GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON. Author of "Graustark," "Truxton King," etc. Copyright, 1911, By Dodd, Mead & Co.

CHAPTER XVII.-Continued.

At last Mr. Blagden spoke, His voice was low and full of gentleness.
"Of course, I can't think of asking you to leave a cheery, delightful nest like this for that cold, barren place I call home," he delightful mest to be thought. "We—your aunt and I—were selfish as to hope you might come back if I were eloquent enough to—But, of course, we couldn't have known how nicely you are situated here. This title room is more eloquent than I could ever hope to be. It is an here. This ittle room is more eloquent than I cot. ever hope to be. It is an argument that I cannot meet." His bony fingers suddenly gripped the arms of the chair. "But, God help me! I can't begin to tell ou how bleak and cold and dead out rooms are—how great the contrast. Ah, my children, you have all the light. We have none. Your Aunt Rena is—"Again he stopped short, visibly moved.

They instinctively feit that their aunt was in even greater anguish than the ambassador who found it so difficult to state his mission in plain terms.

Is Aunt Rena ill?" asked Eric, with the desire to make it easy for him to "If she is ill—if she wants us, Uncle

Horace, we will go to her at once," added Mary, after a quick look into her brother's eyes.

Horace's face brightened. "You will?"

Horace's face brightened. "You will?"
he cried eagerly. "It is very good of
you—very. I can't tell you how much
good it will do her to—to see you again.
Of course—" he hesitated once more—
"of course, her heart is set on having
you back there to—to stay."
Another protracted period of silence.
Horace appeared to be reading their
thoughts, for it was he who broke the
lience.

"She is ill," he broke out despairing-y. "Not physically ill, but mentally. Her soul is sick, She—she seems worse onight than ever before. A dream—a lorrid dream this afternoon has upset ier terribly. She refuses to go to bed onight, fearing a repetition. I am un-served. I couldn't endure it any longer. four hearts would be touched if you tould see her tonight. All evening long

could see her tonight. All evening long he has been wondering if you will wer come back. She knows that Chetyynd is dead. You see, she—"

Eric started, "She knows? Then—"

"It came to her in the dream. And it was so very real as she describes it."

Horace arose stiffly. "I do not feel it is right for me to ask you to come with me now, but—but—"

is right for me to ask you to come with one now, but—but—"
"We'll go, Uncle Horace," said Mary resolutely. She knew that the decision rested with her.

Five minutes later, the three of them went forth into the night, huddled close together to fight the wind with Mary in the center. The clock in the courthouse struck the hour of 10.

"I will tell you of the dream when we reach the house," Mr. Blagden had said as they left the porch of the Vermer cottage.

ner cottage CHAPTER XVIII.

AFTER THE SERMON.

There was a vague, almost shadowy tight in the parlor windows. A reflected glow from the dim old porch lamp that hung above the front steps of the "giant's castle" threw the curtained windows into dull relief.

As the hurrying trio came up the gravel walk, their gaze was centered on one of these windows, held by a common anxlety. Not one, but all of them knew that a long used chair stood close beside this particular window.

They were nearing the steps when

They were nearing the steps when one of the rigid curtains moved ever so slightly, and yet distinctly. It parted from its mate an inch or two and then became motionless once more. The effect was weird uncanny almost The effect was weird, uncanny, almost shostly. Someone sat behind this curtain watching their approach; an unseen hand held the curtains apart; a pair of wistful eyes peered out of the toneliness that lay in the room behind. Horace Blagden sighed audibly.

Once inside the door, he checked his companions with a whispered word and the raising of a finger to his lips. They stood there for a moment, listening.

"Go into the library," said he, in a towered voice. "I think your aunt is in the parlor."

He crossed the hall and softly opened the door, pausing an instant before entering. As the door closed behind him, Eric and Mary turned toward the library, where a light gleamed through the transom.

"You will not tell them tonight?"

"You will not tell them tonight?"
whispered Mary, clutching his arm.
"No," he replied without hesitation,
"I haven't the heart. Why, he seems happy—actually happy."

They waited in the old, familiar room,

ruriously awed by its Blagdenesque primness after their own rather uncon-ventional disorder. Mary removed her hat and laid it on the table with her gossamer and gloves. It was an in-spired act on her part, as subsequent

spired act on her part, as subsequent events proved.

