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Patience is the finest and wealthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest, too.—Ruskin.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind, colic, &c. a bottle 4c.

Hearth-Hunger. "Beyond the need for bread, a woman's needs are two; deeper than all cravings save the mother's passion, firm-rooted in our endless past, is the hearth-hunger. The trees that sweep my chimney have their roots at the world's core! The flowers in my doorway have grown there for a thousand years! What millenniums have done, shall decades undo? We are not so shallow, so plastic as that! We will go into the mills, the shops, the offices, if we must, but we know we are off the track of life. Neither our desire nor our power is there."—Cornelia A. P. Comer, in Atlantic.

Anecdotal. Menelaus was king of ancient Lacedaemon, and being such, he deemed it only his duty to be as laconic as possible, so, in a manner of speaking, to set the pace for the people.

Now, his wife was none other than the beautiful Helen, and, of course, the day came at last when she wanted a new hat. Could she have it?

"No," replied Menelaus.

"Just because 'no' is a letter shorter than 'yes!'" protested Helen, and burst into tears, and at the first chance ran away with Paris.—Puck.

Lo, the Poor American! Hagop Barasyjian of Pithsburg, and Menad Estabrokanmasian of Lowell went fishing yesterday in Lake Chagagoggamanchaugogogschaubunungo gaggaw, near Worcester, with their cousin, Halffoman Saralanerapanian, whom they are visiting for the weekend, but you would never have learned it from us if we hadn't been able to paste it.—Boston Globe.

Real Influence. "Let me write the songs of a nation," said the ready-made philosopher, "and I care not who makes the laws."

"I won't go quite so far as that," replied Senator Sorghum; "but let me write the amendments and I care not who draws up the bills."

Like a Pleasant Thought of an old friend—

Post Toasties

with cream.

Sweet, crisp bits of white Indian corn, toasted to an appetizing, golden brown.

A delightful food for breakfast, lunch or supper—always ready to serve instantly from the package.

"The Memory Lingers"

For a pleasing variation sprinkle some Grape-Nuts over a saucer of Post Toasties, then add cream. The combined flavour is something to remember.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Michigan



The MINISTER of POLICE

By HENRY MONTJOY

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Synopsis. "THE MINISTER OF POLICE," by Henry Montjoy, is a romance of Paris during the Louis XV reign, a period when Europe was in a condition of ferment and unrest; when Voltaire was breaking to pieces the shackles of religion; when Rousseau at the Cafe de Regence was preaching the right to think, and when a thousand men, some in the gutter, some near the throne, were preparing the great explosion of the revolution.

Madame Linden, an Austrian lady, after completing a simple mission to the French country, lingers on in Paris, enjoying the gay life of the city. The minister of police, thinks she has some other motive than pleasure in delaying her departure and surrounds her with spies. He discovers her possible, whether she is dabbling in state plots.

De Lussac is a noble of exceptional character of that period. Handsome, with all the elegance of a man of the court, there is still about him something that stamps him as a man apart, something that is visionary, the philosophy of Rousseau and is trying to put this philosophy into practice through his connection with a secret society that is plotting the downfall of the state. Before he has gone far enough to incriminate himself he falls in love with the beautiful Austrian, who persuades him to help her in her scheme. He is so good-natured, so impracticable, and so ends by promising to go to Vienna with her to live.

As he leaves her house a fellow conspirator, his chief, joins him, says several of their members are arrested, and entrusts the secret articles of the society to him. He then explains to De Lussac that their only hope is to intimidate the minister of police. This can be accomplished only by obtaining an incriminating contract signed by the minister of police and in the possession and safe keeping of De Lussac. De Lussac, who is a man of honor, and in their possession they can dictate terms to the minister of police, obtain the release of the members already imprisoned and be safe themselves.

De Lussac goes home, writes the papers he has just received, buries Madame Linden, and then attempts to leave Paris for the society, and also writes an associate telling him where the papers may be found in case of his death. These papers are hidden in the minister's home and almost succeeds in getting the document, but is surprised and leaves it in a drawer which he has locked. Before he can make another attempt he is arrested and taken to the Bastille but not before he has told Madame Linden how nearly he succeeded in getting the document. She, realizing how desperate her lover's position is, visits Richelieu's home and succeeds where her lover has failed.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

His fury had expended itself and he was now calm; his mind cleared, and deep shame overcame him for the moment. He recognized with horror that he had been acting like a wild beast drunk with captivity.

