The Holladay Case

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON.

Corwright, 1903, by Henry Holt & Co.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE VEIL IS LIFTED.

In a moment we were hurrying along the street, in the direction the notary had pointed out to us. Martigny was aiready out of sight, and we had need of haste. My head was in a whirl. So Frances Holladay was not really the daughter of the dead millionaire! The thought compelled a complete readjustment of my point of view. Of course, the was legally his daughter: equally she was legally his daughter; equally of course, this new development could make no difference in my companion's feeling for her. Nothing, then was really changed. She must go back with us; she must take up the old life But I had no time to reason it all

We had reached the beach again, and we turned along it in the direction of the cliffs. Far ahead, I saw a man hurrying in the same direction—I could arrying in the same direction—I could guess at what agony and danger to himself. The path began to ascend, and we panted up it to the grassy down, which seemed to stretch for miles and miles to the northward. Right before us was a little wood, in the midst of which I caught a glimpse of a farmhouse. of a farmhouse.

We ran toward it, through a gate, the path to the door. It was but we heard from within a man's excited voice—a resonant voice which I knew well. I tried the door; it yielded, and we stepped into the hall. The voice came from the room at the right. It was no time for hesitation—we sprang to the door and entered.

Martigny was standing in the middle of the floor, fairly foaming at the mouth, shrieking out commands and imprecations at two women who cowered in the farther corner. The elder one I knew at a glance—the younger— my heart leaped as I looked at her— was it Miss Holladay? No, yet strange-

He saw their startled eyes turn past aim to us, and swung sharply round. For an instant he stood poised like a serpent about to strike, then I saw his eyes fix in a frightful stare, his face turn livid, and with a strangled cry he fell back and down. Together we lifted him to the low window seat, pursuers and pursued alike, loosened his collar. and pursued alike, loosened his collar, chafed his hands, bathed his temples, did everything we could think of dong; but he lay there staring at the celling with clenched teeth. At last, Royce bent and laid his ear against his breast. bent and laid his ear against his breast. Then he arose and turned gently to the

"It is no use," he said. "He is dead." I looked to see them wince under the blow; but they did not. The younger woman went slowly to the window and stood there sobbing quietly; the other's face lit up with a positive blaze of joy.

"So," she exclaimed, in that low, vibrant voice I so well remembered, "so he is dead! That treacherous, cruel heart has burst at last!"

Royce gazed at her a moment in as

Royce gazed at her a moment in as-tonishment. She looked not at him, but at the dead man on the window

ceat, her hands clasping and unclasping.
"Madame Alix," he said at last, "you know our errand—we must carry it

She bowed her head. "I know it, monsieur," she answered.
"But for him, there would have been no such errand? As it is, I will help you all I can. Cecile," she called to the woman at the window, "go and bring your sister to these gentlemen."

The younger woman dried her eyes and left the room. We waited in tense sellence, our eyes on the door. We heard the sound of footsteps on the stair; a

the sound of footsteps on the stair; a moment, and she was on the threshold. me in slowly, listlessly—it gave me a shock to see the pallor of her face. Then she glanced up and saw Royce standing there; she drew in her breath

with a quick gasp, a great wave of color swept over her cheeks and brow, great light sprang into her eyes.

"Oh, John!" she cried, and swayed had her in his arms, against his

He had her in his arms, against his beart, and the glad tears sprang to my eyes as I looked at them. I glanced at the elder woman, and saw that her eyes were shining and her lips quivering. "And I have come to take you away, "And I have come to take you away, "Oh, yes; take me away," she cobbed, "before the other comes."

She stonged, her eyes on the window

She stopped, her eyes on the window seat, where "the other" lay, and the color died out of her cheeks again.

"Me, at least, has paid the penalty," said Royce. "He can trouble you no

shere, my love."
She was sobbing helplessly upon his

shoulder, but as the moments passes she grew more caim, and at last stood upright from him. The younger wom-an had come back into the room, and was watching her curiously, with no

Come let us go," said the girl, "We must take the first boat home. But Royce held back,

The crime against yourself you may dead.

"There was no murder," burst in Cecile Ahr. "I swear it to you, monsieur. Do you understand. There was no merder," could have liked him!

