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ment within.

shingle.

him.

smash the door." There was no move-

"Come on, boys. Get a log and stave her down." Some half a dozen of the Sugar Valley men seized an old tree-

trunk from the woodpile and ran with it full tilt against the barricaded en-

trance. It crashed down like a rotten

"Come on, you six fellers; the rest of you stay out and surround the house. Watch sharp now."

They sprang forward, but at that

moment an unexpected figure appeared

at the doorway—an old woman, un-speakably old, bowed over her staff, her face shrivelled and brown as a

baked apple, her hair in strange con-trast, almost coal-black, and her eyes

trast, almost coal-black, and her eyes small and piercing as a rat's.

"What you want here?" she called in a shrill falsetto. "I warn you; don't you come in here."

"You're hiding the Farthings, Gran'-maw," spoke up the sheriff, a trace of awe in his voice. "I'm the sheriff; you're resisting the law. We must search the house."

"Have you got a search warrant?"

"Have you got a search warrant?" she asked shrilly.
"Why, no-o." The demand paused

him. The old woman, still standing in

ty were upon them.
"We've got the warrant, Gran'maw,'
he said in velvet tones. She turned

farms."
"It's devil's business; I'm goin'

spirits. Most of them were looking about furtively at the black shadows that were beginning to creep under the cedars, at the hideous caricature faces leering from the limestone jags, and at

the black barrier of the ridge behind which the sun had already disappeared. Few there had ever before seen the

broke from the crowd. Many, looking neither to the right nor the left, sneaked out to the pike and crept home

in twos and threes, scarcely speaking all the way, but each thinking hard the same thought. The sheriff and the

Sugar Valley men went again into the

Run, and searched for an hour amid the gathering darkness. Then they, too, went down the pike without a word. There was nothing to say. The Farthings had disappeared as if

the earth had swallowed them up, and of all places in the world, in the black

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HOUR OF THE POWERS OF DARKNESS.

The night following the day on which

The night following the day on which the Farthings disappeared stands as the blackest in the valley annals. Few who have not passed their childhood amid the dark whisperings of witcheraft and the evil eye and of unseen presences which lurk to do evil, can imagine the terror that fell upon after the

magine the terror that fell upon many throughout the region after the event at Roaring Run. The group that met at twilight at Squire Hartswick's store was small but select. The sheriff and the Sugar Valley deputies, who

were to spend the night at Hartswick Hall, were sitting glum and surly on boxes about the door. The squire was in a chair in the doorway, silent and moody, smoking his corncob; Lem

Fisher, to whom the world presented as

many devils as ever it did to old Cotton Mather, was center and spokesman, warmly seconded by Ulie Dribel-

bis and old Jake Kisterbock.

The powers of darkness were having

"Do you-uns s'pose one minute that three grown men could hide themselves in the rocks of that little hole so that

a hundred couldn't find 'em? Heigh Is that reasonable wunst? They could

their hour.

mouth of Roaring Run.

sneaking home

By F. L. Pattee

'Quick, men. Catch 'em before they can run." Angry yells from the pack greeted the cry. A dozen voices took

Don't give the old woman time to 'Jim Farthing's the man. Dang

"He's the murderer."
"Hang the hell-hound—hang him be-

fore he has time to kill somebody else.
"Lynch him!"
"The whole damn bunch of 'em."

A few mad spirits can make a mob any multitude, and a mob is a

"Shoot 'em!"
"Hang 'em!"

'Lynch 'em!" "Here, get the ropes; somebody get some halters."

"Cut the rope off'n that rig." 'Come on; we'll learn the

The mob frenzy had seized the The mob frenzy had seized the crowd in full grip. In a yelling, cursing, boiling mass they swung out of the barn and up the trail toward the Gap, cruel as wolves on a scent and as hot to destroy. The sheriff pleaded and argued and threatened, but he might as well have argued with the freed waters of a dam.

"Who he it?" What's the matter?

