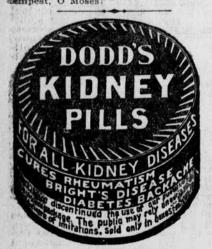
#### A Printer's Funny Error.

William F. Waller, of 3417 Harrison treet, now a real estate man, but formerly a printer, newspaper man and publisher, was talking recently of amusing supographical errors.

"From 1881 to 1884, when Rose Field was managing editor of the old Kansas City Times, I was foreman of the composing he said. "One night Field wrote an editorial paragraph poking fun at the Latin a morning contemporary had print-ed. Field wound up his effort with a quo-fation from one of Cicero's orations. The words were: 'O tempora! O mores!' mean-me 'O the times, O the manners.' The paragraph went up late and the proof teader didn't even get a long distance look et it. The paragraph was in the paper the next morning, but the quotation read, 'O tempest, O Moses!' "



More Room for Economy. house of representatives has The house roted to abolish all the pension disbursing agencies but one-that maintained at Washington. It was a sensible move. Why not go ahead now and ablish use-less custom houses, at which the cost of collecting a dollar ranges from \$7 \$1,263?

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas Coun-

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas Coun-ty, ss.: Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Cs., doing business in the City of To-ledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUN-DRED DOLLARS for each and every case of the catarra that cannot be cured by the use of that's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1980. (Seal) Notary Public. Hail's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous unfaces of the system. Send for testimo-ulais, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75e.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Man for the Place.

From the New York Weekly. Mr. Oldchap—"Yes, I have concluded to apprentice my son to a barber." Friend-"Has he a bent that way?" "Well, no; but I think he'll be popular

We doesn't like onions."

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. AZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any of Itching, Bilind, Bleeding or Protrud Files in 6 to 14 days or money refunded

The czar of Russia has a strong dis-the to being photographed alone. He however, quite at ease when posing one of a group.

dirent Crops; Fine Climate.

The Texas Gulf Coast Country Is now offering the greatest inducement to farmers and other settlers who are pouring into that section from all parts of the north and west. A genial climate, two crops a year on land costing only \$25 an acre. The Rock Island-Trisco lines are sending an SO-page book descriptive of this great country and making very low round trip excurcion rates to all who write to John Se-

ery? bastian, Passenger Traffic Manager,

cess.

### VINAIGRETTES BACK.

The old fashioned vinaigrette has come into favor again. Society women have discovered that its effects are more potent than a Turkish cigaret or a glass of liquor.

The vinaigrette is made in a variety of designs, fitted with a tiny square sponge, soaked in some aromatic per-

sponge, soaked in some aromatic per-fume. "There has been an enormous de-mand for vinalgrettes," a jeweler in Baltimore, said. "Some women carry half a dozen of them, but it is not only for their appearance. Each box con-tains a different perfume, which acts as an antidote to a variety of ills. "A silver box studded with turquoise will contain aromatic ammonia, which is a certain cure for faintness; a quaint oriental box in the shape of an ele-phant, in ivory, with jeweled eyes, is filled with an eastern spiced perfume, and is guaranteed to bring color into

and is guaranteed to bring color into the palest checks; a lavendar water in which cloves have been soaked is held in a vinaigrette of lilac colored enamel powdered with amethysts. This will refresh its owner after a long day's

refresh its owner after a long day's shopping. "We are making a pretty box in the shape of a Parma violet with a dia-mond in the center. A nervous head-ache will be cured if this violet be held under the nose, as it exhales the refreshing odor of the real flower. "A rose vinaigrette is composed of a sinble rose leaf in pink enamel, bear-ing a dewdrop in the shape of a moon-stone. This moonstone, when pressed, releases a spring, which opens the box, and at the same time throws a spray of mossrose scent."

#### TO SCENT THE HAIR.

A splendid way to perfume the hair is to rub oil of roses or any preferred odors on the hair brush and run this through the hair. It is more lasting if the oils and not the alcohol perfumes are used. Remember the oil is very strong and it takes a very little to scent the hair.

#### TWICE-TOLD TESTIMONY.

#### Woman Who Has Suffered Tells How to Find Relief.

The thousands of women who suffer backache, languor, urinary disorders

and other kidney ills, will find comfort in the words of Mrs. Jane Farrell, of 606 Ocean Ave., Jersey City, N. J., who says: "I reiterate all AS have said before in praise of Doan's Kid-ney Pills. I had been

having heavy back-aches, and my general health was affected when I began using them. My feet were swollen, my eyes puffed, and dizzy spells were frequent. Kidney action was irregular and the secretions highly colored. Today, however, I am a well woman, and I am confident that Doan's Kidney Pills have made me so, and are keeping me well.