Mr. Blagden came in a few minutes later, holding open the door that his wife might pass before him. There was a contented smile on his thin lips.

"There, my dear," he said gently, waving his hand in the direction of the two Midthernes; "I am sure you can't call those fine flesh and blood creatures dream fancies. They are very real, and won't disappear before morning, as you my." To Eric and Mary: "Your aunt is positive she is only dreaming you are here."

A wavering, uncertain smile appeared

wavering, uncertain smile appeared

A wavering, uncertain smile appeared on Mrs. Blagden's face. She advanced, olding out her hands, almost shyly.

The young people sprang forward, each grasping a slim white hand. Mary impulsively threw an arm about her aunt's shoulders and drew the thin, shrinking figure close to her strong, eager body. Then she kissed the tremulous lips of the woman who had sone nothing in her life but hurt her. "She's come to stay, Aunt Rena," said Eric.

And so they waited until the warmth was in them all, until the heart beats were strong and free.

At last Mr. Blagden spoke, His voice to its Corinth environment.

"And you, too, Eric," she went on, more calmly. She eyed him fondly, and patted his arm. "You are my son now. I want a son. I need a son. Your uncle needs you."

"I do, indeed," spoke up Mr. Blagden, unsteadly. "Now, my dear, don't you think you'd better retire? You are very tired. It has been a hard day for

very tired. It has been a hard day for

"It was very thoughtful of you, Mary, to take off your hat before I came in," said Mrs. Blagden irrelevantly, even as she laid her hand on her husband's as she laid her hand on her husband's arm. "It made it so easy for me. You will forgive me if I say good night now. Good night, Eric. You will find your rooms just as you left them. Martha has put out your things—some that you forgot to take away with you. I've kept them in my bureau since—Yes, yes, Horace, I am coming. Good night, Mary. I am so glad you have come back to us, Martha will call you as usual in the morning."

In the doorway, Horace turned to

Presently they were seated before the snapping coals.

Presently they were seated before the snapping coals.

"Your aunt's dream," said Mr. Blagden, "was a most distressing one. It was so real that she can't get it out of her mind that we are to hear bad news of Chetwynd. You see, I mention his name once more. I do so because I am confident that he is not in the land of the living, Adam Carr to the contrary. Not a day passes that I do not expect to hear through that excellent bloodhound that my son has come to his death in some far off land and that the chase has ended."

"But Aunt Rena's dream, please," said Mary, with a quick glance at Eric's twitching face.

Horace moistened his dry lips with his tongue. "She was taking her nap this afternoon, as usual. A vision came to her. It was more than a dream. In this vision there appeared a series of vast cliffs and precipices, reaching so high in the sky that all the world seemed to lie below them. Far below, at the base of these dreadful cliffs, was the sea—miles and miles below, she declares. The breakers came rushing up in the shape of gigantic hands and arms, all of them reaching upward in the effort to clamber to the top of the sheer walls of stone that touched the sky.

"She came out upon the loftiest of all these cliffs and sat down to rest, with her tired feet hanging over the

the sheer walls of stone that touched the sky.

"She came out upon the loftlest of all these cliffs and sat down to rest, with her tired feet hanging over the ledge. The great arms and writhing fingers redoubled their efforts. They climber higher and higher, but they could not reach her feet. A huge, black-lipped mouth opened and closed, showing its teeth, in the sea below—a vast maw that craved her as with an appetite that knew no pity. As she sat there, looking wearily about, almost at the gates of heaven, another figure appeared on the cliff not far away. It was Chetwynd. He approached to the very edge, and stood looking out over space, his hands on a filmsy railing she had not noticed before. She cried out to him and would have risen to go to him but for that strange paralysis that one experiences in dreams."

He paused to clear his throat. Eric drew a long dean headth.

He paused to clear his throat. Eric drew a long, deep breath and relaxed his grip on the arm of the chair.

"Then she tried to call out to him, "Then she tried to call out to him, but no sound above a whisper could she force from her lips. Another figure came creeping up from behind, the figure of a man whose face she could not see. This man stole upon Chetwynd and struck him a violent blow, sending him through the rail and over the..."

