

Peace.

Making peace with an ax is diminishing in popularity among modern rulers. With the ancients, however, the above means seemed to be the only kind that really counted.

Helping People to Self-Help.

In America we are just learning that the greatest gift you can give a blind man is the ability to earn his own living.

M. T. Oblaski writes in the Revue Scientifique concerning the North American Indians, particularly those of their future.

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The CASTLE of LIES BY ARTHUR HENRY VESEY

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

So far as it lay in my power, I would perform my self-imposed task in a direct and businesslike method.

"Every English gentleman comes of a race of warriors," the mysterious woman of the reading room had said to me last night.

But Willoughby's life had been lost amid the dread silence of the white snows. I looked long and earnestly where the sun touched the mountain-top with a rosy light out of the morning mists.

I had shuddered—I still shuddered, as I thought of their awful gloom and loneliness.

I began the day, therefore, vaguely hopeful. I no longer permitted myself to be troubled at the whispers of servants and guests.

My coat was lightly brushed. There was a faint but exquisite perfume. I glanced, as did a dozen others, at the woman who was passing.

The small, but superbly poised figure, gowned with a marvelous simplicity, paused by my side a fraction of a second.

I did not return it. She continued her way daintily, punishing me for my rudeness by smiling across at me mockingly as she seated herself at my right.

The intermission came. All the world pushed back their chairs, and made their way through glazed doors at the rear, whence an electric bell rang persistently.

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"You speak in riddles, madam," I said, coldly. "Are you angry that I read aloud, before I passed the telegram to her?"

"I was unconvinced. 'You are too generous,' I said, ironically. 'Does your interest in mankind embrace all the world?'"

"But you have been unfortunate," she said, softly. "Are you angry that I should be sorry for you?"

"I am perplexed, at least," I said. "If you are only perplexed, I shall not despair."

"I remember," I said, boldly, "when I was at college, a story of Socrates that pointed an obvious moral. Would you like to hear it?"

She made a mock grimace. "Oh, Socrates, monsieur, and a philosopher! And a philosopher henpecked by his wife Xantippe? Am I one to do with a henpecked philosopher?"

"The henpecked philosopher, then," I began somewhat grimly, "tells us that when Hercules had attained manhood he set out on a journey to see the world, and presently came to a parting of two ways. He hesitated as to which way he should choose.

While he hesitated there appeared two maidens, each of whom protested that she would lead him the way that he should go. One of these maidens was clad chastely in



somber but not unpleasing raiment. 'If, Hercules, you will go my way, you will find it rough and tiresome. There are brambles to impede your progress; there are sharp stones that will cut your sandals. It will always be hazardous, but it will lead to happiness.'

"Ah, happiness!" sighed the woman opposite me. "She promised much."

"The other maiden was extremely beautiful and her raiment was of silvery tissue. 'My way,' she said, softly, 'taking Hercules' gently by the arm, is strewn with flowers. It leads, broad and gently sloping, over soft turf, and there is music to gladden the hours. My way leads to pleasure.'"

"I paused; I was indeed very bold. I looked at my vis-a-vis with some trepidation. I need have felt none. She broke into light laughter, her hands clasped, her eyes sparkling. She leaned demurely toward me; her bright eyes' mocked me.

"The name of the other maiden was Vice," she cried in a hollow, lugubrious voice. "My dear gentleman, you are too delicious. Mon Dieu, I should be furious with you! You are telling me quite brutally that your cold Englishman—she is Virtue; and I, the very wicked one—I am naughty Vice. And again she laughed deliciously.

"Pardon me, it is you who are applying the moral," I protested awkwardly.

"That must follow the explanation of your extraordinary interest in me," she said. "Hum!" She leaned back critically. "Shall I say it is because you are handsome?"

"Not if you are honest," I chuckled. "Or good?"

shortly. "I am to be of use to you, then—and how?"

