

TAVERNA

A Tale of the Red Terror

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON.

Author of "The Marathon Mystery," "The Holladay Case," "A Soldier of Virginia," etc.
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CHAPTER V—(Continued.)

"Not so great a claim as my country," I protested.
"Perhaps not," she assented; "but at present her claim is greater than your country's. To desert her would be to dishonor her; a betrothal is a sacred thing, almost as sacred as marriage itself. To break it, to cast it aside, to disregard it, even for a time, would be cowardly and ignominious. You must go on to Potiers."
She spoke with a simple, fearless, deep sincerity which moved me strangely. Ah, here was a woman! Here was a woman!
"You are right, mademoiselle," I said, and bent and kissed her hand. "A thousand times right. I thank you."
Then, with such agony at my heart that I knew not whether I went, I turned and left her.

CHAPTER VI

Eve in the Garden.

But that clear voice recalled me ere I had taken a dozen steps.
"What is it? Whither do you go?" she asked. "Not forward to Potiers at this hour!"
"No," I answered. "I was merely going to—to walk about the garden—to think—to fight it out. But I was rude. Pardon me. I—I did not realize what I was doing."
"You are pardoned," she said, and her voice was siren-sweet. "Perhaps I can help you to fight it out, my friend—at least, I should like to help you. Besides, I have not yet done talking to you. I have some further advice at your disposal, if you care for it."
"I do care for it," I said, and turned instantly back to her. "You are very kind."
"I wish to be kind," she answered, and looked up at me with a smile that set my head whirling. "But before I proceed, I must be quite frank with you here beside me. I can't talk to you when you are prowling up and down like that. I feel as though I were holding a tete-a-tete with a wild animal and it disconcerts me."
She patted the seat with an inviting hand, and smiled again that alluring smile. I sat down obediently and looked at her, noting how the moonlight touched her hair with silver and gave a strange glory to her face.

"Since you are betrothed to another, M. de Tavernay," she began, turning in the seat so that she faced me, "doubly betrothed with a tie there is no breaking, and since I have satisfied myself that you are a man of honor, I said, casting my mind back over its details. "I think of nothing that I have omitted."
She sat for a moment looking at me, her lips parted, the color coming and going in her cheeks.
"You said, a time ago," she went on, at last, "that I was concerned with this story—that it was for that reason you desired my advice."
"Yes, that is true, mademoiselle."
"Well, you have not yet explained to me what you meant by that, my friend."
A sudden trembling seized me as I met her eyes.
"I thought you knew," I began hoarsely. "I thought you guessed."
"I am not good at guessing," she said, looking at me, her eyes radiant, her hands against her heart.
"I meant," I stammered, "I meant that my lips refused to form the words; my heart turned faint."
"Oh," she said, in a low voice, "I understand," and she played for a moment with the rose at her bosom. "You mean, then, that it is I who have wrought this change in you?"
"Yes," I assented and caught my breath to check back the sob which rose in my throat.

She looked at me with a little frown, which changed in an instant to an arch smile.
"Come," she said, "confess that you are easily impressed, and that you will forget as easily."
"I shall never forget."
"Remember the proverb—'That which flames at a touch, dies at a breath.'"
"Proverbs," I said, "are the expressions of generally accepted axioms."
"But consider, my friend," and she leaned forward in her earnestness until she almost touched me, until the sweet glow of her body penetrated to me. "You have known me only a few hours, and yet you have betrothed yourself to me. I assure you that there are many women beside whom you would not give me a second glance. Indeed, it is very possible that you betrothed me by one of them. So you will soon recover from this madness; in a day or two it will have quite passed away. Honor leads you to Potiers and there you will find happiness as well. In time you will come to wonder at this night's emotion, and to laugh at it. You will look back and you will say to yourself: 'What a fool I was.'"
"It is true," I said slowly, "that I may be a fool in desiring what I can never hope to possess; but, at least, mademoiselle, do me the justice to believe that I shall never cease to desire it. I do not know how to tell you, for I have no skill in the phrases of love. I only know that you have touched in me a chord which will never cease to vibrate until I hear itself still. It is not your beauty, though you are very beautiful; it is not the tone of your voice, though that is very sweet; it is not your smile, though that drives me to madness. It is something beyond and behind all that; it is something which, for want of a better name, I call your soul—that which looks out of your eyes so clear and pure that I tremble before it, knowing my own unworthiness. It is your soul that I love, mademoiselle, and no lapse of time, no chance of fortune—nothing in earth or heaven—can alter that love one atom."
I have heard that love gives eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, a tongue to the dumb. I know that at that moment, as my heart burned within me and the words rushed unbidden to my lips, the world became all at

