POISON ENOUGH TO KILL 80,000

That Quantity, or About 500 Ounces, Sold by Sioux City Druggists Annually.

MORPHINE MOST POPULAR

How Dope Flends Are Made and How Druggists Fear Helping Suicides to Accomplish Their Purpose

-New Law Liked.

Sieux City Tribune:
'Take a shot, It'll ginger you up." Midst the rattling dice and the whirring machines of the Fourth street gambling houses along in the "woozy" hours of the morning, when energy is obbing and interest in the game is costing dollars to the gamblers of less endurance, this is the advice often giv-en. It's the phrase that means a hypo-dermic injection of morphine or cocaine or some other oplate which for a time permits the over-wrought gambler to torget his weariness and temporarily

forget his weariness and temporarily stay in the game.

"The gamblers are as a class, "dope flends," said a well known Sloux City druggist who has occasion to observe. "Not only are they flends, but they teach young fellows the habit. When some of the young sports get lifeless with dissipation the old gambler will say, 'take a shot. It'll cheer you up,' and then hand over the cocaine."

More than 500 ounces of deadly poisons or enough to kill 80,000 people is bought by Sloux City people in a year, according to an estimate of a local druggist. The larger share of this is purchased by dope flends, as the amount which enters into physicians' prescriptions is small in comparison to

prescriptions is small in comparison to the amount purchased by the dope flends. Morphine is used the most freeby it being estimated that 325 ounces of that drug are taken; cocaine and its preparations are second with 150 oun-ces; strychnine, 25 ounces and arsenic

bout 10 ounces. A large amount of corrosive sublimate is used in surgical perations, to wash wounds, sterilize instruments and kill germs.

Since the advent of cocaine as an anesthetic some fifteen years ago, a train of devotees has followed in its wake with such increasing numbers that most stringent laws have recently been enected against its sale. Not a wake with such increasing numbers that most stringent laws have recently been enacted against its sale. Not a druggist in Sloux City will sell it except under a doctor's prescription, yet the dope flends get it. Otherwise they will be liable to serious entanglements. The law passed by the Iowa state legislature two years ago forbids its sale under any circumstances except a doctor's prescription. The hospitals for the insane have been taxed to their limits the past few years, with inebriates addicted to the use of this drug. It attacks the delicate nerve tissues of the brain and excites them as does no other drug. It came into use as a medicine for the eye and ear. When used in a prescription for the eye or ear it is in a solution of five grains of cocaine to one-half grain is the amount usually administered hypodermically, while two grains is the limit.

Some addicted to its use will place a little quantity on a stick and suck the stick as do the snuff-users of the south, while others will use it as they would tobacco. A number of se called catarrh remedies are mostly cocaine, and many of the flends use these continuously. These they can buy when the real unadulterated article is not to be had.

There are regular oplum dens in Sloux City in some of the resorts ten-

There are regular opium dens in Sioux City in some of the resorts tenanted by colored people where original packages of opium direct from the joints in Chinatown, San Francisco, can be purchased. Its users in Sioux City

are said to be negroes.

Morphine flends are said to be fewer Morphine flends are said to be fewer than formerly. This is due to the carefulness of the physician in its prescription, and to the fact that it is more commonly administered hypodermically than otherwise. But in the operating room or as a deadener of pain in these days of numerous accidents and surgery there is nothing which will take its place. The mode of administration now is almost always hypodermic since in that way it gets into the blood immediately and does its work more quickly. work more quickly.
Sloux City druggists are suspicious of

buyers of poisons. When any one of the deadly poisons is asked for, the ap-plicant is required to sign a register and give a satisfactory explanation for demanding it.

and give a satisfactory explanation for demanding it.

"A woman came into our store one night not long ago very much agitated" said a Fourth street druggist. "She asked for prussic acid, one of the most deadly drugs known to the profession. She was wild-eyed, excit ' and her face showed the marks of dissipation. I asked her what she wanted it for and she gave a lame excuse. I told her we didn't have any of it in stock. I then admonished her that it was a deadly poison and could not be bought in any drug store. I often see that woman on the street now. I wonder if she is glad she coudn't get that prussic acid?"

