

The House of the Black Ring

By F. L. Pattee Copyright, 1905

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"Ah, yes, yes, yes. That's good; it's good. There'll be revenge,—for she loves him; she looked into his eyes, and she cannot sleep. Ha, ha, ha! Ah, what's this? An old man—with white hair?—oh, there's but one way, revenge, ha, ha, ha! revenge!"

"Oh, don't! Please don't Gran'maw! Don't do anything. I want to go.—But, oh, it's father I come about. You won't touch him, will you? He's kind and good and jolly if you don't cross him. He's anything for you, but he can't be crossed. It isn't his fault; he was made so. But you haven't any idea how set he is. He's a man of iron, and he's set against him, and he's going to ruin him, and he can do it—and I want you to make him stop—hating him. Oh, you can, can't you, Gran'maw?"

"And then she'll look in her cap,—the cap she wore in the rain, and she'll find a hair—a grey hair—an old man's hair." Automatically Rose looked into the cap which she held in her hand. It was her father's cap which she had taken on account of the storm. In the crown was a thick grey hair. She had it in her fingers before she was aware of what she was doing.

"Here, give it to me!" The command was like a hiss.

For the first time she saw the woman's eyes. Piercing and snaky they were fixed full upon hers, and not a foot away. The eagerness and glitter in them were wholly animal. Rose extended her hand, powerless to do otherwise. The creature took the hair and with it the handkerchief which Rose had bound about the scratch received in the thorns. There was blood in the center.

"Oh, Gran'maw!" But the eyes of the woman, fastened full upon her, took away her powers of speech. She could only gasp and hold herself rigid.

"Wait for me." The command had in it almost hypnotic power. Rose, with a feeble movement, the bowed figure gathered itself together with the aid of a long staff and arose to its feet. Then, taking the candle in its shaky hand, it hobbled to a door at the end of the room.

"Oh, Gran'maw, you won't harm anybody,—you won't harm father? Promise me, Gran'maw. You won't do anything bad, will you, Gran'maw?" The door closed upon her appeal.

She turned about in a tremor. The room was now in darkness, save for the coals in the fireplace. Everything was silent. She had an impulse to flee from the uncanny house heading, nor stop until she was in her own room, but she was powerless to move. The affair had touched her deeper than she knew.

To her the affair was unspeakably awful, for, despite her good sense, she had, deep below all, more than a trace of the valley superstition. Gran'maw Miller had ever in her imagination been a fearful personage. The nurses of her childhood were responsible, and her neighbors who had whispered wild tales of "the power," and even her father, who in most ways was a true son of the valley.

Beyond the fireplace Poppy Miller, asleep now, was nodding almost out of his chair, but recovering himself each time at the critical instant. She watched him for a moment with a strange fascination. Suddenly something caused her to glance up and she started as she had never before in her life, and gave a nervous scream.

"Why, why, Lona! You here? I didn't hear you."

"Here's a chair. Don't stand." She pushed a kitchen rocker in her direction.

"Oh, Lona, do you know about it? She isn't going to harm papa, is she,—or anybody? You won't let her, will you?"

"She'll do what she'll do." The girl took a low seat before the glow of the coals and began to stroke a cat that had come noiselessly from the darkness.

"But what do you think, Lona?"

"Gran'maw'll be all right," answered Lona. "It's coming right."

"But how can it? I've thought it all over and over. Father won't give in,—and if he don't, it'll kill me!"

"Better one than two." The low purring of the cat sounded through the room in the silence.

"What do you mean?" she asked, turning quickly.

"Nothing. You'll be happy; you haven't any trouble. I wish to God you did know how to smile as you do just one day. There was a strange spurt of bitterness in the tone.

"Why, Lona! She cast a swift look at the girl. "What—what do you mean, Lona?"

"Nothing."

"There's something wrong. Tell me, Lona." Impulsively she crossed over to her and laid her hand on her arm. There was no reply.

"Tell me, Lona," she whispered. For a single instant the girl looked eagerly up at Rose, but she dropped her glance as quickly.

"It's nothing," she said carelessly, arising with a quick movement and throwing more wood on the coals.