I saw Miss Holladay wince at the sther's voice, and Royce saw it, too.
"I mest get ber to the inn," he said.
"This is more than she can bear—
I fear she will break down utterly.
Do you stay and get the story Lester.
Then we'll decide what it is best to do."

and down the path, not once looking back. I wached them till the trees hid them, and then turned to the women.

"Iscw." I said, "I shall be happy to har the story."

"It was a way, out of the house, where every man and woman awakens interest, excites speculation! Paris, with its blue sky and its trees, and its color—and its fascination there is no describing.

Joy is a great restorer, and a week of hearth.

back. I wachee them till the trees hid them, and then turned to the women. "Ick." I said, "I slaid the happy to how the story."

'It was that man wonder who was the cause of it all," said the mother, clastling her hands tightly in her lay to here them still. "Four years ago he care from Faris here to spend the summer—he was ver' ill—his heart. We had been living happily, my dispersed marriage. He was ver' good—he was the tensus of a marriage. He was ver' good—he was the tensus and the mother of her but marrying. He met her and proposed marriage. He was ver' good—he was the first youth. But she attracted hir, and they were married. He took ber built to Parls where he had a little hirt to half a forme—but here the had a little hirt. A half of the Cance—but he graw words again and came back had in the found out first? I had another daughter whom that ? had another daughter whom that? I had another daughter whom that? I had another daughter whom that? I had another daughter whom the first words are also the could be the first to trousseau. But the great day came at last, the red tape of French adm." I reckon that makes us about even, "I reckon that makes us about even," and at noon they were wedded, with any one hard at more they were wedded, with any one hard any her encoion. Plainly she with the pretty chapel of St. Lukes, near the Boulevarl Montparnasse.

There isn't any left." was the reply.

Satisfaction.

Satisfaction.

From the Chicago Tribune.

The man with the long hair and the words the mark the dourse. The mark the long word the dourse. The satick had been determed, it was good to look at them. Look at the mark the long word what stuck his head inside the door of the little cigar store. "Do you own this weightine out in front of vour sheaf, it was the reply.

Satisfaction.

The man with the long haif and the chap when they stood unseeling before some splendid canves to forgotten; they live the satisfaction t

hourstalangelourstalan adjournalana antarontation beter talance antarontes an allowater applications sieur Holladay. He learned—oh, that he was ver rich—what you call a man of millions—and his daughter—my of millions—and his daughter—my daughter, monsieur—was living still. From that moment he was like a man possessed. At once he formed his plan, building I know not what hopes on it. He drilled us for two years in speaking the English; he took us for six months to Londres that we might better learn. Day after day, we took our lessons there—always and always English. Cecile learned ver well, monsieur; but I not so well, as you can see—I was too old. Then, at last, we came to New York and my daughter, this one—was sent to see Monsieur.

ter-this one-was sent to see Monsieur Holladay, while I was directed that write to Celeste—to Mademoiselle Hollady. She came that ver' afternoon," she continued, "and I told her that it was I who was her mother. He was with me and displayed to her the papers of adoption. She could not be convinced. He talked to her as an anconvinced. He talked to her as an angel—oh, he could seem one when he chose—he told her that I was in poverty—he made her to weep, which was what he desired. She promised to bring us money; she was ver' good; my heart went out to her. Then, just as she had risen to start homeward, in Celette came or wings subbits. in Celeste came, crying sobbing stained with blood."

She shuddered and clasped her hands before her eyes.
"But you have said it was not murder, madame," I said to the younger

"Nor was it," she cried. "Let me tell you, monsieur. I reached the great building which my husband had pointed out to me; I went up in the lift; I entered the office, but saw no one. I went on through an open door and saw an old man sitting at a desk. I inquired if Mr. Holladay was there. The old man slaved at me and howed. The old man glanced at me and bowed toward another door. I saw it was a private office and entered it. The door swung shut behind me. There was another old man sitting at a desk sharpening a pencil."

"Is it you. Frances?" he asked.

