Sad Memories.

From the Minneapolis Journal. William James, the famous phychologist of Harvard, said at a dinner in

'An odor often recalls to us a childhood scene. A voice brings back mem ories that we had thought buried for As we regard some strange ever. landscape it often seems to us that we have been there before. The oddest, the most momentous associations oftentimes attach themselves to the mos

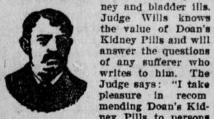
"Thus at a Thanksgiving dinner that I once attended, the hostess said to a

I once attended, the hostess said to a sour-faced man on my left: "May I help you to some of the bolled rice, Mr. Smith?" "Rice? No thank you; no rice for me, Smith answered vehemently. It is associated with the worst mistake of my life."

POLICE JUDGE WILLS.

Will Gladly Answer the Questions of Any Inquirer.

It is a generous offer that Police Judge J. H. Wills, of Cloverport, Ky., makes to sufferers from backache, kid-



ney Pills to persons suffering from kidney disorders, backache, etc. It is the best remedy I have ever known and I will gladly answer any questions about it." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Mearing the End.

Wearing the End. From Everybody's Magazine. Joe Lincofn, whose Cape Cod folks are well known characters, recently attend-ed a lecture. When asked how he liked it, he related this little story: A stranger entered a church in the middle of the sermon and seated him-self in the back pew. After a while he began to fidget. Leaning over to the white halred man at his side evidently an old member of the congregation, he whispered:

whispered: "How long has he been preaching?" "Thirty or 40 years, I think," the old man answered. "I don't know ex-

"T'll stay then," decided the stranger. "He must be nearly done."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

that contain Mercury, as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole sys-tem when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is iten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufac-tured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., con-tains no mercpry, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure, be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohlo, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Wissed a Fortune.

Belle-They say there's insanity in the cuke's family. Bessie-Well, I should say so! His sis-ter jilled a plumber and ran away with a comic artist.

Very Particular. Guest-"Bring one portion of a nude tur-

Walter-Nude turkey?" Guest-"Yes. Turkey without dressing."

Onions, Onions, Onions. '600 bu. of Salzer's Red Globe Onion per acre at 80c a bu. brings \$480.00. That

\$950.00 from 3 acres Salzer's Morning Star Cucumber is well worth taking



that! Take that, my lad!" in a voic

is to be any obedience? Now, however my first glance met the grinning face of strange lackeys, and while my should

ders still smarted the laughter of a couple of soberly clad pages stung a hundred times more sharply. I glared

furiously round, and my eyes fell on one face—a face long remembered. It was that of a man who neither smiled

how very small a person Francis Cludde was, and how very great a personage was Stephen Gardiner, whom in my thoughts I had presumed to belittle.

I stood irresolute a moment, shifting

clear and incisive amid the reverentia science which followed the Latin words

I caught no more, my angry strides

of an elm or a huge round of holly I wanted to get out of the way and be

On the boundary line between the two counties of Warwick and Worces-I was up in an instant. Not that the pain was anything, and before our own people I should have thought as little ter there is a road very famous in those of shame, for if the old may not lay hand to the young, being related, where is to be any obedience? Now, however,

CHAPTER I.

parts and called the Ridgeway. Father Carey used to say—and no better Lat-inist could be found for a score of miles round in the time of which I write—that it was made by the Romans. It runs north and south along the narrow spine of the country, which is spread out on either side like a map or a picture. As you fare southmap or a picture. As you fare south-ward you see on your right hand the green orchards and pastures of Wor-cestershire stretching as far as the Malvern hills. You have in front of you Bredon hill, which is a wonder-ful hill, for if a man goes down the Avon by boat it goes with him, now before and now behind, a whole day's journey, and then stands in the same place. And on the left hand you have the great forest of Arden and not much besides, except oak trees, which grow well in Warwickshire. I describe this road firstly, because it is a notable one and 40 years ago was the only Queen's highway to call a highway in that country. The

