By Francis Lynde.

I stirred the dying embers, throwing | Touching this, I was not long kept on a pine knot for better light. Then I took down my father's sword from its of Appleby Hundred there was no roof to shelter the son of the outlawed Roger Ireton save that of this poor piece, and set myself to fine its edge and point with a bit of Scotch whinstone. It was a good blade; a true old Andrea Ferara got in battle in the seventeenth century by one of the Nottingham Iretons.

I whetted it well and carefully. It I shall not soon forget the interview.

was not that I feared my enemy's with the lawyer in which I was told strength of wrist or tricks of fence; the inhospitable truth. Nor shall I but fighting had been my trade, and he forget his truculent leer when he is but a poor eraftsman who looks not well to see that his tools are in order these parts, since it was not yet too against their time of using.

CHAPTER II. WHICH KNITS UP SOME BROKEN ENDS.

It was in the autumn of the year '64, as a I was coming of age, that my father made ready to send me to Eng-land. Himself a conscience exile from Episcopal Virginia, and a descendant pengarvin. I would have you remember those Nottingham Iretons whose ber it.

For a week and a day I lingered on church and king under Oliver Crom-well, he was yet willing to humor my bent and to use the interest of my

rolors in the Scots Blues, lately home from garrison duty in the Canadas.

Of the life in barracks of a young and with little wit end los wisdom, and with more guineas in his purse than was good for him, the less said the better. But of this you may like to know that, what with a good father's trample, and some small heritage of Puritan decency come down to me from the sound-hearted old Roundhead stock, I won out of that devil's sponging-house, an arm. In the time of peace, with somewhat less to my score than others had to theirs.

my own again. And on these alternating days the storm of black rage filled my horizon, and I became a derelict to drive on any rock or shoal in this uncharted sea of wrath.

On one of these gallops farthest afield I chanced upon the bridle path that led to our old hunting lodge in the forest depths. Tracing the path to its end among the maples I found the cabin, so lightly touched by time that the mere sight of it carried me swiftly back to those happy days when my father and I had stalked the white-tailed deer in the hill glades beyond, with this

swn regiment, and we were sworn ward fro friends from the first. His was a clean chimney. soul and brave; and it was to him that I owed escape from many of the grosser

chase idleness and to gild his iniquities he was a fair example of the jeunesse force of that England; a libertine, a gamester, a rakehell; brave as the tiger is brave, and to the full as pitlless. He was a boon companion of the offipose—posed as Coverdale's friend, and

Since I would not tell my poor Dick's story to Richard Jennifer, I may not set it down in cold words here for you. It was the age-old tragic comedy of a faise friend's treachery and a wom-an's weakness; a duel, and the wrong man slain. And you may know this, that Falconnet's most merciful role in it was the part he played one chill No-vember morning when he put Richard Coverdale to the wall and ran him through.

As you have guessed, I was Coversiale's next friend and second in this affair, and but for the upsetting news of the Tyron tyranny in Carolina—
into you shall be Darius.

cast for tomorro news which reached me on the very lay of the meeting—I should there and then have called the slayer to his ac-

How my father who, Presbyterian and Ireton though he was, had always been of the king's side, came to espouse the cause of the "Regulators," as they railed themselves, I know not. In my youthful memories of him he figures as the feudal lord of his own domain, more absolute than many of the petty kinglings I came afterward to know in he German marches. But this, too remember; that while his rule at Appleby Hundred was stern and despotic enough, he was ever ready to lend a willing ear to any tale of oppression. And if what men say of the tyrant Tybers be no more than half truth, there was need for any honest gentleman to oppose them.

What that opposition came to in '71 is now a tale twice told. Taken in arms against the governor's authority. and with an estate well worth receiving, my father had little justice and less mercy accorded him. With many there he was outlawed; his estates far that it was dangerously isolated, far that it was dangerously isolated, were declared forfeit; and a few days tater he, with Benjamin Merrill and Tour more captivated at the Alamance.

When the news of this came to me ou may well suppose that I had no sart to continue in the service of the who could sanction and reward such villainies as these of the butcher, William Tyron. So I threw up my lieutenant's commission in the Blues, took chip for the continent, and, after wearsome half dozen different uniforms in Germany, was lucky enough to come at length to serviceable blows under old field marshal on the Turkish

To you of a younger generation, and well kept post roads, the slowness with which our laggard news traveled in that elder time-must needs seem past It was early in the year before I began to hear more than vague camp-fire tales of the struggle going on between the colonies and the mother ince more upon the soil of my native

Carolina was still another year.

