

(Copyright, by Ainalee Magazine Co.)

HE west-bound stopped with the money, and, going into the San Rosario on "pony corrai," as he called it, in at 8:20 a. m. A man which his desk was ralled off, he bewith a thick black gan to look over his letters.

presented themselves.

tip to let you know.

get back.

to write.

leather wallet under Earlier, a little incident had ochis arm left the train curred that even the sharp eyes of the dashes hither and thither like a b.oodand walked rapidly examiner had failed to notice. When bound seeking a trail. Finally he him to get at your back and help friend, all at once." up the main street of he had begun his work at the cash pushed aside all the notes except a the town. There were counter, Mr. Edlinger had winked sig- few, which he arranged in a neat pile tourniquet on your leg above a rattle that moment was heard the shrill ted the bank. They saw him travel EN other passengers who nificantly at Roy Wilson, the youthful before him, and began a dry, formal also got off at San Rosario, but they bank messenger, and nodded his head little speech. either slouched limberly over to the slightly toward the front door. Roy railroad eating house or the Silver understood, took his hat and walked Dollar saloon, or joined the groups of leisurely out, with his collector's book poor crops and the depression in the

idlers about the station. Indecision had no part in the movements of the man with the wallet.

built, with very light, closely trimmed hair, smooth, determined face, and aggressive, gold-rimmed nose guasses. He was well dressed in the prevailing quaintance, "you want to get a move sixty or ninety-day or call loans until eastern style. His air denoted a quiet but conscious reserve force, if not actual authority.

squares he came to the center of the fit bluffed. Mr. Edlinger gave me the like \$40,000. They are secured, ac the county, rent free, and I was town's business area. Here another street of importance crossed the main one, forming the hub of San Rosario's life and commerce. Upon one corner stood the postoffice. Upon another Rubensky's clothing emporium. The other two diagonally opposing corners were occupied by the town's two banks, the First National as I the Stockmen's National, Into the F st National bank of San Rosario the newcomer walked never slowing his brisk step until he stood at the cashler's window. The bank opened for business at nine, and the working force was already assembled, each preparing his department for the days business. The cashier was examining the mail when he noticed the stranger standing at his window.

"Bank doesn't open 'til nine," he remarked, curtly, but without feeling. He had had to make that statement so often to early birds since San Rogario adopted city banking hours. "I am well aware of that," said the other man, in cool, brittle tones, "Will

you kindly receive my card?" The cashier drew the small, spotless, parallelogram inside the bars of his wicket, and read:

J. F. C. NETTLEWICK.

National Bank Examiner.

"Oh-er-will you walk around inside, Mr .- er-Nettlewick. Your first visit-didn't know your business, of course. Walk right around, please."

The examiner was quickly inside the sacred precincts of the bank, where he was ponderously introduced to each employee in turn by Mr. Edlinger, the cashier-a middle-aged

gentleman of deliberation, discretion d method

whythmic twang of the west; "we will and sliver over Arizona, New Mexico and out that way is California, and statements-your misleading statego over them together. Nobody in the and a good part of California. We over there is Florida-and that's your ments, which you do not condescend bank knows those notes as I do Some were both in the war of 'sixty-one, but range 'til court meets. You're in my to explain-do not appear to be quite of 'em are little wobbly on their legs, in different commands. We've fought charge, and I take the responsibility. the thing, regarded either as business and some are Mavericks without extra Indians and horse thieves side by You be here when you're wanted." many brands on their backs, but side; we've starved for weeks in a they'll most all pay out at the round-

The two sat down at the president's desk. First, the examiner went so hard the lightning couldn't strike I'll just loaf around the office thil then - Well, Bob and I have been through through the notes at lightning speed. and added up their total, finding it to some rough spells since the first time much. If you'd lot the kids come out agree with the amount of loans car- we met in the branding camp of the in the yard once in a while and have you for listening to a garrulous old ried on the book of daily balances, old Anchor-Dar ranch. And during a round, I'd like it."