it is a notable one and 40 years ago was the only Queen's highway to call a highway in that country. The rest were mere horse tracks. Secondly, because the chase wall of Colton End runs along the side of it for two good miles, and the Cluddes—I am Francis Cludde—have lived at Coton End by the Ridgeway time out of mind, probably—for the name smacks of the soil—before the Romans made the road. And, thirdly, because 40 years ago, on a drizzling February day in 1555—second year of Mary, old religion just re-established —a number of people were collected on this road, forming a group of a score or more, who stood in an ordered kind of disorder about my uncle's gates and leoked all one way, as if expecting an arrival, and an arrival of consequence. First, there was my uncle Sir An-thony, tall and lean. He wore his best velvet doublet and cloak and had put them on with an air of huge import-ance. I stood irresolute a moment, shifting my feet and glowering at him, my face on fire. But when he raised his hand to glve the benediction, and the more de-vout, or those with mended hose, fell on their knees in the mud, I turned my back abruptly, and climbing the wall flung away across the chase. "What, Sir Anthony!" I heard him say as I stalked off, his voice ringing clear and inclusive amid the reverential science which followed the Latin words. "Have we a heretic here, cousin? How is this? So near home too!" "It is my nephew, my lord bishop," I could hear Sir Anthony answer, apology in his tone, "and a wilful boy at times. You know of him. He has queer no-tions of his own, put into his head long ago." I caught no more, my angry strides velvet doublet and cloak and had put them on with an air of huge import-ance. This increased each time he turned, staff in hand, and surveyed his following, and as regularly gave place to a "Pshaw!" of vexation and petu-lant glance when his eye rested on me. Close beside him, looking import-ant, too, but anxious and a little fright-ened as well, stood good Father Carey. The priest wore his silk cassock, and his lips moved from time to time with-out sound, as though he were trying over a Latin oration, which indeed was the fact. At a more respectful dis-tance were ranged Baldwin Moor, the stewart, and a dozen servants, while that before the slowly moving caval-cade had traversed one-half of the in-terval between the road and the house

cade had traversed one-half of the in-terval between the road and the house I had reached the bridge which crossed the moat, and pushing my way impa-tiently through the maids and scullions who had flocked to it to see the show had passed into the courtyard. The light was falling, and the place looked dark and gloomy in spite of the warm glow of burning logs which poured from the lower windows and some show of green boughs which had been placed over the doorways in honor of the occasion. I glanced up at a lat-tice in one of the gables, the window of Petronilla's little parlor. There was no face at it, and I turned fretfully into the hall—and, yes, there she was, perched up in one of the high window seats. She was looking out on the chase, as the maids were doing. Yes, as the maids were doing. tance were ranged Baldwin Moor, the stewart, and a dozen servants, while still farther away lounged as many rag-muffins—landless men, who swarmed about every gentleman's door in those times and took toll of such abbey lands as the king might have given him. Against one of the stone gate pillars I leaned myself, 19 years and six months old, and none too wise, though well grown and as strong as one here months old, and none too wise, though well grown and as strong as one here and there. And perched on the top of the twin post, with his chin on his knees and his hands clasped about them, was Martin Luther, the fool. Martin had chosen this elevated posi-tion partly out of curlosity and part-ly perhaps under a strong sense of chase, as the maids were doing. Yes, as the maids were doing. She, too, was watching for his high mighti-ness, I muttered, and that angered me afresh. I crossed the rushes in silence and climbed up beside her. "Well,"I said ungraciously as she started, hearing me at her shoulder, "well, have you seen enough of him yet, cousin? You will, I warrant you, be-fore he leaves. A little of him goes far."

tion partly out of curiosity and part-ly perhaps under a strong sense of duty. He knew that, whether he would or no, he must needs look funny up there. His nose was red, and his eyes were running and his teeth chatter-ing, and he did look funny. But as he felt the cold most his patience failed first. The steady, silent drizzle, the mist creeping about the stems of the oak trees, the leaden sky, proved too much for him in the end. "A watched pot never boils," he grumbled "Silence, sirrah!" commanded my uncle angrily. "This is no time for "Silence, sirrah!" commanded my uncle angrily. "This is no time for your fooling. Have a care how you talk in the same breath of pots and my lord bishop." "Sanctae acadealea" her the same breath of pots and "Sanctae acadealea" her the same breath of pots and the same breath of pots

with a startling change from invective to sarcasm—"who are you to talk of bishops, I should like to know?" "One," I should like to know?" "One," I said sullenly, "who thinks less of cardinals and bishops than some folk, Mistress Petronilla!" "Aye, I know," she retorted scathing-ly--"I know that you are a kind of half hearted Protestant-neither fish, flesh nor fow!!"