He sat up on the bed, and scarcely had he done so when a noise came from the corridor outside the cell; the bolts shot back, the door opened, and the jailer appeared.

The man looked at De Lussac for a moment.

"You are better, I see. That is well for there is a visitor to see you."

De Lussac sprang to his feet as a man wearing a dark cloak and a broad brimmed hat, entered the cell. The man's face was invisible, for he held a fold of the cloak over it; nothing but the eyes, bright and piercing, could be seen beneath the shadow of the hat brim.

For a moment De Lussac, as he glanced at this sinister figure, fancied that this was some emissary of the king or De Sartines come to despatch him; only for a moment. The unknown without lowering his cloak, said, speaking to the jailer: "Leave us and close the door without locking it. Take your post at the end of the corridor and wait for me there."

The jailer went out and closed the door; the cloak fell from the face of the unknown, and De Lussac found himself facing his kinsman, the Duc de Richelieu.

"Well, monsieur," said the duc, taking off his hat and flinging it on the table while he let the cloak slip from his shoulders, "this is a nice position in which you have placed yourself."

De Lussac could not speak for a moment. He stood with his hand grasping the back of the chair, while the duc, placing the cloak on the table beside the hat, continued: "A conspirator against the state, a De Lussac, a cousin of mine, and a robber. Cordieu, monsieur, I dread to inquire further into your doings for fear of what I may find."

The sight of the duc and these words were like wine to De Lussac. His intellect, made clear by his past purged by a storm. Fortunate for himself, he had eaten nothing that day but a morsel of bread; in a second thought passed through his mind that in ordinary circumstances would have taken a minute in their flight. He recognized that fate had at last given him his chance, and he took it.

"Monsieur," said he, "if you will take your seat on the side of that bed, I will take this chair; then we can converse the more easily. To what do you refer?"

"To what do I refer?" replied the marshal, taking his seat on the side of the bed. "I refer to your conduct, monsieur."

"You called me a robber."

"And I call you it again. You came to my house, I offered you hospitality; you opened my bureau; you or the woman you know of abstracted a private paper."

"Stay, monsieur. Do you refer to Madame Linden?"

"I do."

"How is she implicated in this matter?"

"How? She called upon me last night; that is how. She took advantage of my absence from the room—I don't know how. At all events, the thing is gone. Between you and me, I don't do this act. Don't speak. I did not come here to argue, but to dictate. That document must be returned."

"And if it is not returned?"

"Then, monsieur, you are a prisoner for life. Oh, I know you say to yourself, 'I am the Comte de Lussac. I have powerful friends; they will free me.' Well, I can only reply, documents have been discovered in your house of such a nature that, should we use them against you—well, you are hopelessly lost."

"Documents! What documents?"

The marshal laughed.

"You shall see them with your own eyes."

He placed his hand in his pocket and produced a small bundle of papers. De Lussac instantly recognized the

papers of the Society of the Midi. He started in his chair and his face flushed despite himself.

"Well," said De Richelieu, exhibiting the bundle, "what do you say to that? Look; examine them. Are they genuine, as you say that?"

"Monsieur," said De Lussac, taking the papers in his hand and glancing at them, "I have only one thing to say—it seems I have been robbed just as you have been robbed, and before God I would sooner be robbed of documents like these than of a document like that, in which an infamous king and an infamous minister conspire to rob the people of their food. By a miraculous chance these documents have returned to me. Monsieur, can you not see the hand of God in that? You cannot? Then feel it!"

In a moment De Richelieu was on his back upon the bed, with De Lussac on top of him.

The attack was so sudden and unexpected that the marshal had no time to cry out before the documents, falling on his thyroid cartilage, made outcry impossible.

"Monsieur," said De Lussac, "I do not wish to kill you, but should it be useful I will do so."

