

Always
Makes
Good



You'll be delighted with the results of Calumet Baking Powder. No disappointments—no flat, heavy, soggy biscuits, cake, or pastry.

Just the lightest, daintiest, most uniformly raised and most delicious food you ever ate.

Received highest award World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, 1907.

How Sea Birds Drink.

Under the headline, Where Do They Get Water? a writer in the Young Folks' Catholic Weekly says: "When I was a cabin boy I often used to wonder, seeing birds thousands of miles out to sea, what they did for fresh water when they were thirsty. One day a squall answered that question for me. It was a hot and glittering day in the tropics, and in the clear sky overhead a black rain cloud appeared all of a sudden. Then out of empty space over a hundred sea birds came darting from every direction. They got under the rain cloud, and waited there for about ten minutes, circling round and round, and when the rain began to fall they drank their fill. In the tropics, where the great sea birds sail thousands of miles away from shore, they get their drinking water in that way. They smell out a storm a long way off; they travel a hundred miles maybe to get under it, and they swallow enough raindrops to keep them going."—New York Tribune.

Truly Wonderful Cat.

A wonderful cat is that owned by Mr. A. J. Gorrings, a tradesman of Ditching, England. Mr. Gorrings has a bantam which lays her eggs in different parts of the yard, but his cat never fails to find them. She takes the egg between her teeth, places it on the step, and rattles the door handle with her paws until her mistress arrives to take in the egg. Not one of the eggs has yet been broken.

Truth a Trouble Maker.

A West Philadelphia man and his wife have separated. None of their friends know why, but one, being curious, asked the husband:

"What was the trouble between you and your wife?"

"O, nothing much. She bought a new hat for \$20 and asked me what I thought of it. And I told her. That's all."

A man doesn't have to be a detective in order to find fault.

It Does
The Heart
Good

To see how the little folks enjoy

Post
Toasties

with cream

Sweet, crisp bits of pearly white corn, rolled and toasted to an appetizing brown.

"The Memory Lingers"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.,
Bastle Creek, Mich.

HALF A ROGUE

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Author of The Man on the Box, The Puppet Crown, Hearts and Masks, Etc.
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CHAPTER II—(Continued.)

"Always to be identified as the actress? To be looked at curiously, to be annoyed by those who are not my equals, and only tolerated by those who are? No! I want a man who will protect me from all these things, who will help me to forget some needless follies and the memory that a hundred different men have made play-love to me on the other side of the footlights."

"Some men marry actresses to gratify their vanity; does this man love you?"

"Yes; and he will make me what heaven intended I should be—a woman. Oh, I have uttered no deceit. This man will take me for what I am."

"And you have come here tonight to ask me to forget, too? There was no bitterness in his tone, but there was a strong leaven of regret. "Well, I promise to forget."

"It was not necessary to ask you that," generously. "But I thought I would come to you and tell you everything I did not wish you to misjudge me. For the world will say that I am marrying this good man for his money; whereas, if he was a man of the most moderate circumstances, I should still marry him."

"And who might this lucky man be? To win a woman, such as I know you to be, this man must have some extraordinary attributes." And all at once a sense of infinite relief entered into his heart; if she were indeed married, there would no longer be that tantalizing doubt on his part, that peculiar attraction which at one time resembled love and at another time was simply fascination. She would pass out of his life definitely. He perfectly recognized the fact that he admired her above all other women he knew; but it was also apparent that to see her day by day, year by year, in his partner in the commonplaces as well as in the heights, romance would become threadbare quickly enough. "Who is he?" he repeated.

"That I prefer not to disclose to you just yet. What are you going to call your new play? With a wave of her hand toward the manuscript.

"I had intended to call it Love and Money, but the very name presages failure."

"Yes, it needs the cement of compatibility to keep the two together."

"Well, from my heart I wish you to be the best luck in the world," he said, the absence of any mental reservation in his eyes. "You would make any man a good wife. If I weren't a born fool—"

She leaned toward him, her face suddenly tense and grave.

"—If I weren't a born fool," with a smile that was whimsical, "I'd have married you myself long ago. But fate cut me out for a bachelor." He knocked the ash from a cold pipe, filled and lit it, and dropped it into his desk chair and propped her chin in her palms, viewing him through half-closed speculative eyes.

"We've had some jolly larks together," he said. "I shall miss you; how much I don't know, only when you are gone. Is he good-looking?"