"I am what my father made me!" I muttered.

"At any rate," she replied, "you do not see how small you are, or you would not talk of bishops. Heaven help us! That a boy who has done nothing and seen nothing should talk of the queen's chancellor. Go! Go on, you foolish boy, and rule a country or cut off heads, and then you may talk of such men-men who could unmake you and yours with a stroke of the pen! You, to talk so of Stephen Gar-diner! Fie, fie, I say! For shame!" I looked at her, dazed and bewildered, and had long afterward in my mind a picture of her as she stood above me, "At any rate," she replied, "you do

picture of her as she stood above me, in the window bay, her back to the light, her slender figure drawn to its full height, her hand extended toward me. I could scarecly understand or believe that this was my gentle cousin. I turned without a word and stole away, not looking behind me. I was I turned without a word and stole away, not looking behind me. I was

was that of a man who neither smiled nor laughed; a man whom I recognized immediately, not by his sleek hackney or his purple cassock, which a riding coat partially concealed, or even by his feweled hand, but by the keen glance of power which passed over me, took me in and did not acknowledge me; which saw my humiliation without interest or amusement. The look hurt me beyond smarting of shoulders, for it conveyed to me in the twentieth part of a second how very small a person Francis Cludde It happened that the servants came hurrying in at the moment with a clat-ter of dishes and knives, and the noise covered my retreat. I had a fancy af-terward that, as I moved away, Petron-illa called to me. But at the time, what with the confusion and my own disorder, I paid no heed to her, but got myself blindly out of the hall and away to my own attic away to my own attic.

ings, the fevers and agues of that af-ternoon, real as they seemed at the time, because in a few hours as im-material as the dew which fell before

The way the change began to come about was this: I crept in late to sup-per, facing the din and lights, the rows of guests and the hurrying servants, with a mixture of shame and sullen-ness. I was sitting down with a scowl next the bishop's pages—my place was beside them, half down the table, and I was not too careful to keep my feet clear of their clothing—when my uncle's voice, raised in a harsher tone than was usual with him, even when he was displeased, summoned me.

"Come here, sirrah!" he cried round-

"Come here, sirrah!" he cried round-ly. "Come here, Master Francis! I have a word to speak to you!" I went slowly, dragging my feet, while all looked up, and there was a partial slience. I was conscious of this, and it nerved me. For a moment indeed, as I stepped on to the dais, I had a vision of scores of candles and rushlights floating in mist, and of in-numerable bodiless faces all turned up to me. But the vision and the misti-ness passed away and left only my uncle's long, thin face inflamed with anger, and beside it, in the same ring of light, the watchful eyes and stern, impassive features of Stephen Gard-iner. The bishop's face and his eyes were all I saw then; the same face, the same eyes, I remembered, which had looked unyielding into those of the re-lentless Cromwell and had scarce dropped before the frown of a Tudor. His purple cap and cassock, the lace and rich fur, the chain of office, I re-membered afterward

Legends of Towns So Wicked They Were Buried Under Water.

Many of those persons who have been fortunate enough, due to ample means of lucky circumstances of a business or other nature, to spend a holiday at many of the charming renoiday at many of the charming re-sorts dotting the coast line of the Ger-man ocean will have been amused (and, perchance, interested) by the many tales and legends related as to submerged citles—all supramundane trace of which has now disappeared. Of such citles which once were famous or their work has been and the terms if for their wealth, beauty and power, it is whispered that their love of luxury, their greed and cruelty led to the of-fended and unseen powers above caus-ing the waves to rise in the night and engulf them forever. Not only are such legends rife on the coast, but even in inland German towns many a lake is invested with a halo of similar mys-

of these latter cases two of the most interesting relate to an old-time city named Buckow which is said to rest upon the bottom of Lake Schermuetzel, in Brandenburg; while lake Werbeilin (a most mysterious sheet of water, ac-cording to folklore)^{*} conceals in its bosom a town of the same name; all that remains of this latter is the name given to a small village, in memory of its predecessor which now stands not its predecessor, which now stands not far from the point where the former town stood.