Arsenic, generally regarded by the

Arsenic, generally regarded by the laity as a comparatively mild drug, yet known to the profession as one of the most deadly, one of the latter of the most deadly. yet known to the profession as one of the most deadly, one-fiftieth of a grain being the ordinary dose and one-twelth being considerated dangerous, is a favorite with the demi-mondes. It has a peculiar way of puffing out the hollow places in the face and about the eyes and whitens the complexion. Its users become addicted to it and chronic diseases often develop as a result, oftentimes the patient dying in great agony from an overdose. It attacks issues and causes them to slough away. It is the medicine ordinarily used by the dentist to kill the nerve of a tooth. Dentists also use cocaine, but with great caution. great caution.

Some college athletes are becoming strychnine flends, but its use in Sioux City is not common. Strychnine, one of the deadly poisons, is a great heart stimulant and athletes are often able to win through its stimulation. The winner of the broad jump at the recent Iowa state field meet is said to be a devotee of this drug. A trainer in one of the big colleges of Iowa is also one its advocates.

advocates. Just what the criminal uses for knock-out drops is a puzzle to the druggists, although most of them believe it to be chloral hydrate. A physician in prescribing this drug seldom puts in more than twenty grains. The criminal uses fifty to eighty for "knock-out" drops, and 120 grains if he wishes to kill. The stuff is usually given to the victim in an innocent looking drink. With the physicians and pharmacists, a certain amount of the deadly poisons is recognized as entering into a prescription and should a doctor send a prescription to a drug store with more than the ordinary amount of the poison, he is immediately called up by the pharmacist and asked about it. In Sioux City as in other cities, strychnine enters into more than fifty per cent, of

the doctors' prescriptions. The increase in nervous troubles has brought about an increase in the use of strychnine for there is nothing which will stimu-late the heart as it will and it will save a dying person where other drugs would fail. One sixteenth of a grain is close to the maximum dose of this

Next in the itst of most commonly Next in the list of most commonly used poisons comes morphine, which is used in case of accidents to deaden pain, and in surgical operations. It is almost always used hypodermically and very seldom as a medicine. With the conscientious physician it is usually the last resort as a medicine. Bellathe last resort as a medicine. Bella-dona extract is used as an antidote to morphine poisoning and vice versa. Not more than one-twentieth of a grain

Not more than one-twentieth of a grain of morphine is usually given while half a grain is considered a large dose. Some of the fiends are said to be able to take thirty grains without danger. Carbolic acid, well known and used for many purposes, is one of the most deadly poisons. When taken internally it causes the most painful death, burning and scalding the mouth and throat it causes the most painful death, burning and scalding the mouth and throat like so much molten metal. It is frequently used by suicides because it is easy to get, but they do not realize its awful effects before taking it. Recently laws have been enacted hedging its sale. One peculiar attribute of this acid is that one-third of its quantity mixed with the same amount of alcohol mixed with the same amount of alcohol will render it harmless.

will render it harmless.

Down in stricken Florida and other southern states quinine is the great staple drug. Druggists buy it by the carload and everybody uses it. It is the great antidote for chills.

In the well regulated drug stores of Sioux City as in other cities is a poison case in which all the deadly poisons are sent in colored or specially marked hot-

kept in colored or specially marked bottles. This is a precaution against any carelessness in prescriptions for whenever a pharmacist goes to that case he realizes that he is dealing with life and death. Scales of great sensitiveness are used, responding to the weight of one sixty-fourth of a grain.



Grocer-Ezry, mark them

eggs up ter 40 cents.
Assistant—Why?
Country Grocer—A theater company
is goin' ter play "Hamlet" in ther
town hall ternight.



Bright Boy. "Tommy, what piece of furniture has "The multiplication table."



"Money Waisted."



Tom-You're very beautiful, ler-suppose you get your beauty from your mother. Edith-Oh! no indeed. Mamma

&&&&&&**&&&**

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ered on his forehead, his pathetic eyes isin expressed a haunting fear, and his ex- on. citement made his hands tremble.

"My dear father, you need have no fear for me, when I play I always know when to stop."

"You may not always be able to con-trol yourself."
"I have never been carried away like that; as you know, I have a cool head," said Max self-confidently. "It is true, that night when I played with Goffe—"
He hesitated as some sudden thought

flashed on him, then turned abruptly away.
"For God's sake," the count implored, "remember my words and take my warning. Don't gamble, whatever you do, don't gamble."