What I found upon landing at New
Berne and saw while riding a jog-trot
thence to the Catawba was a province rent and torn by partisan warfare Though I came not upon the partisans themselves in all that long faring there were trampled fields and pillaged houses enough to serve as milestones; and in my native Mecklenburg a mine full charged, with slow match well

alight for its firing.

Charleston had fallen, and Colonel Tarleton's outposts were already wide pread on the upper waters of the Broad and the Catawba. Thus it was that the first sight which greeted my eyes when I rode into Queensborough was the familiar trappings of my old service, and I was made to know that in spite of Mr. Jefferson's boldly written Declaration of Independence, and that earlier casting of the king's yoke by the patriotic Mecklenburgers them-

You are not to suppose that these the lady passed out of earshot, and I heard him say to the two, his comrades, that foul thing which I would not repeat to me of my father's connection with the Regulators.

Town are not to suppose that these the lady passed out of earshot, and I heard him say to the two, his comrades, that foul thing which I would not repeat to Jennifer: a vile boast with which I may not soil my page here for you.

The last said she wished there were no tunnels on the road.

Belle—You don't say!

"Yes; but after they passed the first she said she wished there were no tunnels on the road.

Belle—You don't say!

"Yes; but after they passed the first she said she wished there were no tunnels on the road.

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"Yes; but after they passed the first she said she wished the work of the road.

Belle—You don't say!

"Yes; but after they passed the first she said she wished there were no tunnels on the road.

Belle—You don't say!

late to bring down the sentence of out-lawry from the father to the son. It was well for him that I knew not at the time that he was Gilbert Stair's factor. For I was mad enough to have throttled him where he sat at his writ-ing table, matching his long fingers and smirking at me with his evil smile. But of this man more in his time and place. His name was Owen

For a week and a day I lingered on at Queensborough, for what I knew not, save that all the world seemed suddenly to have grown stale and profmother's family to enter me in the kings service.

Accordingly, I took ship at Norfolk for "home," as we called it in those lays; and, after a stormy passage and svermuch waiting as my cousins guest in Lincolnshire, had my pair of rolors in the Scots Blues, lately home from garrison duty in the Canadas.

Of the life in barracks of a young

st peace, with somewhat less to any score than others had to theirs.

It was in this barrack life that I rame to know Richard Coverdale and transfer the man Francis Coversity of the man Francis Coversity of the man Francis Coversity of the control of the contro ward from the mouth of the wattled

Then and there I had my first wel-As for Falconnet, he was even then a ruffer and a bully, though he was not soft the army. He was a younger son, and at that time there were two lives that the there were two lives him and the baronetcy; but standing all the years that lay between, he knew me at once.

Thereupon, as you would guess, I came immediately into some portion of my kingdom. Though Darius was the patriarch, the other blacks were also fugitives from Appleby Hundred; and for the son of Roger Ireton there was instant vassalage and loyal service. But best of all, on my first evening before the handful of fire in the great fire-place, Darius brought me a pack-age swathed in many wrappings of Indian tanned deerskin. It contained my father's sword, and, more precious than this, a message from the dead. My father's farewell was written upon a leaf torn from his journal, and was but a hasty scrawl. I here transcribe it. "My Son:

"I know not if this will ever come into your hands, but it and my sword shall be left in trust with the faithful Darius. We have made our illtimed cast for liberty and it has failed, and tomorrow I and five others are to die at the rope's end. I bequeath you my sword—'tis all the tyrant hath left me to devise—and my blessing to go with it when you, or another Ireton, shall once more bare the true old blade in the sacred cause of liberty. Thy father,

'Roger Ireton.' You may be sure I conned these few brave words till I had them well by heart; and later, when my voice was surer and my eyes less dim. I summoned Darius and bade him tell me all he knew. And it was thus I learned I have here set down of my father's

The next day, all indecision gone, rode to Queensborough to ascertain, if so I might, how best to throw the weight of the good old Andrea into the patriot scale, meaning to push on thence to Charlotte when I had got the patriot scale. bearings of the nearest patriot force.