once a small and insignificant thing, with nothing worthy in it save me and this woman and the love I had for her. I have no words to describe the emotion which shook me, the passion which flowed in my veins and took possession of my being. It was as if a sudden miracle had been wrought in me a sublimation of everything unworthy; it was as though I had climbed a mountain peak, and come out under the clear stars, in the thin, pure air, with nothing between myself and God. I have never again reached a height quite so sublime, or experienced a more poignant moment.
I was too blinded for the moment by my own emotion to see my companion clearly, only her starry eyes I saw, and her parted lips, and her clasped hands. Then she drew away from me and seemed to shake herself, as though awaking from a dream; and a cold breath blew upon me and I, too, awoke. The spell was broken, the vision ended, the sublime moment gone.
"Indeed," she said, her voice not wholly steady, but her eyes instilled with mischief, "it seems to me that you are fairly eloquent, M. de Tavernay, despite your lack of practice. I tremble to think what you will be in a year's time."
"I shall be just what I am now," I said doggedly, wounded at her tone. "You have sounded the height and depth of my eloquence."
"And I am to believe all this?"
"If you do not, mademoiselle, it is not true."
"But your betrothed," she persisted; "has she no attractions?"
"I have not seen her since she was a child of 8," I answered coldly. "I remember only that she had white hair and red nose."
She burst into a peal of laughter which shook her from head to foot, and which I thought exceedingly ill-timed.
"Many children have," she said, when she could speak articulately, "I should not allow such little things as those to prejudice me against her. No doubt her hair is darker now and that redness of the nose may have been only temporary. Perhaps her memory of you is no more complimentary."
"That is very likely," I admitted.
"Think, then," she cried, "how agreeably she will be surprised when she sees you! Unless, indeed, she has already heard of this story of a handsome fellow of Potiers."
"I trust not," I said. "I trust not."
"And why?" she demanded sharply.
"I would not wish her to be unhappy, also."
She sat a moment silent, at that.
"You mean that, even if she has," she asked, at last, "you will hold her to the betrothal?"
"Oh, no," I answered, instantly, "she would be free—that is, if she chose to be."
"If she chose to be?"
"Her father would hold her to her oath," I said.
"And you believe he would have a right to do that?" she cried, wheeling on me fiercely. "You believe that he would have a right to compel her obedience, to force her into this marriage, to make her miserable?"
"Yes," I answered, after a moment's thought, "I am sure he would. The law is very clear."
"Oh, the law!" she cried, impatiently. "I was not thinking of the law—I care nothing for the law—a poor, stumbling device of stupid men, whose meaning they do not understand! Would he have the right?"
"Yes," I repeated, "I believe he would. He has passed his word."
"And his word is of more importance than his daughter's happiness?" she demanded, frowning.
"Undoubtedly," I answered, feeling myself on firm ground at last. "His honor is of more importance to him than anything else on earth."
"Honor!" she echoed, contemptuously. "An empty word men frighten women with!"
"Not!" I cried. "A rock to cling to in time of storm, even as I am clinging to it now."
She sat for a moment looking at me darkly.
"You men are all alike," she said, at last. "Lords of creation, before whom women must bow in all humility." "Even you are doing at this moment," I retorted.
She laughed at that and the cloud vanished from her face.
"Thank you," she said. "After all, I was tilting at windmills. There is small danger that your betrothed has given her heart to another's keeping. I am sure, she is guarding it sacredly for you. A girl has not a man's opportunities for falling in love—nor a man's temptations. Besides—oh, I can be frank with you, for I feel almost for your sister—permit me to tell you, monsieur, that thing you a very handsome fellow, quite capable of consoling her for the loss of any girlish flame!"
I did not like the words, nor the tones in which they were uttered. They lacked that sympathy, that consideration, which I felt I had the right to expect from her—which any other woman would have given me. Perhaps, too, my vanity was wounded at my very evident failure to touch her heart.
"You are not treating me fairly, mademoiselle," I said, "nor kindly."
"You will pardon me," she retorted, her face fairly beaming, "if I fail to see the situation in such tragic light as you. It has for me an element of humor."
"It is fortunate that I, at least, continue to amuse you," I said grimly.
"Yes, there are not many people who amuse me. Besides, I am quite certain that, a year hence, when you look back at this night, you also will be amused. Naturally, I am flattered by your passion, since it proves that, under certain favorable circumstances, I am not devoid of attractions. But I should be extremely foolish to take it seriously—more especially since you are already betrothed."
"You are right," I assented, bitterly. "I am a coward to try to entangle you."
"Oh, you will not entangle me," she answered easily. "I shall take good care to keep a tight grip on my heart. But that does not prevent me hating you immensely, M. de Tavernay. I have often wished," she went on, gazing at me from under half-closed lashes in a most provoking fashion, "that it were possible for me to have as a friend a man in whose company I could confide. But I told myself that such a wish could never be fulfilled; that such friendships were too dangerous, that such a man did not exist. And yet, behold, here I have found him and he is