Next, he took up the larger loans, in- that time we've found it necessary quiring scrupulously into the condition more than once to help each other of their indorsers or securities. The out of tight places. In those days it And come to my house, the same as have long ago learned to run wh n new examiner's mind seemed to was expected of a man to stick to his ever.' You see, Mr. Nettlewick, you we begin with 'Once upon a time,' so course and turn and make unexpected friend, and he didn't ask any credit can't make a friend of a thief, but we have to spin our yarns to the

"I find, sir, the condition of your bank to be very good, considering the pardner, why, you might be shy one into San Rosario from the south. The under his arm. Once outside, he made cattle interests of your state. The a bee-line for the Stockmen's Nation- clerical work seems to be done accurately and punctually. Your past-That bank was also getting ready was short in stature, but strong , to open. No customers had, as yet, due paper is moderate in amount, and promises only a small loss. I would "Say, you people!" cried Roy, with recommend the calling in of your

the familiarity of youth and long ac- large loans, and the making of only on you. There's a new bank ex- general business revives. And now, aminer over at the First, and he's a there is one thing more, and I will boy and a girl-a four and a six yearstem-winder. He's counting nickels have finished with the bank. Here old. There was a comfortable house After walking a distance of three on Perry, and he's got the whole out- are six notes aggregating something next to the courthouse, furnished by cording to their faces by various saving some money. Bob did most of stocks, bonds, shares, etc., to the the office work. Both of us had seen Mr. Buckley, president of the Stock-

value of \$70,000. Those securities are rough times and plenty of rustling and men's National-a stout, elderly man, missing from the notes to which they | danger, and 1 tell you it was great to looking like a farmer dressed for Sunshould be attached. I suppose you hear the rain dashing against the day-heard Roy from his private office have them in the safe or vault. You windows of nights, and be warm and in the rear, and called him. will permit me to examine them."

"Has Major Kingman come down to the bank yet?" he asked the boy. Major Tom's light-blue eyes turned could get up in the morning and be "Yes, sir, he was just driving up as left," said Roy.

"I want you to take him a note. Put

sence." Roy returned and handed to Major

note. The major read it, folded it, and slipped it into his vest pocket. drawing to a close. "Ah!" said the examiner. He wait- hand. He leaned back in his chair for a few moments as if he were meditating ed a moment, and then continued:

the vault. He came out with the nitely?" bulky, old-fashioned leather note case stamped on the back in gilt letters,

"Bills Discounted." In this were the ed securities, and the major, in his we'll talk it over."

ed his count of the cash. His pencil fluttered like a swallow over the sheet

spectacles. That look seemed to say: You're safe this time, but-' "Cash all correct," snapped the examiner. He made a dash for the individual bookkeeper, and, for a few

minutes there was a fluttering of ledger leaves and a sailing of balance sheets through the air. "How often do you balance your

or humor. I do not understand such " Thanks, Tom,' he said, kind of motives or action Major Tom looked down at him socabin in the Arizona mountains, buried carelessly; 'I was sort of hoping you twenty feet deep in snow; we've rid- wouldn't lock me up. Court meets renely and not unkindly. "Son," he said, "there are plenty of

den herd together when the wind blew next Monday, so if you don't object, things in the chaparral, and on the I've got one favor to ask, if it isn't too prairies, and up the canyons that you don't understand. But I want to thank man's prosy stories. We old Texans

'Why not?' I answered him. love to talk about our adventures and "They're welcome, and so are you our old comrades, and the home folks for it. Probably next day you'd need neither can you make a thief of a stranger within our gates."

The examiner made no answer. At only bowed coldly, and abruptly quitsnake bite and ride for whiaky. So, whistle of a locomotive pulling into diagonally across the street in a after all, it was give and take, and if the depot. That was the train on the straight line and enter the Stockyou didn't stand square with your little, narrow-gauge road that struck nen's National bank. when you needed him. But Bob was a major cocked his ear and listened for and drew from his vest pocket the

man who was willing to go further a moment and looked at his watch The narrow-gauge was in on time-"Twenty years ago I was sheriff 10:35. The major continued: "So Bob hung around the office. reading the papers and smoking. I put

boom in cattle, when we both made another deputy to work in his place our stake. I was sheriff and col. and, after a while, the first excitelector, and it was a big thing for me ment of the case wore off.