"But, Lona—h-h-h-h-h!" The door opened and Gran'maw Miller hobbled out. With almost painful effort she regained her seat by the fireplace.

"Lona," she wheezed.

Instantly the girl sprang forward, scooped up the pipe from the coal, and placed the pipe in her hand. There, for what seemed to Rose like an hour, there was silence save for the spasmodic puffs. Rose studied the weird figure eagerly. It was much bowed, she noted, and the face had the leathery appearance which characterizes very dark people in extreme old age. The cheekbones were prominent, the eyes deeply sunken in the sockets, and the hair, despite her seeming great age, scarcely touched with grey. The silence at length became unendurable.

"Gran'maw," the girl began shakily. "What have you done? What is it? Tell me about it. What are you going to do? It's nothing bad, is it?"

"Gran'maw," the shriveled figure seemed to bow lower and lower in its chair; the pipe dropped with a rattle on the hearth; and the head fell forward.

"Gran'maw has said all she will tonight." Lona laid her hand lightly on Rose's arm. "I'd go now."

"But, Lona, tell me what it means?"

"How can I know?"

"But she won't harm him, Lona?"

"She does what she does—It's dark here, let me show you the way to the pike."

"No, no, Lona; you'll get wet for nothing. I know the way as well as you do, and Pomp'll whinny when I call." The girl made no answer, but started bareheaded out into the darkness.

"I love a night like this; it's my night." They went on in silence.

"Lona," Rose took her arm tightly and whispered the words. "What is it, can't you tell me, Lona? I want to help you."

"No, no, you can't. Not even God could help me. There's your horse—goodby." There was a despairing bitterness in the tone such as Rose had never heard from human lips. She turned sharply, but the girl had disappeared.

"Lona," she called, "oh, Lona, come back." There was no answer save the rushing of the water in the gut below, and the roaring of the wind in the near gap.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE WILD AZALEA.

In the late spring and early summer the Seven mountains burst suddenly from their sombre melancholy and bury themselves for a month in a wealth of efflorescence such as one might look for in vain elsewhere north of the tropics. The wild gaps and runs became choked with mighty masses of pink and white that fill even those long accustomed to it with wonder. First comes the miracle of the dogwood, the spangling of the forest with spotted white; then the miracle of the azalea when the swart hillsides break suddenly into billows of fire; then the miracle of the laurel with its great masses of bloom like baskets of flowers set here and there amid the rocks; and then the miracles of the rhododendron which fills gap and tangle and scour with great banks of unbroken snow. One might be contented to live 11 months in the sun solitudes for the sake of this one marvellous month of flowers.

One visiting in mid-June the mouth of Roaring Run will find it transformed almost beyond belief. The fantastic weatherings are embowered in laurel; the tangle along the Run is a bank of solid bloom; and among the cedar scrubs still smoulders the last of the azalea. It is a transformation, indeed, one that no familiarity can ever strip of its semblance of miracle.

The morning after the pow-wow at Roaring Run broke free-skied and smokeless. By midday there was no trace of the storm. The mountains lay soft and warm in the spring sun. Under its radiance the azalea shot up its radiance until it dominated ridge and bottom and gap. Along the trough of Roaring Run where it flows in great profusion, it rolled in billows of flame, and ever among it and around it, like a deliberate contrast, glistened the stars of the dogwood. As Tom Farthing stood on the crest of Raccoon ridge he seemed to him as if the mountains were in gala dress; green and brown with fringes of scarlet and spanglings of white.

He was hot and restless. He had struck up into the ridges after the Sunday dinner in sheer unrest. On and on he had tramped without aim or thought. A mass of color in the shape of the V caught his eye and automatically he turned toward it. At one place in an angle of the rocks the efflorescence seemed to culminate. It was like a single giant blossom, or a single giant stood wondering a moment, drinking in the sweet reek of it, then sat down in the middle of the plot, his back against the sandstone. All was still save the drone of the stream nearby, and the voice of a warbler in the heart of the tangle.

Unconsciously, for the thousandth time, he began to go over the problem which was dominating him. What had become of her? Why had she left him so? What was the mystery of it all? The brood he reared on; the bird sang over and over its simple note, and his thoughts became ever more vague and more vague.