bound in such a manner that there is no danger for either of us."
"I would not be too sure of that, mademoiselle," I interrupted. "The bonds have not yet been forged which could not somehow be broken."
"But bonds of honor!" she protested. "It is your word!"
"Yes, even those! There is a limit to human endurance," I gripped my hands together to keep them away from her.
"Well, that limit shall not be passed, M. de Tavernay," she assured me, her lips breaking into a smile, and quite regardless of her danger, she leaned nearer to me. "Besides, I have a deep confidence in you. The sentiments you have tonight expressed completely reassure me—I see now how foolish I was to think there could be any risk in coming here with you."
It was a two-edged compliment, and I did not relish it, but she was gazing up at me with eyes so guileless and trusting that I choked back the words which rose in my throat. Perhaps, had I been an older and more experienced with women, I might have seen the flicker of mischief, which I suspect dwelt in their depths. Guilelessness is a favorite snare of Circe's.
"Let me whisper you a secret," she added, leaning toward me, a little quirk at the corner of her lips, "your betrothed is a charming girl."
"Oh, you know her," I said and started at her gloomily, for she seemed to delight in torturing me.
"No—I have never met her—have never even seen her, and she laughed to herself as she uttered the words; 'but I have heard her spoken of. With her, you will soon forget this poor Charlotte de Chambray—you will fall in love with her even more desperately than you have with me and she will make a real widow of you."
"And will you regret that, mademoiselle?" I asked, realizing the folly of the question, but unable to suppress it.
"Not in the least," she retorted, and burst into a peal of laughter, at sight of my crestfallen countenance; though it seemed to me that her face showed traces of crimson, too.
But there is, as I had said, a limit to human endurance. Her mockery raised in me suddenly a fierce madness—a carelessness of what might follow. I groped for her blindly, my arms were about her, crushing her to me with a sort of savage fury. The mockery was gone from her eyes now; she tried to beat me off, then with a little sob, hid her face upon my shoulder. But pity was not in me, only a fierce exulting, and I raised her face. I lifted her lips to mine and kissed them desperately, passionately, again and again.
"Then I released her and stood erect, my blood on fire, a great joy at my heart."