"One day when we were alone in that means that we'll catch him inside the office Bob came over to where I was sitting. He was looking sort of grim and blue-the same look he used We've got just \$2,200 in the bank, and to get when he'd been up watching for the law requires that we have \$20,-

Indians all night or herd-riding. "'Tom,' says he, 'It's harder than standing off redskins; it's harder than up that Gibson bunch of cattle. They'll lying in the lava desert forty miles from water; but I'm going to stick it out to the end. You know that's been my style. But if you'd tip me the smallest kind of a sign-if you'd shaved and have folks call you 'mis- just say: 'Bob, I understand,' why

> "I was surprised. 'I don't know what you mean, Bob,' I said. 'Of course, you know that I'd do anything under the sun to help you that could. But you've got me guessing.' "'All right, 'Tom,' was all he said,

and he went back to his newspaper and lit another cigar. "It was the night before court met

at 10:35. You can't let a bank exa awhen I found out what he meant. I iner in to count \$2,200 and close your went to bed that night with that same old, light-headed, nervous feeling come back upon me. I dropped off to sleep about midnight. When I awoke was standing, half dressed in one of the courthouse corridors. Bob was holding one of my arms, our family doctor the other, and Allce was shaking me and half crying. She had sent for the doctor without my knowing it, and when he came they had found me out of bed and missing, and

"'Sleep-walking,' said the doctor. "All of us went back to the house.

and the doctor told us some remarkable storles about the strange things people had done while in that condition. I was feeling rather chilly after my trip out, and, as my wife was out of the room at the time. I pulled open the door of an old wardrobe that stood in the room and dragged out a big HIS RIGHT OF ADMISSION guilt I had seen in there. With it tumbled out the bag of money for stealing which Bob was to be triedand convicted-in the morning.

"'How the jumping rattlesnakes did that get there?' I yelled, and all hands

PROFITABLE FLAX IS

Wonderful Paying Proposition In Western Canadian Prairies.

So much is heard of the wheat, oats and barley grown in the prairie lands of western Canada, and so much has been told of the wealth to be made out of the raising of cattle on the succulent and rich grasses of those fertile plains, that a most important product has been almost lost sight of, Finx. Recent press reports advise us that on one of the last boats to clear from Fort William (at the head of Lake Superior) for Buffalo, there were 241,000 bushels of flax valued at \$583,220, and on another boat leaving the same day there were 288,000 bushels valued at \$720,000. There has been a big demand for Canadian flax this season, and the lake movement has been very heavy. Flax is always a sure crop, and gives to the farmer who is anxious for quick return after getting on his land, the chance he is looking for. There is opportunity for thousands yet, on the free homesteads of 160 acres, and many of these are available within short distance of the lines of railway that are already built or under congrayhounds going through you, and struction, either on the main line or branches. Besides these free grant of a couple of hours, maybe. Now, I lands there is an opportunity to purwant you to do something for me. chase from rallway and land companies at reasonable prices,

The display of western Canada's grains in the straw as well as 000 late yesterday afternoon to buy threshed grains and grasses recently made at St. Louis was an excellent realize \$40,000 in less than thirty demonstration of what the country can days on the transaction, but that do. It proved splendid as an illustration won't make my cash on hand look any of the resources of that vast prairie prettier to that bank examiner. Now, country, which during the past year can't show him those notes, for has again proven its ability to prothey're just plain notes of hand wi b- duce excellent yields of wheat, oats out any security in sight, but ; u and barley-and flax. Not only this, know very well that Pink Ross a 4 but the splendid herds of cattle are Jim Fisher are two of the finest wh . a source of large revenue. There is men God ever made, and they'll do t . a fund of information to be had by square thing. You remember Jim reading the Canadian government lit-Fisher-he was the one who shot that erature, copies of which may be had faro dealer in El Paso. I wired St n free by applying to your nearest Ca-Bradshaw's bank to send me \$20,0 0 | nadian government agent.

TOO FREQUENT.

Connie-Why did you quarrel with Dick?

Grace-Why, he proposed to me last night.

Connie-What of that? Grace-Why, I accepted him only the night before.