Eric leaped to his feet, a cry of hor-ror on his lips. Then, to the utter amazement of his uncle, he rushed from the room.

Mr. Blagden turned to Mary in great

distress.
"Dear me," he said; "dear me! What have I said? I—where are you going, Mary?"
"To Eric," she cried in great agita—Name of the said of the said. tion. A moment later, Horace Blakden sat alone in his library, staring at the door, vastly perplexed, and with a great apprehension growing up in his heart.

He heard the rush of swift footsteps in the hall upstairs, the slamming of a door, and then no other sound save the merry crackle of the coals.

The young people sprang forward, sach grasping a slim white hand. Mary impulsively threw an arm about her aunit's shoulders and crew the thin, shrinking figure close to her strong, eager body. Then she kissed the beautiful that he will be the beautiful that he will be the word from the life but that he ladden to holding in her life but hurt her. The sound had home nothing in her life but that newly made conditions raised to work the cheek of the girl. Her eyes the word to stay, Aunt Rena, said the word that he ladded to wait for the less tword from Eric's and slowly, gently passed it ever the cheek of the girl. Her eyes to work and imploring.

"On Eric's and slowly, gently passed it ever the cheek of the girl. Her eyes the word to stay, and the content to kisom quite sure that you meant to kisom quite sure that you meant to kisom quite sure that you will be to destroy the only for said many less that the word and many in the life but that it may have a servent life for them. Again the curtous sense of loyalty to Adam Carr. He low to the life for them. Again the curtous sense of loyalty to Adam Carr. He low to the life for them. Again the curtous sense of loyalty to Adam Carr. He low to the life for the word and the strong the girls face with wondering eyes.

"I can't forget, Aunt Rena," said less that les Two days went slowly by. They

No word came from Adam Carr.

No word came from Adam Carr.

Sunday was at hand. The Saturday Courier had announced the program for the services at the First Congregational church. There was to be a solo in the morning by the popular Miss Smith, with flute and 'cello obligato. More wonderful still, a 'cello solo during the "collection" by the famous Professor Parker, of Boston. In the evening a song service, with a short sermon by the minister, the Rev. Mr. King.

Mr. King.
And all this in the First Congregational church of Corinth. Horace Blag-

At 10:30 o'clock Mr. Blagdon put on his tall hat, took up his gold headed cane and announced to the two Midthornes that it was time to be off to church. Mrs. Blagden was not up to it, so they were leaving her behind.

"The bell hasn't rung yet, Uncle Horace," observed Eric, who had been waiting for the resounding peals of that well known summoner of the faithful.

"Mr. Kirn"

faithful.

"Mr. King's orders, my dear boy," said Horace as calmly as if the silencing of that venerable and never failing bell was the most trivial thing in the world. He pondered a moment and then added, with a queer little shake of his head: "Mr. King is really a human sort of a Christian. A sensible one, I might say. Come along, please. We can't afford to be late after what he said at the board meeting last week."

He seemed nervous and quite anx-

He seemed nervous and quite anx-

we can't afford to be late after what will forgive me if I say good night now. Good night, Eric. You will find your rooms just as you left them. Martha has put out your things—some that you forgot to take away with you. I've kept them in my bureau since—Yes, yes, Horace, I am coming. Good night, Mary. I am so glad you have come back to us, Martha will call you as usual in the morning."

In the doorway, Horace turned to speak to the deeply moved young man and woman.

"Will you be good enough to wait here for a little while? I am coming down to close up the house." There was something significant in the way he put it. They were wet and uncomfortable, yet they would not have thought of going upstairs before ther uncle laid bare the conditions which had sent him out into the night so bravely.

The change in Horace's nature was most strikingly illustrated by the next remark that fell from his lips.

"Oh, dear me, I almost forgot that you are wet and cold. Come upstairs to your rooms. Martha will get out dry stockings and silppers for you. And she shall make mustard baths for your feet before you go to bed. And hot lemonades."

When the Midthornes came downstairs later on, after changing a part of their apparel, they were amazed to find Horace Blagden on his knees before the fireplace, clumsily starting a fire in the grate. His lack of experience was evident, his embarrassment undisguised. Eric went to his assistance.

Presently they were seated before the snapping coals.