CHAPTER VII

I Dare and Am Forgiveness.

For a moment she did not stir, only sat there crushed and dazed, staring straight before her, as though not understanding what had happened. And, looking down at her, my mood of exultation in my triumph changed suddenly to one of pity for her weakness. I had felt precisely the same emotion many times before, when, having brought down a bird or a rabbit by some daring or difficult shot I came to the spot where my victim lay bleeding its life out. Pity for my victim always outweighed the satisfaction which the successful shot had given me, and I would tramp sadly home, resolved to hunt no more. What right had I to kill my victim, to bring suffering and misery into the world?
So gazing down at that bowed head, I felt pity for her rise warm within my heart. She was right. Men were brutes, brutes—crushing women by their strength, pushing them down, taking their will of them, then faring gaily on without a thought for the shame and suffering they left behind. So it had always been.
At last she looked up at me and her eyes were very cold.
"Was that the act of a gentleman?" she asked.
"It was not," I said, and at my tone I saw her look up at me more keenly. No doubt, she had expected to hear in my voice a note of triumph.
"You are ready, then, to apologize?" she continued after a moment.
"I sincerely beg your pardon, mademoiselle."
"You see, I was wrong to trust you—to come here into the garden with you. But I thought you a man of honor."
"I thought myself so," I said.
"And your excuse?"
"I was tempted and I fell."
"That has been man's retort since the days of Adam," she said with scorn. "A retort which I consider ungenerous and ungentlemanly."
"Well, it has not been without some justification," I said, my spirits rising, as I saw that here, at least, was a victim capable of self defense.
"But the glory of full bloom."
"You promise that the act shall never be repeated?" she asked with great severity.

(Continued Next Week.)

The Dawn Song.
When the wind comes singing on
Down the shining miles of dawn,
Don't you know the song it sings
Have you sensed the word it brings?
Swiftly from the glinting sky,
Soft and sweet and fair and high
Frembles o'er the far the stars,
When the day has come again,
And it wakes the sleeping hills,
And the great trees on the hills
You, lift the grass, as it rises
Over sleep-enchanted eyes.
And the grass is rustling low
While the measures come and go,
And the flowers in the field
All are suddenly unsealed
To the glory of full bloom.
So the wind takes their perfume
In the cadence of its song
As it swings and sings along.
Nothing else in all the day
Works in such a mystic way;
Not the lazy hum of noon
Nor the chirp of the birds,
Nor the cricket-chant at eve—
None of these may blend and weave
All the work into a song
Echo-faint or chorus-strong.
Ho, the dawn song! How it thrills
Out and in, and in and out,
While the wind goes singing on
Down the shining miles of dawn.
—Chicago Post.

Desperate Remedy Needed.
Plate-layer to passenger who has jumped from the London-Plymouth non-stop express—Jumped out, did yer? Well for?

Passenger—Crowd of golfers in the cartilage; couldn't stand another two hours of their shop.

What has been done once can be done again, and with the bill collector it usually is.

The tallest shaft in the cemetery isn't going to take a man any nearer heaven.

THE WAY OF THE LAW

Even lawyers sometimes grow tired of the innumerable technicalities that serve to delay and obstruct court trials now-days, as well as of the not always wise decisions that, it is darkly hinted, have at some times and some places been handed down from the bench. No discreet lawyer, of course, would publicly find fault with the weapons of litigation at his disposal, much less venture to openly question the acumen of the court; but an old attorney, who lives less than a million miles from Kansas City, has submitted the following as somewhat typical—if somewhat exaggerated—of modern legal procedure:

SCENE A COURTROOM.
Court: Judge, sheriff, county attorney, petitfoggers, jury, witnesses, etc. Enter Judge Know All, followed by sheriff, court stenographer, etc.