"Very. He is tall and straight, with a manly face, fine eyes, and a good nose. You know that I'm always particular about a man's nose."

"And you're not jealous?" not without some feeling of jealousy.

"And young."

"Tell me all about him," drawing up a chair and facing her.

"He is a lucky chap," he summed up when he had done.

"That remains to be seen," lightly. "I may prove the worse wife possible. Perhaps, when I have burned my bridges, I shall be mad for the very publicity I'm trying to escape. Women are like extinct volcanoes; they are most dreaded when written perfectly harmless."

Warrington shook his head and laughed. Here the coffee came in. He dismissed his man, and poured the nectar himself.

"You are the one may I know who never asks to sweeten my coffee," she observed.

"And yet I had to learn. You haven't taught this other fellow yet, I see. Is he warranted housebroken, or will he bark at the children?"

"He will not have to be chained; and a man who is a recluse seldom has to be broken in."

"A recluse? What's his hobby; butterflies, stones, stamps or coins?—No, girl; I don't mean that. I'm a little heavy tonight. Do you recollect the night you donned a suit of mine, bunched your hair under a felt hat, and visited the studios? What a romp! Not a soul ever found out who you were; and if I hadn't been in the secret, I shouldn't have known, either. I have never forgotten how funny Dolman looked when he started a certain popular story of his and you shut him up. 'Gentlemen,' you said, 'neither listen to, nor repeat that kind of a story in the presence of ladies.' 'Ladies?' cried Dolman. 'I see no ladies.' 'But there are gentlemen,' you added quickly. Later, Dolman advised me not to bring any more of my Sunday school friends to his studio."

The woman smiled, but the smile was only on the lips.

The valet appeared deferentially.

"Well?" said Warrington.

"A gentleman to see you, sir. He said he wouldn't need any card. Mr. John Bennington, sir."

"John Bennington?" Warrington sprang from his chair, his face joyous. "Old John here tonight! The finest chap on earth, Kate; my roommate at college, and the only chap in my town who was my friend when I was a nobody. Old John."

"Richard, you must hide me quickly. I mustn't be seen here."

"Good Lord!" He did not notice her pallor. "The butler's pantry," he said hastily.

She slipped out of sight noiselessly.

CHAPTER III.

Bennington was a chum of Warrington's for years, was handsome, and, but for his father's blood, the idleness of his forebears would have marked him with effeminateness. His head, his face, the shape of his hands and feet, these proclaimed the aristocrat.

"I'm mighty glad to see you, boy," said Warrington, dropping his arms. "You haven't changed a bit."

"Nor you, Dick; if anything you look younger."

"How many years is it, John?"

"Six or seven; not very long."

"Time never seems long to a man who never has to wait for anything. I have had to reckon time with hours full of suspense, and those hours have aged me; perhaps not outwardly, but all the same, I'm an old man, John."

"Nonsense!"

"About a year ago, when father died, I had given up the English end of the concern two years before, and was just wondering about the continent. I was

dreadfully disappointed when I learned that you had visited the shops in '98. That summer I was in Switzerland. I had no idea there was going to be war, and never saw a newspaper till it was nearly over. I should have enlisted. And another year we passed within two days of each other."

"No!" Bennington exclaimed.

"Yes. It was in Italy at Sorrento, that I learned of your nearness. You were out of the room. I had just come from there. For three days I ran across your name in the hotel registers."

Bennington looked about leisurely as Warrington departed from the room to obtain whisky and soda. It was just the kind of room he had always imagined; it was like the man who occupied it. Simplicity and taste abounded; the artist and the collector, the poet and the musician, were everywhere in evidence. He strolled over to the mantel and took down one of the pictures signed "Kate." He smiled. It was not an indulgent smile, nor the smile of a man who has stumbled upon another man's secret. The smile was rather exultant. He leaned against the mantel and studied the face in its varied expressions. He nodded approvingly. It was a lovely face; it was more than lovely—it was tender and strong. Presently he returned to his chair and sat down, the photograph still in his hand. And in this position Warrington found him.

"Ah, you sly dog!" he hailed, setting down the glasses and pouring out a liberal bumper. "So I've caught you? Well, you're not the only man who has been conquered by that very photograph. He had half a notion to go in and bring her out; but then, women are such finicky things!"

Bennington laid aside the photograph, a certain reverence in his act that in ordinary times would not have escaped Warrington's notice.

"What's that to be?" asked Bennington, lifting his glass and stirring the ice.

"Immer und immer, as the German has it," Warrington replied.