town stood. Although most of the stories rife in Germany as to vanished towns in the interior have no actual historical basis, or, at best, a slight one (the Werbellin story being based upon the disappear-ance of a castle called Werbellin, one of the Associan costles built in 1150-1170 the Ascanlan castles built in 1150-1170 by Albert the Bear, Margrave of Brandenburg, and a contemporary of Frederick Barbarossa), this is not so on the coast; here the legends are all well founded on fact, and, in most cases, the salient features have lost but little of their original truth in the telling.

Lost Dutch City.

The most striking of all the legends turrent in the coast towns of the Ger-man ocean is that dealing with the lost Dutch town of Stavoren, at the en-trance to the Zuyder Zee. Here there ived a rich and powerful woman, whose pride, cruelty and selfishness aroused the anger of heaven, and caused the wicked and misguided city to sink bewhere and misginger city to sime be-neath the waves. A small portion of the city (where the good people lived) was saved, and its name still cleaves to the small town of Stavoren, which is well known to every traveler going by water from Amsterdam to Lecu-uarden and Graningon. It is an indiswarden and Groningen. It is an indis-putable fact that, in the thirteenth century, Stavoren was a wealthy and century, Stavoren was a wealthy and powerful commercial city; however, due partly to the port becoming choked with sand, and partly to the eruption of the Zuyder Zee in 1277, it rapidly lost its importance, and at the present time what is left of it only affords shelter to about 800 souls. The roofs and spires of the now submarine build-ings can, it is said, be often seen far fown in the denths when the sea is lown in the depths when the sea is still and the weather is clear, while silent listeners on Christmas eve will

silent listeners on Christmas eve will hear the distant and muffled tone of church bells arising from the depths, only to break in bubbles and ripples on the surface of the Zuyder Zee. Visitors to Sylt, the well known sea-side resort and Island in the North sea, will doubtless remember the small vil-lage of Wenningstedt. Although its present population is only 50 persons, it is none the less commemorative of It is none the less commemorative of the large commercial town of Wen-ningstedt, which went to the bottom of the sea during a great flood and storm which took place January 16, 1362.

SUBMERGED

"Would you advise me," asked woman of the funny man, "to take whusband?" No," replied the funny woman of the funny man, "to take as husband?" No," replied the funny man; "take a single man; let the mar-ried men alone.".....A sneaking man walked onto the stage, and suddenly picked up something from the floor. "Here," called the funny man, "half of that is mine. What did you pick up?" "Nothing," replied the sneaking man, wiping his fingers on his coat, "but dog gone a man who spits like as "but dog gone a man who spits like a "but dog gone a man who spits like a nickel."......"Women are trazy," said the funny man; "they fuss until they get long dresses, and then they hold "em up. Besides that, they wear 16 buttons on their gloves, and two on their waists."

Heard at the Opery.



A Very Common Breed.

Haymowe-Say, mister, what be that lorg o'y urn, a setter or a pointer? Huntsman-Neither. He's an upsetter and a disappointer.

Three carloads of honey have been exported recently from Texas to Eng-land.

WHAT CAUSES HEADACHE. From October to May, Colds are the most fre-quent cause of Headache. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININEremoves cause, E.W.Grove on box 250

Yet He Wished Him Well.

Yet He Wished Him Well. From Harper's Weekly. "Between emotionalism and formal-ism in religion," says a Washington clergyman, "there is a golden mean-a reflection that came to me recently upon the conclusion of my remarks to a colored congregation in Richmond. "I had invited an aged deacon to of-fer prayer. 'O Lord,' prayed he, 'gh dis pore brudder de eye of de agle, dat he spy out sin afar aff. Glue his hands to the gospel plow. Tie his songue to gospel pole. Bow his head 'way down between his knees. O Lord, an' fix his knees 'way down in some lonesome, dark, and narrer valley, where prayer is much wanted to be made. 'Noint him wif de kerosene ile of salvashun, an' set him on fire.'"