Court: Sheriff, quarantine court. Sheriff: Here, that you all The Horrible circus court of the 13th ridiculous district, of the state of Texarkhoma, is now in session pursuant to bankruptcy.

Court: (Adjusting his Coats 46, ink wells, focket, glasses, etc.) Come to order gentlemen. (Coching Coats 46, and opening focket). The first case on call is, 'The State of Texarkhoma vs. John Doe. What says the state in this case. No. 4-11-47.'

County Attorney: In the case of the State of Texarkhoma vs. John Doe, the state announces its case.

Lawyer Petitfog: Your Honor, the defendant demurs to the inflammation filed herein by the county attorney, and as grounds for such demurrer respectively shows the court:

1st. That the inflammation filed herein (not written, printed or drawn on paper of the length, thickness, width and strength required by sections numbered 16 to 1 of the Revised Code of the State of Texarkhoma.

Court: Well, it seems that the county attorney never does anything in the manner of strength of this character. Mr. County Attorney, what have you to offer to overcome the contentions of Mr. Petitfog?

County Attorney: With Your Honor's permission, I wish to offer the affidavit of the janitor that the inflammation filed herein is drawn on paper of the dimensions and strength as required by the statutes in such case made and provided, and as shown by measurements made by the said janitor with the official yardstick of this honorable court.

Court: Gentlemen, how often will I be reminded you that affidavits are not admissible in the evidence? I want you to produce the authority supporting your contentions. Show me the law. Bring forth the official yardstick and proceed with the measurements in the presence of the court. I declare, that I never saw the like in all my experience as a judge of the court of common pleas.

Enter keeper of the official yardstick, bearing official yardstick.
Petitfog: Your Honor, I wish to object to the manner in which the keeper of the official yardstick is approaching Your Honor's seat.

Court: Your objection is overruled, Mr. Petitfog.

Petitfog: With all due respect to Your Honor, I wish to except.

Court: Mr. Slogographer, note the exception of Mr. Petitfog. The keeper of the official yardstick will pass the official yardstick to Mr. Petitfog for his examination.

Petitfog: (Examining official yardstick)—Your Honor, I wish to call Your Honor's attention to the fact that my examination of the official yardstick reveals to me, as can be shown by the signs of Zodiac, that the official yardstick has been used within the last seven years by the county surveyor, and without the permission of this honorable court. I object to the using of the official yardstick of this honorable court for the purpose of measuring the inflammation filed herein by the county attorney.

County Attorney: Your Honor, admitting the contentions of Mr. Petitfog to be true, it is equally true, as your honor well knows, and as Mr. Petitfog will admit, that the official yardstick was used in the order of this honorable court, and after its unlawful use by the county surveyor, immersed in the official whitewash tub of this honorable court, which, according to the ruling decision as rendered by chief justice of the peace wisdom, in

the celebrated case of the state of Pennsylvania vs. Billy the Brute, removes all objections to the introduction and use of the official yardstick in any and all cases, as may be required by statute.

Petitfog: Your Honor, I neither affirm nor deny any of the positions assumed by the county attorney, in his argument of this matter. I stand here on the rights guaranteed to me and my client under the constitution of the glorious state of Texarkhoma, and the six-second article of war. The audacity of the county attorney overcomes me.

Court: Gentlemen, it does seem that these matters might be settled among yourselves. It is not right to throw the burden of deciding matters of such grave importance on the court. I never saw the like of objections and demurrers in all my life. I cannot agree with either of you, nor can I understand the grotesque attitude that you and each of you have assumed in the argument on this case, but, if the decision is to be left to me—are you ready for the question?

Court: Of course, question.

Court: The court being fully ignorant of the law, and cognizant of the power to oppress vested in the state, and of the jealous and ever watchful eye of our rebellant court over the rights of the guilty, it is therefore ordered, adjudged and decreed by this court that John Doe be, and he is hereby released and discharged from the further use of this court; and it is further ordered, adjudged and decreed by this court, that the straw used in the bond of the defendant that was removed from the presence of the court.