Max was staring from the window, the warning from the window, the warning from the window,

his brows contracted over eyes that looked out on the terrace with its vines creeping round marble balustrades, and on the park with its undulating sward, its patches of golden gorse, its clumps of majestic trees, of all of which he was unconscious; for he saw only the dark and tragic picture that rose in his mind and held his pained attention to its de-

It was only after seconds that seemed hours that he was able to release himfrom the spell that held him, when with a gasp of the breath, like one suf- if he never played he could spend de-focating, he rushed towards his father, lightful days in watching those who focating, he rushed towards his father. Hightful days in watching those who held him in a farewell embrace, and did, and entering into the spirit of their to the trap which was to carry him on the first stage of his eventful journey. from table to table, thinking that even

CHAPTER XIII.

when, after a rough passage in the channel, Max reached Paris in the early morning, drove through its just awakened streets, he felt like a man who had been roused from bad dreams to realize that he was free from fear and danger.

All his late restlessness running into new channels. new channels, roused and made him feel delight in his present surroundings, which had for him all the charm of novelty, all the exhilaration of galety.

Historic sights, grand old churches and treasures of art were to him noth-ing more than places that chilled him their somberness or bored him in-

relics of a royal race and jewels that had crowned monarchs.
His enjoyments lay in other directions. He appreciated the dainty dinners served to him in the most fashionable restaurants; and he afterward delighted to smoke the choicest cigars in cafes blazing with lights and filled by joyous crowds of the gayest people in Europe. He promenaded the boulevards, drove in the Bois, visited fresh music halls each night in succession. music halls each night in succession, and danced at the Moulin Rouge with a

spirt that rivaled the most vivacious. He had spent a week in Paris, when one evening, having finished his dinner at a famous restaurant, he was slowly sauntering down between rows of little tables, with their group of chattering be the diners, when his eyes fell on a young man seated alone, a puzzled expression on his face, as he bent over his menu card. Max immediately recognized him gamble

vent him from advancing to his acquaintance with a friendly smile. Surreymore looked up from the menu, which he had some difficulty in understanding, gave him a glance of doubtful recognition, nodded his head coldly, and in response to the friendly smile said,

"Thought I knew your face as I was passing out. I have been a week in Paris, seeing everything; never enjoyed myself so much," said Max glibly, adding, "Are you alone?"

Yes. I am on my way to Nice where some of my people are staying. This is my second day here and I find it rather dull." "Paris dull?" exclaimed Max,

whom such a thing seemed an impossibility. Max sat down beside him with smiling readiness, explained the titles of the entrees, selected the dishes for him,

interpreted his wants to the waiter, and made himself generally useful to him in the space of a few minutes. Over their coffee, their cognac and cigarettes the names of university men

known to both were introduced by Max by way of paving his way more effectually to Surreymore's friendship; and as the latter was simple-minded, fresh and inexperienced, this was not difficult to gain

Before the night ended Surreymore had altered his determination to leave Paris next morning, preferring to re-main a day or two longer in a city made so pleasant to him by his experienced cicerone. And as they parted he asked Max to breakfast with him next morning at the hotel where he was staying, an invitation which was immediately accepted.

It was at this meal that the younger man, who was unwilling to part with his interpreter and companion, suggest-ed to Max that he should go with him

"I have never been there, but I have always wanted to see the place—or, rather, its suburb, Monte Carlo," Max

Here was an opportuinty to see Casino of Monte Carlo which might not cash of Monte Carlo which might not cocur again for years, and then might find him without the desire to see the place. He was within a few hours' journey of it; a journey that could be made with a brevity, ease and luxury that seemed to tempt mankind thither. His father need prove known that His father need never know he had

quitted Paris.

The idea intoxicated him, carried him away. What a time he would have in Paris with an unlimited supply of cash to feed his insatiable desire for pleasure; and what nights and days of enfoyment he might have in London had he but the golden key which unlocks such delights.

such delights.

And having made up his mind to take the journey, he burned with eagerness until it was begun; so that two evenings later than that on which he had met Lord Surreymore, both young men had started by the express train for Marseilles, on their way to Nice.

Max got out at the Monte Carlo station, while Surreymore went on a factor.

As he spoke a cold sweat had gath- as excellent friends. Surreymore promising to come over and see Max later

on.