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

# NO USE CRYING TO STRANGERS

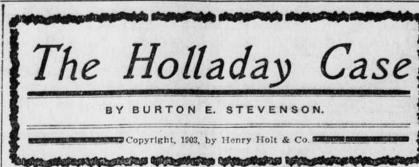
#### The Boy Waited Until He Reached Home to Weep. From the Kansas City Star.

A boy living on Linwood boulevard came back from the skating pond during the cold weather last week, wet to the skin. He alighted from a Brooklyn avenue car and went "sloshing" down the street towards home. He uttered no complaint. But when he got within twenty rods of his home he let out a yell that was heard two blocks and then ran into the house crying. "Son! son! what on earth is the matter?"

exclaimed the fond mother. "Sk-sk-skatin'-an'-an'-fell in." he blub

bered. "Well, my boy," chided the mother, "why did you wait until you got home to

Well." muttered the future Gro



office

elevator.

cab.

"That is all," he said. "I don't think

later, my chief came hurrying back to

We found a cab at the curb, and in

a moment were rolling back over the route we had traversed that morning-

ages ago, as it seemed to me! It was only a few minutes after 3 o'clock; and

I reflected that I should yet have time to complete the papers in the Hurd case before leaving for the night.

Mr. Graham was still at his desk, and he at once demanded an account of the

hearing. I went back to my work, and so caught only a word here and there— enough, however, to show me that our senior was deeply interested in this ex-

traordinary affair. As for me, I put all thought of it resolutely from me, and

devoted myself to the work in hand. It was done at last, and I locked my desk with a sigh of relief. Mr. Graham

"And you're going to dinner, aren't you, Mr. Lester?" he continued. "Yes-to dinner," I assented, more and more surprised.

"Now, don't you think me impertin-ent," he said, smiling at my look of amazement, "but I want you to dine with me this evening. I can promise you as good a meal as you can get at most places in New York."

but one explanation—it must be con-nected in some way with the Holladay case. Unless-and I glanced at him again. No, certainly, he was not a con-fidence man—even if he was, I would rather welcome the adventure. My curlosity won the battle. "Very well," I said. "Fill be glad to accept your invitation, Mr.—"" He nodded approvingly. "There spoke the man of sense. Well, you shall not go unrewarded. Godfrey is my name—no, you don't know me.

mounted into it he after

"That will do." said our junior, and ! the evidence justifies me holding her, Mr. Royce," and he left the room. I followed him, for I knew that I had ank back in his chair with a sigh of ellef. The solution had been under relief. The solution had been under our hands in the morning, and we had missed it! Well, we had found it now. "Gentlemen," he added, his voice a-ring, his face alight, as he sprang to his feet and faced the jury. "I'm ready for your verdict. I wish only to point out that with this one point, the whole case against my client falls to the ground! It was preposterous from the very first!" He sat down again, and glanced at relief. haps involved just as great heartache and anguish as ours had. Five minutes

He sat down again, and glanced at coroner.

"Gentlemen of the jury," began Goldberg, "I have merely to remind you that your verdict, whatever it may be, wil not finally affect this case. The will not infaily affect this case. The police authorities will continue their in-vestigations in order that the guilty person may not escape. I conceive that it is not within our province to probe this case further—that may be left to

this case further—that may be left to abler and more experienced hands; nor do I think we should inculpate anyone so long as there is reasonable doubt of his guilt. We await your verdict." The jury filed slowing out, and I wached them anxiously. In face of the coroner's instructions, they could bring in but one verdict; yet, I knew from experience, that a jury is ever an unknown quantity, often producing the most unexpected results.

the most unexpected results. The district attorney came down from his seat and shook hands with both of us.

"That was a great stroke!" he said, with frank admiration. "Whatever

made you suspect?" Mr. Royce handed him the note for answer. He read it through and stared back at us in astonishment. "Why," he began, "who wrote this?"