He awoke with a start. He was conscious of some sharp, sudden noise close by him, but all was silent when he opened his eyes. He was strangely confused. Everything seemed changed; the sun was lower; the shadows had shifted greatly; there was a different light in the atmosphere; a vague impression of some presence close at hand caused him to turn his head.

"Why, Lona," he cried in startled voice, "is it you? Is it really you?"

She did not answer. For a moment she stood as on that first eventing by the brookside, when he had come suddenly upon her. If he moved she would vanish.

"But how came you way up here?" He did not wait for her to answer; he made swift bound through the azalea and stood beside her. "Did you know I was here? Did you?"

"No."

"Then it's an accident? You just happened to come?"

"You were walking and saw this bunch of honeysuckle? Is that why?"

"Yes, I must go now." She turned abruptly in the direction of Heller's Ridge, and began almost to run through the tangle.

"Lona, don't," he pleaded. "Why do you go, Lona?" She made no answer, but bounded up the rocks.

"Wait, Lona, please," but she did not stop. It was as if she were afraid of him again. Somehow he felt himself strangely helpless as she looked at him.

"But why, Lona? Tell me why," he gasped.

"Promise me."

"But—oh, Lona—"

"Promise me."

"I promise," he said faintly. "But, Lona—"

"You have promised. Remember, I shall hold you to your promise."

"Lona, you're cruel—you're hurting me."

"I'm kind, Tom. You'll know sometime. Goodby, Tom." He fancied there was a choke in the voice.

(Continued Next Week.)

work. The fences are stitches." "Sure enough—zigzag, crazy stitches." "Yes." For a moment they looked out silently over the valley.

The twilight was beginning to fade the picture. The great shadow of Roaring Ridge was creeping rapidly out toward Nance Mountain. They were at the west end of the valley. The sharp notch of the Run was close to the right. Just below them amid the scrub tangle was the Heller cabin; and to the left of it nestled the buildings of All-Farthing. A straight line from them to Poppy Miller's would pass close by the cabin.

"Do you know all the ridges and gaps?" she went on animatedly. "See over there; that second ridge is the Alleghenies."

"Yes."

"The main range. Over there,"—she pointed suddenly—"is Turkey Run. That break beyond it is Blair's, with old Grayble to the left. That's the Bald Eagle, and right beyond it is the Juniata."

"Can you see the Juniata from here?"

"No, but you can see the valley. See that green spot—that long, narrow strip of light green? See? It was very close to her now. Suddenly he turned and caught her hand in his.

"Lona," he said passionately, "I love you."

"No, no, no, no," she gasped, "you mustn't—you mustn't say that!" She rose as if frightened, and tried to free her hand.

"And why mustn't I—why mustn't I, Lona?" he pleaded hotly.

"Listen to me," she turned and looked him full in the eyes and instantly he dropped her hand. "I mean just what I say. You must promise not to come again. You must promise never to come to the Run again. I forbid it."

"Forbid it?" he echoed blankly.

"I forbid it," she repeated with cold emphasis. "You'll not come again. It's best—for you. Goodbye." With her eyes full upon him in a gaze that was hypnotic in its intensity, she sidled slowly over the edge of the ridge.

"Remember—you'll never see me," she repeated, holding up her hand warningly. "Remember." He felt himself powerless to move or even speak; he could only gaze at her absently while she backed down the rocks toward the gap. Then near a jutting spur of sandstone she wheeled suddenly about and ran. On the instant he felt as if he had been released from a spell.

"Oh, Lona," he cried, "I can't. Stop, Lona." He leaped down over the rocks in reckless haste.

Just at the edge of the scrub oaks the girl stopped abruptly and faced him. They had reached the azalea again. It flamed all about her, framing her like a picture.

"Why do you follow me?" she burst out almost petulantly.

"I couldn't help it. Oh, I don't understand it at all. Lona, what is it? Tell me—why can't I come?"

"If I say it's death if you persist," she whispered intensely, "is that enough?"

"Death to you?"

"No."