"For ever and ever, then!"

"And two lightly touched glasses, with that peculiar gravity which always accompanies such occasions."

"When a man drinks your health in bad whisky, look out for him; but this whisky is very good, Dick." Bennington set down his glass and wiped his lips with a very good handkerchief.

"Well, how are things up in Herculaneum?" asked Warrington. "You know, or ought to know, that I get up there only once a year."

"Things are not very well. There's that to say, politics, and some day I may have a job, and some of my hands," grimly. "But I shall know exactly what to do. That man McQuade owns about all the town now. He controls congressmen, state senators and assemblymen, and the majority of the county board and the county school."

"Why don't you men wake up and oust McQuade? I'll tell you right here, Jack, you have no one to blame but yourself."

"Do you know what they call me up there?" Bennington laughed.

"Well, the newspapers say covertly that I'm all but a naturalized Englishman, a snob, when I'm only a recluse, a man who dresses every night for dinner, who dines instead of eats. There are some things it is impossible to understand, and one is the interest the newspapers take in the private affairs of men."

"I can explain all that, my boy. Buy your clothes of the local tailors; get rid of your own, and you'll be all right in England. They'll come around to you, then. You may talk as much as you like about the friendliness between the Englishman and the American. It is simply a case of two masters who are determined that their dog shall be friendly. Let the masters drop out of sight for a moment, and you will find the dogs at each other's throat. And the masters? The dollar on this side and the sovereign on the other. There is a good deal of friendship these days, but it is based upon 3 1/2 per cent. Get into politics, my boy."

They lighted cigars, and Bennington took up the photograph again.

"A lovely face," was his comment.

"Nothing so good as a man even more lovely," supplemented Warrington. "My word for it, she may have equals, but she has no superiors on this side of the ocean."

Bennington looked up sharply.

"Nothing serious?" he asked gently.

"Serious? No. We are capital friends, but nothing more. Ah, boy, you should see her act!"

"I have I saw her in London last season. She was playing your 'War of Women.' She appeared to me enchanting; but she was an actress. A single word for it, she may have equals, but she has no superiors on this side of the ocean."

"I know, I know," interrupted Warrington. "Some of them are bad, but some of them are the noblest creatures God ever put on earth; and yonder is one of them. I remember. We were more like two men. With my help I shouldn't be where I am today. I always read the scenario of a play to her first; and often we've worked together half a night on one scene. I shall miss her."

"What is she going away?"

"After a fashion. She has retired from the stage."

"Do you believe she means it?" asked Bennington.

"I think Miss Challoner will never act again."

Bennington was silent for a moment. Finally he said: "How does it feel to be famous, to have plays produced simultaneously in New York and London?"

"After the first success there is never anything but hard work. A failure once in a while acts like a tonic. And sometimes we get an anonymous letter that refreshes us—a real admirer, who writes from the heart and doesn't fish for a letter or an autograph in return. I received one of these only a few days ago, and I want you to read it."

Warrington produced the missive and tossed it into Bennington's hands. "Read that. It's worth while to get a letter like that one."

Bennington took up the letter, smiling at his friend's enthusiasm. A single glance at the graceful script, however, changed his expression. He sat back and stared at Warrington.

"What's the matter?"

Bennington did not answer, but settled down to his task, reading carefully and slowly. He did not look for any signature, for he knew there would be none. He returned the letter, his face sober, but his eyes dancing.

"Now, what the deuce do you see that is so amusing?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Don't tell me there isn't any romance in the world. But, hang it, Jack, I'm not worth a letter like that," earnestly.

"Of course not."

"I'm not jesting. I've sown wild oats, and God knows what the harvest will be. There's a law that exacts pay-

ment. Retribution is the only certain thing in this world."

"Oh, you're no worse than the average man. But the average man is jolly bad," Bennington added gravely. "But you, Dick, I'm not worrying about you. Perhaps the writer of that letter sees good in you that you can't see yourself; good that is in you but of which you are unconscious. One thing, you have never besmirched the talents God gave you. Everything you have done has been clean and wholesome—like yourself."

"I wish I could believe that! But I've had no ties, Jack, none. You can't keep to a course without a compass. The real good in life, the good that makes life worth while, is the toll for those you love. I love nobody, not myself. But this girl rather woke me up. I began to look inward, as they say. So far I've not discovered much good. I'd give a good deal to meet this writer."

"Doubtless you will find her charming."