"That's the note that was delivered to us a while ago," answered Mr. Royce. "You know as much about it Royce. as we do. But it seems to me a pretty important piece of evidence. I turn it

"Important piece of evidence. I turn it over to you." "Important!" cried Singleton. "I should say so! Why, gentlemen," and his eyes were gleaming, "this was writ-ten either by an accomplice or by the woman herself!"

My chief nodded. "Precisely," he said. "I'd get on the track of the writer without delay." Singleton turned and whispered a few words to a clock who hurried from the words to a clerk, who hurried from the room. Then he motioned to two smooth faced, well built men who sat near by, spoke a word to the coroner, and re-tired with them into the latter's pri-vate office. The reporters crowded about us with congratulations and questions. They scented a mystery. What was the matter with Singleton? What was the new piece of evidence? Wat it the note? What was in the note

Mr. Royce smiled. "Gentlemen," he said, "I trust that my connection with this affair will end in a very few minutes. For any fur-ther information, I must refer you to the district attorney-the case is in his

But those men he had summoned into his office were Karle and Johnson, the cleverest detectives on the force. What did he want with them? Mr. Royce did he want with them? Mr. Royce merely shrugged his shoulders. Where-at the reporters deserted him and massed themselves before the door into the coroner's room. It opened in a moment, and the two detectives came hurrying out. They looked neither to the right nor left, but shouldered their way cruelly through the crowd, paying not the slightest attention to the quesnot the slightest attention to the ques-tions showered upon them. Then the district attorney came out, and took in the slutation at a glance. "Gentlemen," he said, raising his voice, "I can answer no questions. I must request you to require your cost is

the money she could possibly need; and she's lost her father, whom, it's quite certain, she loved dearly. So what remains?

"Only one thing," I said, deeply in-terested in this exposition. "Sudden passion.

passion." He nodded exultantly. "That's it. Now, who was the wom-an? From the first I was certain it could not be his daughter—the very thought was preposterous. It seems almost equally absurd, however, to suppose that Holladay could be mixed up with any other woman. He cerup with any other woman. He cer-tainly has not been for the last quar-ter of a century—but before that— well it's not so certain. And there's one striking point which seems to in-dicate his guilt."

"Yes-you mean, of course, her re-semblance to his daughter." "Precisely. Such a resemblance must

exist—a resemblance unusual, even striking—or it would not for a moment have deceived Rogers. We must remember, however, that Rogers' office was not briliantly lighted, and that he merely glanced at her. Still, whatever minor differences there may have been, minor differences there may have been, she had the air, the general appearance, the look of Miss Holladay. Mere facial resemblance may happen in a hundred ways, by chance; but the air, the look, the 'altogether' is very different—it in-dicates a blood relationship. My theory is that she is an illegitimate child, per-haps four or five years older than Miss Holladay.

later, my chief came hurrying back to me, and a giance at his beaming eyes told me how he had been welcomed. "Miss Holladay has started home with her maid," he said. "She asked me to thank yon for her for the great work you did this afternoon, Lester. I told her it was really you who had done everything. Yes, it was!" he add-ed, answering my gesture of denial. "While I was groping helplessly around in the dark, you found the way to light. But come; we must get back to the office." Miss Holladay. I paused to consider. The theory was reasonable, and yet it had its faults.

"Now, let's see where this leads us," he continued. "Let us assume that Holladay has been providing for this illegitimate daughter for years. At last, for some reason, he is induced to withdraw his support; or, perhaps, the girl thinks her allowance insufficient. At any rate after, let us suppose, in-effectual appeals by letter, she does the desperate thing of calling at his office to protest in person. She finds him inexorable—we know his reputation for obstinacy when he had once made up his mind. She reproaches him —she is already desperate, remember and he answers with that stinging sar-casm for which he was noted. In an casm for which he was noted. In an ecstacy of anger, she snatches up the knife and stabs him; then, in an agony of remorse, endeavors to check the blood. She sees at last that it is use-less, that she cannot save him, and leaves the office. All this is plausible, isn't it?"

desk with a sigh of relief. Mr. Graham nodded to me kindly as I passed out, and I left the office with the comfort-able feeling that I had done a good day's work for myself, as well as for my employers. A man who had apparently been loit-ering in the hall followed me into the elevator Very plausible." I assented, looking at him in some astonishment. "You forget one thing, however. Rogers tes-tified that he was intimately ac-quainted with the affairs of his em-ployer, and that he would inevitably have known of any intrigue such as you suggest." "This is Mr. Lester, isn't it?" he asked as the car started to descend. "Yes," I said looking at him in sur-prise. He was well dressed, with alert eyes and strong, pleasing face. I had never seen him before.