County Attorney: Your Honor, the state wishes to serve notice to all parties concerned that it will appeal from the decision and judgment rendered by your honor in the case of the state of Texarkhoma vs. John Doe.

Court: Very well, Mr. County Attorney, you may squander the funds of the commonwealth in the pursuit of such vagaries, you will be granted 40 years in which to prepare and serve a copy of the record in this case, and the defendant is hereby granted the balance of his natural life in which to suggest amendments. The witnesses in this case are discharged. Those wishing to claim witness fees will give their names and all other personal property to the clerk. Mr. Sheriff, shoot out the lights; court is concerned.

Clerk: Ladies and gentlemen: You and each of you do solemnly affirm by the beard of the prophet, that the miles traveled by you, and the number of months attendance on the circus court as set forth opposite your disreputable and notorious names, is true and correct, and that you need the money, so-help-you-twenty-five-cents-each-please?

Witnesses: (Chorus) We need the money.
(Curtain.)
SECOND SPASM.
(Twenty Years Later.)

Scene in the county executioner's court. Cast: County executioners, county attorney, witnesses, etc., etc.

Chief Executioner: In the matter of witness fees, in the case of the state of Texarkhoma vs. John Doe: It is the judgment of this court, that the witnesses in this case ought, as a matter of right, to be paid. (Shouts of great rejoicing by witnesses; chorus, "He's a jolly good fellow.") It is hereby ordered by this court, that all of the said witnesses, as shown by the certificate of the clerk of the circus court, be—

County Attorney: Most high and ignoble chief executioner, pardon my interruption at this time; but as the county attorney, I wish to state that the case, under consideration, has not as yet been decided by the repellent court; and furthermore, I wish to remind and call your honor's attention to the fact that our inferior courts have uniformly held that in the absence of a statute to the contrary, the county will not be liable to pay witness fees in "John Doe" proceedings.

Chief Ex: Ladies and gentlemen, you have heard the opinion of our inferior court. You are well aware that this court must be guided and controlled by the decrees and the opinions of the superior court; and therefore, and in accordance therewith, the witnesses in this case will not—

Pandemonium, rough house, red fire, cyclone, precipitous exit.
(Curtain.)

A Protection Against the Heat.

When you begin to think it's a personal matter between you and the sun to see which is the hotter, buy yourself a glass or a bottle of Coca-Cola. It is cooling—relieves fatigue and quenches the thirst. Wholesome as the purest water and lots nicer to drink. At soda fountains and carbonated in bottles—5c everywhere. Send 2c stamp for booklet "The Truth About Coca-Cola" and the Coca-Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910. The latter contains the famous poem "Casey At The Bat," records, schedules for both leagues, and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities. Address The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Literary Note.

"Do you think that poets should never marry?"
"I don't know about that. But they should be very careful about composing love letters unless they intend to."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitcher*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

FIND OUT THEN.



Hicks—Some men never realize the true value of money—
Dicks—Until they try to make a touch.

The Return of Ferguson.

A night clerk in a hotel sat dozing at his desk at about 1 a. m., when a man in evening clothes came in as if laboriously trying to walk a crack, and said:

"I'm Ferguson; key to room 44."
The guest disappeared in the direction of his room, one flight up. In a few minutes a man in his shirt sleeves with a flattened silk hat on the side of his head, and with one shoe on a foot and the other in his hand, came in and said to the clerk:

"I'm Fershon; key to for-for."
"Mr. Ferguson just took his key and went up."
"Mr. Ferguson just fell out window 'n' left key inside. Kindly lemme have 'nother.'—Everybody's.

Merely a Preparator.

A doctor relates the following story: "I had a patient who was very ill and who ought to have gone to a warmer climate, so I resolved to try what hypnotism would do for him. I had a large sun painted on the ceiling of his room and by suggestion induced him to think it was the sun which would cure him. The ruse succeeded and he was getting better rapidly when one day on my arrival I found he was dead."