'What is it?" What's the matter? Where're you going?" demanded Mrs. Farthing helplessly, standing by the gate and wringing her hands in growng terror. A hideous yell, mingled rith insults and curses, was the re-

Squire Hartswick? He's a justice; he can make one right here. Where are yeh, Squire." The old man, who had been left hopelessly behind in the race, came puffing up, his face like a plum pudding. A sheet of paper was improvised from an old envelope, and the squire proceeded to execute the warrant in due form.

"Here—look above, want you up. ply.
"Oh, don't be hasty! Oh, please "Oh, don't be hasty! Oh, please don't, gentlemen! There's some mistake. Oh, my God, don't do it! Oh sheriff, stop 'em. Don't let 'em do it. My God, stop, men; don't do it." But they swept by her like wolves. Wholly beside herself now with terror, she bounded after them, begging and demanding, laying her hands on the shoulder of this man and that in wild entreaty. But they pressed on, heedless of her anguish.

Tom Farthing, standing on a freshly felled tree, heard the roar coming up the Gap and paused to listen.

"What's that, Jim?"
"Saunds like a growd." They beth.

the Gap and paused to listen. "What's that, Jim?" "What's that, Jim?"
"Sounds like a crowd." They both listened intently. Their father had left them an hour before for the Wild Meadows to examine some trees to whether the sounder her breath. What's a crowd coming up here

"Say, tain't Fourth of July is it?"
"Why, no; today's only the second.
Suddenly a woman darted out of
the bushes and made straight for Tom.
"Why, Lona—"
"Quick, Tom. Run," she panted.
"Run?"

"They're after you—you and Jim. They've got ropes. They'll hang you both. Come—quick."

"But we haven't done anything. Why should we run?"
"That don't make any difference. Quick. They won't listen to anything. Hear that? Oh, come!"
"If we run, it will be confessing we done somehting."

"If we run, it will be confessing we done somehting."

"If you don't you'll be hung in two minutes. Oh, Tom—"

A hideous yell arose below them. They had caught sight of the boys through the rhododendron and had broken into a mad rush like a pack of hounds at the sight of their victim."

"Outer Town" the

"Quick, Tom," she gasped. "For my sake, Tom." Her panic was contagious. He looked into her eyes an instant and turned with her. Jim still wavered, but a fresh yell from behind sent him after Tom and Lona. Then the wild panic of the animal that turns its back came over them, they mad turned with the contagency over them.

panic of the animal that turns its back came over them—that mad, undefinable fear that grips the heart as with iron and sends the fugitive on and on till he drops in his tracks. They ran for their lives, spurred on by the yells that came up from behind.

The mob had again caught sight of them and it was straining every merve in mad pursuit, the younger and more active in the lead. They crashed through the rhododendron snarl like a stampede of cattle, tripping and pitching headlong, bruising themselves on the rocks, and tearing clothes and hands and faces in their pursuit. The fugitives had cleared the brush line fugitives had cleared the brush line and were in plain sight now among the rocks half way up the ridge. The sheriff, forgetting his duty to restrain the mob, in the excitement of the

chase drew his revolver and fired 'Halt!" he cried. "Stop in the name of the law," but they fleeted on.
"Take 'em dead or alive," he roared,
emptying his revolver in mad fusil-

There were three figures, as there should have been, but one, as he stood for an instantly sharply cut against the sky line, seemed to look queer. It was as if he were a woman, but they were too excited to speculate. It was Allen Farthing and his boys. No one dynamed of anything electric the one dreamed of anything else. At the top they caught sight again of the trio almost down to the tree line.