"Gently, monsieur! First of all, are we to be friends?"

"And again gently," I returned with caution. "Your name, if you are serious."

"For me?" cried my companion eagerly.

"The boy nodded, but before he could hand the telegram to her, I had seized it myself. I made a gesture, signifying that I asked her consent to read the name addressed on the envelope. She smiled, but reluctantly, I thought.

"Madame Sophie de Varnier," I read aloud, before I passed the telegram to her.

She tore the envelope open with a jeweled cross that hung from her chateleine. As she read the message, she became frightfully pale; she swayed in her seat. It was not grief so much as utter despair that prostrated her.

"Dead!" She repeated the word in French more than once in a dazed voice. "Dead, but it is incredible!"

The seconds passed. I did not speak; I regarded her with concern. A beautiful woman is always dangerous, but a beautiful woman in trouble is doubly so.

"I was intensely irritated that I should have allowed myself to be interested by this Sophie de Varnier. For the past hour I had been playing dangerously near the fire. It had not yet burned me; but could I honestly say that it had not warmed, intoxicated, allured? Very well, I must be careful not to compromise myself in the future.

Two women had met me at the parting of the ways. One of them had set me a task, holding herself proudly aloof, promising nothing. If this task were actually accomplished, the reward was to be the deed itself.

And now another woman had come—radiant, glittering, a subtle perfume lulling the senses. Her wild beauty, her charm, had been frankly displayed to enthral me. She had promised a definite adventure. As to the reward it seemed to me too brazenly obvious.

I flicked the ash angrily from my cigarette. And was I really tempted? Hardly, I resolved savagely. And yet I was not fool enough to be blind to the fact that the situation was not without its danger.

My shoulder was tapped. I was seated in the vestibule of my hotel. I looked up, startled. A well-groomed man in the early thirties towered over me, an American I saw at once. The round, jowled face was vaguely familiar.

"Yes," exclaimed a burly voice, "it is really old Haddon."

I grasped the hand he held toward me with emotion. Here was a friend, an American, and I needed a friend badly just now.

I had not seen Locke since we were at college together. We had never been intimate, but the big-hearted Robinson Locke had been a character among his classmates.

At first I hesitated to his cordial greetings; I was afraid he had not heard my story. But presently he plunged into the episode that had made me notorious for a day. Then I knew he had come to stand by me.

"It is a brutal lie, of course," he stormed indignantly, "but even if it were true—" He clapped my shoulder.

"It is true—at least in a measure," "Rot!" he exclaimed with cheerful skepticism, lowering his person into the yielding expanse of an armchair by my side. "Tell me about it."

"Unless you insist, I prefer not to," I said quietly, besetting a waiter. "It was just a horrible accident. Frankly, to have saved his life was impossible. But I might have died with him. I didn't. There you have my disgrace in a nutshell."

He looked somewhat glum at this cold-blooded explanation and stirred uneasily in his chair. I watched him, not, without grim amusement. He pulled at his cigar, searching my face keenly.

"Rot!" he cried again, and this time with conviction. "If you feel any disgrace, it is your own fault, Haddon. If you were the coward they say you are, you wouldn't sit there smiling at me. You would rave and swear by all the gods that you were innocent. I don't want to hear your story. But I want you to know that you have one friend from home to stick up for you, and to believe in you."

I was too moved to speak. "That's all right, then," he said with gruff gentleness. "It must be hell to be over here alone and everybody kicking you."

"Oh, that was to be expected, of course! But last night I had an experience that I wouldn't go through again if I could help it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Pope and Cardinal Vaughan

On the occasion of the great Marian congress in Rome, the pope summoned Father Bernard Vaughan to represent the English speaking people.

Mississippi and is packed in bags containing a couple of quarts. It is taken in doses of a spoonful, and as often as the patient has an attack of the trouble.

Alcohol From Grapes. The little grapes grown in Greece which are sold under the trade name of Zante 'currants' in this country, are often used in the kingdom where they are produced to make alcohol for cooking and heating houses.