My companion paused for a mo-ment's thought, "I don't believe Rogers would so in-

evitably have known of it," he said, at last. "But, admit that-then there at last. "But, admit that—then there is another theory. Holladay has not been supporting his illegitimate child, who learns of her parentage, and goes to him to demand her rights. This fits the case, doesn't it?" "Yes," I admitted. "It also is plaus-ible."

ible.

"It is more than plausible," he said 'Whatever the details may be, quietly. the body of the theory itself is unim-peachable-It's the only one which fits the facts. I believe it capable of proof. Don't you see how the note helps prove

"The note?"

I started at the word, and my sus-picions sprang into life again. I looked at him quickly, but his eyes were on the cloth, and he was rolling up in-numerable little pellets of bread. "That note," he added, "proved two things. One was that the writer was things. deeply interested in Miss Holladay's welfare; the other was that he or she knew Rogers, the clerk, intimatelymore than intimately—almost as well as a physician knows an old patient." "I admit the first," I said. "You'll have to explain the second." "The second is self-evident. How did

the writer of the note know of Rogers' infirmity?"

is my name-no, you don't know me, but I'll soon explain myself. Here's my "His infirmity?" "Certainly—his color-blindness. I coness, I'm puzzled. How could anyone else know it when Rogers himself

#### The Grapes of Greece.

The small grape grown in Greece, and known commercially as the Zantes currant, appears to be a great standby. It is produced in large quantities, and the world's markets are not always ready to absorb them entirely, but the nimbleminded Greek does not let them go to waste. He turns them into such products as sugar of raisins, and into pulp foods (marmalades and jams) for the markets of northern Europe. They are also made into a fodder by combining them with into a forder by combining them with starchy matter and are highly esteemed for stock feeding. Some day our own growers, instead of worrying about the market for their raisins, will turn their attention to the other uses to which their that the demand for them will be practioally illimitable.

# Mrs. Winslow's Scotting Staup for Children teching: softens the gums, reduces infismmation. al-bys pain, cures wind colic. 25 cent: a bottle.

The number of arrests in New York city for violation of laws of the road and speed ordinances, have been in-creased 50 per cent. in the last three months.

Interest in a monument to Elihu Burritt has been revived at New Britain, Conn., the "learned black-smith's" native place.

Garfield Tea, the herb laxative, is mild and potent; take it to regulate a sluggish! liver and to overcome constipation.

## \* CHILDREN AS MODELS. \*

Brains may count for a good deal in the financial world, but for the woman the financial world, but for the woman or girl they are not a circumstance to beauty. Even the tinlest children who do not know their A B Cs, and who may never be able to comprehend the simplest rules of grammar or fractions, provided they have dainty, well-shaped hands, beautiful eyes, and a luxury of soft curls can earn ten times as much as the plain woman whose brain is a as the plain woman whose brain is a lightning calculator for adding columns of figures and straightening out the in-

of figures and straightening out the in-tricate tangles of mixed accounts. Della Carson, the winner of the Chi-cago Tribune beauty contest has been working away as a Wabash avenue stenographer for \$12 a week, little dreaming that her beauty could bring her ten times that amount, until the decision of the judges lifted her at once into the limelight and luxury. To-day large advertisers are paying hun-dreds of dollars for the privilege of using her picture or her name as an indorsement of a patent medicine or a complexion cream.

complexion cream. Della's fame as a beauty did not come to her until after she had grown up, but many little posers whom pho-tographers have brought into promitographers have brought into promi-nence are earning as much as \$5 an hour and are yet mere bables. There is such a demand for child photographs and illustrations that one New York photographer has started a school in which he teaches children to pose. The most rigid rules are required of the lit-tle attlendants as to food and exercise. Their diet is as limited as that of an athlete in training and they are allowed their diet is as initial as that of an athlete in training and they are allowed to enjoy but few of the pleasures ac-corded to childhood. The little mod-els are taught first of all to be natural, which is probably the hardest of all lessons to acquire, for even a mere baby as soon as she knows that she is being admired will take on little affectations that detract from the simplicity that makes the child's picture so much

sought after. The school is to teach them proper exercises, how to overcome shyness that keeps many a little beauty from being a successful model and to be-come accustomed to sitting for hours at a time in one position at a time in one position.