The ancient town of Monte Carlo presents a picturesque sight. As Max first saw it the sun had spread itself like gold upon the seat, the violet sky was undimmed by a cloud, and the whole land, basking in delicious warmth, was verdant to the shore.

But he scarcely heeded the beauty of the piace, all his attention being riveted on the casino, the imposing gambler's hell, to which people of both sexes, of all ages and every nationality flock day by day, and year after year, full of the phantom hope of enriching themselves.

It was not far from his hotel and he immediately entered the spacious and magnificent grounds surrounding

At last he was in the casino where he had often desired to be, and with a had often desired to be, and with a feeling of self congratulation he looked around as if to recognize a familiar sight, but was almost surprised to find the saloons were larger and more mag-nificent than he had imagined,

As it was comparatively early in the day the rooms were not crowded, but in each there were a number of people seated and standing at the tables de-voted to roulette, rouge-et-noir and trente-et-quarante.

from table to table, thinking that even if he never played he could spend delightful days in watching those who did, and entering into the spirit of their feelings.

He played for high stakes, seldom looked up from the table, and as fortune flucuated with him, accepted his gains or losses with tranquility, his nervous excitement only apparent in the deepening pallor of his complexion, or the twitching of his thin, flexible hands. Max felt his interest center in the stranger, whose fortunes he fol-lowed as if they were his own; when, Therefore he avoided the galleries of the Luxembourg and the vast halls of the Luxembourg and the vast halls of the Louvre, with their incomparable treasures of pictures and statues, their relies of a royal race and jewels that had crowned monarchs.

That evening Max was seated in the dining room of his hotel at one of the little tables seated over the great saloon when the stranger entered, cast a rapid glance around, and seeing Max, came toward him, bowed, and asked permission to share his table, which was gladly given. was gladly given. "Have you won?" Max asked inter-

"Only a few napoleons, nothing worth while," came the answer, in a quiet concentrated voice.

"This is my first visit here; you know the place, I suppose?"
"Yes; for years I have been here every autumn; but this will probably be the last time I shall come to Monte

"How is that?"
"I intend to make my fortune and gamble no more."

as Lord Surreymore, eldest son of the Marquis of Badrington. They had been at Cambridge together, but had not belonged to the same college.

Max had not exchanged a dozen sentences with him in the course of their previous meetings, but that did not prevent him from advancing to him.

"I fear I have."

"It is a curse," he said wearily, "and yet so infatuated am I that I would not be without it. If I win a sufficient sum again." to keep me for some years. never, ah, never, gamble again."

Before dinner had quite ended he

had began to grow feverish and rest-less; he scarcely tasted the dessert, and continually looked at the clock. When it struck nine he declared he must the casino. Max volunteered to accompany him. Both found places at the same roul-

tte table, but apart from each other. Max at first merely ventured a five-franc piece, and when he won, hailed his luck as a promise of what was in store for him. And in this he was not mistaken, for when closing time came he had close upon five hundred pounds in his nocket.

came he had close upon five hundred pounds in his pocket.

Nothing could exceed his glee, for he now felt quite sure that he would make his fortune before he left Monte Carlo. His excitement was hardly damped on hearing from the Pole that he had lost three hundred pounds, a statement made by him while his melancholy smile lit up the rayages of his ancholy smile lit up the ravages of his

weary face.

Next day Max was impatient until the casino opened its doors, through which he was one of the first to pass, determined to secure a fortune for himself. He alternately won and lost until late in the afternoon, when he found that he had parted with one hunderd and fifty pounds which he security. and fifty pounds, which he promised himself to recover that evening; but when the closing time came once more he had scarcely a franc left of that amount he had gained the previous day, or of the balance remaining to of his father's check. So next morning he set out for Nice

to find his late companion and obtain a loan if possible. For this purpose he was prepared to promise or to say anything which could gain his ends; for the fever of gambling heated his blood and mounted to his brain, and made him heedless of all things save the means of gratifying his passion.

Surreymore was just leaving his hotel when Max reached it. While walking into the adjoining garden, the his younger man noticed the restlessness of his visitor's manner, but he was not left long in suspense as to its cause, for Max begin to tell him of his first night's winnings, his second night's losses and wound up with the point blank request for the loan of three hundred nounds. hundred pounds.
"If I win I will pay you at once—to-

morrow morning," he promised.