"Some nine years ago I noticed

A light-blue cradle, built in Hun- STUBBORN ECZEMA ON HANDS



have taken them. You may hold me the first fruits of prosperity and white Mr Buckley sat down and began personally responsible for their ab- shirts, and I guess I was happy. Yes, Nettlewick felt a slight thrill. He Kingman the envelope containing the had not expected this. He had struck ally out of the window. The bank a momentous trail when the hunt was examiner changed his position, and

deeply, and then rose and went into "May I ask you to explain more defi-"The securities were taken by me,"

notes due the bank with their attach- in trouble. Come in here, sir, and sack, and locked them in the big safe

"Your statement," he began, "since

rough way dumped the lot upon his desk and began to sort them over. By this time Nettlewick had finish-

of paper on which he had set his figures. He opened his black wallet, which seemed to be also a kind of secret memorandum book, made a few rapid figures in it, wheeled and transfixed Dorsey with the glare of his

passbooks?" he demanded, suddenly.

unflinchingly toward the examiner. "No, sir," he said, in a low but ter.' And then, I had the finest wife it would make it lots easier." steady tone; "those securities are and kids that ever struck the range, it into his own hands as soon as you neither in the safe nor the vault. I and my old friend with me enjoying

my own use, but to save an old friend into a cigar box and the money into a

repeated the major. "It was not for a week. I just shoved the checks

was happy about that time." The major sighed and glanced casuleaned his chin upon his other

"One winter," continued the major, 'the money for the county taxes came pouring in so fast that I didn't have time to take the stuff to the bank

stand off a band of Apaches, or put a

than that. He never played a limit.

of this county, and I made Bob my

chief deputy. That was before the

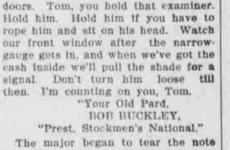
then. I was married, and we had a

safe and comfortable, and know you

that belonged in the sheriff's office.

"I had been overworked that week

had begun a search.



his waste basket. He gave a satisfied little chuckle as he did so. "Confounded old reckless cow

Hungarian Immigrant's Good Answer to Gateman Who Would Have Stopped Him.

gary, and intended originally for one child, passed through the New York

No Happiness to Be in Love.

To be in love is not to be happy

An Expensive Aqueduct.

New York's new aqueduct will cost

cash inside we'll pull the shade for a signal. Don't turn him loose till then. I'm counting on you, Tom. "Prest. Stockmen's National."

The major smilled, but the examiner

Major Tom sat down at his desk,

note Roy had given him. He had read

once, but hurriedly, and now, with

"I hear there's one of Uncle Sam's

000. I let Ross and Fisher have \$18,-

and it will get in on the narrow-gau .

omething like a twinkle in his eyes,

he read again. These were the words

he read:

"Dear Tom:

The major began to tear the note into small pieces and throw them into

puncher!" he growled, contentedly,

that pays him some on account for what he tried to do for me in the sherlff's office 20 years ago."

"I was kind of expecting Sam Tur

ner round again, pretty soon," said Mr. Edlinger. "Sam's been examining us now, for about four years. I guess you'll find us all right, though, considering the tightness in business. Not overly much money on hand, but able to stand the storms, sir, stand the storms."

"Mr. Turner and I have been or dered by the comptroller to exchange districts," said the examiner, in his decisive, formal tones. "He is covering my old territory in southern Illiright. nois and Indiana. I will take the cash

first, please." Perry Dorsey, the teller, was al ready arranging his cash on the counter for the examiner's inspection. He knew it was right to a cent, and he had nothing to fear, but he was nervownership. ous and flustered. So was every man

in the bank. There was something so icy and swift, so impersonal and uncompromising about this man that his very presence seemed an accusation. He looked to be a man who would never make nor overlook an error.

Mr. Nettlewick first seized the currency, and with a rapid, almost juggling motion counted it by packages. Then he spun the sponge cup toward

him and verified the count by bills. His thin, white fingers flew like some expert musician's upon the keys of a plano. He dumped the gold upon the counter with a crash, and the coins whined and savg as they skimmed across the marble slab from the tips of his nimble digits. The air was full of fractional currency when he came to the halves and quarters. He counted the last nickle and dime. He had the scales brought, and he weighed every sack of sliver in the vault. He questioned Dorsey concerning each of the cash memoranda-certain checks. charge slips, etc., carried over from the previous day's work-with unimpeachable courtesy, yet with something so mysteriously momentous in his frigid manner that the teller was reduced to pink cheeks and a stammering tongue.