Suddenly Warrington turned upon his friend. "But what I want to know is, what brought you around here this time of night? I never knew you to do anything without a definite purpose."

"That's precisely what I've been waiting for you to lead up to. The truth is—"

Bennington hesitated. His hand, idly trailing over the desk, came into contact with something smooth and soft. It was a pair of white kid gloves, a woman's. Absently he drew them through his hands. He was only half conscious of his action, and he did not observe Warrington's sudden agitation. "The truth is, I've gone and done it. I'm going to be married in June, and I want you to be my best man."

Warrington's hand went out impulsively.

"Oh, I felt it in my bones when your card came in," he said, re-arranging the glasses. "Lucky woman! Long life to you, Jack, and long happiness!"

"Thank you, Dick." (Ceremonial recurrence of the drinking lecture.)

"Now, out with it. Who is she, and all about her?"

"Dick, I'm genuinely sorry, but I'm still under bond of silence."

"More mysteries!" cried Warrington, with evident discontent.

"Only for a week, when, if you say, we'll have breakfast here in these very rooms."

"Oh, only I must say you're a bit hard on me tonight."

"I'm sorry."

"Let me see; I'll describe her for you. Beautiful, accomplished, an American."

"Right you are. Why don't you get married yourself?"

"No, no, Jack. I doubt if I shall ever be lucky enough to find the one woman. I've been so busy that I've never had time to hunt for happiness."

Bennington wandered about, from object to object. Here he picked up a dagger, there a turquoise in the matrix, and again he inhaled wood from Sorrento. From these his interest traveled to and lingered over some celebrated autographs.

"Happiness is a peculiar thing," went on the dramatist. "Is it far less dis- tinguished or fortunate. They sometimes knock at your door, but happiness steals in without warning, and often leaves as mysteriously as it comes."

Bennington's cigar had gone out. He leaned upon the desk and took his light from the chimney.

"Can't you bunk here for the night? There's plenty of room," said Warrington.

"Impossible, Dick. I leave at midnight for home. I must be there tomorrow morning. I'm afraid of trouble in the shops."

"Why the deuce don't you get rid of the shops?"

"They're the handwork of my father, and I'm proud to follow his steps. Bennington's eyes were no longer at peace; they sparkled with defiance. "Half-past ten!" suddenly. "I must be going. My luggage is still at the hotel. Good-bye, Dick!"

His hands met once again.

"You know, Jack, that I love you best of all men."

"You are sure there is no woman?"

Warrington laughed easily. "Ah, if there was a woman! I expect to be lonely some day."

Bennington put on his hat and gloves and Warrington followed him into the hall.

Once the prospective bridegroom paused, as if he had left something unsaid, but he seemed to think the better of silence and went on.

The door closed, and Warrington went slowly back to his desk, his mind filled with pleasant recollections of youth.

"It is quite evident that you forgot me," said the woman, a faint mirthless smile stirring her lips. "It was very close in there, and I could hear nothing." She placed a hand on her forehead, and closed her eyes for a second time.

"You are faint!" he cried, springing toward her.

"It is nothing," she replied, with a repelling gesture. "John Bennington, was it not?"

"Yes." His eyes grew round with wonder.

"I was going to keep it secret as long as I could, but I see it is useless. He is the man I have promised to marry." Her voice had singular quietness.

Warrington retreated to his desk.

"Bennington. You are going to marry John Bennington?" dully.

He sat down abruptly and stared at her.

(Continued Next Week.)

Making a Pet of Wild Swan.

A male "Russian swan," (the largest and handsomest species of the wild goose tribe), new in wild three winters ago, says Captain Peacocke of Los Angeles in the Strand. After much cajoling I have trained him, so that he will answer to the name I christened him, and when I call "Billy" he will run to me and will follow me like a dog. I do much of my literary work in this park, and "Billy" sits beside me and searches my various pockets for popcorn or crackers, and his disappointment is pathetic if perchance I meet him empty-handed or, rather, empty-pocketed. It was fully a year before "Billy" would allow me to approach within 10 yards of him, but by degrees I have succeeded in winning his confidence, and he now affords endless amusement to my friends and myself.

An Earthquake Freak.

On the morning of April 18, 1906, the cellar of Paul Masson, a wine merchant, of San Jose, Cal., contained a stock of 125,000 bottles, all neatly arranged. Then came the earthquake and when the proprietor was able to enter his cellar again he found that 62,458 bottles, by actual count, were broken, and the remainder thrown about in the wildest confusion. It is curious, says a writer in the Wide World, with such a large number of bottles, that the number should have come within a few dozen of demolishing an exact half of the stock.