With his free hand he began to unloose De Richelieu's scarf so as to gasp the man in the cloak, but it was unnecessary. The marshal had lost consciousness; he looked as though he were dying. He felt horrified, but he had no time to palet with his feelings. He picked the precious packet of documents from the floor and seized him; he took the keys from the key in the lock and slid the bolts.

As he did this a faint and stifled cry came from the cell. De Lussac's heart scarcely changed its rhythm; he was beyond emotion. If the jailer attempted to open the door he would kill the man with the sword beside him; he would try to reach the carriage which he knew must be in waiting; falling in that, he would fight his way, sword in hand, as far as possible toward freedom.

The jailer paused for a moment with the keys in his hand, then he led the way from the cell along the corridor. He saw no difference between the man he had led into the cell and the man who had come out; there was only a short inch of difference between the two. He turned the key in the lock and slid the bolts.

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They reached the corridor below and the jailer began to unlock the great door leading to the corridor on which was situated the chamber of audience. The door opened slowly on its well-oiled hinges, and when they had passed through it closed with a sucking sound, as though La Bastille were catching her breath back with a sob at the escape of this victim.

But they were not free of her yet. As they approached the chamber of audience a bar suddenly shot out, blocking their way. It was the pike of the Swiss on guard at the door of the room. The jailer, producing a paper from his belt, handed it to the man, who read it, raised his pike and allowed them to pass on.

Another ponderous door was opened; they passed through, and there at the end of the corridor De Lussac saw the sunlight shining through the open main door, and at the steps a carriage drawn up and evidently waiting for De Richelieu.

The guards at the main door had still to be passed. There were but a dozen of them, some lounging on a bench inside the doorway, some on the steps; but as the mysterious figure of the man in the cloak drew near these gentlemen exhibited a studied indifference, turning and talking to one another. They did not even raise their eyes as De Lussac passed them, and the guards on the steps faced about, giving him their backs.

There were two carriages drawn up, one at the steps—a splendid vehicle belonging to the duke, and a coat of arms and another very plain, without sign of armorial bearings, drawn up behind the first.

It was now that De Lussac's knowledge of heraldry saved him from making a terrible blunder, for the carriage at the steps bore the arms of Monsieur de Launay, the governor, who had evidently just arrived.

He turned to the plain vehicle and entered it, and the coachman on the box, who evidently suspected nothing, touched his horses with the whip and they started.

The man had asked for no directions; it was evident that his instructions had been laid down for him, and De Lussac leaned back on the cushions, almost suffocated by his success and the nearness of freedom.

Suddenly the carriage stopped. It was the inner gateway, and the harsh voices of the guards could be heard interrogating the coachman. Then a face appeared at the window. It was the corporal of the guard. He peeped in, saluted the cloaked figure and withdrew, leaving the carriage to stop on the drawbridge. Again came the voices of the guards and the voice of the coachman replying to them. He was evidently showing them his permit. They passed on, and now came the deep rumble of the wheels on the drawbridge, the grumble of La Bastille at the escape of her victim.

Now they were in the Rue Saint An-

toine, free at last—for the moment.

De Lussac knew that at any minute the jailer might revisit his cell, find the trick that had been played on him, and then a cannon from the battlements would give tongue to the pursuit. Guards, Swiss soldiers, the agents of De Sartines, all would be on his track, ransacking Paris, turning out every pocket of the city where man might hide.

It was imperative to leave the carriage and try to reach some place of safety. The carriage was evidently taking him to De Richelieu's house, a place he dared not go. He had only one louis in his pocket; his face was known to 4,000 men; he could not walk the streets with a cloak held to his eyes; he had no definite plan to guide him. Never was man in a more perplexing situation, yet he did not despair, and the thing that gave him confidence was the sword at his side.

"If the worst comes to the worst, I can only die," said he. "When I leave this carriage I must first seek Monsieur Blanc in the Rue Petit Versailles, and give him these papers to keep. Then—then where shall I go? To what small turn?"

He thought of Sophie Linden. Should he seek refuge at her house? Never! She was already attainted by him. De Richelieu had said that the Porcheron contract had been stolen, but De Lussac could scarcely believe that it was her work. Were he traced to her house and taken there, she would suffer as well as he.