"Did it fail, after all, then?" asked one of the doctor's hearers.
"No," replied the doctor, "he died of sunstroke."

The grand knowledge for a man to know is the essential and eternal difference between right and wrong, between base and noble.—Mallock.

except the great hole in the ground which the explosion has dug, with possibly a wheel of the wagon a quarter of a mile away in one direction and another in the opposite direction.
The "shooter" generally takes from 80 to 240 quarts of nitroglycerine in his engine. The smaller amount is quite enough, if it should explode, to leave no trace of the driver of the vehicle.
When the "shooter" reaches the well which is to be treated long torpedo tubes are placed within the casing of the well and the nitroglycerine is poured carefully into them. The well may be 1,500 feet deep and is seldom less than 1,000. When one of the tubes is filled it is lowered with the utmost care to the bottom of the well. This operation is repeated until the "shooter" is satisfied that the end is heavy enough to accomplish the purpose. When all is ready a bar of iron, known as a "go-deevil," is dropped into the well. The instant it leaves his hand the "shooter" takes to his heels, seeking a place of safety.
Suddenly the earth trembles; there is a crash, followed by a snap; a muffled sound arises and becomes louder and louder, until a column of oil and water shoots from 75 to 100 feet into the air. The country for hundreds of feet around is filled with clouds of spray floating to windward. When this subsides the well is in operation, and the "shooter" receives his fee and drives away.

Starting Up the Oil Well

From Harper's Weekly.

In certain of the petroleum producing districts it becomes necessary, some times when the well has become clogged or apparently exhausted, to begin or renew the flow by exploding nitroglycerine at the bottom of the well. This explosive is employed because it is exploded readily by the dropping of a weight upon it. A man who carries nitroglycerine from well to well for this purpose is known in the oil regions as a "shooter."
The shooter has a wagon in which to carry his explosive. A square box under the seat is carefully padded, and the nitroglycerine has been solidly filled with cans of nitroglycerine, which is a molasses like fluid, he fastens down the cover and drives slowly away to the well that he is to "shoot." Usually he makes the trip very early in the morning, to avoid the customary travel and to diminish the chance of danger.
For the most part the roads are bad and the wagon jolts along in a way to make any one but an old "shooter" decidedly nervous. If it is dark there is great danger that a wheel may drop into a hole with force enough to detonate the explosive. Several wagons, bearing "shooters" and their loads, have been blown up, but no one ever lived to tell what sort of a jar caused the explosion.
In such a case little is ever found

alliterative sentences arranged under each letter thus:
"Callous Caroline caned a cur cruelly."
"Henry hated the heat of heavy hats."
"Under the letter 'V' came the facetious sentence:
"William Vilkins viped his veskit."
"But the young prince's snobbish tutors thought this sentence too vulgar and low for their charge, and accordingly they substituted for it the more refined and genteel line:
"Vincent Vining viewed a vacant villa."

His Revenge.
From the San Jose Citizen.
Little Boy—"I want a dose of castor oil."
Druggist—"Do you want the kind you can't taste?"
Little Boy (anxious to get even)—"No, sir; it's for mother."

Congress Adjourns.
From the Philadelphia Public Ledger. The shouting and the tumult dies. The Captains and the Kings depart. Still stands the ancient sacrifice—The constitution of the United States.
The hearse doesn't have to fish for a husband. She can buy one in the market.

Testing His Scales.

Thank heavens James has quit calling me "Baby," said the woman who weighs over 200 pounds. "A strange butcher shamed him out of it. It was done unconsciously, too; that is why it was so effective. Since I began to diet I have been weighed often. The other day when James was buying liver for the cat he remarked that he wished there were reliable scales in the neighborhood to weigh 'Baby' on."
"Said the butcher, 'bring her down here.'"

Testing His Scales.
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