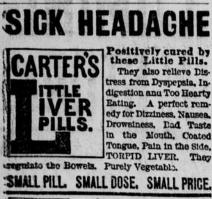
### MORE BOXES OF GOLD

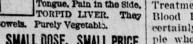
#### And Many Greenbacks.

325 boxes of Gold and Greenbacks, will be sent to persons who write the most interesting and truthful letters of experience on the following topics: 1. How have you been affected by coffee drinking and by changing from

Room 56, La Salle station, Chicago.

Owing to the unusual activity in rail-road building, it is estimated that in Ontarlo alone 4,500,000 ties will be cut ethis year.





Genuine Must Bear CARTERS Fac-Simile Signature

IVER Anew Hood REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

**A** Positive ELY'S EAM BALM GURE FOR FEVER CATARRH Ely's Cream Balm ELY BROS to quickly absorbed. Gives Rolief at Once. It cleanses, soothes.

als and protects iseased membrane. It cures Catarri and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts. at Druggists or by mail; Grial size 10 cts. by mail. Elv Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

TREE To convince my woman that Prax-tine Antiseptic will improve her health and do all we claim for it. We will need her absolutely free a large trial ber of Paxine with book of instruc-tions and genuine testimonials. Send your name and address on a postal card. S, such as nasal catarth. pelvie and inflammation caused by femi-is; sore cycs, sore throat and uth, by direct lo al treatment. Its cu mouth, by direct lo al treatment. Its cur-erdinary and gives immediate relief. Thousands of women are using and rec-ommending it every day. 50 cents at druggists or by mail. Remember, however, IT COSTS YOU NOTHIN' TO TRY IT. THE R. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass.

GOOD SCLICITORS WANTED-Entirely Lew propositon; big muney maker. Send stamp for particulars. The J. & J. Mfg. Cr., Canton, Ohio.

"d-d-durn it all, there wasn't none o' you there t-t-to hear me. What good would it a-done?"

#### Prepare This Yourself.

For those who have any form of blood disorders; who want new, rich blood and plenty of it, try this: Fluid Extract Dandellon, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces.

Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime. Any good pharmacy can supply the ingredients at small cost. This is the prescription which, when made up. is called "The Vegetable Treatment;" by others, the "Cyclone Blood Purifier." It acts gently and certainly does wonders for some people who are sickly, weak and out of sorts, and is known to relieve serious. long-standing cases of rheumatism and chronic backache quickly.

Make some up and try it.

While the family of Henry Martin, of East Fourteenth street, New York, was absent at a theater, burglars broke into the house and stole a heating stove weighing 600 pounds.

### CHILDREN TORTURED.

Girl Had Running Sores from Eczema-Boy Tortared by Poison Oak -Both Cured by Cuticura.

"Last year, after having my little girl treated by a very prominent physician for an obstinate case of eczema, I resorted to the Cuticura Remedies, and was so well pleased with the almost instantaneous relief afforded that we discarded the physician's prescription and relied entirely on the Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills. When we commenced with the Cuticura Remedies her feet and limbs were covered with running sores. In about six weeks we had her completely well, and there has been no recurrence of the trouble.

"In July of this year a little boy in our family polsoned his hands and arms with poison oak, and in twentyfour hours his hands and arms were a mass of torturing sores. We used only the Cuticura Remedies, washing his hands and arms with the Cuticura Soap, and anointing them with the Cuticura Ointment, and then gave him the Cuticura Resolvent. In about three weeks his hands and arms healed up. So we have lots of cause for feeling grateful for the Cuticura Remedies. We find that the Cuticura Remedies are a valuable household standby, living as we do twelve miles from a doctor. Mrs. Lizzie Vincent Thomas, Fairmont, Walden's Ridge, Tenn., Oct. 13, 1905 '

must request you to resume your seats, or I shall ask the coroner to clear the room.

They knew that he meant what he They knew that he meant what he said, so they went back to their chairs chagrined, disgusted, biting their nails, striving vainly to work out a solution to the puzzle. It was the coroner's clerk who created a diversion. "The jury is ready to report, sir," he

announced. "Very well; bring them out." and the jurymen filed slowly back to their seats. I gazed at each face and cursed the nexpressiveness of the human coun-

tenance "Have you arrived at a verdict, gen-

tlemen?" asked the coroner. "We have, sir," answered one of them and he handed a paper to the clerk. "Is this your verdict, gentlemen?" asked the coroner. "Do you all concur in it?