"But if you lose?"

Max became desperate at the suggestion, and in his urgency said:

"I don't think I am likely to, but in that case I will pay you within the next six months, when I have married the helpses to whom I am engaged. If the helress to whom I am engaged. If you want it before that time, my father, the Count Massini, will pay you; he has plenty of money, you know."

Surreymore credited him with speak-

ing the truth, yet he hesitated about the sum asked.
"Three hundred pounds—" he be-

tion, while Surreymore went on a few miles farther to Nice, where his mother, the Marchioness of Badrington, was expecting him. The young men parted expecting him. The young men parted expecting him.

ping in the path and facing his com-panion, "if you don't lend me this money, by —— I'll shoot myself." Surreymore turned pale and then

"I think I can manage it. Come with

"I think I can manage it. Come with me to my rooms."

At dinner that evening Max and the Pole, who shared his table, were in high spirits. Neither had much appetite but both drank freely.

"It will be all or nothing with me tonight," said the Pole, his wistful eyes aglow. "I feel as if I might do something great, break the bank, perhaps; who knows," and he told stories of men who had made vast fortunes in few hours at the tables.

So exhilarated did Max feel that he almost danced on his way from the

almost danced on his way from the hotel to the casino, where, without loss of time, he began to play, winning and losing alternately, while his pulse beat high, his heart leaped, and the glare

of light, the sea of faces, and sounds of voices confused and maddened him. When he had lost the last franc he had possessed he rose and staggered through the throngs, away from the pitiless, curious eyes, from the laughter of this hell, and went out into the cool gardens, smelling of orange trees and violets, and musical with the splashing of fountains. He could hardly realize that he was penniless. But on suddenly turning down an alley he came upon a procession whose sight froze his blood, and fascinated him so that he could not move until it had passed. As it did, the light of a lantern carried by one who bore a lifeless figure showed him the face of the Pole, white as marble, save where one temple was splashed by

CHAPTER XIV.

A CONVERSATION.

One gray and gloomy afternoon, late in October, Dunstan Burbage was seated in a great chair beside a wood fire in one of the smaller rooms of Hadley Manor.
Throughout his illness, while his

harassed mind wandered over the events of the past, from his childhood upward, and rested with agonizing persistence on the late tragedy, he had been carefully matched. been carefully watched and tended by Veneto and his servant Matteo. As he Veneto and his servant Matteo. As he had boasted, the Italian was skilled in medicine and understood his patient's case; and to his knowledge of herbs, unknown to, or ignored by, the English medical faculty, the fever-stricken man probably owed his life.

And not only did Veneto fail to summon a doctor, but he likewise neglected to announce Dunstan's illness to the inmates of Knowlesworth Hall.

So, taking it in turns by night and

So, taking it in turns by night and ay, Veneto and his confidential servant nursed Dunstan, and they alone listened to the ravings of a mind haunted by the recollections of a terrible tragedy, and by the horrors of a prison cell. It was only when reason had established itself and he lay languid and tranquil that Roma was allowed to enter his reconstruction. lowed to enter his room and sit by his

However, she felt some satisfaction, some outlet for her tenderness toward him, in sitting watchfully by while he slept, in bringing him the food she had prepared, or in talking or reading to

They had often talked of her country, whose people he had learned to know and love during the year or so he had lived among them, while studying chemistry in the laboratory of an Italian chemist famous in the scientific

Roma had one day, when he was well on his way to recovery, suggested that she should give him brief lessons, and that they should read together the pages of their favorite poet, Dante.

When Roma put away her copy of Dante there was silence between them for some seconds. From where she sat for some seconds. From where she sat she could see through the high window the discorded clouds scurrying before the wind like a routed army flying in front of the enemy. The battlefield was limitless in size and of a dull lead color, and now and then came sounds like the faint echoes of trumpets and the cries of the pursued as the breeze the cries of the pursued, as the breeze distractedly tore along the common or

rushed through the tangled woods.
From the wild sky, the frighted clouds, and the sombre earth she turned at the occupant of the chair beside her, whose sharp profile and col-orless face were distinctly seen in the red glow of the wood fire, and she was struck by his expression of brooding melancholy, and the alert apprehensiveness of his stare, like that of a man fearful of a sight unseen by others, of some pictured fate that rose before vividly and appallingly from out the gloom and cast its melancholy upon

As with dim eyes she turned again to watch the interminable ranks of the routed army in the sky, she told herself that although he had been de-clared innocent and set at liberty, a man whose nature was so sensitive as his would never believe himself free from doubt of guilt in the eyes of the world at large until the murderer of Richard Goffe had been discovered. (Continued Next Week.)