'Twas none so easy to learn what I needed to know; though, now I sought for information, a curious thing or two developed. One was that this lightand beyond support. Another was the air of secrecy maintained, and the holdmore captivated at the Alamance. ing. unmasked, down the high road, not given some farce of a trial and fight or flight.

ght or flight. Why this little handful of British regulars should stick and hang so far from Lord Cornwallis' main, which was then well down upon the Watree, I could not guess. But for the secrecy and vigilance there were good reasons and sufficient. The patriot militia had been called out, and was embodying under General Rutherford but a few miles distant near Charlotte.

I had this information in guarded whispers from mine host of the favern, and was but a moment free of the tap-room, when I first saw Margery Stair and so drank of the cup of trembling with madness in its lees. She was ridwith madness in its lees. ing, unmasked, down thehigh road, not on a pillion as most women rode in that day, but upon her own mount with a black groom two lengths in the rear. can picture her for you no better than I could for Richard Jennifer; but this I know, that even this first sight of her moved me strangely, though the witching beauty of her face and the proud-ness of it were more a challenge than

a beckoning. A blade's length at my right where I was standing in front of the tavern, three redcoat officers lounged at ease; and to one of them my lady tossed a nod of recognition, half laughing, half I turned quickly to look at the favored one. He stood with his back to me; a man of about my own bigness, heavy-built and well muscled. wore a bob wig, as did many of the troop officers, but his uniform tailor fine, and the hand with which he was resettling his hat was bejeweled

-overmuch bejeweled, to my taste Something half familiar in the figure of him made me look again. he turned, and then I saw his face—saw and recognized it through nine years lay between this and my

selves, my boyhood home was for the moment by sword right a part of his at last." And while I was yet turning majesty's province of North Carolina. And while I was yet turning

"Oh, come, Sir Frank! that's too bad!" cried the younger of the twain; and then I took two strides to front

him fairly foul-lipped blackguard" I said; and, lest that should not be enough, I smote him in the face so that he fell like an ox in the shambles

CHAPTER III. IN WHICH MY ENEMY SCORES FIRST.

True to his promise, Richard Jennifer met in the cool gray birthlight of the new day at a turn in the river road not above a mile or two from the re-

dezvous, and thence we jogged on to-After the greetings, which, as you may like to know, were grateful enough on my part. I would fain inquire how

the baronet had taken his second's de-fection; but of this Jennifer would say little. He had broken with his principal, whether in anger or not I could only guess; and one of Falconnet's brother officers, that younger one of the twain who had cried shame at the baronet's vile boast, was to serve in his stead. It was such a daydawn as I have

sometimes seen in the Carpathians; cool and clear, but with that sweet dewy wetness in the lower air which washes the over-night cobwebs from the brain, and is both meat and drink to one who breathes it. On the left the road was overhung by the bordering forest, and where the branches drooped lowest we brushed the fragrance from the wild grape bloom in passing. On the right the river, late in flood, eddied softly; and sounds other than the murmuring of the waters, the matin songs of the birds, and the dust numbed been been been as the birds, and the dust muffled hoof beats of our horses there were none. Peace, deep and abiding, was the keynote of nature's morning hymn; and in all this sylvan byway there was naught remindful of fierce interfecine warfare aflame in all the countryside. Some rough forging of this thought I hammered out for Jennifer as we rode along, and his

laugh was not devoid of bitterness.
"Old Mother Nature ruffles her feathers little enough for any teapot of ours," he said. "But_speaking of the cruelties, we provincial savages, as my Lord Cornwallis calls us, have no monopoly. The post riders from the south nopoly. The post riders from the south bring blood-curdling stories of Colonel Tarkton's doings. This said he overtook some of Mr. Lincoln's reinforcements come too late. They gave battle but faint-heartedly, being all unready for an enemy, and presently threw down their arms and begged for quarter—begged, and were cut down quarter-begged, and were cut down as they stood.'

"Faugh!" said I. "That is but hang-man's work. And yet in London I heard that this same Colonel Tarlton was with Lord Howe in Philadelphia and was made much of by the ladies." Jennifer's laugh was neither mirthful nor pleasant.

"Tis a weakness of the sex," he scoffed. "The women have a fondness for a man with a dash of the brute in him.