Suddenly, just as the three came to the turning point, where, to reach the Gap, they must turn sharply to the right, the pursuers saw them come to a full halt. It was as if they were weighing the chances between the Gap and the road to the pike. For a single instant they hovered in indecision, then

they turned sharply to the right. Could the mob have known it, that pause and that sudden decision marked the crisis in the life of Lona Heller, and the turning point in the valley's

"We've got 'em," yelled the sheriff.
"Here, six or eight of you cut across
to the pike and head 'em off." They were indeed gaining on their prey. When the foremost runners reached the scrub oaks at the border of Poppy Miller's farm they caught what seemed like glimpses of a single fleeting fig-ure almost in the entrance of the run. They redoubled their yells and flew down the rocks.

The fugitives had disappeared.

They ran quickly to the mouth of the Run; no one had gone through. They spread out in a large circle and surrounded the whole area of Poppy Miller's farm. It was evident that the surrounded the whole area

Miller's farm. It was evident that the
three had hidden somewhere among the
brush and rocks. They slowly closed
in, searching every inch of the place.
In 16 minutes they met in the center.
They had found no trace of the
They had found no trace of the
They had found no trace of the
Wants to. Nosuh."

"What did he run for?" asked Amos
"What did he run for?" asked Amos
"What did he run for?" asked Amos

came up. No one had escaped that way. They were still in the valley; that the whole gang? What was the use of running himself half to death? Why didn't he jest drop out of sight in his escape was impossible.

Poppy Miller's house," shouted a tracks and save all the hard work of runnin' over the ridge?"
"Huh! That's all a Yankee knows Poppy Miller's." The thing W'y that's clearer 'n mud still. He run

on," ordered the leader. In cause he didn't have nothing to haex they had surrounded with. A haexer has to have tools jest "Come on," ordered the leader. It winkling they had surrounded the little cabin. The sheriff strode as much as a blacksmith. They must to the door and shook it vigorously. It was barred on the inside.

"Here!" he roared. "Open in the name of the law. Open up or we'll you or we, wouldn't we have struck

it for a man-trap like the Run? I tell yeh he was strikin' for Gran'maw Mil-While you-uns was a-foolin' round had time enough to hide a na-

for the Wild Medders instead of goin

Yas, and why did she stop you off at the door and make yeh get a war-rant?" broke in Ulie. "Wal, I'll tell yeh rant?" broke in Ulie. "Wal, I'll tell yeh why." He closed one eye and nodded his head knowingly. "She had to have time to work her spell. Did you see her weavin' that brauch? I tell youns if we knew the bottom of this business we'd be scairt. Something awful's comin'. We don't know who's turn it is next, but it's one of us."

"Yessuh, he's right." Lem Fisher took up the argument with unction. That brauch meant death. I've saw twict in my life a'ready and what's twicst is thricet. There's goin' to be an awful death in this walley until 24 hours still. You-uns take notice of what I say."

An awed silence fell over the group. t length old Jake Kisterbock spoke

with faltering voice.

"Let me tell you-uns somesing wunst. When I got hum this afternoon, my woman comes to the door with a face like a dish-clout still, and she sayes, sayes she, almost yammerin', 'Come in here wunst.' Then she takes me into the bedroom and sayes she, 'Keep still wunst.' It was still as the grave. And then—oh my Lord!" He leaned far over the group, his eyes glittering like a child's. "The death glittering like a child's. "The death watch was tickin' there in the wall. 'Tick-tick-tick-tick,' right by the headboard. 'It's death,' sayes the woman, fallin' over on the bed and cry-in' like as if the life was goin' out of her still, 'It's death, death, death,' Yessuh, I've heard it before, and it always brings death in this walley until 24 hours.'

him.
"Then, if you come in here, you break the law." The sheriff hesitated a moment and then turned back.
"Danged if I know whether it's necessary or not." he muttered. "Where's Squire Hartswick? He's a justice; he can make one right here. Where are 'I don't want to scare yeh, Squire."