They answered in the affirmative as their names were called. "The clerk will read the verdict."

said Goldberg. Julius stood up and cleared his throat. "We, the jury." he read, "Impanelled in the case of Hiram W. Holladay, de-ceased, do find that he came to his death from a stab wound in the neck, inflicted by a pen knife in the hands of a parson or parsons unknown."

CHAPTER V.

a person or persons unknown.

I dine with a fascinating stranger. The coroner dismissed the jury, and came down and shook hands with us.

"I'm going to reward you for your clever work, Mr. Royce," he said. "Will you take the good news to Miss Holla-

My chief could not repress the swift flush of pleasure which reddened his cheeks, but he managed to speak uncheeks, but he managed to speak un-concernedly. "Why, yes: certainly. I'll be glad to, if you wish it," he said. "I do wish it," Goldberg assured him, with a tact and penetration I thought admirable. "You may dismiss the po-liceman who is with her." Our junior looked inquiringly at the district attorney. "Before I go," he said, "may I ask what you intend doing, sir?" "I intend finding the writer of that note," answered Singleton, smiling. "But about Miss Holladay?" Singleton tapped his lips thoughtfully with his pencil.

with his pencil.

"Before I answer," he said at last, "I would like to go with you and ask her one quetsion. 'Very well," assented Mr. Royce in-

stantly, and led the way to the room where Miss Holladay awaited us.

She rose with flushing face as we en-tered, and stood looking at us without speaking; but despite her admirable composure, I could guess how she was racked with anxiety. "Miss Holladay." began my chief,

"this is Mr. Singleton, the district at-torney, who wishes to ask you a few torney, wi questions."

"One question only," corrected Single-n, bowing. "Were you at your fa-er's office yesterday afternoon, Miss ton, Holladay

"No, sir," she answered, instantly and emphatically. "I have not been near my father's office for more than a weak" I saw him studying her for a moment, then he bowed again.

seemed to me that there was an un-usual number of loiterers about the door of the building, but we were off in a moment, and I did not give them a second thought. We rattled out into Broadway, and turned northward for the three mile straightaway run to Union Square. I noticed in a moment that we were going at a rate of speed rather exceptional for a cab and it steadily increased as the driver found a clear road before him. My companion threw up the trap in the roof of the we swung around into Thircab as teenth street.

"All right, Sam?" he called. The driver grinned down at us through the hole. "All right, sir," he answered. "They couldn't stand the pace a little bit. They're distanced."

They're distanced. The trap snapped down again, we turned into Sixth avenue, and stopped in a moment before the Studio-gray and forbidding without, but a den with-in. My companion led the way upstairs to a private room, where a table stood ready for us. The oysters ap-peared before we were fairly seated. "You see," he smiled, "I made bold to believe that you'd come with me, and so had the dinner already ordered." I looked at him without realidar.

I looked at him without replying. I was completely in the dark. Could this be the writer of the mysterious note? But what could his object be? Above all, why should he so expose himself?

he smiled again, as he caught my glance

"Of course, you're puzzled," he said. "Well, I'll make a clean breast of the matter at once. I wanted to talk with well, I'll make a clean oreast of the matter at once. I wanted to talk with you about this Holladay case, and I de-cided that a dinner at the Studio would be just the ticket." I nodded. The soup was a thing to

marvel at.

marvel at. "You were right," I assented. "The idea was a stroke of genius." "I knew you would think so. You see, since this morning, I've been making rather a study of you. That coup of yours at the coroner's court this after-roor was admirable one of the betnoon was admirable-one of the best things I ever saw."

I bowed my acknowledgements.

"You were there, then?" I asked. "Oh, yes; I couldn't afford to miss it."

"The color blind theory was a simple one

'So simple that it never occurred to anyone else. I think we're too apt to overlook the simple explanations which are, after all, nearly always the true ones. It's only in books that we meet the reverse. You remember it's Gaboriau who advises one always to distrust the probable?"