I laughed also, but without bitter-"You say it feelingly. Do you speak by the book?"
"Aye, that I do. Now here is my lady

Madge preaching peace and all man-ner of patience to me in one breath, and upholding in the next this baronet captain who, though I would have seconded him at a pinch, is but a pattern of his brutal colone!" I put two and two together.

"So Falconnet is on terms at Apple-by Hundred, is he?" "Oh, surely. Gilbert Stair keeps open house for any and all of the winning hand, as I told you."

The thought of this unspoiled young maiden having aught to do with such a thrice-accursed despoiler of women made my blood boil afresh; and in the

tongue.
"So?" queried Jennifer. "Then this

So much I said and no more. We rode on in silence for a little space, and then my youthling must

needs break out again in fresh be-"Tell me what you know of him, and what it was he said of Madge," he extreated. "You can't deny me now,

"I can and shall. It matters not to you or to any what he is or has been."

"Because, as God gives me strength and skill, I shall presently run him through, and so his account will be squared once for all with all men—and

all women, as well."
"God speed you," quoth my loyal al-"I knew not your quarrel with him was so bitter.' "It is to the death."

"So it seems. In that case, if by any I divined what he would say and broke in upon him.
(Continued Next Week.)

American Country Hotels. Philadelphia Record: 'One effect of the automobile is to direct attention to a distinctively American institution-the country hotel. Nothing like it is to be found anywhere else, which is fortunate for persons who go anywhere else. English novelists and occasional American travelers have made us acquainted with the village ing ideal. However, unpretentious may be the exterior, comfort, cleanliness and courtesy make the interior cheerful. The food may be heavy, being English, and the ale heady, but the clean beds and prompt and willing service make the general impression agreeable. In France pov-erty is too often a characteristic of the country auberge-a battered hut with no floor but the bare ground in the kitchen, which is also the dining room, sitting and bed room of the landlord and his family. Yet such is the cleanliness of the place and the smiling courtesy of the people that the amiable traveler is not disposed to complain bitterly. He may go hungry

but at least he is free from nausea.

Even the desperate poverty of the poorest French auberge is to be preferred a thousand times to some of the hotels Waldorf and Delmonico which disgrace so many American villages. Before this typical hotel or inside the dirty "office" shirt-sleeved loungers, who have made the nickel cigar a widespread curse. The landlord, also in shirt sleeves, does not remove his shabby hat on the entrance of guest, and perhaps does not suspend his game of checkers to receive him foreign servility about him. In the dining room a slatternly village belle preside: over the swarming flies and the pine ta-bles with soiled covers. Most persons bles with soiled covers. would prefer starvation to the greasy food served in such circumstances.

All in the Dark. Ida-When Jack told Mabel he was going to steal a kiss in the first tun-nel, she said she wished there were

AMAZING NUMBER OF CHILD WIVES

Many Immigrant Girls Marry at an Exceedingly Young Age.

BEAUTY FADES EARLY

Chicago Crusade, Reveals Facts That Startle Many Sociologists-Wholesale Importation of Wives Arouses the Officials.

Washington Times: A crusade against the marriage of children by the compulsory education department in Chicago is bringing to light a deplorable condition of affairs in the tenement districts of the great city, particularly in the Italian and Sicilian settlements. There are thousands of child wives, and the last census shows that there are nine husbands not over 15 years old. Early marriages—by which is meant the marriage of girls under 18 years of age and men under 21—are a relic of barbarism. The foreign element which is pouring into this country from southern Europe clings to this ancient cus-tom, though for the most part it is only

the girls who marry very young. Undoubtedly the women of the countries of southern Europe mature much earlier than do those of America and other northern countries. Whether or not this early maturity is due to climatic influences or to racial tendencies is a question that has been much discussed. However that may be, the im-migrants to this country from the south of Europe continue to marry their girls at an age which to Americans seems criminally young. Many emi-nent sociologists are strongly opposed to this, maintaining that the custom of early marriages—especially those which young girls becomes wivesun-American and has a tendency to deteriorate the alien races which have made this country their home.

