTING MY TIME AND MONEY BUYING A LOT OF USELESS STUFF.

**EVERYTHING WEVE SOLD HERE HAS BEEN SOLD HERE BEFORE.**  
I'VE BEEN HERE FOR YEARS AND I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING THAT'S EVER BEEN SOLD HERE.

**Munyon's Paw Paw Pills** coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, grip or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; invigorate instead of weaken. They enrich the blood and stimulate the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no coloring matter, and are entirely safe and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice write to Munyon's Dispensary. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of charge. MUNYON'S, 534 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

**WESTERN CANADA**  
The greatest gold country (Unexplored) in the world. Millions of acres of land are available for settlement. The climate is ideal for agriculture. The soil is fertile. The water is pure. The scenery is beautiful. The people are friendly. The cost of living is low. The opportunities are unlimited. Write for a free booklet.

**Learn the Automobile**  
Chauffeurs, Drivers and Repairmen Earn Big Money  
\$20 to \$50 per Week  
The usual pay for trained men. Some earn as much more on the side as they do on their regular work. Write for a free booklet.

**MAKE MONEY WHILE LEARNING**  
By getting in your spare time selling our supplies and literature. Write for a free booklet.

**Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription**  
In the best of all medicines for the cure of diseases, disorders and weaknesses peculiar to women. It is the only preparation of its kind devised by a regular graduate physician—an experienced and skilled specialist in the diseases of women.

**His Thanks.**  
"We wish to return our thanks," wrote Editor Clouston of the Spikewtown Herald, "to the unknown donor who left a six pound turkey on the doorstep Christmas eve. The fact that the poor old fowl was as tough as an Egyptian mummy, and turned the edge of a carving knife after nine hours' cooking, does not weaken our gratitude a burned bit. The person who gave it to us meant well, and it was a kind act, anyway, to kill the ancient bird and put it out of its misery. Thank you, brother, whoever you are. We'll send you the gizzard if you'll give us your address."

**REST AND PEACE**  
**Fall Upon Distracted Households**  
When Cuticura Enters.  
Sleep for fated tortured babies and rest for tired, fretted mothers is found in a hot bath with Cuticura Soap and a gentle anointing with Cuticura Ointment. This treatment, in the majority of cases, affords immediate relief in the most distressing forms of itching, burning, scaly, and crusted humors, eczemas, rashes, inflammations, irritations, and chafings, of infancy and childhood, permits rest and sleep to both parent and child, and points to a speedy cure, when other remedies fail. Worn-out and worried parents will find this pure, sweet and economical treatment realizes their highest expectations, and may be applied to the youngest infants as well as children of all ages. The Cuticura Remedies are sold by druggists everywhere. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, Mass., for their free 32-page Cuticura Book on the care and treatment of skin and scalp of infants, children and adults.

**A Little Too Hasty.**  
In the scramble that followed a premature discharge of dynamite in a building, says a writer in the New York Sun, a stout man lost a scarf-pin. After he began to search for it he noticed another man poking round in the dust and debris. He immediately grew suspicious, and at last spoke.  
"I do not wish to give offense," he said, "but I must ask you to refrain from assisting me in this search. I appreciate your willingness to help, but as a means of self-protection I long ago made it a rule never to allow strangers to assist me in search for a lost article."

"Oh, very well," said the stranger. "You have no objection to my looking on, I suppose?"  
He sat down on the curbstone and watched the stout man sift dust and overturn stones. After twenty minutes of painful stooping the stout man found a scarf-pin.  
"But it is not my pin," he said, dejectedly.  
"No, it's mine," said the other man. "I heard it strike somewhere hereabouts. That was what I set out to look for, but when I saw how anxious you were for the job I let you go ahead. Your own scarf-pin, if you want to know, is sticking to the flap of your left coat pocket."

**Community of Interest.**  
Profiting by the mistake of others the two explorers, each of whom had found the south pole unknown to the other, held a conference.  
"What is the use," they said, "of wrangling over it? We will write our book jointly, and will travel and lecture together. One of us will do the oratorical stunt and the other will turn the pictures on the screen."  
So they divided the spoils, which turned out to be quite satisfactory.

**EXPOSURE TO GOLD**  
and wet in the first day in pneumonia. Take Perry's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; invigorate instead of weaken. They enrich the blood and stimulate the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no coloring matter, and are entirely safe and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice write to Munyon's Dispensary. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of charge. MUNYON'S, 534 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Where He'd Be.**  
Mrs. McSosh—I wish all the saloons in creation were in the bottom of the sea.  
Mrs. McSosh—Gee, you gotta mess disposition! Wanner get me down, eh?—Cleveland Leader.