Brilliant and Cleverness. The difference between brilliancy and cleverness is that a clever man may seem to be brilliant when he is not.

"All, you are courageous enough for that? Monsieur, you are a bold man."

"Surely not so bold as you, madam. In asking courage of a man who has been disgraced for cowardice." It was difficult to keep the sneer out of my voice.

"I know to whom I speak, my dear monsieur. The task I would set you demands not the brute courage of the fool, but the devotion of a crusader. It is a sacred cause; its servants are not easily found."

"I am flattered that I fulfill the requirements so admirably," I returned cynically. "But you will find it difficult to convince me that my extraordinary courage and devotion to a good cause make my services invaluable. Why should you choose me from a score of men to help you?"

"You are right. Above all things we must be frank with each other. You are at the Schweitzerhof? Au revoir, you will hear from me soon."

I bowed over the hand she held languidly toward me. I was embarked on an adventure. Where would it lead me?

CHAPTER VIII.

Prince Ferdinand and His Ambitions. I returned to my hotel soberly enough. I had told my little allegory lightly. Now I asked myself if I should not apply it seriously to myself. Only this morning I had mapped out for myself a clear path to be followed. And already was a siren beckoning? Already was I enchanted?

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What reason could not avoid has often been cured by delay.—Seneca.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

Any woman can make a dollar go so far that her husband will never see it again.

Don't Sneez Your Head Off. Krause's Cold Capsules will cure you almost instantly. At all Druggists, 25c.

No, Cordelia, a man doesn't necessarily have paint in his eyes when he is color blind.

Lewis' Single Binder costs more than 5c a pack. Smokers know why. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

History Will Be Costly. So far the British official history of the Boer war has cost \$125,000, and only one volume has appeared.

It may not be possible for a young man to measure life; but it is possible to say, I am resolved to put life to its noblest and best use.

To be on good terms with human nature, Be Well! Garfield Tea purifies the blood, eradicates disease, regulates the digestive organs and brings Good Health! Manufactured by Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. Sold by druggists.

The people of Colorado are so confident that publicity pays large dividends that they are going to spend a fund in advertising the state's resources.

To prevent that tired feeling on ironing day—Use Defiance Starch—saves time—saves labor—saves annoyance, will not stick to the iron. The big 16 oz. package for 10c, at your grocer's.

Obedying His Command. Benham—Did you have any company while I was away? Mrs. Benham—Nobody to speak of. Benham—Wasn't your mother here? Mrs. Benham—Yes, but you won't let me speak to her.

That an article may be good as well as cheap, and give entire satisfaction, is proven by the extraordinary sale of Defiance Starch, each package containing one-third more Starch than can be had of any other brand for the same money.

Siamese Object to Walking. The Siamese, above all nations in the world, hate to walk; no such mode of progression is tolerated by a Siamese if he or she can by any means ride. A Venetian gondolier will walk sometimes; even a Hollander will ride on his rough cart; but a Bangkok man—not if he can help it. His family boat for him.—Windsor Magazine.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirtwaist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

Much "Havana" Tobacco. During the last year there were exported from Cuba the enormous number of 256,738,029 "Havana" cigars. Only about 30 per cent came to the United States, the total American purchases amounting to 79,483,125 cigars, while England took 92,459,687. Germany buys from 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 and France 10,000,000 to 12,000,000.

Shoemaker's Last. The following is taken from a handbill issued by a provincial bootmaker: "The shoemaker is a man of great learning. He is a doctor as well as a surgeon, for he not only heels but performs many cutting operations. He is a fishmonger, for he sells soles and heels. He is a schoolmaster, for he gives good understanding. He is a good speaker, for he always works the thread of his argument, waxes warm to his subject, and holds all to the last."

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When You Want Pure White Lead, Get It



Probably there is no other article of commerce subjected to so much dulteration and misrepresentation as White Lead.