'Is it you, Frances?' he asked.
'No,'" I said, stepping before him.
is her sister, Monsieur Holla-

"He stared up at me with such look of dismay and anger on his face that I was fairly frightened; then, in the same instant, before I could draw breath, before I could say another word, his face grew purple, monsieur, and he fell forward on his desk, on his hand, on the knife, which was clasped in it. I tried to check the blood, but I could not, it poured forth in such a stream. I knew not what to do; I was distracted and in a frenzy, I left the place and hurried to my lodgings. That is the truth, monsieur, believe me."

"I do believe you," I said; and she turned again to the window to hid here."

turned again to the window to hide her

was then," went on her mother, "that that man yonder had another in-spiration. Before it had been only —what you call—blackmail—a few thousands, perhaps a pension; now it was something more—he was playing for a greater stake. I do not know all that he planned. He found Celeste suspected of having killed her father; he must get her release at any cost; so he wrote a note—"

so he wrote a note—"
"Yes," I cried, "Yes, of course; I see. Miss Helladay under arrest was beyond his reach.

"Yes," she nodded. "So he wrote a note—oh, you should have seen him in those days! He was like some furin those days! He was like some fur-ious wild beast. But after she was set free, Celeste did not come to us as she had promise. We saw that she suspected us that she wish to have nothing more to do with us; so Victor commanded that I write another letter implering her offering to explain." She stopped a moment to control herself. "Ah, when I think of it. She came, monsieur. We took her gown and put it on Cecile. She never left the place again until the carriage stopped to take her to the boat. As for us—we were his slaves—he guided each step—he seemed to think of everything

—to be ready for everything—he plan-ned and planned."

There was no need that she should tell me more—the whole plot lay bare before me—simple enough now that I understood it, and carried out with what consummate finish! 'One thing more," I said. "The

gold. She drew a key from her pocket and

gave it to me.

"It is in a bex upstairs," she said.

"This is the key. We have not touched

I took the key and followed her to the floor above. The box, of heavy oak bound with iron, with steamship and express labels fresh upon it, stood in one corn r. I unlocked it and threw back the lid. Package upon package

back the iid. Fackage upon package lay in it, just as they had come from the sub-treasury. I locked the box again, and put the key in my pocket.

"Of course," I said, as I turned to go, "I can only repeat your story to my companion. He and Miss Holladay will decide what steps to take. But I

trees, icaving them alone with

CHAPTER XIX.

THE END OF THE STORY.

Paris in June! Do you know it, with its bright days and its soft nights, murmurous with voices? Paris with its rowded pavements—and such a crowd, where every man and woman awakens

across Paris to take train for a fortnight on the Riviera. We waved them off and turned back together. "It is a desecration to use a carriage

on such a day," said my companion; so we dismissed ours and sauntered afoot down the Boulevard Diderot toward the So that is the end of the story," she

"So that is the end of the story," she said musingly.
"Of their story, yes," I interjected.
"But there are still certain things I do not quite understand," she continused, not heeding me.

"For instance-why did they trouble

to keep her prisoner?"
"Family affection."
"Nonsense! There could be none.
Besides, the man dominated them; and I believe him to have been capable of

Perhaps he meant the hundred thou-

"Perhaps he meant the hundred thousand to be only the first payment. With her at hand, he might hope to get more indefinitely. Without her—"
"Well, without her?"
"Oh, the plot grows and grows, the more one thinks of it! I believe it grew under his hands in just the same way. I don't doubt that it would have come, at last, to Miss Holladay's death by at last, to Miss Holladay's death by some subtle means; to the substitution of her sister for her—after a year or two abroad, who could have detected it? And then—oh, then, she would have married Fajolle again, and they would have settled down to the enterwould have settled down to the enjoy-ment of her fortune. And he would, have been a great man—oh, a very great man. He would have climbed and climbed."

and climbed."

My companion nodded,
"Touche!" she cried.

I bowed my thanks; I was learning
French as rapidly as circumstances per-"But Frances did not see them again?"

'Oh, no; she preferred not."

"And the money?"
"Was left in the box. I sent back the key. She wished it so. After all, it was Yes, of course; perhaps she was not

really so bad."
"She wasn't," I said decidedly. "But

'Was a genius. I'm almost sorry he's "I'm more than sorry—it has taken an interest out of life."