"Then it's not enough," he burst out with passion. "It's not enough." By a sudden impulse he caught her in his arms.

"Oh, Lona," he cried, a torrent of passion rushing over him, "I love you—I love you!" She made a movement to free herself, but he held her fast.

"No, no, no," she cried, as if in alarm. "I mustn't—I mustn't."

"Why mustn't you, Lona? Why can't you love me? Oh, can't you, Lona?" He crushed her to him almost fiercely and tried to look down into her eyes. She did not struggle now; she looked up into his face suddenly.

"What?—What?—You love me?"

"I'd die for you, Tom."

"Why—why, Lona? Do you mean it? You love me?" He held her at arm's length and looked into her eyes.

"Yes, Tom." Then suddenly he felt her shudder as if with cold; she threw up her hands to her face. "Oh, what have I done?" she sobbed bewilderedly, "oh what have I done?" She broke away almost violently.

"No, no, no," she cried. "My God, you mustn't. I didn't mean it—I didn't say it."

"Lona,"

"It's too late, Tom." Instantly she was calm again. "It's impossible. You must go. I can't tell you why, but you must go. You love me at all, you'll do it. Promise me that you'll not try to see me again."

"Lona, you don't know what you're saying. I can't—I won't."

"Promise me," she repeated. Her eyes black and compelling, were on him again. Somehow he felt himself strangely helpless as she looked at him.

"But why, Lona? Tell me why," he gasped.

"Promise me."

"But—oh, Lona—"

"Promise me."

"I promise," he said faintly. "But, Lona—"

"You have promised. Remember, I shall hold you to your promise."

"Lona, you're cruel—you're hurting me."

"I'm kind, Tom. You'll know sometime. Goodby, Tom." He fancied there was a choke in the voice.

(Continued Next Week.)

DEVICE WHICH MAKES DISH WASHING EASIER

The humble but important operation of dishwashing has been greatly facilitated through the genius of a Kansan. This man has designed a combined dishpan and drain that will save both time and water, and it permits the water to drip off the dishes before they are dried. The utensil is made for use only in its dual capacity. The dishpan is cut away to allow one end of the drain trough to enter it. This trough rests against a towel as it is drawn toward the pan and in



Water Flows Back Into Pan. The bottom is a rack on which the dishes are stood. This rack is raised slightly, so that the water which drips from the china, glass, etc., runs back into the pan. In this way the dishes are rendered comparatively dry before the towel is applied to them with the result that they can be completely dried much more speedily than when taken directly from the rinse water, and the towel does not become hopelessly saturated, as by the old fashioned method.

GIRL GRADUATES; WHAT THEY WEAR THIS YEAR

The girl graduate claims the next six weeks for her own—her gowns in many cases have rivalled the trousseau of the June bride. Why shouldn't they? The first of her graduation—the dream of her school days—the first real event of her life—and the dainty white commencement dress, the fanciful class gown of brighter hue and fragile lace, the more substantial baccalaureate costume and the "decapite" reception gown have all been a part of the dream.

This spring, more than ever before, she has wide freedom of choice—Dame Fashion has set no limits within the heart's desire of the most fastidious girl. The various styles of the last 12 centuries have been recalled with a certain conventional-ity that mingles the past with the present in a most charming manner. Materials, too, are varied, lingerie dresses being universal favorites, although foulards, pongees and soft silks are worn.

Most Charming Effects.

First of all the commencement gown is to be decided—possibly because it bears the significance of the event. It will, of course, be white. White, in any material from French and Persian lawns to the soft silk crepes and muslins, is daintier if made simply; moreover, a simple white gown is practical. It will laundry well, feel comfortable, and at the same time be appropriate for almost any affair during the entire summer.

A simple style by no means implies lack of picturesque or graceful beauty. The practical, by which is meant, not extreme, princess and semi-princess dresses with panel effect are especially charming in dainty white. An embroidered panel edged with a dainty Valenciennes is a beautiful idea. The cuff of the sleeve which is made not too tight, may be edged with Valenciennes. The "decapite" or collarless dresses will be universally preferred this spring, especially for the commencement dress.