Beauty Fades Early. In Italy it is the custom for girls to marry at from 12 to 14 years of age. The Italian women are in the full bloom of maturity from 14 to 22. When she has reached the age of 23 the vol-uptuous beauty of the Italian woman

begins to fade.

crusade which is being carried on is the result of some startling discoveries made by Superintendent W. L. Bodine, of the compulsory education department of Chicago. Within the past six weeks Superintendent Bodine discovered and prevented the marriage of three young Italian girls whose school records showed them to be under the legal age for marrying. In the course of his investigations into these cases Superintendent Bodine found evidence that the practice of marrying girls un-der the age of 14 was extremely prevalent in the Italian and Sicilian quarters of the city. He at once decided that, as there appeared no other sufficient means to prevent the continuance of the custom, he would enforce the compulsory education laws, no mat-ter whether the child amenable to them was a wife or not.

Starts Fight Against Cupid. In support of his determin on Superintendent Bodine stated a trusted truant officer, an Italian, with a force of others, into the tenement districts of the river wards to make a house to house search for child wives or girls who were being harbored withcut heing sent to school for the run.

made my blood boil afresh; and in the heat of it I let my secret slip, or rather some small part of it.

"Sir Francis had ever a sure hand with the women," I said; and then I could have bltten my masterless tongue.

"So 2" gueried Jappifer "Then this said course being harbored with-cut being sent to school for the purpose of making some countryman a desirable young wife.

"There is no other way that I know." said Superintendent Bodine, "to discover how many of these child wives there are in certain districts of Chi-Some time ago I became convinced that the practice was very comthe assertion that many of the Italian tenements were filled with extremely young girls who had contracted mar-I have watched the conditions since and have made several investigations, and all that I have discovered has been in support of my opinion. We are now conducting a house to house canvass to discover many as we can. It is a very divicult task, but the only means we have is to task, but the only means we have is to send an officer to the houses. He takes a chance of some of the young girls who come under our jurisdiction opening the door or of getting a glimpse of them. Then we can haul them into court and the burden of proof that they are over the legal age for attending school lies with them or their parents or guardians.

Evading the Law.

"We are finding them a very wary lot. This is the way they try to fool us." The superintendent presented a passport for inspection. It was issued to a young Italian girl whose marriage Superintendent Bodine has recently Superintendent Bodine has recently prevented. In the column showing the age of the girl an evident erasure and alteration had been made to show that the girl was 15 years old. The appearance of the alteration indicated that the original figure 2, which would show the artists of 15 years. the age as 12 years, had been altered at 5. The evidence of the erasure could be noted without the aid of a glass, and the style of letter made was entirely different from any other fig-ure 5 appearing in the passport.

The Italian consul has interested himself in this case because of the alteration of the passport, and trouble is likely to follow for the fond papa of the young girl who was to have been

married, but was not. Superintendent Bodine told case in which an Italian had worked a pretty scheme to get his family to Arnerica from Italy. He had come to this country some time before, leaving this wife and children in their old home to await the time that he could earn

Mr. Grosser is skeptical of the stateto await the time that he could earn enough to send for them. He came to Chicago and made the acquaintance of countryman who wanted a wife.

sunny Italy itself.
"There are plenty of young Italian girls in Chicago that I could have married," Superintendent Bodine quotes one of the men whose marriage to an imported Italian girl he prevented, "but I would not. I don't want any girl reared in Chicago for a wife."

This was the Lothario whom the father referred to above met shortly after his arrival in Chicago. The country-man who wanted a wife direct from Italy was willing to pay not only her transportation but that of the other members of the family to America, that he might have the 12-year-old girl for his wife. The bargain was made and sealed and the family sent for. They arrived, but the wedding has not yet taken place

such importations of young Italian women to become the brides of their countrymen already established in Chicago. Similar conditions are said to prevail in all the larger cities, and similar investigations to that inaugurated this week by Superintendent Bodine are being undertaken in New York and

In speaking of the result of the investigations of his department thus far Mr. Bodine says: "The investigation thus far shows the methods of obtaining marriage licenses on the mere af fidavit of the applicant, upsupported by proof of the girl's age by parental tes-timony or church records places a pre-

timony or church records places a premium on child marriage and makes it possible for children of compulsory school attendance age to marry if they come direct from foreign countries and are not enrolled in school.

"Unspeakable social conditions surrounding children in some homes have also been unearthed. We have discovered a child wife who is the mother of two children at 16 years. A case of a white-haired man from a country district of Illinois, 65 years old, who married a Chicago girl of 15, was another ried a Chicago girl of 15, was another result of our search of the records. Instances of young girls being married to cloak relations between the husband and mother of the young wife and hide them from the girl wife's father have been found by our special officers who have been working in the Italian and have been working in the Italian and Sicilian districts.