Out of 18 brands of "White Lead" recently analyzed by the Government Agricultural Experiment Station of North Dakota, 5 contained absolutely no White Lead, 5 less than 15% of White Lead, and only 3 over 90% of White Lead.

There is, however, a way to be certain of the purity and genuineness of the White Lead you buy, and that is to see that the keg you buy bears the Dutch Boy trade mark. This trade mark is a positive guarantee of absolutely Pure White Lead made by the Old Dutch Process.

SEND FOR BOOK "A Talk on Paint" gives valuable information on the paint subject. Send free upon request.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY (Incorporated) New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Detroit, John T. Lewis & Bro. Co., Pittsburgh (National Lead & Oil Co.)

Mica Axle Grease Helps the Wagon up the Hill

The load seems lighter—Wagon and team wear longer—You make more money, and have more time to make money, when wheels are greased with

Mica Axle Grease —The longest wearing and most satisfactory lubricant in the world. STANDARD OIL CO. Incorporated

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Nausea, Stomach Pain, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Costive Bowels, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

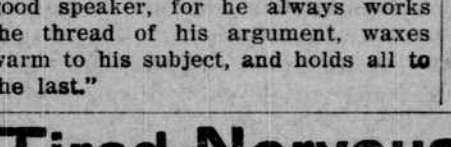
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. Refuse Substitutes.

SECURITY GALL SALVE. POSITIVELY HEALS SORE SHOULDERS HORSES AND MULES. IT HEALS THEM ANYWAY IN HARNESS, UNDER SADDLE OR IDLE. FREE. Put up in 25c, 50c and \$1.00 Cans. MONEY BACK IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED. SECURITY REMEDY CO. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FOR BARE WIRE & ALL CUTS USE SECURITY ANTISEPTIC HEALER

Tired Nervous Women Make Unhappy Homes



MRS. NELLIE MAKHAM. A nervous irritable woman, often on the verge of hysterics, is a source of misery to everyone who comes under her influence, and unhappy and miserable herself.

Such women not only drive husbands from home but are wholly unfit to govern children.

The ills of women act like a fire brand upon the nerves, consequently seven-tenths of the nervous prostration, nervous despondency, the "blues", sleeplessness, and nervous irritability of women arise from some organic derangement.

Do you experience fits of depression with restless alternating with extreme irritability? Do you suffer from pains in the abdominal region, headache, bearing-down pains, nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and almost continually cross and snappy? If so, your nerves are in a shattered condition and you are threatened with nervous prostration.

Proof is monumental that nothing in the world is better for nervous troubles of women than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs. Thousands and thousands of women can testify to this fact.

Mrs. Nellie Makham, of 151 Morgan St., Buffalo, N. Y., writes:—Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I was a wreck from nervous prostration.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs and today holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any medicine the world has ever known, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the laboratory at Lynn, Mass., which testify to its wonderful value.



MRS. GEO. A. JAMES. I suffered so I did not care what became of me, and my family despaired of my recovery. Physicians failed to help me. I was urged to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I want to tell you that it has entirely cured me. I think it is the finest medicine on earth and I am recommending it to all my friends and acquaintances.

Mrs. Geo. A. James, a life long resident of Fredonia, N. Y., writes:—Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I was in a terribly run down condition and had nervous prostration caused by female trouble, in fact I had not been well since my children were born. This condition worked on my nerves and I was irritable and miserable. I had tried many remedies without getting much help but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought me back to health and strength. It has also carried me safely through the change of life. I cannot too strongly recommend your medicine."

Mrs. Pinkham's Invitation to Women. Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to communicate promptly with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. From the symptoms given, the trouble may be located and the quickest and surest way of recovery advised. Out of her vast volume of experience in treating female ills Mrs. Pinkham probably has the very knowledge that will help your case. Her advice is free and always helpful.