Merchants Visit Milwaukee.

This is the season when merchants throughout the Northwest are turning to Milwaukee for their spring and summer stock. Milwaukee jobbers and manu-

Milwaukee for their spring and summer stock. Milwaukee jobbers and manu-facturers have in turn prepared for the eccasion. A visit to the metropolis of Wisconsin will repay those who intend to purchase their stock of spring goods er place an order for machinery in any of the renowned factories. Milwaukee jobbers deserve the patron-age of the business men of this city. They offer good goods and as splendid a display at right prices as can be found anywhere. The absolute superiority of the product of Milwankee's manufac-tures is known throughout the world. The reduction of the railroad fare to two sents a mile has brought Milwaukee more closely in touch with merchants generally who may now travel at a mini-mum cost with maximum profit. While in Milwaukee a visit to the rooms of the Milwaukee and mum cost with maximum profit. While in Milwaukee a visit to the rooms of the Milwaukee Association of Jobbers and Manufacturers, 45-49 University Build-ing, will bring any information that is needed.

Looked on Mining Camp as a Myth

North See Victims. Wenningstedt is by no means the only town which once stood on the shores of Friesland and Holland, only to meet with destruction at the board

It was a sharp lesson. But my feel-ings, when, being alone, I had time to feel, need not be set down. After events made them of no moment, for I was even then on the verge of a change so great that all the threats and misgiv-ings, the fevers and access of that ac-

of guests and the hurrying servants with a mixture of shame and sullen-

haps he has scruples. There are peo-ple nowadays who have. Let us hear if it be so." This time it was Sir Anthony who

carrying me out of earshot. Fuming, I hurried across the long damp grass, avoiding here and there the fallen limb

boy!

dropped before the frown of a Tudor. His purple cap and cassock, the lace and rich fur, the chain of office, I re-membered afterward. "Now, boy," thundered Sir Anthony, pointing out the place where I should stand, "what have you to say for your-self? Why have you so misbehaved this afternoon? Let your tongue speak quickly, do you hear, or you will smart for it. And let it be to the purpose, bey!"

boy!" I was about to answer something— whether it was likely to make things worse or better I cannot remember— when Gardiner staid me. He laid his hand gently on Sir Anthony's sleeve and interposed. "One moment," he said mildly. "Your nephew did not stay for the church's blessing, I remember. Per-haps he has scruples. There are neo-

along. 640 bu. Salzer's 12 Podder Earliest and Beat Pea wold in the green state at \$1.50 a bu. makes \$960.00 per acre. Such yields Salzer's pedigree vegetables stand for. The mathematical state of the state

For 120 and this notice the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Grosse, Wis., in order to gain 250,000 new customers during 1908, will mail you free their great plant and seed catalog threather with

mail you free their great plant and seed catalog, together with 1 pkg. "Quick Quick" Carrot....\$.10 1 pkg. Earliest Ripe Cabbage.....10 1 pkg. Earliest Emerald Cucumber. .15 1 pkg. La Crosse Market Lettuce....15 1 pkg. Early Dinner Onion......10 1 pkg. Strawberry Muskmelon......15 1 pkg. Thirteen Day Radish.......10 1,000 kernels gloriously beautiful fower seed

fower seed15

Looking Forward. Reginald-Will you marry me if I put your skate on for you? Virginia-Yes, if you'll promise never to

ret a skate on for yourself.

Must Be.

She-"Is he such a credulous chap?" He-"I should say. Why he carries an imbrelia if the weather man predicts

Only a Cold.

"Only a cold," is a common expression. And so the victim lets it go on, day after day, red eyes, swollen fea-tures, lassitude, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, the irritating cough.

In itself a cold may be simply un comfortable. In its results it is often fatal, Pneumonia, with its enormous fatality; consumption. with its deadly bronchitis, asthma, these and many allments are often the direct result of a cold.

The patient may have had many colds. They have resulted in nothing serious. But when the system has be come weakened by these repeated attacks, when the mucous membranes are in a chronic unhealthy condition, then it is these fatal maladies assert themselves.