We had come out upon the bridge of Austerlitz, and paused, involuntarily. Below us was the busy river, with its bridges, its boats, its crowds along the quays; far ahead, dominating the scene, the towers of the cathedral; and the warm sun of June was over all. We leaned upon the balustrade and gazed at all this beauty.

"And now the mystery is cleared away," she said, "and the prince and the princess are wedded, just as they were in the fairy tales of our child-hood. It's a good ending."
"For all stories," I added.

She turned and looked at me.
"There are other stories," I exclaimed. "Theirs is not the only one."

The spirit of Paris-or perhaps the June sunshine—was in my veins, running riot, clamorous, not to be re-"Certainly not. There might be an-

other, for instance, with you and me as the principals." I dared not look at her; I could only stare ahead of me down at the water. She made no sign; the moments

"Might be," I said desperately. "But there's a wide abyss between the possible and the actual." Still no sign; I had offended her; I

might have known! But I mustered courage to steal a sidelong glance at her.

She was smiling down at the water, and her eyes were very bright.

"Not always," she whispered. "Not always."

always.' (The End.)



First Kid—Wot's yer hurry, Jimmy? Jimmy—Sister's feller says if I'll go down and get him a left-handed monkey wrench, and not stop until I find it, he'll give me a quarter.

One on the Class.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.
President Hadley of Yale was talking about his student days. "I remember a stately and venerable professor," he said, 'upon whom some sophomores once tried to play a trick.
"The professor one morning, being un-

able to attend to his class on account of a cold, wrote on the blackboard:
"'Dr. Dash, through indisposition, is un-

able to attend to his classes today."
"The students erased one letter in this notice, making it read: "'Dr. Dash, through indisposition, is un-

But Royce held back.
"Then there has been a crime committed," he said slowly. "We must see that it is punished."
"A crime? Oh, yes; but I forgive there, dear."

"But Royce held back.
"But it happened a few minutes later that the professor returned for a box he had forgotten. Amid a roar of laughter there, dear."

"But Royce held back.
"But it happened a few minutes later that the professor returned for a box he had forgotten. Amid a roar of laughter the detected the change in his notice, and, approaching the blackboard, calming the committee of the committee of the change in his notice, and, approaching the blackboard, calming the committee of able to attend to his lasses today. approaching the blackboar erased one letter in his turn. "Now, the notice read:

" 'Dr. Dash, through indisposition, is unable to attend to his asses today.'

The Obedient Maid.

From Exchange. A lady was giving instructions to her new maid: "Before removing the soup plates. Mary, always ask each person if e or she would like any more."
"Very good, madam," replied the maid. At dinner that evening Mary, respectful-

bowing to a guest, inquired: "More soup, sir?" "There isn't any left," was the reply.

LATE FRILLS OF FASHION.

MICRO-DRAMA-GRAPHS

By Frank J. Wilstach,

Dead heads should not look gift seats in

In vaudeville, one good turn deserves

Admirers of women should never over

A good cook should be a good shot, being

The critic evidently considers the actor a

Capacity to think rarely precedes the at

The actor who depends upon the bar-room mirror for reflection will fall as sure-

ly as water freezes with the slipper side

Why is it that our dramatists do not em-

Fame, it is said, is a flower that grows on the graves of writers. The actor dis-covers by the floral alandales whether

If an actress clows her hair to turn

gray, you may put it down that she either has not the price or is a hundred miles from the colorine establishment.

ared in a divorce court is no more an indication of her cleverness than that the size of a grave stone tells how big a man

TO CURE STUTTERING.