"You aunt's dream," said Mr. Blag-

to make note of the tardy ones today, for—er, shem—missionary purposes, as he put it to the board."

Mr. Biagden looked at his watch, and accelerated his speed quite noticeably. Eric and Mary could scarcely credit their senses. Truly, a wonderful thing had happened in Corinth. A new gospel had supplanted the old. A rockbound, half-dead spirituality had been shaken into life by a process of enlightenment that was postively beshaken into life by a process of en-lightenment that was postively be-wildering. An up to date minister, with an up to date gospel, had com-pletely upset the religious calculations of 150 years, and Corinth was sur-viving the shock!

Eric could not help wondering how long it would be before one of the great, progressive and covetous metropolitan congregations would extend a call to this amazing Mr. King—and get him at a vastly increased salary, with perhaps a pension for his wife when he became too old to preach, or it got tired of him and wanted a change.

change.

The new Congregationalism had at last forced its way into Corinth. It had taken many years. I venture the opinion that the First Congregational church did more toward proving the blindness of faith when it called Mr. King than anything that has been done in the paper or the bistonic failled.

murmur of dissent.

He was the modern Congregationalist (God bless him!), and as strong as Samson when it came to shattering pillars. The old church fell down about their heads, without hurting anyone, and a new one went up in its place so swiftly that before the congregation knew what it was about it was reformed, rejuvenated, humanized. He was giving it something to think about, something to enjoy, something to grasp. thing to grasp. (Continued next week.)

Concerning Cotton.

Concerning Cotton.

From the Chicago Journal.

Word comes from Europe that there is likely to be a decided rise in the price of long-fibered cotton. It is used for making wings of aeroplanes and the tires of automobiles—articles which are being built and worn out at quite unprecedented rate.

The best cotton for these purposes is said to be the American sea Island variety, but the supply of this is small. Both in length and strength of fiber it stands at the head, but the available supply is small. Next comes the Egyptian cotton, but the demand for that in peaceful industry is very great, and the crop is said to be unsatisfactory. The only source of supply remaining is a variety of upland American cotton grown in the well watered bends of the Mississippi river, and known locally as "benders."

It looks as though our southern planters had better take stock of the cotton situation. They have had a practical monopoly of the world's main clothing and fiber material for more than a century, but there are many signs that the "sure thing" period of cotton planting is about over. It is nigh time to see if the quality as well as yield of the American crop cannot be improved before other lands or other materials drive us from our present position of supremacy.

A Wedding Washed Off.

THE GIANT CASTLE.

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
Once upon a time a very poor couple lived in a tiny cottage on the side of a big lake. High above their heads towered a mountain whose top was capped with clouds.

caped with clouds.

They had only one child, a boy named Hans, who was very simple in his ways, but had a lot of sense. He was very observant of all that went on about him and was not a bit stupid like people thought. ple thought.
Times grew very hard. Hens' cloth-

Times grew very hard. Hens' clothing was patched so much that it looked like an old fashioned bed quilt and he had nothing to eat three times a day but gruel. The country about was very rich as far as the soil was concerned, but on the crest of the mountains lived a wicked old giant, who robbed everyone in the surrounding land.

At last one day there was no one

At last one day there was no one left in the land but Hans, his father, who was ill, and his mother, for all the rest had gone to another land. Things looked so bad that Hans said he was going up the mountain and see what he could do to get rid of the

"Oh, son," cried the mother, throwing her arms about the boy, "do not leave us—we will never see you again, if you

"If something is not done soon, "If something is not done soon," replied Hans, "we will all starve. I might as well get killed trying to better matters as stay here to die for need of food."

food."
So Hans looked about for something to take with him. He could find nothing except a bucket of tar and an old rope on the shelf in a shed.
"I will take these with me," he told his mother, "and cut a stout stick on my way up."
So with the bucket of tar and the rope Hans climbed up and up and up, till he looked to his mother watching below like a fly against the side of the

below like a fly against the side of the huge mountain.

below like a fly against the side of the huge mountain.

By night he was in the yard of a castle built of huge green stones. Nothing of the giant could be seen.

"I will sit in this tree which hangs right over the porch," said Hans to himself. So into the tree he climbed and fixed himself comfortably in the branches. Presently he fell the earth tremble and a huge form came scrambling up the mountain.