**No Trick at All.**  
Canby Dunn—Do you take any stock in the story that a man engraved the entire alphabet on the head of a pin?  
Y. Knott—Certainly. He could have engraved the ten commandments on it. It was a coupling pin. Ring off.

**For Red, Itching Eyelids, and Falling Eyelashes and All Eyes That Need Care.**  
Falling Eyelashes and All Eyes That Need Care. Try Murine Eye Salva. Ask Your Druggist or Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

# The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

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**CHAPTER XXVI (Continued).**  
"So they went to India, and took up their residence in the hills. One daughter was born to them, named Narcisse. Capt. De L'Enclos died the following year. When Narcisse was only eighteen she was married to Harcourt, whom she had met while on a visit to Calcutta. He was a personable fellow, of good family and my aunt thought her only child was making a good match. The resemblance between these four women—my Aunt Marie, and her daughter Narcisse, whom you know as Mrs. Harold Harcourt, and my mother and sister, was striking. They all had the same coloring, the same features almost to the fraction of an inch, and the same remarkably exquisite coloring. Yet I am sure that not until to-day has Mrs. Harcourt known that Narcisse Wayne and her mother and sister, but I do not know how she came to know it. They all had the same coloring, the same features almost to the fraction of an inch, and the same remarkably exquisite coloring. Yet I am sure that not until to-day has Mrs. Harcourt known that Narcisse Wayne and her mother and sister, but I do not know how she came to know it.

"To that end," continued Le Malheureux, "Harcourt leased the Flanders house, and Harcourt and I went to live in the house which was to be the headquarters of our expedition. Harcourt and I went to live in the house which was to be the headquarters of our expedition. Harcourt and I went to live in the house which was to be the headquarters of our expedition. Harcourt and I went to live in the house which was to be the headquarters of our expedition.

"I was at Heidelberg when Aunt Marie came to visit me. It was the year that Narcisse was married, and three years after Narcisse, a madcap girl of seventeen, had been sent home in disgrace from a French convent after a flirtation with Harcourt, who had followed her to Africa and married her there.  
"Aunt Marie had gone to Africa in search of her sister. With her daughter my aunt felt she could safely seek out her twin sister after the lapse of all these years. She was grief-stricken over the news of her sister's death, and unwittingly let fall before my father that in the Tioulogue region were some extremely valuable diamond fields, the secret of whose location had been known to her husband, Capt. De L'Enclos, by an Arabian servant of his. Aunt Marie's fortune had felt the touch of years, and she had made a joint journey for her African journey attempt to locate and work these mines. Father, his avarice all stirred again, strove to force her to tell him where they were. Aunt Marie knew him of old and refused to do so, and stopped with Benoit and me for over a year, giving me the only happiness I had known since my mother's death. She spoke freely to me of my young cousin Narcisse Harcourt in India, asked me to befriend her if ever I saw her, and she was as good as dead. I went home that summer and left Aunt Marie in Paris planning to return to India in the early fall. Later the news came that she had perished in a horrible conflagration at a charity bazaar. This was a severe blow, but for I had loved my aunt, and my heart went out to my unknown cousin.

"Narcisse had the heart of a fiend. Harcourt had taught her that she was the most beautiful human existent. A whim of hers was to fancy herself the reincarnation of Venus herself. Narcisse did not take kindly to the news of an equally exquisite cousin across seas, especially since her children, of whom by now she had two, were, with all due respect to their father, whom they resembled, not particularly comely. To satisfy herself Narcisse made a flying trip to India in disguise, and there began the tragic and mad.  
"Father at this time became cognizant that I knew how to reach the Tioulogue mines. Aunt Marie had begged me with her farewell breath to keep this intelligence from him. I kept my faith with her. And as a penalty for that faith my father subjected me to the most cruel tortures that forty friends might have devised. He began in the castle and ended with them in the jungle. And when I was nearly dead from pain and distortion, he realized that I was dying and the secret with me. Then he pulled me by the hair and dragged me back to life—but such a life—such a living death—for no being so deformed and taunted out of human shape as I ever before walked the earth.

"Narcisse went to India. She saw Narcisse and hated her on sight. Narcisse had a child, too, by then, and her one baby was as lovely as Narcisse's two had been plain. What is more, Narcisse became violently infatuated with Harcourt, Narcisse's husband. She made herself known to him one day as he walked beneath the trees in the garden, while Narcisse sat in the house and rocked her baby to sleep. After the first start Harcourt became interested. I know not what wilds Narcisse used, but this figure from the court bound hand and foot, Narcisse was ousted from her husband's heart. Narcisse had forgotten her home and children.