He put the subject from his mind and addressed himself to the problem of how he was to leave the carriage without attracting the attention of the driver.

They were still in the Rue Saint Antoine, driving swiftly westward.

They had passed the Rue de Balais on the right, and were drawing near the church of Petit Saint Antoine when several drays, laden with wood from the wood yards of the Rue de la Planchette, blocked the way and caused the carriage to slow. Instantly and like a discharging volcano the coachman of De Richelieu began storming at the carter, and cutting it with his whip as though they were dogs. The whole social condition of France lay in that little episode, and the driver, for the moment, of De Lussac, who opening the carriage door and slipping out, closed the door gently and made for the Rue de Fourci, which they had just passed on the left.

The empty carriage drove on.

CHAPTER VIII THE PORTE ST. BERNARD

To imagine that old jungle of a Paris in which De Lussac found himself now, on foot, without friends, pursued, hunted, and with a sword at his side, and all but penniless, one must look at the Paris of the present day and contrast what is with what has vanished.

To the southwest beyond the bastille the Faubourg St. Antoine stretched toward Le Trone in great space of gardens and fields. Here one found the houses of religious orders: the Pilles de la Croix, the Enfants Trouves, Notre Dame de Bon Secours, Ste. Marguerite and half a dozen others; the great glass manufactory of the Rue de Reville; Reville itself, with its gardens and vast grounds.

Westward Paris ended, as far as the crush of houses is concerned, a little southward of the Place Vendome.

Where the Faubourg St. Honore is now alive with traffic and business, then there was nothing but gardens, plots of land, tree lined roads, and the mansions of the nobility. Some of the most splendid houses in Paris were to be found here: the Hotel Contat, the Hotel Goebrian, the Hotels de Charost, Montbazou, D'Aguesseau, and D'Evreux; the Hotel de Buren, its mansions, its parallelogram of walled gardens, and the Hotel de Chevilly in its triangular grounds at the foot of the Rue St. Honore.

Northward the heights of Montmartre showed trees; the Faubourg St. Martin, trees and the roofs of the Hospices St. Louis; the Faubourg de Temple, Courtille, Pincourt—trees, waste spaces, gardens, windmills.

(Continued next week.)

Actual Results Recorded.

The actions of temperance workers are often excused by zeal or wrath; the internal returns of the government are cold and impartial records of facts and of cash turned into the treasury. The record for the past fiscal year arouses wonder. The people paid in taxes upon a strong drink for the past 12-month the sum of \$22,788,000.

The people consumed 143,230,000 gallons of whisky and brandy, which brought a revenue of \$17,430,000, and 2,246,000 barrels of beer and ale, which brought a revenue of \$65,246,000. The aggregate of these two sums is often referred to as the nation's drink bill, but it is in fact, only the net revenue tax on the enormous drink bill.

The increase of the tax alone during the past year was nearly \$7,500,000 for distilled spirits and nearly \$2,000,000 for fermented liquors, or a total increase in excise alone of more than \$10,000,000 within a 12-month. This amazing increase comes on top of cumulative increases year by year, and for people who think it is to be noted that the growth of the liquor habit has been co-incidental with a spirited prohibition and local option campaign that has covered a large part of the territory of the continental United States.

The truth of what is happening within prohibition and local option territory is illustrated by the beer wagons are delivering it everywhere; the "clubs" are furnishing it not only to men but often to boys, and in many instances on Sundays as well as week days. The shippers of liquor are likewise sending their wares in enormous quantities into states which have adopted restrictive laws that seem not to have had the expected restrictive influence.

The men who are planning to curb the liquor evil should look these facts squarely and honestly in the face and remember that the crusade against the evil never to be judged by the lofty professions of those undertaking it nor by their good intent, but by the actual results.

A City That Was a Failure.

From the Christian Herald.

Of all the Seven Cities of Asia, perhaps Sardis has the most interesting and romantic history, and yet, with all its natural advantages, its wealth, its famous rulers, its wise counselors, its victorious armies, it was the greatest failure of them all. The richest man in the world, Croesus, was king of Sardis; the wisest man, Solon, was his guest; and yet, through over-confidence and pride, he was ruined, and again it was surprised, conquered and all but destroyed, until at last the disintegrating rock and soil from its own citadel, loosened by the winter rains, and hurried down by destructively cascades, buried the city 30 feet deep from the sight of man. It became a dead city, and it was buried by the forces of nature.