There is no greater mistake than to neglect a cold. At its first appearance measures should be taken to relieve it. At this season of the year, when coughs and colds are common, Peruna should be kept constantly in the house. At the first symptom this remedy should be taken. It will soothe the mucous memrelieve the irritation, and the cold will gradually disappear. That this has been the experience of many is proven by the hundreds of grateful letters in our files.

of ecstasy, as though he were knee to knee with the prelate—"te defen-sorem inclytum atque ardentem"— "Pottum!" cried I, laughing loudly

"Pottum!" cried I, laughing loudly at my own wit. It was an ill mannered word, but I was cold and peevish. I had been forced to this function against my will. I had never seen the guest whom we were expecting, and who was no other than the queen's chancellor, Stephan Gardiner, but I disliked him as if I had. In truth, he was related to us in a peculiar fashion, which my uncle and I naturally looked at from different standpoints.

to us in a peculiar fashion, which my uncle and I naturally looked at from different standpoints. Sir Anthony viewed with compla-cence, if not with pride, any connection with the powerful bishop of Winches-ter, for the knight knew the world and could appreciate the value it sets on success and the blind eyes it has for spots if they do but speckle the ris-ing sun. I could make no such allow-ance, but, with the pride of youth and family, at once despised the great bish-op for his base blood and blushed that the same lay on our side. I hated this parade of doing honor to him and would fain have hidden at home with Petronilla, my cousin, Sir Anthony's daughter, and awaited our guest there. The knight, however, had not permitted this, and I had been forced out, be-ing in the worst of humors. So I said "Pottum," and laughed. "Silence, boy!" cried Sir Anthony fercely. He loved an orderly proces-sion and to arrange things decently. "Silence!" he repeated, darting an angry glance first at me and then at his followers, "or I will warm that jacket of yours, lad! And you, Martin Luther, see to your tongue for the next 24 hours and keep it off my lord bishop. And, Father Carey hold yourself ready"— "For here Sir Hot Pot cometh!"

ready"---"For here Sir Hot Pot cometh!" cried the undaunted Martin, skipping nimbly down from his post of vantage, "and a dozen of London saucepans with him, or may I never lick the in-side of one again." A jest on the sauciness of London serving men was sure to toll with the

A jest on the satchess of London serving men was sure to tell with the crowd, and there was a great laugh at this, especially among the ladless men, who were on the skirts of the party and well sheltered from Sir An-thony's eye. He glared about him, provoked to find at this critical moment smiles where there should have here

provoked to find at this critical moment smiles where there should have been looks of deference, and a ring round a fool where he had marshaled a procession. Unluckily he chose to visit his displeasure upon me. "You won't behave, won't you, you puppy!" he cried. "You won't won't you!" and stepping forward he aimed a blow at my shoulders which though ground.

a blow at my shoulders which would have made me rub myself if it had reached me. But I was too quick. I stepped back, the stick swung idly, and the crowd hunghed

I stepped back, the stick swung idly, and the crowd laughed. And there the matter would have ended, for the bishop's party were now close upon us, had not my foot slipped on the wet grass and I fallen backward. Seeing me thus at his mercy, the temp-tation proved too much for the knight. He forgot his love of seeminess and even that his visitors were at his elbow, and stooping a moment to plant home a couple of shrewd cuts cried: "Take

"A little of whom, Francis?" she asked simply. Though her voice betrayed some won

far.

"Why do you call him that?" she re-monstrated in gentle wonder, and then she did turn her soft dark eyes upon me. She was a slender, willowy girl in those days with a completence. me. She was a slender, willowy girl in those days, with a complexion clear, yet pale—a maiden all bending and gracefulness, yet with a great store of secret firmness, as I was to learn. "He seems as handsome an old man," she continued, "as I have ever met, and stately and benevolent, too, as I see him at this distance. What is the mat-ter with you, Francis? What has put you out?" you out?