"Both Narcisse and Harcourt stopped at actual murder. They began to play that royal game. The resemblance between Narcisse and Narcisse made this easy. They kept Narcisse under the influence of the loco blossoms—drugged her poor mind almost to imbecility. When Narcisse lay stupefied from the deadly poisons Narcisse paraded before Mrs. Harcourt. Harcourt, Narcisse was always jealous of their child, the little Harold, Jr.

"One day Harold, Jr., fell by accident into the lily pond. The poor drug-

contest her waist was torn off and her nose began to bleed. Then she fainted from fright. I carried her from the hotel to Harcourt's rooms, intending to take her to her home in the morning. She grew steadily worse and by morning was having convulsions. I held high European degrees as a physician, and as I knew the cause of her malady felt the only way to get to the girl would be to treat her myself. Together with Tyoga and Harcourt I got her to San Francisco and took her to Africa with me. I had to do it. There was no other way. My only safety lay in flight. Her only chance of recovery lay in the medication I could give her, for I alone knew the cause of her complete mental prostration. The later complications of her journey I had not foreseen, but she is here now, safe and well, and, may I not say it all the happier for her trip?"

Harcourt had risen and staggered from his feet toward Francis Wayne. Harcourt walked like a drunken man, and quicker than anyone could divine his purpose he had unveiled the shrinking figure of Le Malheureux. Sbricks rose from all sides of the court room. Before them stood—The Man-Aperilla!  
High and clear rang Narcisse Harcourt's voice:  
"My poor cousin! My poor, poor cousin!"

**CHAPTER XXVII.**  
They hung Harcourt within the month. And the British government did not interfere. It was glad to shift the burden of such a human pest on the island. Harcourt went back to England to be with his children, and patch out the rest of his life as best he could. Narcisse Harcourt and Philip Hartley married.  
The papers Francis Wayne produced bore out his story, which was further attested by the old French Cure, and by Tyoga. They also told of the frightful treatment Francis Wayne had suffered at the hands of his unnatural father, and how his repulsive shape was in reality a perverted triumph of science. For old John Wayne out there in the African jungle had forestalled all continental research in the graft of body on body. When through his tortures his soul lay before him scarcely more than a heart and a brain, John Wayne had grafted to him bodily the hugest gorilla the jungle furnished. The human brain and heart and soul still beat in kinship, and the beast's body thrived and made for the mortal soul within it a torture.  
After the trial Le Malheureux, disdaining the pleadings of a hundred scientists, went back to Africa with Meta and Benoit. There he has sunk his identity in a wonderful laboratory for electrical research, from which annually issues bulletins that delight and astonish the scientific world. Before Le Malheureux called he said, in self-justification:  
"Only once have I let the inclinations of the beast that is part of me overtop me—only once permitted its physical characteristics to conquer my moral soul. That was the time when, penned in the death-chamber of my sister, with the trap-door locked behind me, and open escape, such as Harcourt took, barred from me because of my unmerited affliction, and when I knew no one would believe my story, that I might keep free for my cousin's sake, hunted and sore, I fibbered and fought and played the beast I look."

**COST OF LIVING IN SOUTH.**  
Good Accommodations Much Higher at Hotels Than in the North.  
In the New Register of Feb. 7 appears a news item from Washington to the effect that as shown by sworn statements of the expenses of the traveling employes of the department of agriculture average between \$1 and \$2.50 a day.  
This is absurd, says Traveler in the New York Sun. First class accommodations cannot be secured as cheaply in the south as in other parts of the country. I am a native of New York city and have traveled in all of the Atlantic seaboard states during the last eight years, and I am of the opinion that I know something about the traveling proposition.  
The minimum rate of a country hotel in the south is \$2 a day, and within the last two years where there is no competition many of them have gone up to \$2.50, and the food you get at most of them beggars description. If you had supper in Jessup, Ga., and by an almost route could break fast in China Grove, N. C., you would get the same meal.  
There are places where accommodations can be secured at \$1 a day, and no doubt they are patronized by worthy people, but I was never aware that a government employe ate such "bumble pie." I know quite a few personally.  
I have put up at some country hotels in New England, and—well, comparisons are odious. However, it is sufficient to say that there is little more to be desired for \$2 a day.  
Then again, please consider that the South has to import much of what it eats from sections of the country which, according to aforesaid government employes, are more expensive to live in.  
In a first class hotel in a large city in the South, a hotel which ranks with a second class hotel in the East, you cannot secure complete accommodations for much less than \$5 a day. By way of comparison, you could get more for \$5 a day in Boston than in Atlanta. In a pinch you could live very comfortably in Boston for \$4 a day, much better than you could in Birmingham, Ala.  
In the matter of housekeeping a family can live more comfortably with in a moderate distance of Boston, New York or Philadelphia on the same amount of money as would be spent under the same circumstances on the outskirts of Atlanta. The most economical city in the country, by the way, is Baltimore.  
These figures from the sworn statements of government employes do not constitute a proper commentary on the differences in cost of living in hotels in different sections of the country. They jump from a dollar a day backwoods hotel, where hog and hominy is the cuisine, to a first class hotel in Boston, where you can get Parker house rolls and real buckwheat cakes and real maple sirup for breakfast. As they stand the figures are valueless and misleading.