"I don't want to scare yeh, Squire."
Lem Fisher spoke deferentially. "But
the signs do pint at you."
"Humph," he grunted.
"Recollect that apple tree that blowed
late last fall in your yard? Recollect
how the pee-wee flew into the store
here? Recollect how, down to Week now the pee-wee flew into the store here? Recollect how, down to Karl's funeral, the wagon clipped right in ahead of yeh in the procession? Then what have I told yeh about these Farth-ings? You go this werry night, Squire, and do what I told yeh. It may be too

He made no answer. "Say, Lem," spoke up Amos, "if Al Farthing can do all you claim he can, then why's he workin' every day on that old farm?"

"Oh, his farmin' is jest a blind. I'll bet he's gut money like water in the creek. Now if there ain't no haexin' about this, where did the Farthings go? You tell me that."

You tell me that."

"I ain't explainin' jest yet, but there's an explanation all the same, and it's comin' out. Al and his boys are pretty wide awake chaps; they've hunted all over these ridges and they know every square rod. They knew how to get through the Run, that's all. You fellers was so excited you didn't know what you was doin.' You can't come any of your miserable witcheraft on any of your miserable witchcraft on

under her breath.

"All ready, come on, fellers." The sheriff and the young men from Sugar Valley advanced hesitatingly towards the house. It was plain that they did not relish their job, but noblisse oblige. Were they not the sheriff and his sworn deputies? The eyes of the county were them. "If the Farthings was innocent, why "If the Farthings was innocent, why did they run?"
"They showed horse sense by runnin'. When a crazy, hot-headed crowd of lunatics gets after yeh, run I say, for dear life, and do your explainin' squarely about and hobbled out of sight. Come on, Squire, I want you to go

"An innocent man don't run, I'll tell you that," said the Squire sullenly.

"Come on, Squire, I want you to go in with us."

"No-no. I'm too hot and tired. You'll make it all right alone."

He took a seat on a stone at the rear of the group. The seven turned and went into the house without another word. A sort of sigh, like the drawing in of the breath by the crowd before the fall of the fatal drop, went up. Every atom of the mob spirit had oozed out. Not a man but felt like sneaking home. you that." said the Squire sullenty.
"How are you going to account for that stuff in his barn."

"I ain't going to give my verdict till the evidence is all in. But there's a good deal to be cleared up yet 'fore I'm satisfied, I'll tell you that. Say, Mr. Sheriff." He turned about suddenly and faced the man. "What are you goin' to do tomorrow? How are you plannin' to ketch 'em. Gut a watch set round their house, I spose."

"Why, no: I hain't." "Last we'll ever see of them," shuddered a voice.
"Gee! I wouldn't go in there for 10

"Why, no; I hain't."
"Wal, now, that's kinder "Why, no; I hain't."

"Wal, now, that's kinder strange. Say, wouldn't it be sort o' natural for some on 'em to sneak back there tonight for somethin' to eat? What are yeh doin' to ketch 'em? All I can see is you are settin' right here listenin' to old woman's stories about powwowin', while they're hustling out of the region lively,—that is if they want to." "It's devil's business; Im home," said another.

Then for what seemed like hours and days there was slience—awful and complete save for the gibbering of the water in the gut almost at their feet. The gloom of the uncanny hole was falling heavier and heavier on their spirits. Most of them were looking

What can you do when men disappear into the air?" argued the sher-

"Say, that's a smart question for a sheriff of a county to ask, now ain't it—a regular old woman's question. If they've disappeared, then business to find 'em and not squat down here listenin' to witch stories. place by day. They breathed a real sigh of relief when the form of the sheriff appeared at the door.

"They cant be found," he said in a queer tone.

A murmur of superstitious horror broke from the crowd. Many looking If you're that cut, you won't be elect-ed next fall; I'll tell yeh that. We want a man for a sheriff, not an old

"Perhaps you'll condescend to en-lighten us just a little," answered the lighten us just a little," answered the sheriff with withering sarcasm. "Perhaps you'll be gracious enough to do the county the favor of dropping a few offhand little hints as to what the officers ought to do in this case."
"Sure. No trouble at ail," he answered serenely. "You left a guard round Roarin' Run, I 'spose? You are ready to swear, you say, that they

ready to swear, you say, that they didn't get out of there, so it stands to Got a right smart guard all around it.

y, no nt through the Run gap, I and looked for tracks up and the banks for half a mile?" the banks for half a mile (Continued Next Week.)