Baccalaureate Gowns.

For baccalaureate, the pongee two and three-piece suits threaten to hold full reign. The tan foulard is a splendid

reign. The tan foulard is a splendid change and may be a whole dress or suit. A summer rajah silk is pretty in different shades. Even laces and coarse tulle will appear among the baccalaureate costumes—they are indeed practical.

Among the class night and reception dresses will be found the greatest variety. The high waistline skirts which are not too severe, the semi-princess and even the clinging unrestraining Renaissance are equally appropriate. A new idea—the medieval style which falls loose but shapes like a sweater below the hips from there down being a plaited flounce, would make a girlish class day dress.

As for color every shade of the rainbow has been approved by Dame Fashion. One dress was made of yellow mesaline, falling loose and graceful from the high waist line and trimmed with cream Valenciennes. The border bands are extremely popular and are going to be used profusely without restraint.

Coats Still Perplexing.

Coats have always been a perplexing question—this year as much as usual, because both long and short coats may be worn without breaking the rules of fashion. Coats are worn quite short, in fact many as short as the hip line. For the long evening coat to be worn over a light dress, the new sleeveless coat is pretty. Lace coats are dainty and when jet lace is worn over a light dress, the effect is enchanting.

As for shoes, the low patent pump is quite the fad. Colors will appear in footwear much this spring, the colored tops to match the dress is neat. Hosiery to match hat, umbrella and other accessories may be chosen.

The accompanying undermuslins are easily chosen this spring—since the lace trimmed combination suits are without question the thing. The one-piece and princess styles require little gathers at the waist line and a new pattern entirely omitting fullness at the waist is very good. For the lighter gowns, lace trimming is preferable, although embroidery, which is more substantial, may be used.

Doings in the World of Fashion

BY PHOEBE A. REED.

The demand for chiffon materials promises to be unprecedented this season, unless the makers of the modes flatly deny their own children and refuse to live up to the laws of fashion laid down in their early season models. It is extravagant, of course, this fad of the chiffon frock, the chiffon coat, etc., for chiffon seldom goes unadorned, and this filmy material is beautiful in the smartest frock of soft old blue satin, with embroidery, braiding, inset lace, etc. Moreover, chiffon must be used lavishly. No skipping in the soft graceful folds. No sparing of material in the draperies. Set over against these objections the beauty of the material, the ease of wearing, the softness of the heavier quality of chiffon, known as chiffon cloth, wears surprisingly well in spite of its sheerness and comes out fresh and lovely from frequent pressing. It is the mode. There is the only unanswerable argument in its favor.

Something in Foulards.

Some sheer, lovely marquisettes and andred materials share honors with chiffon in the designing of the new thin coats and sheer costumes, but, on the whole, we find the chiffon preferable. No other material gives just the cloudy, filmy material, with its trimmings of contrasting color or contrasting surfaces in the same color.

One importer has put forth some original and lovely models in foulard, chiffon velled. For example there is a clinging, simple frock of soft old blue satin, with white water dots over its surface and a border of big graduated white dots. The plain skirt is limp and long and untrimmed, save for the border around the bottom. Over this frock a long, thin, little more and the coat is joined to it, not separate—is a loose, graceful coat of smoky gray chiffon, a little short of waist, finished around the edges in gray silk, braided finely and lightly in gray and silver and fastening with big broad ornaments of the gray—an old combination which sounds bizarre, but is, in fact, very lovely and not conspicuous.

Coat Same Color.

More often the chiffon coat is in the color of the frock with which it is to be worn and made separately from it. One recent importation included a gown of this sort of old blue, with a collar which have the greenish tone associated with the peacock hues, but are much softer and duller than the more vivid peacock blues. They might be called peacock blues dashed with gray.

The frock of chiffon is almost entirely hidden by a deep collar falling in straight, soft folds from the shoulders and at the bottom running down in long points almost to the hem of the frock, but sloping up at front and back. The coat is bordered widely by self color embroidery, and a deep collar falling out over the shoulders is almost wholly of this embroidery. The softness of the material prevents the fullness from being in any way bunglesome, and the embroidery weights the chiffon down to clinging lines, so that the effect is that of a cloudy veiling through which the faintly defined lines of the figure show.