A Club Woman's Adventure.

New York World: One of the delegates from the far south to the General Federation of Women's Clubs attended the reception at the Texas state building at the fair recently, and a heavy thunderstorm came up. She was heavy thunderstorm came up. She was impatient to be off, but averse to facing impatient to be off, but averse to facing a deluge. One of the commissioners gave a guard a dollar to summon a ve-hicle for her. After three-quarters of an hour the guard returned with a Red Cross ambulance. The delegate Red Cross ambulance. The delegate demurred, but the guard assured her that she "only had to pretend to be a little sick," and the thing was done.

Entering into the joke, she descend-

ed the stair leaning on the arm of a sympathetic friend. As the guard carefully arranged the "invalid" on the cushions he managed to whisper that she would be obliged to go to the hospital on the exposition grounds for a few moments, as the ambulance was few moments, as the ambulance was few moments, as the ambulance was obliged to report every passenger there first. All sorts of horrible possibilities flashed through her mind. Suppose they should imagine she had something terrible the matter with her and insist upon an operation? Such mistakes had been made before.

By the time she was half way to the hospital she was as thoroughly sick as even the guard could have desired. She

even the guard could have desired. She alighted white and shaking. Only fear that she would involve everybody in serious trouble kept her from shrieking aloud as she was conducted into the presence of two doctors and two trained nurses. Her pulse was felt and her nurses. Her pulse was felt and her temperature was taken, she madly in-sisting the while that there was "noth-ing the matter with her—absolutely nothing.

nothing."

The doctor shook his head gravely.
"Threatened with nervous prostation,"
was his verdict. "You ought to be put
to bed at once."

Her protestations became almost
tearful and her prayers to be sent back
to be hotel were finally granted. Sho

to her hotel were finally granted. She was escorted to the car by an attentive surgeon and carefully lifted aboard, whereupon she promptly sub-sided into her handkerchief.

What He Wanted. Johnny-Mister, do you write colored

Musician-Yes. Johnny-Write me a blue one, please.

A GODDESS IN GINGHAM

By Angela Morgan.
(Copryright, 1994, by W. R. Hearst.)
"I simply cannot endure it another day, and I will not."
When Emily Barrett reached this decision she felt that her problem was already half solved.
She had been a member of her un-

She had been a member of her un-cle's household only one week, and al-ready she felt the intolerableness of her position.

Recently left alone and depentent up-on the hospitality of relatives, she had accepted her uncie's invitation tempor-arily until she could find some means of supporting herself. Her proud spir-it chafed at the mere thought of de-pendence, and she would consent to no other arrangement.

one other arrangement.

In the small town where her uncle's family shown as leading lights the advent of Emily caused a stir.

The Barrett girls—her cousins—had neld the indisputable title to being the prettiest and most popular of the city's belles.

belles.

Emily's coming diverted the interest most decidedly. She possessed a distinction of personality quite rare in the community. Coming from an eastern metropolis, she had an air and a style tantalizingly difficult to analyze. Above all, she was sweet and natural.

The inevitable thing happened. It was the old story of feminine jealousy and selfishness. The attitude of her aunt and cousins toward her became dally more unendurable.

daily more unendurable.

"Better be a domestic in some one's

kitchen than an unwelcome guest in the house of jealous relatives!" stormed Emily in her heart, after an exceedingly humiliating experience.

That afternoon she heard a conversa-

tion between her aunt and a caller Mrs. Truesdale.

'I shall have to give up altogether if I cannot find a cook," declared the latter. "The question grows more hopeless each day. What is to be the outcome of the servant problem? The answer seems eternities away. Why don't young women of intelligence and

don't young women of intelligence and talent take up the study of housekeeping—I mean as a profession, not merely as a mere accomplishment? That is what we need."