The giant was very tall, but his head was small and his face terribly ugly. In he went to supper, and Hans could see him devouring meat by the 100 pounds and bread by the dozen loaves. Then he went out on the porch to take a nap in the moonlight.

It made Hans hungry to see the good things on the table, for he had eaten nothing since morning. So he crept down and went into the big hall. Here he ate all he wished, then steppel lightly out onto the porch.

There was no one around but the sleeping giant, who snored like a bellowing buffalo. But down underneath the castle Hans could hear faint sounds as if of people moving about.

The giant sat in a big chair, his head hanging forward on his breast and his arms dropping by his side. He was so sound asleep that the boy walking about did not disturb him at all. Hans remembered his rope and tar pot, so he took the rope and made a large noose, which he slipped over the giant's head, then tied the end to a strong tree.

Climbing up on the railing of the

climbing up on the railing of the porch, Hans turned the pot upside down, and its black, sticky contents streamed down over the glant's face. It ran down his forehead, over his nose and into his mouth, even closing his eyes so he could not open them. Starting up from his sect in engage he weight. ing up from his seat in anger, he vainly



tried to see, but could not do so and when he struggled to rise it only tightened the rope, so that he fell choking to the floor.

Hans saw a bunch of keys jingling at the giant's waist, and took them. Over the castle he ran, opening doors, till at last he came to the cellar—here he saw many noble ladies and knights in chains, so it was but a few moments before all in the castle were free. When they crowded up on the porch they found the wicked giant dead. Hans told the people that they were free to go home. Then some of them led him to a big room, which was full of gold and jewels the giant had stolen. This they divided into equal parts, only they gave Hans three shares for saving them, and, by the time the moon rose, all were tramping safely down the mountain to their homes.

At dawn Hans reached the cottage with the news that the giant was dead, and bringing his bucketful of gems, which made the family rich and com fortable all the rest of their lives.

In Behalf of a Humble Friend.
From the Daily Oklahomian.
Our meek and lowly friend, the great
American cheese, bids fair to come into
its royal own. Of course there are other kinds of cheese, but the others are
higher priced and, at that, no whit
better than the genus Americanus
cheese.

better than the genus Americanus cheese.

Eminent authorities of food products have of late mobilized in favor of cheese. They are claiming that it not only is a most satisfactory substitute for meat, but that among its ingredients are certain bacteriological formations which are of incalculable benefit to healthfulness.

Cheese is good to eat. We have all been aware of that since time immemorial, but few of us have ever taken time to think anything about its wholesomeness. It is considerably cheaper than meat and a first aid to a reduced cost of living.

Among the working classes of other

of living.

Among the working classes of other countries cheese is a staple diet. Habituating ourselves to its daily use is all that is necessary.

No "Smoke of Battie."
From Popular Mechanics.
One of the marked features of the European conflict that distinguishes it from the wars of the past is the absence of smoke on the firing lines. Owing to the use of smokeless powder, no smoke is made when a rifle is discharged, while the heaviest artillery throws off nothing more than a thin mist that is invisible 100 yards away and disappears within a few seconds after the gun is fired. Only when shrapnel or a shell explodes in the enemy's lines is that anything visible in the way of smoke, the whole purpose being to conceal the position of the guns throwing the projectiles while making the points where the projectiles explode clearly visible. The expression, "the smoke of battle." so faithfully descriptive of the wars of the past, has little meaning when applied to a modern war,

Many Gentle Distractions in Summer's Garden.

Some Reasons Why It Is Difficult to Work Out of Doors-Observation of the Birds One of the Greatest.

In summer I write every morning in a summer house at the extreme rear of my garden-a house which is, in reality, a cow shed converted by

doors, even in the summer. There are incessantly by the tiny clamors of little things, making their sweet, insidious appeal for attention.