Pills to Prevent Earthquakes.

From the London Saturday Review.

"I remember," says Adigson in the 240th Tattler, "when our whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago, there was an impudent mountebank who sold pills which, as he told the country people, were 'very good against an earthquake.'"

Before Allowing an Operation

Please Read These Two Letters.

The following letter from Mrs. Orville Rock will prove how unwise it is for women to submit to the dangers of a surgical operation when it may be avoided by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was four weeks in the hospital and came home suffering worse than before. Then after all that suffering Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored her health.

HERE IS HER OWN STATEMENT.



Paw Paw, Mich.—"Two years ago I suffered very severely with a displacement—I could not be on my feet for a long time. My physician treated me for several months without much relief, and at last sent me to Ann Arbor for an operation. I was there four weeks and came home suffering worse than before. My mother advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I did. To-day I am well and strong and do all my own housework. I owe my health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and advise every woman who is afflicted with any female complaint to try it."—Mrs. Orville Rock, R. R. No. 5, Paw Paw, Mich.

"There never was a worse case."

Rockport, Ind.—"There never was a worse case of woman's ills than mine, and I cannot begin to tell you what I suffered. For over two years I was not able to do anything. I was in bed for a month and the doctor said nothing but an operation would cure me. My father suggested Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; so to please him I took it, and I improved wonderfully, so I am able to travel, ride horseback, take long rides and never feel any ill effects from it. I can only ask other suffering women to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation."—Mrs. Margaret Meredith, R. F. D. No. 3, Rockport, Ind.

We will pay a handsome reward to any person who will prove to us that these letters are not genuine and truthful—or that either of these women were paid in any way for their testimonials, or that the letters are published without their permission, or that the original letter from each did not come to us entirely unsolicited.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



An Ambassador's Nose.

An ambassador to Russia, formerly a leather merchant in this country, discovered certain secret processes regarding a special kind of leather manufactured there. He would have been looked on with suspicion had it been suspected that he could learn anything of these methods. But during his sojourn he got near enough to certain factories to register, through his sense of smell, some impressions with which he was able to work out the formulas when he returned home.—Atlantic Magazine.

Classification.

"Sir," said a little blustering man to a religious opponent; "I say, sir, do you know to what sect I belong?"

"Well, I don't exactly know," was the answer; "but to judge by your make, shape, and size, I should say you belonged to a class called the insect."

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. Fletcher*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Getting the Worst of It.
"Bliggins isn't very lucky in driving bargains."
"No. He says he can't even change his own mind without getting the worst of the deal."

"SPOHN'S."

This is the name of the greatest of all remedies for Distemper, Pink Eye, Heaves, and the like among all ages of horses. Sold by Druggists, Harness Makers, or sent to the manufacturers, \$5.00 and \$10.00 a bottle. Agents wanted. Send for free book, Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

Absent-Minded Suffragette.
One of the Suffragettes—I've lost me best hatpin, Lizzie.

Another—Where did you leave it last?
The First—Oh, I remember now! I left it sticking in that policeman's London Opinion.

Set yourself earnestly to see what you were made to do, and then set yourself earnestly to do it.—Phillips Brooks.

"JUST FERNIST THE HILL"

Little Pointer for Those Who Feel a Desire to Seek the State of Matrimony.

The state of Matrimony is one of the United States. It is bounded by kissing and hugging on one side and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief products are population, broom sticks and staying out at night. It was discovered by Adam and Eve while trying to find a Northwest passage out of Paradise. The climate is sultry until you pass the tropics of housekeeping, when squally weathers commonly sets in with such power as to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting state, consult the first pair of blue eyes you see.—Exchange.

You Never Can Tell.

A certain cellist was once saw-bounded for three hours at a small railroad station. He unpacked his cello and played his dozen fellow sufferers a request program with the result that one of them took him to Europe for a year. You never can tell as you bear your precious fiddle-case through the streets what magic casement may not open on the foam of steins, and what fairy hand may not beckon you within to do the one thing needful to opus fifty-nine, or draw a valiant bow in the battle of Schumann quintet.—Robert H. Schaulfer, in the Atlantic.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy.

Covered.
Mother—Did you paint the father?
Father—Yes, I gave it a coat and two pairs of trousers.—Harper's Bazar.

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