A Question of Enjoyment. From the Pittsburg Gazette-Times, At a recent gathering of ministers of the

gospel in Pittsburg the liquor question came in for a goodly share of discussion. Among the out-of-town delegates was a noted Georgia clergyman who was sched-uled to speak on the saloon question. Previous to the meeting one of the local pastors upon being introduced to the Georgian remarked:

Well, Dr. Blank, I believe your people enjoy state wide prohibition now, do "No," replied the Georgian, "they do

The local man was somewhat surprised but not feeling quite sure of his ground, let the matter rest. Later in the day, however, when he had informed himself on the excise law of the southern states, he took the Georgian to task in the presence of a number of his colleagues.

"Doctor," said the local minister, "what did you mean by telling me this morning that your state did not have state-wide prohibition?" 'My dear brother," replied the Georgian, "I told you nothing of the sort."
-why--" stammered the local

"you surelysaid the Georgian with a twinkle. "you have forgotten your question. asked me if Georgia enjoyed statewide

Says Americans Don't Know Potatoes

From the New York Herald.

"Perhaps better potatoes will be raised in this country some day," said a man from Europe, seated in the Knickerbocker dining room. "At present many dinner menus are arranged without rotates in fact they are not without potatoes, in fact they are not highly prized, and I believe it is be-cause the best kinds are not cultivated here. The soil may have something to do with it, but I tell you there is noth-ing to compare with the 'blue mouse' and the 'red mouse' raised in the Rhine

country. There are many other kinds, with the flavor of nuts, mealy, and-

well, I am often homesick for them."

SUCCESS TALKS

DR. MADISON C. PETERS. THE GENIUS OF ENERGY.



It is the power of making efforts. It is patience. It is talent for hard

work. There is no genius like the genius of energy. It was neither luck nor chance, but hard work which en-abled all our great men to force their way upward in the face of manifold obstructions.

Our greatest men have been among the least believers in the power of genius and were as persevering as the successful men of a commoner sort. Of course, without original endowment of heart and brain, no amount of toil, however well applied, would have pro-duced a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Beethoven or a D'Israeli.

No man appears to have written rith more ease than Dickens, yet he aid: "My own invention or imagination, such as it is, I can most truth-fully assure you, would never have served me as it has, but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention." When requested to read a few selections from his writings, he replied that he had not time to prepare himself, as it was his custom to read a piece twice daily for six months before appearing with it in public.

Bayle said of Meyerbeer: "He has some talent, but no genius; he lives solitary, working 15 hours a day at music." Years passed, Meyerbeer's hard work brought out his genius.

Newton's mind was of the very highest order; his philosophy sought with all-comprehending grasp to encircle the universe of God, and yet, when asked by what means he had worked out his extraordinary discoveries, he modestly answered: "By always think-ing upon them." Haydn said of his art: "It consists

Genius is com- | Mozart said: "Work is my chief pleasmon sense intenfied ure." Sir Joshua Reynolds was such a believer in the force of industry, that he held "excellence in art, however ex-

he held "excellence in art, however expressed by genius, may be acquired."
Titian, in his letter to Charles V., said:
"I send your majesty, "The Last Supper," after working at it almost daily for seven years."
The indefatigable industry of Lord Brougham, Michael Angelo, Arkwright and Jenner are matters of history. Lord Chesterfield, who acquired such a polish of style, for many years wrote down every brilliant passage he met within his reading.
Lyman Beecher's greatest sermon was on the "Government of God."
When asked as he descended the pulpit steps how long it took him to pre-

When asked as he descended the pulpit steps how long it took him to prepare that sermon, he replied: "About 40 years, sir."