This newly imported examiner was so different from Sam Turner. It had been Sam's way to enter the bank with a shout, pass the cigars and tell the latest stories he had picked up on his rounds. His customary greeting to Dorsey had been, "Hello, Perry! Haven't skipped out with the boodle yet I see." Turner's way of counting the cash had been different, too. He -but thoroughly, as he did everywould finger the packages of bills in a thing. The running order of the bank tired kind of way, and then go into was smooth and clean, and that had the vault and kick over a few sack of facilitated his work. There was but silver, and the thing was done. Halves | one other bank in the town. He reand quarters and dimes? Not for Sam Turner. "No chicken feed for \$25 for each bank that he examined. me," he would say when they were set He should be able to go over those before him. "I'm not in the agricul- loans and discounts in half an hour. tural department." But, then, Turner | If so, he could examine the other bank bank's president, and had known Dorsey since he was a baby.

While the examiner was counting the cash, Maj. Thomas B. Kingmanknown to every one as "Major Tom" -the president of the Frist National, drove up to the side door with his old dun horse and buggy, and came

'Er-once a month," faltered the ndividual bookkeeper, wondering how nany years they would give him. "All right," said the examiner, turning and charging upon the general bookkeeper, who had the statements . of his foreign banks and their reconcilement memoranda ready. Everything there was found to be all right.

Then the stub book of the certificates of deposit. Flutter-flutter-zip-zip -check! All right. List of overdrafts, please. Thanks. H'm-m. Unsigned bills of the bank, next. All

Then came the cashier's turn, and easy-going Mr. Edlinger rubbed his nose and pollshed his glasses nervously under the quick fire of questions concerning the circulation, undivided profits, bank real estate, and stock

Presently Nettlewick was aware of big man towering above him at his elbow-a man of sixty years of age, rugged and hale, with a rough, griz-

> the examiner without a flicker. "Er-Major Kingman, our president States commissioner and make-" -er-Mr. Nettlewick," said the cash-

Two men of very different types hook hands. One was a finished product of the world of straight lines, onventional methods and formal afairs. 'The other was something freer, wider and nearer to nature. Tom Kingman had not been cut to any patern. He had been mule-driver, cowboy, ranger, soldier, sheriff, prospector and cattleman. Now, when he was bank president his old comrades from the prairies, of the saddle, tent and rail found no chauge in him. He ad made his fortune when Texas cat. arrest of Major Kingman; perhaps he e were at the high tide of value, and bank of San Rosario. In spite of his ties. It was not the first crime the burglars, for the safe had been opened argeness of heart and sometimes un- examiner had unearthed. Once or by the combination in the proper way. vise generosity toward his old friends, Kingman knew men as well as he

tle business had gone to pieces, and the major's bank was one of the few whose locses had not been great.

"And now, ' said the examiner, briskthing is the loans. We will take them up now, if you please."

He had gone through the First National at almost record-breaking speed and his square chin resting upon the aminer waited to hear the confession of the president of the First National bank of San Rosario. ceived from the government a fee of "When a man's your friend," began Major Tom, somewhat didactically, "for forty years, and tried by water,

fire, earth and cyclones, when you 11:45, the only other train that day doing it." ("Embezzle for him \$70,000 worth in the direction he was working. Othof securities," thought the examiner.) erwise, he would have to spend the "We were cowboys together, Bob night and Sunday in this uninteresting western town. That is why Mr. and L" continued the major, speaking Nettlewick was rushing matters. slowly and deliberately, and musing-

"Come with me, sir," said Major | iy, as if his thoughts were rather of Kingman, in his deep voice, that the past than the critical present, pointing: "There's my house, and the indignant glare of his glasses inside. He saw the examiner busy united the southern drawl with the "and we prospected together for gold here's my office, and up there's Maine, upon Major Kingman, "that your \$162,000,000.

6 "I OPENED THE SAFE AND THE MONEY WAS GONE."

you have failed to modify it, amounts, | and was about sick, anyway. My aled beard, a mass of gray hair, and as you must know, to a very serious nerves were out of order and my sleep pair of penetrating blue eyes that thing. You are aware, also, of what at night didn't seem to rest me. The confronted the formidable glasses of my duty must compel me to do. I doctor had some scientific name for shall have to go before the United it, and I was taking medicine. And so,

added to the rest, I went to bed at "I know, I know," said Major Tom, night with that money on my mind. with a wave of his hand. "You don't Not that there was much need of besuppose I'd run a bank without being ing worried, for the safe was a good

posted on national banking laws and one, and nobody but Bob and I knew the revised statutes! Do your duty. the combination. On Friday night I'm not asking any favors. But, I there was about \$6,500 in cash in the spoke of my friend. I did want you bag. On Saturday morning I went to hear me tell you about Bob." to the office as usual. The safe was