"From what has already been dis-

"From what has already been discovered and which will soon be embodied in a detailed report wherein startling statistics will be given it is plain that the laws of Illinois should be amended to absolutely prohibit marriage of any girl under 18 years of age and require proof of age of every female between the ages of 18 and 2. male between the ages of 18 and 21, such proof to be submitted by sworn testimony of parents or guardians, church record, or some verification similar to the provision of the child labor law, which prevents children of il-legal working age from going to work.

Worst Form of Child Slavery. "There is no worse form of child slavery than that of a girl of fourteen or fifteen years old becoming a child wife to assume heavy household duties and maternal cares. The present mar-riage laws make the practice of deception in giving ages perfectly easy."

Clerk Salmonson, of the marriage li-

cense bureau in Chicago, takes a more optimistic view of the situation than does Superintendent Bodine. Clerk Sal-monson is proficient in the Italian lan-guage. He talks with applicants for marriage licenses in their own tongues. According to Mr. Salmonson, marriages of girls of fourteen and fifteen are very common, particularly among the Italians and Sicilians. He does not believe, however, that there is any great amount of falsifying as to the ages of these girls.

"If there is any such falsifying," said Mr. Salmonson, "it occurs in the cases of girls of fourteen or fifteen, whose in-tended husbands swear that they are sixteen or so years of age. The Italians are not all Mafias," added the marriage license man. "It is the custom of their country, as of many other countries of Europe, that the girls marry young. In Italy everything connected with mar-riage of a man and a woman is more open than it is here. There are notaries on the streets, and to these application is made for permission to wed. The names of the prospective bride and bridegroom are given to the notary, who writes them down. He gives the applicants a paper, which they take to the magistrate, who performs the civil marriage. After the civil marriage comes the solemnization by the church.

Mr. Salmonson admits that there is every opportunity in the present system of legalizing marriages for falsifying without discovery. He does not believe however, that this is often done.

Hugo Grosser, the city statistician of Chicago, has taken a great deal of interest in the study of this, as well as other sociological problems. He inclines distinctly toward a championship of early marriages of girls of Italian, Si-cilian, and other races where the women mature at an early age.

Champions Early Marriages.

"It is the custom of such countires as Italy, Sicily, Poland, Bohemia, and parts of many other countries for wom-en to marry at an early age. Most en to marry at an early age. Most of the Slav races mature early, as do the Latin races. I do not believe that climatic conditions have anything to do with this early development. purely a matter of race. It is true, how-ever, that in the southern part of Germany the women mature much earlier than they do in the northern portions. "Those who object to early marriages

do so usually on the ground that they are detrimental to the health of the women and their progeny. I have known may cases of women who mar ried at very early ages and who raised large families of children, performed all the duties of a good housewife and lived to a ripe old age, enjoying the best of health. In support of the contention that such marriages are not detrimental I can cite the case of my own grandmother. She was married in Germany when she was fourteen years old. She bore and reared nine children and lived to be seventy years old and enjoyed during her entire life the very best of health. Instead of bein detriment, I believe that in such stances of races whose women mature at an early age they are a benefit and

serve to promote morality. Worse Influences Than Marriage.

'To be sure," continued Mr. Grosser. the idea of an early marriage for one's own daughter is repugnant. Americans with daughters generally dislike to think of their marriage until they have reached at least the age of eighteen. And yet, I believe that most of those who would dislike, as a general thing, to have their daughters marry young would prefer a marriage at say four-teen to other alternatives that suggest themselves. And this being true of American parents, as I believe it is, how much more reasonable is the atti-tude of parents among races where women mature much earlier than is the case with Americans and are thus

ment that there are thousands of child of wives under the age of fourteen in Chi-It cago. "It is a most difficult thing about is said that the average Italian prefers which to secure statistics that would not only a young wife, but one who comes in her freshness and purity from be obtained from the records of the county clerk, for these records would show no licenses issued to girls under fourteen. I do not believe that Superintendent Bodine in his crusade against Cupid will find many child wives are young enough to make them amenhe compulsory education Mr. Grosser.

laws. of all adverse comment, young girls married under is have been brought to courts.