One of the exquisite new greens, delicate enough to suggest the very first baby leaves of spring, is particularly effective in chiffon cloth, and a summer frock of such green chiffon is made in the straight, long princess effect, draped slightly across the front and sides and shirred in the middle back, the skirt width at the bottom measuring perhaps seven or eight yards. It is trimmed with self tucking, satin buttons and loops and inset bands of a fine cream net, embroidered in tiny gold dots, and for wear over it is a long, loose coat of the chiffon, sleeveless, satin trimmed and fastening with big, effective satin ornaments.

Chinese Rollers.

Roll out rich pie crust thin, cut it in small squares, chop a few pecan nuts and thin strips of lemon peel, add sugar to taste and little saffron or fruit juice. Chop fine and place a teaspoonful of this mixture on each square. Roll the square up like a jelly roll and bake until the pastry is done. English walnuts, orange peel, sugar, and a bit of brandy make another good combination.

A Boomerang.

From the Delineator.

Little Archie, aged 4, had been very troublesome all day, an especially trying day to his father, who had had to stay at home as he was not well enough to go to work. In the evening after the little fellow had said his prayers, his father called him, thinking it a good time to say a word in season and began by asking "My son, why is it that father and mother have had to punish you so often today?" Archie thought a minute, and then to his father's discomfort replied: "I guess it was cos you were both sick and cross today."

A storm moves 34 miles an hour.

ELABORATE TRIMMING MAKES THIS ATTRACTIVE



Stylish Blouse Design.

Here is a chic design for blouse of plain material, with trimming of striped bands in harmonizing colors or tucks—the former is preferable, however. The tucked white stock and chemisette are of white lingerie material and the little frill edging on each side from shoulder to bust is narrow Valenciennes lace. Note the good-looking sleeves, with tuck decoration.

FASHION FANCIES.

The bottoms of sleeves are much trimmed while the upper parts are left absolutely plain.

"Chevelure" is the name given to a shade of brown, which, being interpreted, means hair brown.

The newest colors for gloves are champagne and the lightest shades of brown, even to a bright yellow.

Fear shapes, pearls or jewels or strands of platinum threaded with diamonds and pearls are fashionable.

One of the novelties of the minute is a sleeveless coat which is being made for afternoon toilets.

Except for an occasional scant flounce, all trimming is put on in lengthwise form.

For morning wear the chamois and castor gloves are the rage here as well as in Paris.

Crêtonne belts with figures stamped in blue are to be had and are quite charming.

Irish crochet motives, made of metallic cord instead of the usual thread, are among the new trimmings.

Colored net or tulle sleeves have a lining of gold net. This gives just a charming shimmer through the outer mesh.

Spanish lace scarfs, scarcely seen since the days of their popularity 20 years ago, have again made an appearance.

The flower rosette is popular.

Broche fabrics will be much worn in the near future.

In vogue the sun ray plaitings are in the times just now.

Let bracelets seemingly cannot be too wide nor too heavy.

For run around frocks nothing is more popular than serge.

One of the newest things in smart footwear is the empire pump.

This season brings a large and fascinating variety of Japanese silks.

Romanian embroidery is used on hats, on frocks, blouses and coat suits.

Many gowns have touches of hand embroidery on them this season.

For the summer, nothing could be more novel than the English chintz.

Cabochons of straw with jewel centers will be seen on some of the smart hats.

Skirtings are nearly all striped, which adds to the long lined effects of the season.

Messaline silk in exquisite Dresden patterns makes the daintiest of underskirts.

Abusals are some of the French chevots, which show the Roman stripe effect.

We Write Most Letters.

From the Eric Magazine.

The Postal Union has just issued a return for 1904 which gives some interesting figures as to international postage. The United States sends most letters—4,109,000 during the year. Great Britain follows with 2,597,000 and Germany with 1,948,000. France sends \$4,800,000 and no other country reaches 500,000,000. The use of post-cards has enormously increased. The German empire heads the list with 1,151 millions posted during the year. The United States comes second with 770,500,000.