Nettlewick settled himself in his locked and Bob was writing at his chair. There would be no leaving deak. I opened the safe and the San Rosario for him that day. He money was gone. I called Bob, and would have to telegraph to the comp- roused everybody in the courthouse troller of the currency; he would have to announce the robbery. It struck to swear out a warrant before the me that Bob took it pretty quiet, con-United States commissioner for the sidering how much it reflected upon both him and me.

would be ordered to close the bank "Two days went by, and we never had organized the First National on account of the loss of the securi- got a clew. It couldn't have been "What do you mean, sir?" twice the terrible upheaval of human People must have begun to talk, for the bank had prospered, for Maj. Tom emotions that his investigations had one afternoon in comes Alice-that's into Nettlewick's hands, and rose to loosed had almost caused a ripple in my wife-and the boy and girl, and his feet. knew cattle. Of late years the cat- his official calm. He had seen bank Alice stamps her foot, and her eyes

men kneel and plead and cry like flash, and she cries out: "The lying sir, every stock, bond and share of women for a chance-an hour's time- wretches-Tom, Tom!' I catch her in 'em. I took them from the notes the overlooking of a single error. One a faint, and bring her 'round little by while you were counting the cash. Excashier had shot himself at his deak little, and she lays her head down amine and compare them for youry, pulling out his watch, "the last before him. None of them had taken, and cries and cries for the first time self." it with the dignity and coolness of since she took Tom Kingman's name this stern old westerner. Nettlewick and fortunes. And Jack and Zilla- the banking-room. The examiner,

> to listen if he wished to talk. With wild as tiger cubs to rush at Bob and followed. He felt that he had been his elbow on the arm of his chair, climb all over him whenever they were allowed to come to the courtfingers of his right hand, the bank ex- house-they stood and kicked their little shoes, and herded together like played upon, used, and then discardscared partridges. They were having of life. Bob was working at his desk, a word. The grand jury was in sesit in a poker game. In fifteen minutes they had found a true bill and sent

> > for many a year. "I did it, and then I said to Bob,

nave seen Bob knew in a flash.

"'You darned old snoozer,' he said, with the old-time look on his face, I as new-born kittens, according to a saw you put it there. I watched you writer in the Sun, were two babies. irritating, and gradually became open the safe and take it out, and 1 The mother held one end of the crafollowed you. I looked through the dle and another Hungarian woman imwindow and saw you hide it in that migrant gripped the other.

"'Then you blankety-blank, flopeared, sheep-headed coyote, what did you say you took it, for?"

'Because,' said Bob, simply, didn't know you were asleep."

"I saw him glance toward the door of the room where Alice and Jack and Zilla were, and I knew then what it village carpenter to make her a crameant to be a man's friend from Bob's point of view."

Major Tom paused, and again dirock in. rected his glance out of the window. He saw some one in the Stockmen's National bank reach and draw a vellow shade down the whole length of its plate-glass, big front window. although the position of the sun did not seem to warrant such a defensive movement against its rays.

Nettlewick sat up straight in his ed to his own person. chair. He had listened patiently, but At Ellis Island the people in auwithout consuming interest, to the major's story. It had impressed him as irrelevant to the situation, and it could certainly have no effect upon soch street decided to become sponsor and I am glad to say that I have the consequences. Those western peo- for them and they were taken up hands as clear as enyone. ple, he thought, had an exaggerated there to be baptized. As the mother sentimentality. They were not buse and the woman at the other end of ness-like. They needed to be protectthe cradle started to enter the Third ed from their friends. Evidently the avenue elevated at the Battery a gatemajor had concluded. And what he may halved them, saying: said amounted to nothing.

"You can't carry big bundles like "May I ask," said the examiner, "it that on these trains.' you have anything further to say that bears directly upon the question of nome pulled down a coverlet from the those abstracted securities?" face of one of the twins.

"Abstracted securities, sir!" Major "This is not bundles," he remarked: Tom turned suddenly in his chair, his this is recric." blue eyes flashing upon the examiner. And the twins and their attendants vere permitted to pass on.