There is, for instance-or, rather, there has been-a chick-a-dee's nest on my summer house, in a box tacked there to attract the wrens. All my life I have desired to have a chick-adee's nest under observation, and this year my wish was granted. Every morning while Mrs. Chick-a-dee was sitting on her eggs I saluted her when

I came down to work.

down my pen to watch him. First he would perch on a twig twenty or thirty feet away and, without dropping the food from his mouth, say "chick-adee" two or three times softly-a pretty, wiry, tinkling sound. He never on any occasion added the remaining "dee-dee-dees" of the familiar call. After repeating his announcement he would then fly to a strip of the trellis. beside the bird box, and sitting there once more give his wiry little "chicka-dee." Then he would suddenly give ing bill of his wife, who would have her head out ready, and depart.

Another disturber of my labors is a bluebird whose family inhabits a box in my :.eighbor's yard, but who prefers to hunt in mine. I can never resist watching the flash of his blue wings over the flower beds. Still another disturber is a Baltimore oriole. He feeds in the orchard, swallowing down a bug or caterpillar and then fairly dancing on a spray while he emits a musical grace after meat. Sometimes a yellow butterfly invades my privacy, fluttering across before the conquest.

my vision to attract attention, and then winging in circles over the potato field or the flower beds. I watch it in its flight. When I look back at my paper an

ant is crawling over it. The ant makes me think of my young apple trees set out this spring, for the ants crawl up young apple trees and evidently devour the green aphis on the leaves. Have my new trees any aphis? I must get up and investigate. Yes, they have. I must get the hose and spray them off.

Back at last at my table I am free to resume my work, and another paragraph gets completed. Then I hear a meadow lark or perhaps a wood thrush and, arrested by the sound, pause to listen, and my ear catches Virginia creepers, side trellises, great clearly the various noises of the sumopenings sawed in all four sides and mer day, which so often we hear witha small plaster cast of a section of out hearing, and would only be aware the Parthenon frieze, painted with of if they stopped altogether. To white enamel paint to resist the rain. sink back and just listen-to feel the But I find it difficult to work out of touch of the breeze on your cheek, to watch the great, lazy, beautiful white so many distractions. I am disturbed cloud, to smell the warm scents of the garden-that is better than working!-Walter Prichard Eaton in the Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

Passing of the Oil Lamp.

The coal oil lamp business has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf and with but small chance of ever coming back, the New York Times remarks. The comparatively few styles and kinds that still sell are cheap glass lamps with corresponding shades and burners, such as yet find a place in Then, after I had settled down, and the lonely, isolated farmhouse. Scarce had just got a paragraph well under a town now so small and unprogresway, Mr. Chick-a-dee would appear sive in the West and South that has with a worm or bug in his mouth to not its electric light plant, sometimes feed her, and I would have to lay privately owned, more often a public utility.

So, too, a growing number of farmhouses tap the nearest interurban trolley wire or draw their illumination from the neighboring town. So the sale of electric light fixtures has more than made up the loss in the coal oil lamp business.

Watts and amperes and volts are household words to those retail dealers who once knew only of wicks, burners and shades. Lanterns are sharing the fate of lamps, for flasha hop to the perch below the hole in lights are spelling the disuse of the the box, transfer the food to the waitmedieval times.

> Tired of Waiting. "Of course the war can't last for-

ever," said the optimist. "Of course not," asserted the pessimist, "but, confound it, neither can

Direct sunlight by its chemical effects disintegrates the backing of mirrors in a comparatively short time.

Surnames were not used in England



There's more nutritive value that the system will absorb in Grape-Nuts than in either meat or bread.

A remarkable fact.

Weight for weight, a package of Grape-Nuts supplies one-third more nourishment than a roast of beef and at about half the cost. A roast of beef is about twenty per cent waste and there is a shrinkage in cooking. Grape-Nuts comes ready cooked-and not a crumb need be wasted.

Think it over!

Then there's bread - white bread lacks certain elements essential to building brain and body. Why? Because in milling white flour, four-fifths of the precious mineral content (all important for health and life) is thrown out with the brancoat of wheat, to make the flour look white and pretty.

## Grape-Nuts

not only supplies all the brain- and bone-building, nerveand muscle-making phosphates of the wheat, but all the rich nutriment of malted barley.

Besides, Grape-Nuts is easily digested - generally in about an hour-white bread and beef require about 21

Grape-Nuts comes in germ-proof, moisture-proof packages-ready to serve with cream or milk-a delicious ration, economical and highly nourishing.

## "There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers everywhere.