Epidemics of cholera always travel from east to west.

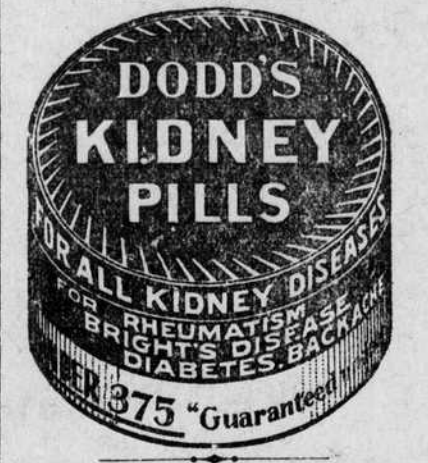
Father Blunders.

When father said to mother "This coffee's cold, my dear," she didn't leave a little sigh. She didn't shed a tear. She simply gave him such a look, I'm sure had been able. Poor father would have left his place and crawled beneath the table.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Wooing by Letters.

From the Yale Record.

He—I love U.
She—Here, F U don't stop, U J, I'll call U mother.
He—Y?
She—G! It's E Z Z C U R 2 Q-roum.
He—Will U B mine?
She (falling on his neck)—O U kid!



Farmer Had Confidence in Government

From the Des Moines Capital.

Winnepeg—An old American farmer from Des Moines walked into the immigration offices and remarked that he wanted to buy land in this country, but wanted to look around before doing so. He confessed that he knew nothing of banks or people, but had confidence in the integrity of the government. He therefore asked the officials to take care of his old wallet until he had picked his farm. He handed it over to the commissioner, who on opening it found it contained \$25,000 in green backs. It was banked for the old man in the name of the government. This is a good sample of the class of immigrants coming in from the south this spring. One day there were 30 home-seekers from the states, who reported at the immigration office, and the smallest sum that any of them had in cash was \$5,000. The wealth that is being brought in this spring is astonishing.

Strong Winds and Sand Storms

cause granulation of the eyelids. PETTIT'S EYE SALVE soothes and quickly relieves. 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Pointed Paragraphs.

From the Chicago News.

If we all had our own way, other people would get out of it.

Mirror backs in show windows are one kind of advertisements to attract women.

Even a man of sand should have enough sense to build his house upon a rock.

Everybody wants something for nothing, but few people are satisfied with what they get in that way.

And it sometimes happens that after a man has made his mark, he acquires a wife who makes him toe it.

Many a man's boasted bravery has gone lame when his wife suggested that he visit the kitchen and fire the cook.

Many a woman says her prayers because the minister says she should and does other things because he says she shouldn't.

The Man With the Longest Name.

From the Houston Chronicle.

Clinton, Ia.—Though a modest and unassuming young man, the proprietor of a small grocery store in this city can lay claim to the possession of one of the longest names of any citizen of the United States. Here is the signature of the young grocer:

T. T. A. T. W. S. E. T. K. O. H. Lindloff.

Spelled out in its entirety the young man's name is: "Through Trials and Tribulations We Shall Enter the Kingdom of Heaven Lindloff."

The extraordinary name was conferred upon the boy in his early infancy on the suggestion of a friend of his parents, who was of a religious turn of mind, and who came across the passage in reading the scriptures and persuaded the infant's father and mother to confer the unique name upon their new born son.

Ethics of the Case.

From Life.

"Look here, doctor," said the ex-patient, coming into the physician's office with a determined expression, "I've just had the X-rays turned on me, and I find that when you operated on me you left a pair of surgical scissors in me."

"Bless me!" says the specialist. "I had missed them. Thank you, so much, my good man. I will add their cost to your bill."

The United States ranks third among the nations in importation of tea.

"Good" at Breakfast, Lunch or Supper

Delicious Post Toasties

A new dainty of pearly white corn, by the makers of Postum and Grape-Nuts.

Toasties are fully cooked, rolled into thin wafers and toasted a crisp, golden-brown.

Ready to eat direct from the box with cream or good milk. The exquisite flavour and crisp tenderness delights the most fastidious epicure or invalid.

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