**Some People are so fond of ill luck** they run half way to meet it!—Douglas Jerrold.

# GOOD SHORT STORIES

A country bridegroom, when the bride hesitated to pronounce the word "obey," remarked to the officiating clergyman: "Go on, mister; it don't matter. I can make her."

The popular opinion of a critic is of one who has not learned any science or succeeded in any art, and is therefore empowered to sit in judgment on those who have. "Can you sing?" asked the maestro of the aspiring pupil. "No!" "Can you play?" "No!" "Then I don't see anything for you but to teach music."

A man who has been three times married and as often left a widower was reported to be thinking a fourth time of entering into the blessed and comfortable estate of holy matrimony. A friend ventured to ask whether there was any truth in the rumor and received this sagacious reply: "Na, na; what w' marryin' them, and what w' buryin' them, it's over expensive."

Richard Le Gallienne, the poet, was entertaining a group of magazine editors at luncheon in New York. To a compliment upon his fame Mr. Le Gallienne said lightly: "But what is poetical fame in this age of prose? Only yesterday a schoolboy came and asked me for my autograph. I assented willingly. And to-day at breakfast time the boy again presented himself. 'Will you give me your autograph, sir?' he said. 'But, said I, 'I gave you my autograph yesterday.' 'I swapped that and a dollar,' he answered, 'for the autograph of Jim Jeffries.'"

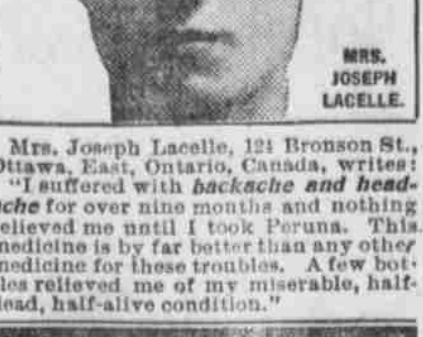
He was a doctor and was patiently waiting for his first patient. Thought he: "If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain. And as patients will not seek me out, I must needs seek them out." He strolled through the cheap market and presently saw a man buy six nice cucumbers. "Here's a chance!" said he, and followed him home. Patiently he waited for four long and lonely hours and about midnight the front door quickly opened, and the man dashed down the steps. He seized him by the arm and cried earnestly: "Do you want a doctor?" "No!" replied the man roughly. "Want more cucumbers!"

She was the lady of his choice and he took no pains to conceal it. "I'll bet you don't know what day to-morrow is," she announced suddenly. "Why, Tuesday, of course," he answered in a puzzled tone. "Oh, I don't mean that kind of a day. I knew you didn't know." "I don't know. What do you mean?" he replied helplessly. "Well, I guess I'll have to tell you." She pretended she was hurt. "It will be my birthday." "Congratulations, Alice. Congratulations," he exclaimed enthusiastically. "And how old may you be?" "That's for you to find out," she answered, laughing. "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll send you a rose for every year of your life. How will that do?" At the florist's he found the assistant unoccupied. "Send Miss Casey eighteen of your best roses to-morrow morning. You know the address. Eighteen. Your best. Understand." The boy understood. Half an hour later the proprietor was knocking over the order book. "What did Mr. Graham order to-day?" "Eighteen roses, sir," answered Willie. "Eighteen? He's a pretty good customer. Throw in a dozen more."

**What Cinderella Really Wore.**  
Doubtless in reading the parchments of the old French chroniclers many mistakes and misunderstandings occurred. The manuscripts were so dingy and difficult and undeipherable!  
Of all such errors, one made by Charles Perrault is the most evident and the widest spread. When he was writing his fairy tales to amuse the seventeenth century courtiers of France, he had, naturally enough, recourse to the old French chronicles. There he read that Cinderella—or whatever her name was in those by-gone days—went to the ball in slippers of vair, the royal fur of that time, miniver, as it is now known.  
But Perrault, misreading the text, decked out his heroine in slippers of verre—glass—a very different thing. The real Cinderella probably gilded softly down the dance in those pointed, curving, fux-bordered shoes of medieval days. Thanks to good Monsieur Perrault, however, she will forever click-clack down the corridors of time, for those little clattering glass slippers belong to her as much as his swaggering shoes of leather to Puss in Boots.