"Oh, but; my dear Mrs. Truesdale!" remonstrated Emily's aunt, "you wouldn't expect girls of refinement and education to put their talents to such use. Really—"

education to put their talents to such use. Really—"
"How could they put them to better use? Let me tell you, Mrs Barrett, that if cooking and the other domestic accomplishments were to be classed with the arts and sciences and universally acknowledged as such the field would be overcrowded by our ambitious, intellectual maidens, striving to achieve honors in those branches of learning. If I could find some really talented, cultured girl to take into my home I would willingly give my time to home I would willingly give my time to her training. But I presume the find-ing of such a prize in this world, under the present servant girl system is out

of the question."
Emily listened, her face glowing, her eyes alight.

"I can cook," she murmured tri-umphantly under her breath. How glad I am that I learned at home. And I always did love housekeeping. After all, I have a talent that I can put to practical use: I can be independent-I will be!"

She said as much to Mrs. Truesdale when she called at the latter's beautiful home on the outskirts of the town the next morning.

Her aunt's friend gasped in astonish-

ment as she listened.

"You can't mean it, Miss Emily!" she exclaimed. She was one of the girl's warmest admirers. "You really can't mean what you say!"

"But I do," persisted Miss Barrett. I wish you'd give me a trial, at least. Please grant me this much anyway."

"It seems too good to be true," said Mrs. Truesdale. "I am selfish enough to consent."

Of course, her aunt and cousing gove. ment as she listened.

to consent."

Of course, her aunt and cousins gave vent to a chorus of hysterical screams when Emily told them.

"You've disgraced us forever?" raged Rosa, the eldest of the Barrett girls, "The Truesdales of all people! Don't you know that Larry Truesdale and I—are—are—the greatest friends? What in the world will he say when he returns from college to find my cousin acting as his mother's cook?" Her eyes

acting as his mother's cook?" Her eyes were twin flames of indignation.
"I'm very sorry," replied Emily. "I had no idea Mrs. Truesdale had a son had no idea Mrs. Truesdale had a son or that you and he were afflanced—"
"I didn't say we were, did I?"
snapped Rosa. "And I'm not likely to be now. You've disgraced the Barrett name in this town for good."
"It's outrageous!" stormed Mrs. Barrett. "And you might as well understand, Emily, right from the start, that we are not going to recognize you in

we are not going to recognize you in any way after this. You must expect us to strike you from our list alto-

Very well. I'm satisfied," was the cheerful rejoinder. Emily's hat brim hid the amused smile in her clear hazel

The next day she began work in the Truesdale home. From the moment her strong young hands took hold of the domestic machinery a magic transformation came over the place. Mrs. Truesdale marveled daily at the increasing harmony of household arrangements and wondered why fate had

"It's all too good to be true," she declared. Then the instinctive fear of the human mind that it will lose the prize it has won began to harrass her

selected her as a recipient of such

thoughts.
"If I should lose Emily it would be worse than if I had never known her. I have grown to love her so—and I know I must lose her some time." But fate had that all arranged for-

But fate had that all arranged for—
and so had Cupid. The little god usually accomplishes his object when his
bow is bent upon it.

When Larry Truesdale returned from
college and found presiding over his
mother's home a veritable divinity
whose manifold accomplishments included the choicest he had ever dreamed of in his rictures of an ideal wife ed of in his pictures of an ideal wife, it is scarcely to be wondered at that he fell headlong into love's beautiful

Rosa Barrett fainted when she read the announcement of Larry's engagement to Emily.
"It's—outrageous!" was all Mrs. Bar-

"Its—outrageous: was an Mrs. Bar-rett's trembling tongue could utter. Mrs. Truesdale's comment was quite different. "It's what I hoped and pray-ed for!" she murmured, and she blessed them both.

Putting on Style in Arizona.

Tombstone Prospector: Every symptom points to a tendency to spread on

style in Tombstone. Among other instincts in this direction, the boys bought a pair of beautiful barber pole suspenders and presented them to the amiable dispenser who shoves the amber extract of cheerfulness over the mahog-any of the parlor saloon. He promptly donned the innovation, but claimed that he feit like he had a rail fence on each shoulder. Then, when they became overburdensome he would unbutton them and permit them to dangle in front, but he finally got them down fine enough to go to church in. Several old timers, conspicuously court at-tendants from the other end of the country, have fallen into the habit of earing belied shirts, and it looks as if sky-blue overalls might be discarded as a full-dress costume. Getting "powerfui tony" in town nowadays.