If the people who stutter were called

pon to provide the mode of punish-

ment to be meted out to the wicked,

they would probably not hesitate the hair's breadth of a second to reply, but

as fast as their stumbling tongues

could articulate would order that all

Schools for stuttering are every day schools for stattering are cycle, and turning away patients once hopeless stutterers who can express themselves as they please without ever becoming entangled in a maze of reiterated syll-

The fundamental principles taught in

these schools are simple enough. Men and women who cannot afford to take

a course of instruction at them or who are so situated that they cannot get away from their business for a long

enough time to attend, can with a lit-tle patience cure themselves at home. The one successful test against

which stuttering cannot stand is rhythm, so that is made the first les-

on in the course of training. Everything must be said to beats in a sing-seng way. The stutterer is told to re-peat a certain sentence marking each syllable with a baton or a swing of the hand, at first to very slow time, then increasing as to faster and faster. After this has been practiced until

After this has been practiced until it seems to be completely mastered a word is allowed a beat instead of a

syllable, then two words, three, a clause, and finally a sentence.

Of course for the cure to be at all successful, it is necessary to repeat every sentence spoken in this manner, and to allow several hours a day going over words and clauses to every kind.

over words and clauses to every kind of time used in music.

Jane Oaker, leading woman with the

Wm. Lackaye company, has an uncle

busiest stock buyers in the Chicago yards. But he stuttered about as bad

as any man could and finally make himself understood. One day when he

had a little leisure on his hands he

sat down and figured out just how much valuable time he had wasted in

his life trying to make his sentences in the life trying to make his sentences intelligible. It amounted to something like three years and ten months. Then he figured out just how much more he would waste in the same way

if he lived to an average age, and made almost the same number

years. A course at a certain school guaranteed to cure in three months, and in less than a week someone else was doing his work and he was in-

stalled as an interested pupil beating out his words with a baton. To help things along he bought boxes of soap,

matches, and everything else he could think of to peddle from door to door in order to try his new method under the most embarrassing of situations where he would be most apt to stutter. But it proved to be all that was claimed for it, and even before the

three months were up he went back to his business completely cured. It is not necessary to stand up be-

or a class, however, and recite simple little rhymes, nor to peddle matches from door to door. The same methods can be practised behind one's own doors and in everyday life when talking to friends. If, only time and attention enough is devoted to the cure,

the worst stutterers may be freed from the toils that are so painfully embar-rassing to those afflicted.

CARING FOR VIOLETS.

Violets, which are worn as they are

almost universally at this season, will

tevive wonderfully when taken off if

the stems are well moistened under the

faucets and again wrapped up in the faucets and again wrapped up in the foil, the whole being folded out in the Lir in oil paper and placed in a cool place. They should not be placed directly on the ice, but left in one side

of the refrigerator or put in a box butside the window for the night. Some people think that if the bunch is hung-upside down the flowers revive more

TINTED WAISTS. White waists are not the only pretty ones we see this spring, for the dainty tints in batistes are all the rage. These can be made beautiful with the addition

lace fronts which widen to round lace

lavender and many of the

The man who thinks he is always right does more harm than the one who

willing to admit that he is sometimes

lear two of them discuss a third.

another engagement.

avoid failures.

they are dead ones.

speech be tied.

cured

In the Billboard.

The new belts are rather high and round but are pointed slightly in front.

White wash leather gloves, elbow length, are the chic things for morn-

Black leghorn hats will be trimmed

with flower wreaths made of every kind of bright field flowers. Some of the new slippers are laced

over the instep with ribbons in such a fashion that the stocking shows under-Some of the pretty old-fashioned checked tissues in pinks and whites are to be seen among the thin materials

for new summer frocks. Gingham dresses are to be very pop-ular again this summer. All sorts of little fancy checks or striped tub frocks

will be made up simply for morning Pongee petticoats are among the most practical that can be made for summer wear. They do not show soil readily,

The actor who keeps his eyes steadily fixed on the three stars on a brandy bottle is finally convinced that he is one of but wash well and will outwear two ordinary silk ones. A new fad that is being adopted by ploy our critics to point out their errors in advance of production, and thus ever

bridge players is the wearing of a large fantastic ring on the first finger. These rings, however, must be as as beautiful as they are unusual. If possible some design made to order is employed for the purpose. New bags of tan and brown leather

something on the order of the Anthony or old-fashioned Boston bag have stiff bottoms studded with small steel nail heads. They are lined with moire silk and have a pocket inside for carrying the purse.

Linens made especially for the strictly tailored shirt waist have light colored or black stripes. The patterns that seem to be most desired are much like those of the madras cloths and ginghams. They are made of the very finest quality of linen.