Why is it that the busiest men seem to be in demand for everything and have time for everything? It is because they have trained themselves never to leave their time unemployed. Success is ever on the side of the Success is ever on the side of the "hustler" as winds and waves are ever on the side of the best navigator. In this lightning-footed twentieth century, things no longer come to him who waits, but to him who hustles while he waits.

We are bringing up in America a numerous train of gentlemen idlers, who are passing down the stream of life at the expense of their fellow pas-sengers. There are pienty of fellows about who live off the earnings of their fathers until they can find a girl who is fool enough to marry them, then they will live off her father.

they will live off her father.

By borrowing and sponging for years, eluding the police, and by keeping up fashionable appearances they are often received in polite circles and walk rough shod over many a worthy young man who has too much good sense to make a dash or imitate the monkeyshines of the itinerant dude.

I want to impress on your mind the

I want to impress on your mind the fact that idleness from choice is both destructive and disgraceful, and I Haydn said of his art: "It consists of taking up a subject and pursuing it." Beethoven's favorite maxim was: "The barriers are not erected which can say to aspiring talents and industry—thus far and no farther." destructive and disgracerui, and I want you to take home to yourself what I say. Don't try to persuade yourself that the cap does not fit you. Honestly acknowledge its fitness; it will be a great point gained to become honest with yourself.

THE TENDER PASSION **COLDLY ANALYZED**

How a Woman Falls in Love-The Real Thing and the False.

From New York Weekly.

We are told that "In the spring a foung man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." But what about the women? When the poet omitted to mention their little peculiarities in that direction, did he intend to convey that in the spring time their fancies lightly turned away from thoughts of love. turned away from thoughts of love? That is hardly to be imagined, for it is well known that in the springtime, when the flowers are gayest and the skies are most beautifully blue, the extraordinary facility with which some women fall in love puts the lightning in the shade.

All women have passing fancies, especially in the springtime; but, fortunately, most of them understand that such fancies are only ephemeral, and, f disregarded, pass away like the gusts doses of practical common sense. Be-fore such a woman becomes really sensible, however, she runs a great risk of making herself very unhappy The common mistake of thinking one-self in love when one is not, has blight-

self in love when one is not ed the lives of many.

The attitude of the young man who "knew that he loved, but he didn't know whom," is one which is frequentiated by girls under 25. The truth ly taken by girls under 25. The truth of the matter is that they are in love with some ideal of their own-a sort of god in human shape—and the moment they meet any young man who conforms in some one particular to this ideal their hearts run away from them, and they imagine that he is the one. Very quickly the invest him with all the attributes of the ideal, that ideal being reflected onto him from the back of their own ever In least the tark. of their own eyes. In less than twen-ty-four hours this ordinery young man is placed upon a pedestal. The young woman solemnly assures herself that life without him is a bleak, barren wilderness. When he goes, all other objects fade into the light of common day. When he enters the room, her blushes announce the fact that he is the embodiment of what she has been looking for in everything and every-body. Just as there is an abyss in a grain of sand, so the height and depth and breadth of all that is is concen-trated for her in that wretched fellow.

Now comes the crux. It may be by a mere chance that she has lighted upon the right man, though it was not the intuition of this that attracted her to-ward him. She did not know that he resembled her ideal in more than one single point. Lucky for her if he is the right man. Then, in later years, when the real tests of love are brought to bear upon the two, she may find out the true nature of their attachment. But this is a far cry. A hundred chances to one he is one of the million wrong men; that the single point that struck her fancy was a mere inherited likeness to some great and good an-cestor of his, away up in the family tree—a trait which, however, he might have done his level best to suppress as it was not in accordance with his general character.

If that is the case, then comes the trouble. The poor girl, deluded by the glamour of spring, regards him perhaps the whole summer long as the one who fills the world for her. Ther comes the autumn of retrospect. Sho calmly considers his character, and the real hold it has upon her. Maybe relatives say that the engagement Maybe a mistake, pointing out many things which the glamour of spring had hid-den from her eyes. Later, in the hard, uncompromising winter, she realizes

that she has changed.