"Put me out!" I retorted angrily "Who said anything had put me out?" But I reddened under her eyes. I was longing to tell her all and be comforted, while at the same time I shrank with a man's shame from saying to her that

I had been beaten. "I can see that something is the mat "I can see that something is the and ter," she said sagely, with her head on one side, and that air of being the eld-er which she often assumed with me, though she was really the younger by though she was really the younger by two years. "Why did you not wait for the others? Why have you come home alone? Francis," with sudden conviction, "you have vexed my father! That

"He has beaten me like a dog!" I blurted out passionately, "and before them all! Before those strangers he flogged me!"

flogged me!" She had her back to the window, and some faint gleam of wintry sunshine, passing through the gules of the shield blazoned behind her, cast a red stain on her dark hair and shapely head. She was silent, probably through pity or consternation, but I could not see her face and misread her. I thought her hard, and, resenting this, bragged on with a lad's empty violence.

on with a lad's empty violence. "He did, but I will not stand it! I give you warning, I won't stand it. Petronilla!" and I stamped, young nilla!" and I stamped, young that I was, until the sprang out of the boards the hounds by the distant bully dust

and hearth jumped up and whined. "No, not for all the base bishops in Eng-land!" I continued, taking a step this way and that. "He had better not do it again! If he does, I tell you it will be again! If he does, I tell you it will be the worse for some one!" "Francis," she exclaimed abruptly,

"you must not speak in that way!" But I was too angry to be sileneed, though instinctively I changed my

"Stephen Gardiner!" I cried furious y. "Who is Stephen Gardiner." I cried furious-ly. "Who is Stephen Gardiner, I should like to know? He has no right to call himself Gardiner at all! Dr. Stephens he used to call himself, I have heard. A child with no name but his godfath-

Bir Anthony said hastily, speaking in a tone which those below could not hear. "But you know all that, my lord—you know all that. It is an old story to you. So I make and I pray you to make, for the sake of the house some allowance. He conforms the undoubt allowance. He conforms. He undoubt-edly conforms."

(Continued Next Week.)

Iceland's Education.

From National Geographical Magazine. There are no schools in Iceland, yet every child at 12 can read, according to the parish statistics. In no other country in Europe are so many books printed and sold in proportion to the population. A population of only 76,000, scattered in many hamlets, has twelve printing presses, the earliest being es-tablished as far back as 1530; about 100 books annually, 14 newspapers and eight periodicals are produced to sat-isfy the literary needs of this little nation

The sheep yield food and clothing. The speep yield food and clothing. Their wool is pulled off in the spring, carded, spun, woven in hand looms and worn undyed. You make shoes of their skin and spoons of their horns. Every opportunity is seized for the telling of stories and reciting of poems. Only the milk ewes are kept at home in the summer to be milked. The rest of the sheep are gathered in from the moun-tains in autumn, notice being given at church from the pulpit. The autumn gatherings, with people

The autumn gatherings, with people The autumn gatherings, with people sitting on the walls of the stone in-closure telling stories are quite Homer-ic. The winter evenings are spent with each member of the family busy at work in the same room; the men on their knees shaving the wool off the sheep skins, making ropes and nets of hair; the women using spindle and dis-taff, embroidering, etc., afford a still better opportunity for storles and puns. There are even wandering minstrels who gain their livelihood by reciting prose or poetry, which they know by heart, at various farmhouses till they

exhaust their stock To De Sattled Privately.

From Yonkers Statesman "Judge; will you do me a great fa-vor?" asked the lady who was about to be put upon the stand as a witness. 1 "Certainly, miss; what is it?" "Will you please ask me my age be-fore I take the oath?"

This time it was Sit and and to be the same of the set "No, no!" he crited hasting, my lord; he conforms. You conform, sir," he con-tinued, turning fiercely upon me, "do you not? Answer, sir." "Ah!" the bishop put in, with a sneer, "you conform, do you?" "I attend mass—to please my uncle," I replied boldly. "He was ill brought up as a child," "He was ill brought up as a child," "Sir Anthony said hastily, speaking in a Sir Anthony said hastily, speaking in a than 144 towns and villages, either by wallowing them up entirely or else by burying them under heaps of sand. The fate of the Dutch town of Rung-holt, which disappeared during a great storm in the year 1337, is still sung and told in story by the present day fisher-is of Holland.