With all the new leather shades now being shown in dress materials yellows of the most unbecoming tones are being introduced. Sulphur yellow, the lemon shades and the dull mustard colors are being carried to the extreme, but only the very radiant woman, whose complexion and hair can with-stand the livid lights of her gown, can buy with impunity. Just what kind of a nervous affliction stuttering is, and it is generally conceded that in the nerves lie the real cause, it is not necessary to know, the really important point is that it can be

Shantung is going to be the favorite material for separate coats this season. It will take the place of the linens to a great extent and is to be preferred to pongee on account of its weight and weave. The short coats will be made up in the light shades such as oyster white, biscuit and ecru, while the long-er ones will be seen in tans and all the shades ranging down to the darkest

HEALTH HINTS.

Have plain papers put on the ceiling of your bed room if your eyes are not very strong.

It is a good idea to keep a box of unslaked lime in the cellar at this time of year, for the sake of healthful-

A physical culture teacher claims that by walking backward for at least ten minutes the most severe case of nervous headache can be cured.

A good bath for the tired, nervous woman, is of tepid water, in which 1 ounce of tincture of camphor, ½ ounce of tincture of benzoin, and 2 ounces of cologne have been poured.

If the hands are always becoming moist from excessive perspiration, dust over them a powder made of 7 ounces of talcum, 1 ounce of salicylic, and 2 ounces of prepared chalk.

If the feet or ankles are swollen from long standing and ache like the tooth-ache, put a few drops of carbolic acid into some warm water and bathe them. In half an hour all the soreness will have entirely disappeared.

If the hair is continually falling out rub sage tea well into the scalp every night for two or three weeks. A the first two or three applications will be much better and at the end of that time will have ceased falling en-tirely, unless of course, there is some particular scalp disease that requires special medical attention. The sage apt to make the hair darker,

HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS.

Wash out the ice chest at least once a week with warm water and soda to keep it sweet and clean.

Add a pinch of salt to ground coffee just before making it. The salt will not only give body to the drink, but will also bring out the flavor of the berry.

Keep your silver always in bags of unbleached muslin if you do not want it to become discolored. Something, probably the sulphur, used in the pro-cess of bleaching, is apt to turn the silver black.

To destroy moths in furniture or carpets with naptha, place over the spots where the most damage seems to have been done cloths wet in hot water and place on them hot irons allowing them to steam for ten or fifteen minutes, later pouring on the naptha.

The dark ring that is often left after cleaning a spot with turpentine or gas-oline can be removed by dipping the finger in chloroform and rubbing all around the edge of the ring, rubbing al! the time toward the center peat the process until the material is dry and the spot has disappeared.

SCISSORS AND THIMBLE.

upside down the flowers revive more satisfactorily, because by this means the water and sap is forced up into the wilted blossoms. In the morning after this treatment they should be pulled apart a little and caressed into a spreading bunch, while the wilted flowers which have refused to revive are carefully cut off the bunch, leaving the fresher blossoms in a wonderfully revived condition, which admits of their being worn for another day. Hat rests covered with white or delicate colored embroidered with ribbon in watteau designs make able presents for this season of the Hem half a dozen squares of Turkish

toweling not larger than six inches each way for wiping the face after applying cold cream or skin foods.

The very newest underwear is made from French mull and is so soft and fine that it can scarcely stand more than half a dozen launderings. It is made after the new princess patterns that combine two or three pieces in one, all cut with gores, so that there will be no fullness around the waist.

yoke effects. Short sleeves are trimmed with lace, making the colored ones very dressy in appearance. They come in light On the new shirt waists embroidery and lace designs are set into the sleeves in elaborate designs. The sleeves are stretched out on a stiff paper to which they are basted and the lace whipped on over and over before cutting out the material underneath.

Presence of Mind.

From Harper's Weekly.