Under these conditions some would jilt the fellow, and always down upon themselves afterward; in other cases they would carry the thing through—and be sorry for themselves to the end of the chapter. In any case the result is more or less disastrous; consequently, it is sound advice to girls to bid them beware of the passing

But the woman who has formulated no distinct ideal to worship—how does she fall in love? She may belong to the class which readily grows fond of one of the opposite sex simply through meeting often and being comrades.

One often hears a woman say, "Oh, Jack and I are good pals; that's all." If that is the case, and Jack is the sort of fellow that is easily understood, the affair probably will not ripen into love.
But if there is some mystery about
Jack—some sign that there is more in
his life and character than she already
knows—she finds him a book which
grows more interesting as she goes on,
until finally the climar comes—pergrows more interesting as she goes on, until, finally, the climax comes—per-haps suddenly, perhaps gradually. Then she realizes that Jack is beginning to the companies of the absorb all her thoughts. She knows, more truly than the girl with the passing fancy, that he has become essential to her life and happiness. In this case it is not that Jack is such a fine characteristics. acter, but simply because he was a problem difficult to solve. There are thousands of cases where

women even over the age of 40 are attracted to a man because of something in him which they cannot understand at first glance. At first he is incomprehensible, then he is interesting; then, as she is set wondering about him he becomes a fascinating study. him, he becomes a fascinating study. From that onward her thoughts and feelings begin to flow toward him in an accustomed groove, and, if this is ob-structed or cut off, her occupation in life seems to be gone. It is often a question among women

as to how they shall know when they are really and truly in love. It is nonif disregarded, pass away like the gusts of the breeze. A great many, however, are not so wise. They selze upon this passing fancy and interpret it to mean everlasting love at first sight. This kind of thing can only be cured by drastic experience and repeated specific experience and repeated specific experience are to say that no woman need be afraid that she will not know when she really loves—that the grand passion is too real and deep to permit of self-deception. For there are those who in a kind of summer madness by drastic experience and repeated seem to have grasped the real thing and to wish for nothing more; yet the mood passes. The thing parading as mood passes. The thing parading as Cupid spreads its little wings and flies away. The man they met with blushes they can now converse with suite calmly. It makes no difference to them whether he comes or goes. The feeling she had for him has gone, and "That was not love which went.

The only test of true love is its sur-vival. The first three or four years of young married life are frequently one round of household duties and house-hold cares. "The common round, the hold cares. "The common round, the daily task," act upon the affections as a steady wind upon a flame. If the flame is strong, and has good fuel to feed upon, the wind will fan it into a glowing fire; if, on the other hand, it has no real strength or substance, the wind will blow it out, and there an end. In this way drudgery and self-sacrifice and dreary days here and there will try and test the nature of the love. If it passes these ordeals, then indeed it is the real thing. is the real thing. It is based upon something imperishable, held in common by the two.

Pointed Paragraphs.

A dollar bill in the hand beats two due bills in your mail. The milk man is sometimes also an advocate of pure water.

A man's credit is usually good when

he doesn't need it. It's still a question whether love is an asset or a liability.

It's nice to live in the country—nice

your city relations. The woman who marries a cranky old bachelor is as big a fool as he is. After a woman has buried her third husband you can't tell her much about

When people wish a newly married couple happiness they don't really ex-pect it to come.

A mother thinks it queer that her

daughter should care for the things she never cared for herself.

It's difficult to convince a woman that gambling is wrong as long as her

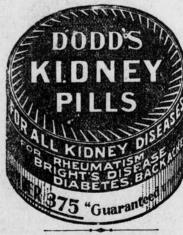


"OPEN ALL NIGHT."

No Better In Massachusetts.

From the Boston Herald. The Merrimac river is a trunk sewer for a population of about 400,000. A copulation of 245,000 is living within the 20 miles of its course between Lowell and Haverhill. In addition to the normal sewage of this population, the river is polluted by manufacturing wastes from wool scouring mills, dyehouses, tanneries, paper mills other industrial establishments.