Was Cracked Before

A cheery little fellow was accustomed to hear a servant in the house always saving when she broke a dish that it was cracked before. As soon as a dish was broken the servant's excuse might have been heard all over the house—"It Wholesale Importation of Wives.

It is such conditions that have aroused the attention of the officials of the compulsory education department. Superintendent Bodine asserts the beginning that his investigations, if successful, will reveal a regular system of

DYSPEPSIA YIELDS

A NINE YEARS' VICTIM FINDS A REMEDY THAT CURES.

For Two Years Too Weak to Work-A Dozen Doctors Had Tried to Check Disease. Treatment That Succeeded.

All sufferers from weakness or disorders of the digestive organs will read with lively interest the story of the complete recovery of Mrs. Nettlie Darvoux from chronic dyspepsia which was thought to be incurable.

"To be ailing for nine years is not a very pleasant experience," said Mrs. Darvoux, when asked for some account of her illness. "For two years I was critically ill and could not attend to my household duties, and at one time I was so weak and miserable that I could not even walk. My trouble was chronic dyspepsia. I became extremely thin and had a sallow complexion. L had no appetite and could not take any food without suffering great distress."

"Did you have a physician?" "Yes, I took medicine from a dozen different doctors, but without getting any benefit whatever."

"How did you get on the track of a

"A book about Dr. Williams'Pink Pills was thrown in our doorway one day. My husband picked it up and read it through carefully. He was so impressed by the statements of those who had bee; cured by that remedy that he immediately bought three boxes of the pills and insisted on my taking them.'

"Did they help you at once?" "I began to feel better the second day after I started to use the pills and by the time I had taken the three boxes I was entirely well. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can cure even when doctors fail, and they cure thoroughly, for a long time has passed since my restoration to health and I know it is complete and lasting."

The surest way to make sound digestion is to give strength to the organs concerned. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give new vigor to the blood. No other remedy yields such radical results.

Mrs. Darvoux lives at No. 497 Sixth street, Detroit, Mich. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists in every part of the world. Dyspeptics should send to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for a new booklet entitled "What to Eat and How to Eat."



THE NEXT MORNING! FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER. My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, lives and kidneys and is a pleasant laxative. This druk is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called "Lane's Ten?" or

LANE'S FAMILY MEDICINE All druggists or by mail 25 cts, and 50 cts. Buy it to day. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Address, O. F. Woodward, Le Roy, N.Y.

A Spray Calendar.

A large part of the yearly fruit crop is destroyed by bugs or fungus diseases. The apple worm or codling moth injures the fruit, and others feed on the foliage of the various plants, thus preventing the plant from properly

carrying on its work. In the growing of many crops, the grower's skill is more exercised in the combatting of these enemies than in the cultivation of the crop. To aid the farmer and fruit grower in this work. the Iowa experiment station has just issued a spray calendar, which tells just what to use for these troubles, how to prepare it and when to apply, how to prepare it and when to apply. These directions are simple yet effective, and any grower can follow them with profit. We understand that this calendar may be obtained free, upon application, and we advise those of our readers who are interested, to write the director, C. F. Curtiss, Ames, la., for a copy.

THOUGHT SHE WOULD DIE.

Mrs. S. W. Marine, of Colorado Springs, Began to Fear the Worst-Doan's Kidney Pills Saved Her.

Mrs. Sarah Marine, of 428 St. Urain street, Colorado Springs, Colo., President of the Glen Eyrle Club, writes: "I suffered



for three years with severe backache. The doctors told me my kidneys were affected and prescribed medicines for me, but I found that it was only a waste of time and money to take them, and began to fear that I would

never get well. A friend advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills. Within a week after I began using them I was so much better that I decided to keep up the treatment, and when I had used a little over two boxes I was entirely well. I have now enjoyed the best of heaith for more than four months, and words can but

poorly express my gratitude." .

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Fruits grown in China are usually inferior in flavor, but superior to American in keeping qualities,

His Friendly Scheme. Chicago Tribune: Little Brown Bellig. erent-I thought you were my friend. Yet you are furnishing arms and ammunition to the honorable enemy! His Robust Ally-Hist! Not a word! I

am selling them to him so that you can

capture them and get the stuff for nothing, don't you know.

We All Could.
Could I get as rich as Astor?
Bless your heart,
I could make a fortune faster
Than did John Jacob Astor,
If I had a million dollars
For a start.