**An Object Defeated.**  
"Why do women wear such extravagant headgear?" asked the Chicago man.  
"To be frank with you," replied his wife, "it is to attract the admiring eyes of the men."  
"Then why do you proceed to put out the men's eyes with hatspins?"—Washington Star.

# BACKACHE!



Mrs. Joseph Lacelle, 121 Bronson St., Ottawa, East, Ontario, Canada, writes: "I suffered with backache and headache for over nine months and nothing relieved me until I took Peruna. This medicine is by far better than any other medicine for these troubles. A few bottles relieved me of my miserable, half-half-convulsions."

**SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE.**—To demonstrate the value of Peruna in all catarrhal troubles we will send you a sample bottle absolutely free by mail. The merit and success of Peruna is so well known to the public that our readers are advised to send for sample bottle: Address the Peruna Company, Columbus, Ohio. Don't forget to mention you read this generous offer in the...

**A Carlyle Retort.**  
An empty headed duke once said to Thomas Carlyle at a dinner: "The British people, sir, can afford to laugh at theories."  
Carlyle, scowling, replied: "The French nobility of a hundred years ago thought that they could afford to laugh at theorists too. But a man came and wrote a book called 'The Social Contract.' This man was Jean Jacques Rousseau, and his book was a theory and nothing but a theory. The nobles could laugh at his theory, but their skins went to bind the second edition of the book."

**Backsbeesh.**  
Ugardon—What impressed you most during your trip abroad?  
Atom—The touches I got everywhere I went, of course.

**HAVE YOU A COUGH, OR COLD?**  
If so take at once Allen's Lung Balsam and expect relief. It is the best of all coughs. Popular prices—50c, 100c and \$1.00 bottles.

**QUEER VILLAGES.**  
Some Peculiar Ones That May Be Seen in England.  
The English village is very dear to the hearts of poets and painters, and thousands of them are certainly charming. A few, however, are more amusing than anything else—as, for instance, one which consists entirely of old railway carriages, even the shops being composed of four horse trucks. Another village, with a population of 1,100 and taxed at the valuation of \$150,000, has neither school, church nor other public building, the only thing of the sort being a letter box on a pillar. Villages with but a single inhabitant are not unknown, one of them being Skiddaw, in Cumberland. The single villager complains bitterly because he cannot vote, there being no overseer to prepare a voters' list and no church or other public building in which to publish one, as the law requires. The lonely rate payer in a Northumberland village has declined to contribute money to maintain the roads, remarking that the one he has is quite good enough for his use. In the Isle of Ely is a little parish with about a dozen inhabitants that has no rates, as there are no roads or public institutions of any kind and consequently no expenses. Kempton, near Bedford, can probably lay successful claim to the distinction of being the longest village in the world, as it straggles along the road for a distance of seven miles. Sometimes a village will entirely disappear, having been built either on the edge of the crumbling cliffs that make part of the coast line or over an ancient mine. One of the latter class is in Shropshire, and each year one or more of the cottages tumbles as the earth sinks beneath it.—Harper's Weekly.

**POSTUM FOR MOTHERS.**  
The Drink That Nourishes and Supplies Food for Mother and Child.  
My husband has been unable to drink coffee for several years, so we were very glad to give Postum a trial and when we understood that long boiling would bring out the delicious flavor, we have been highly pleased with it.  
"It is one of the finest things for nursing mothers that I have ever seen. It keeps up the mother's strength and increases the supply of nourishment for the child if partaken of freely. I drank it between meals instead of water and found it most beneficial."  
"Our five-year-old boy has been very delicate since birth and has developed slowly. He was white and bloodless. I began to give him Postum freely and you would be surprised at the change. When any person remarks about the good improvement, we never fail to tell them that we attribute his gain in strength and general health, to the free use of Postum and this has led many friends to use it for themselves and children.  
"I have always cautioned friends to whom I have spoken about Postum, to follow directions in making it, for unless it is boiled fifteen or twenty minutes, it is quite tasteless. On the other hand, when properly made, it is very delicious. I want to thank you for the benefits we have derived from the use of your Postum."  
Read "The Road to Wellville" found in pkgs. "There's a Reason."  
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.