"Yes. I don't agree with him." "Nor I. Now take this case, for in-stance. I think it's safe to state that murder, where it's not the result of sudden passion, is always committed for one of two objects-revenge or gain. for one of two objects—revenge or gain. But Mr. Holladay's past life has been pretty thoroughly probed by the re-porters, and nothing has been found to indicate that he had ever made a dead-ly enemy, at least among the class of people who resort to murder—so that does away with revenge. On the other hand, no one will gain by his death— many will lose by it—in fact, the whole circle of his associates will lose by it. It might seem at first glance, that his daughter would gain; but I thiak she loses most of all. She already had all

loses most of all. She already had all them

didn't know it? That's what I should like to have explained. Perhaps there's who could know—well, that's the one who wrote the note. Now, who is it?" "But, I began quickly, then stopped; should I set him right? Or was this a trap he had prepared for me?" His cress ware not on the cloth now

His eyes were not on the cloth now, but on me. There was a light in them I did not quite understand. I felt that I must be sure of my ground before I went forward. "It should be very easy to trace the writer of the note," I said.

writer of the note," I said. "The police have not found it so."

"No?

"No. It was given to the doorkeep-er by a boy-just an ordinary boy of from 12 to 14 years-the man didn't notice him especially. He said there was no answer and went away. How are the police to find that boy? Suppose they do find him? Probably all he could tell them would be that a man stopped him at the cor-ner and gave him a quarter to take the note to the coroner's office.

"He might give a description of the man," I ventured.

#### Continued Next Week.

### Mixed on His Dates.

Some day some poet of sufficient caliber of greatness will write the epic of the 'one-night stand." Meanwhile that poem is recited by all great hearts who have to travel that route in order to fill in between the longer dates. Yet If a thing has its hardships, it has, too, its humorous side, although it comes only too rarely to the surface. During Miss Shannon's co-starring with Herbert Kelcey in "Sherlock Holmes," they made a tour of the Pa-cific coast, playing great number of one-night stands with flattering financial return, though with considerable wear and tear upon their nerves. So So many places were visited that even those members of the company who had retentive memories become confused as to the precise city in which they were

playing. Mr. Kelcey, who was scoring a great success in the part made famous by Mr. Gillette, was one of the most for-getful, and after a time became quite befuddled, though he tried his best to figure it out. One night he was called upon to make a speech at the conclus-ion of the third act. He came forward full of confidence, and he made his speech, a grateful little speech. He al-luded to the cordial reception which he had just received, and he expressed the pleasure which he always experienced in visiting Fresno. Nay, more, he paid a glowing tribute to the city of Fresno, to the enterprise of the citizens of Fresno, the charm of the buildings of Freeno, the charm of the buildings of Fresno, the greatness of the resources

of Fresno, etc. To his amazement his speech was received in utter silence. When the cur-tain went down, he turned to Miss Shannon, who was trying to control her laughter. "Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," she replied, "except that this is Sacramento."

Some people are so stubborn and so contrary, that you can only convince them they are wrong by agreeing with

coffee to Postum? 2. Give name and account of one or more coffee drinkers who have been, hurt by it and have been induced to quit and use Postum.

3. Do you know any one who has been driven away from Postum because it came to the table weak and characterless at the first trial?

4. Did you set such a person right, regarding the easy way to make it clear, black, and with a snappy, rich taste?

5. Have you ever found a better way to make it than to use four heaping teaspoonfuls to the pint of water, let stand on stove until real boiling begins, and beginning at that time when actual boiling starts, boil full 15 minutes more to extract the flavor and food value. (A piece of butter the size of a pea will prevent boiling over.) This contest is confined to those who have used Postum prior to the date of this advertisement.

Be honest and truthful, don't write poetry or fanciful letters, just plain, truthful statements.

Contest will close June 1st, 1907, and no letters received after that date will be admitted. Examinations of letters will be made by three judges, not members of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. Their decisions will be fair and final, and a neat little box containing a \$10 gold piece sent to each of the five writers of the most interesting letters, a box containing a \$5 gold piece to each of the 20 next best, a \$2 greenback to each of the 100 next best, and a \$1 greenback to each of the 200 next best, making cash prizes distributed to 325 persons.

Every friend of Postum is urged to write and each letter will be held in high esteem by the company, as an evidence of such friendship, while the little boxes of gold and envelopes of money will reach many modest writers whose plain and sensible letters contain the facts desired, although the sender may have but small faith in winning at the time of writing.

Talk this subject over with your friends and see how many among you can win prizes. It is a good, honest competition and in the best kind of a cause, and costs the competitors absolutely nothing.

Address your letter to the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., writing your own name and address clearly.