Same Thing.

In the early days of Arizona, an elderly and pompous chief justice was presiding at the trial of a murder case. An aged negro had been ruthlessly killed, and the only eye witness to the murder was a very small negro boy. When he was called to give his testimony, the lawyer for the defense objected on the ground that he was too young to know the nature of an oath, and in examining him asked:

"What would happen to you if you told a lie?"

"De debbil 'ud git me!" the boy replied.

"Yes, and I'd get you," sternly said the chief justice.

"Dat's jus' what I said!" answered the boy.—National Monthly.

Then What Did Papa Do?

When one dish was passed, mamma said she just loved to eat of it, but that the food would not agree with her. Paxton said he liked bananas, but he didn't dare eat them.

Then Jean, the five-year-old, said: "I love watermelon, but I can't eat it."

"Why can't you eat watermelon?" said papa.

"Because you don't buy me any," she said.

FACE BROKE OUT IN PIMPLES

Falls City, Neb.—"My trouble began when I was about sixteen. My face broke out in little pimples at first. They were red and sore and then became like little boils. I picked at my face continually and it made my face red and sore looking and then I would wake up at night and scratch it. It was a source of continual annoyance to me, as my face was always red and spotted and burned all the time.

"I tried ——— and others, but I could find nothing to cure it. I had been troubled about two years before I found Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I sent for a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and tried them and I then bought some. I washed my face good with the Cuticura Soap and hot water at night and then applied the Cuticura Ointment. In the morning I washed it off with the Cuticura Soap and hot water. In two days I noticed a decided improvement, while in three weeks the cure was complete."

(Signed) Judd Knowles, Jan. 10, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

It's Illuminating.

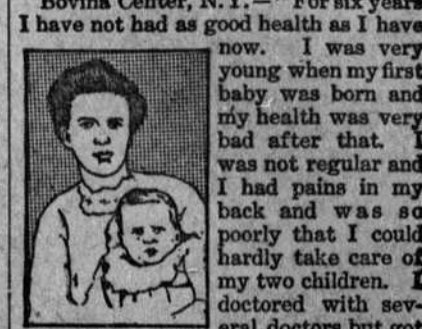
"Did you see where in some city they have put luminous paint on the park benches to prevent spooning?"

"Luminous paint? That's a bright idea."

Anyway, no man ever has occasion to apologize for doing his duty.

MOTHER SO POORLY

Could Hardly Care for Children — Finds Health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Bovina Center, N.Y.—"For six years I have not had as good health as I have now. I was very young when my first baby was born and my health was very bad after that. I was not regular and I had pains in my back and was so poorly that I could hardly take care of my two children. I doctored with several doctors but got no better. They told me there was no help without an operation. I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has helped me wonderfully. I do most of my own work now and take care of my children. I recommend your remedies to all suffering women."

Mrs. WILLARD A. GRAHAM, Care of ELSWORTH TUTTLE, Bovina Center, N.Y.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and today holds the record of being the most successful remedy we know for woman's ills. If you need such a medicine why don't you try it?

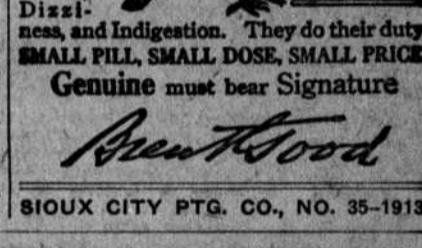
If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable — act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Bilelessness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature



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INFANTS CHILDREN

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SMOKELESS POWDER SHELLS

Carefully inspected shells, the best combinations of powder, shot and wadding, loaded by machines which give invariable results are responsible for the superiority of Winchester "Leader" and "Repeater" Factory Loaded Smokeless Powder Shells. There is no guesswork in loading them. Reliability, velocity, pattern and penetration are determined by scientific apparatus and practical experiments. Do you shoot them? If not, better try the W brand. They are the FIRST CHOICE OF THE BEST SHOTS.