"The Ragman Rolls" were a series of documents recording the progress of Edward I through Scotland in 1296, with the names of the nobles and others who did homage to him.



On a 25,000-Mile Tramp.

From the Memphis Commercial-Appeal. With 8,000 miles yet to walk, Joseph Mikulec, a globe trotter, who is now under an agreement to walk 25,000 under an agreement to walk 25,000 miles in five years, reached here from Forrest City, Ark., on his way to New York, from where he will sail back to the old country of the city. the old country, where he will finish his

Mikulec, who has agreed to walk 25,-000 miles, for which he is to receive \$10,000 from a firm in Croatia, province of Australia, left that place February 5, 1906. He will leave Memphis for New York, visiting the capital of each state through which he passes, where he will get seal of the governors to verify his route. During his walk Mikulec has worn out 36 pairs of shoes and now weighs 40 pounds less than when he started. He carries his trunk on his back and wears as few clothes as possible to evade the law.

A Rare Good Thing.

"Am using ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, and can truly say I would not have been with-out it so long, had I known the relief it would give my aching feet. I think it a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet.—Mrs. Matilda Holtwert, Providence, R. I." Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Ask to-day 25c. Ask to-day.

Pointed Paragraphs. From the Chicago News. The straight and narrow path—the fire escape.

Most people are willing to do their duty—as they see it.

Some people take steps for a divorce

at public dances.

The grass widow may feel blue, but she never looks green.

Why is it that a large man always takes a small woman seriously?

Don't force your advice upon people whose friendship you care for.

An honest man never has to hire a press agent to put the world next.
Fortunate is the woman who knows that her husband is as smart as she

thinks he is.

A millionaire can say more in 10 words than a penniless man can in 10,-

man could earn several dollars with the energy he generates in trying to borrow one.

The small boy enjoys coasting, but

the average man can go down hill fast enough without a sled under him. This is the glad season of the year when flies are almost as plentiful as insanity experts at a millionaire's

From Everypody's Magazine. "Ay tank Ay go cross the street and get the tailor to mend my vaist," drawled a Swedish foreman, showing

his employer a very ragged vest.
"All right, John." In a few minutes the Swede re-turned with his vest untouched.

"Aren't you going to have it mended?" asked the boss.

"Ay tank not in that shop," replied the Swede. "Ay ask him what he charge an' he say, "Two dollar.' Then Ay ask him, 'Will you take the vaist in part payment?" an' he wouldn't do it."

Last year's output of coal in England showed a decrease of over 6,000,000

ORIGIN

Of a Famous Human Food. The story of great discoveries or inventions is always of interest.

An active brain worker who found himself hampered by lack of bodily strength and vigor and could not carry out the plans and enterprises he knew how to conduct, was led to study various foods and their effects upon the human system. In other words, before he could carry out his plane he had to find a food that would carry him along and renew his physical and mental strength.

He knew that a food which was a brain and nerve builder (rather than a mere fat maker) was universally needed. He knew that meat with the average man does not accomplish the desired results. He knew that the soft gray substance in brain and nerve centers is made from Albumen and Phosphate of Potash obtained from food. Then he started to solve the problem.

Careful and extensive experiments evolved Grape-Nuts, the now famous food. It contains the brain and nerve building food elements in condition for easy digestion.

The result of eating Grape Nuts daily is easily seen in a marked sturdiness and activity of the brain and nervous system, making it a pleasure for one to carry on the daily duties without fatigue or exhaustion.

Grape-Nuts food is in no sense a stimulant but is simply food which renews and replaces the daily waste of brain and nerves.

Its flavour is charming and being fully and thoroughly cooked at the factory it is served instantly with cream.

The signature of the brain worker spoken of, C. W. Post, is to be seen on each genuine package of Grape Nuts.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a Reason."