A negro minister from Georgia, who was visiting friends in New York City, went one Sunday to the Cathedral on Fifth ave-

service, especially by the choir-boys in the processional and recessional. When he returned to the south he resolved to inroduce the same thing into his church; so he collected fifteen or twenty little darkies and drilled them until he had them

One Sunday the congregation were greatly surprised to see the choir-boys marching in, singing the processional. The minister noticed that something was wrong; the boy in front was not carrying anything. He leaned over the pulpit, and in order to avoid attracting attention he chanted in tune to the song they singing: "What-have you done-with the in-

ense-pot?"
The little darky, with great presence of

mind, chanted back:
"I-left it in-the sisle-it was too-

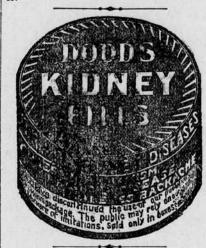
"John Alexander Dowie," said a Zion City man, "had a grand knack of putting

things quaintly and forcibly.
"At one of his last meetings here he attacked the modern mother of society, the mother who neglects her children.
"'Why,' he said, 'I overheard the most remarkable conversation between two

nursemaids on a car yesterday.
"'Are you going to the picnic?' said the first nursemaid.

"'No,' said the second; 'I'm afraid I shan't be there.' "'Why not?' oried the first. 'And you so fond, too, of picnics and dancing, and young men, and all that there!'

"'Oh,' said the other nursemaid, 'I'd love dearly to go, dearly; but, to tell the truth, I'm afraid to leave the baby with its moth-



Atchison Globe Sights, Musicians never abuse a really bad mu-

sician. Some women chew gum iks they were employed on piece work.

Wherever you go you find people sleeping on their opportunities. If you are a socialist, you can always get a banquet by getting out of jail. It is always easy to find a toothpick-

when you are looking for a match. The little side dishes at a restaurant afford considerable amusement to farmers. The average housekeeper has an idea a restaurant kitchen isn't a very tidy place. The game of whist a woman plays is not a reliable index to her useful accomplish-

It is bad luck for a hack to drive up in front of your house. The hack is liable to contain kin.

People speak of boys "running errands," but if they really do run, we have never heard of it. If a man's first name is "Jake," chances are quite favorable for his wife calling him "Mister."

A weman deesn't think anything is quite fit to eat unless she to eat unless she can serve it with whipped cream. Ever notice how a man likes to find fault with his job in the presence of men who

haven't as good a one?
Although a weman knows she is not an angel, she never fully forgives her husband for not being a hero.

A widower with seven children stands a better show of getting married again

than a widow with one.

The way some men eat soup deserves

the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Usless Noises.

The enly time a bey has any use for a peace conference is when he realizes it is up to him to cry "Enough!"

It is a funny netter that old maids of 35 need chapterens, while married women of need chaperons, while married women of 25 do not need them.

Which is the mother of the chickens:

the hen that laid the egg, the hen that hatched it, or the incubator that hatched When a man observes conventional hours in calling on a girl, it indicates, among other things, that the affair isn't very

Some men live a long time, and are still looking for an "opening" when they find that one in the ground that is coming to

Talk with any man who doesn't gamble and in due time he will tell you that he believes he has a natural aptitude for it.

What has become of the old fashioned man who, when he bought anything at a store, asked the clerk: "What is the dam-

a creek or a duck pond, believe they would have excellent fishing if the game law could be enforced.

There is a good deal of cheap wit about

The people of every locality possessed of

hugging girls in the waltz, but as a mat-ter of fact, when a man hugs a woman, he does not do it in a crowd.

FIT THE GROCER

Wife Made the Suggestion. A grocer has excellent opportunity to

know the effects of special foods on his customers. A Cleveland grocer has a long list of customers that have been helped in health by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee. He says, regarding his own experi-

ence: "Two years ago I had been drinking coffee and must say that I was almost wrecked in my nerves. "Particularly in the morning I was

so irritable and upset that I could hardly wait until the coffee was served, and then I had no appetite for breakfast and did not feel like attending to my store duties.

"One day my wife suggested that inasmuch as I was selling so much Postum there must be some merit in it and suggested that we try it. I took home a package and she prepared it according to directions. The result was a very happy one. My nervousness gradually disappeared and to-day I am all right. I would advise everyone affected in any way with nervousness or stomach troubles, to leave off coffee and use Postum Food Coffee." "There's e Reason." Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.