He drew from his coat pocket a batch of folded papers held together by a rubber band, and tossed them At least that is what Mrs. Elizabeth

York-Miller, novelist, says: "It is bet-"You'll find those securities there, ter." says she, "to be in love than not to be in love, but one certainly is happy only occasionally. One is inclined to be restless and doubtful. We always are rather annoyed to be thrown

into the society of people in love. We The major led the way back into vaguely recognize the irritation, the felt that he owed it to him at least the youngsters-they were always astounded, perplexed, nettled, at sea, self-centered petulance of their moods. There is the cloud that always threatens to burst and the most rapturous made the victim of something that of lovers are mindful of the expected was not exactly a hoax, but that left downpour. It makes them suspicious him in the shoes of one who had been and miserable. If the man is late for an appointment, if the girl does not ed, without even an inkling of the their first trip down into the shadows game. Perhaps, also, his official popost the promised letter in tin nothing is too small to precipitate toe sition had been irreverently juggled and he got up and went out without with. But there was nothing he storm. Lovers live in a whirl of misunderstanding and recrimination and could take hold of. An official report happiness is the last thing they seem sion then, and the next morning Bob of the matter would be an absurdity. was a Texan, an old friend of the immediately afterward, and catch the can do him a little favor you feel like went before them and confessed that And, somehow, he felt that he would to get. For every moment of bliss he stole the money. He said he lost never know anything more about the granted to lovers, a hundred tears are shed. Sweethearts, tormented by matter than he did then.

lealousy, behave as though they would Frigidly, mechanically, Nettlewick me to arrest the man with whom I'd examined the securities, found them prefer to shut each other up in a been closer than a thousand brothers to tally with the notes, gathered his cage." black wallet to depart.

"I will say," he protested, turning

office recently. In the cradle, quiet small pimples breaking out on the back of my hands. They became very worse, so that I could not sleep at night. I consulted a physician who treated me a long time, but it got The bables are twins, and were worse, and I could not put my hands born aboard a steamship of a Bremen in water. I was treated at the hosline. The father is a mechanic in a pital, and it was just the same. I was New England factory, and has been in told that it was a very bad case of America a few months. He sent his eczema. Well, I just kept on using wife pregaid tickets to his new home, everything that I could for nearly She suspected that she might become eight years until I was advised to try a mother on the trip, and so got the Cuticura Ointment. I did so, and 1 found after a few applications and by dle, as she did not want the baby to bandaging my hands well up that the have only the cradle of the deep to burning sensations were disappearing, I could sleep well, and did not have any itching during the night. I began The second day out the twins came, and that cradle seemed a little too after a while to use Cuticura Soap for small for two. However, the young a wash for them, and I think by using mother made it do by putting the bathe Soap and Ointment I was much bies end to end, so if one wanted to benefited. I stuck to the Cuticura put the big toe of the other in his treatment, and thought if I could use mouth, he could do so and not know other remedies for over seven years whether or not he had the too attach- with no result, and after only having

a few applications and finding ease from Cuticura Ointment, I thought it herity were a bit doubtful about the deserved a fair trial with a severe right of the mother and twins to en- and stubborn case. I used the Ointter. The Austrian immigrant home in ment and Soap for nearly six months,

"It is my wish that you publish this letter to all the world, and if anyone doubts it, let them write me and I will give them the name of my physician, also the hospital I was treated at." (Signed) Miss Mary A. Bentley, 93 University St., Montreal, Que., An agent of the Austrian Immigrant Sept. 14, 1910.

> In Different Parts of the House. Caller (to little daughter of the house)-Hullo, dear? Where are you off to?

Daughter of the House-I'm just going up to watch Marie do mother's hair.

Caller-Oh, dear! Then I'm afraid we shan't be able to see your mother. Daughter of the House-Oh, yes; you'll find her down there in the drawing room.

Malady Worth Having.

"I can't understand my husband, doctor; I am afraid there is some thing terrible the matter with him." 'What are the symptoms?"

"Well, I often talk to him for half an hour at a time and when I get through he hasn't the least idea what I've been saying."

"Don't worry any more about your husband. I wish I had his gift."-Stray Stories.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first pat up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigor-ste, stomach, liver and bowels, Sugarint: coated tiny granules.

She Raved.

Mr. Burble-That elocutionist is some queen, isn't she? Mr. Bored-A raving beauty.

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wardrobe."