The Baltic sea has not such a bad The Baltic sea has not such a bad tecord in catastrophes as "Old Hams." Yet a halo of romance is threwn iround the legends told about this sea by the story of the wonderful town of Vineta, chimes from whose church iteeples may, at the fall of eventide, be heard pealing faintly from the depths of the ocean. In the '70s of the last century articles were still published in support of the sometime existence of a large, fabulously wealthy Wendish city named Vineta, which, in the middle ages, nestled at the foot of the Stalkel-berg at Usedom, nearly at the same al-

berg at Usedom, nearly at the same al-titude at which the hamlet of Damerow how stands. The legend states it was iotally destroyed by a flood and earth-guake which occurred in the year 1183. At one time the city of Vineta was marked on the Prussian maps, but geological and historical investigations nade locally by Professor Virchow ind others have proved beyond doubt that a town never could have stood apon the site indicated.

A Button Hole. From Tit-Bits.

At home stations the private soldier's washing is usually done by the mar-ried soldiers' wives, who are expected to sew on missing buttons and do little repairs, for which a small sum is deducted from the private's pay.

Private McGinnis had a great deal of trouble with his laundress. Satur-iay after Saturday had his shirt come back with the neck button off, or else langing by a single thread. He had spoken to her on the subject and she and promised to see after it but still nad promised to see after it; but still

The button was not on properly. He got out of patience one Sunday, when the missing button had made him when the missing button had made him late for parade, and exclaimed: "Bad cess to the woman, I'll give her a hint this time, anyhow." He took the lid off his tin blacking box—about three inches in diameter—punched two holes in it with his fork and then tied it on the neck of the shirt that was next to be washed. Next Saturday when his washing

came back the whole room gathered round him to see if she had taken the hint; she had—she had made a buttonhole to fit it!

State Game Warden Stone, of Wisconsin, says that the reports so far made to him showed that 5,670 deer were shipped on the railroads during the recent open season, and that he es-timated that fully 10,000 had been killed in the state during the season.

up almost in a night and had a pop-ulation of thousands in a very few weeks. The mushroom development almost had the effect of unceating the reason of a citizen of Arizona; in fact, it took much argument to convince-him that he had not gone suddenly 'daffy

"About a month or so after the birth of the camp a crowd of men in front of a cigar store in the main street were attracted by the ardics of a stranger. He was looking wildly in all directions as he came down the middle of the street muttering the while to bimede street, muttering the while to himself and occasionally stopping to shake his head and rub his eyes. The boys be-gan to guy him, and he turned his foot-

head and rub his eyes. The boys be-gan to guy him, and he turned his foot-steps in their direction. "Excuse me gents,' he said intel-ligently enough, 'but the fact is that. I've gone nuts. What place is this?" "Tonopah, Nevada,' he was told. "The stranger shook his fiead sadiy, "it's no use,' he said, 'I've got 'em." "The crowd became interested and by plying him with questions soon learned his story. He was a sheepman, who for years had made the frip from a polat in Arizona to southwestern Utah each spring, returning in the autum. His route lay through the pass in which Tonopah is now situated and he knew the whole country, as he said, 'by heart' Only five weeks pre-viously he had one through the pass and encountered nothing bit cactua. Returning, he had come unexpectedly upon a populeus mining camp. Bustling with life. He regarded it all as the hallucination of a disordered frain. "It took considerable explaining to convince him that what he saw was real, and was delighted when finally convinced that he was not insane."

COFFEE DRINKING.

A Doctor Says It Weakens the Heart.

"In my opinion," says a well-known German physician, "no one can truthfully say coffee agrees with him, as it has long since been proven that caffeine. contained in coffee, is an injurious, poisonous substance which weakens and degenerates the heart muscles.

"For this reason the regular use of coffee, soon or late, causes a condition, of undernourishment, which leads to various kinds of organic disease.

"Convinced of this fact, I have often sought for some healthful beverage to use instead of coffee. At last I found the thing desired in Postum. Having had occasion to forbid people using coffee, whose hearts were affected. I. have recommended Postum as a bererage, since it is free from all injurious or exciting substances. I know this, from results in my own family, and among patients.

"Hundreds of persons who now use Postum in place of coffee, are greatly benefited thereby." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek. Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.