

Undraped Babies.

In Philadelphia, more than half a century ago, a few coats from the antique created something very like a public scandal; and when, at an earlier period Greenough's Chanting Cherubs, the first group by an American sculptor, was exhibited, a storm of condemnation enveloped the undraped figures; nude babies were familiar in American homes, but their appearance in public shocked the moral sense of the whole community. This, remarks Hamilton Mable in Atlantic Monthly, was in New York, where, still earlier, gentlemen who lived by pricy had been influential members of society. The symbolism of Powers' Greek Slave and the passionate sympathy with the Greek struggle for freedom diverted attention from the nudity of the figure to the pathos it expressed; but it was thought necessary, in the interests of public morals, that the fair captive should be examined by a committee of experts. Accordingly a group of clergymen in Cincinnati sat as a jury and, after a critical examination of the figure, issued a kind of license for purposes of public exhibition. The humor of submitting the statue to the inspection of a committee of clergymen does not seem to have occurred to any save a few Americans who had been corrupted by familiarity with foreign galleries; nor does anyone appear to have realized that the real immorality was not in the timid slave, but in the public opinion which hailed her effigy as the greatest work of art in the history of the world!

Transformation in Lumber Industry.

A few American citizens are still living who were alive in the days when the Indiana and Ohio pioneers were cutting great clear-grained black walnut, white oak and hickory logs, piling them and burning them to ashes in order to be rid of them. Farmhouses are still standing in the Ohio valley whose tenoned frames are of black walnut, and whose roof boards are of wide, clear lumber such as is now sought for to be made into kings' table tops. Black walnut lumber in American commerce is to-day little more than a memory, says Milton O. Nelson in the American Review of Reviews; white oak in the finer finishing grades is worth half the price of mahogany, and the American vehicle industry is in distress for the lack of hickory. Even in sawmill cities of the present day the lath from the walls of wrecked houses is carefully cleared and bundled for resale, while half-decayed pine logs are sawed into merchantable lumber. Thus in the span of one life the American lumber industry has passed from surfeit to hunger. Such another span promises to carry us from hunger to starvation.

American Wheat to Odessa.

A big shipment of wheat from New York to Odessa, Russia, is an important indicator as showing how the current of trade is sweeping in an unusual direction and one that promises to bring benefit to this country. Ordinarily Odessa itself is a wheat-shipping point, being one of the ports to which the Russian grain fields are contributory, and Europe has been accustomed to depend on that region for a large portion of its food supplies. This year the Russian crop has not been sufficient to meet home demands, and the export trade has fallen off accordingly. The people of that country are buying instead of selling foodstuffs, and as Europe is always confronting a shortage, the situation compels reliance upon the new world, in which the United States is the chief wheat producer. Hence, remarks the Troy (N. Y.) Times, the increasing shipments abroad, the effect of which in the aggregate must be to strengthen materially our credit and to increase the favorable balance of trade.

The automobile may have its uses. The Touring club of France, composed of bicyclists and automobiles, has taken up the work of forestry and got it under way on a broad and sound basis. The theory was that the destruction of forests lessened the pleasure of travel. Auxiliary societies have been started everywhere, and by their efforts tree culture is now taught in the public schools. Prizes are given both to teachers and to pupils for good work in this line. The club has also secured the passage of several laws for the preservation of forests. This is better than running over pedestrians, at least.

King Edward now is eligible for membership in the hotel clerks' union, with his fine big \$750,000 diamond. He could paralyze the drummer and the base traveler simply by extending his front a few inches and not saying a word.

New Jersey has a gay bridegroom of 84. Cupid is, after all, the real lover, though it takes some people quite a while to realize that there is nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream.



BOB HAMPTON of PLACER

By RANDALL PARRISH AUTHOR OF "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING" "MY LADY OF THE NORTH" "HISTORIC ILLINOIS, ETC."

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SYNOPSIS.
A detachment of the Eighteenth Infantry from Fort Belknap, trapped by Indians in a narrow gorge. Among them is a stranger who introduces himself by the name of Hampton, and who is the most trader, and his daughter, Gillis, and a majority of the soldiers are killed during a three days' siege. Hampton and the girl only escape from the Indians. They fall exhausted on the plains. A company of the Seventh Cavalry, Lieut. Brant in command, find them. Hampton and the girl stop at the Miners' Home in Glencaid. Mrs. Duffy, proprietress. Hampton talks the future over with Miss Gillis—the Kid. She shows him her mother's picture and tells him what she can of her parentage and life. They decide she shall live with Mrs. Herndon. Naida the Kid—runs away from Mrs. Herndon and rejoins Hampton. He induces her to go back, and to have nothing more to do with him. Hampton plays his last game of cards. He announces to Red Slavin that he has quit, and then leaves Glencaid. Miss Phoebe Spencer arrives in Glencaid to teach its first school. Miss Spencer meets Naida, Rev. Wynkoop, etc. She boards at Mrs. Herndon's. Naida and Lieut. Brant again meet without his knowing who she is. She informs him of the coming Bachelor club ball in honor of Miss Spencer. Lieut. Brant meets Silent Murphy, Custer's scout. He reports trouble brewing among the Sioux. Social difficulties arise at the Bachelor club's ball among the admirers of Miss Spencer. Lieut. Brant meets Miss Spencer but she is not his acquaintance of the day before. She tells him of Naida, and he accidentally meets her again as he is returning to the ballroom with a fan for Miss Spencer. Brant accompanies Naida home from the dance. On the way she informs him as to who she is, and that she is to meet Hampton.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"Oh, I do, Lieut. Brant. It is not doubt of you at all; but I am not sure, even within my own heart, that I am doing just what is right. Besides, it will be so difficult to make you, almost a stranger, comprehend the peculiar conditions which influence my action. Even now you suspect that I am deceitful—a masked sham like those others we discussed to-night; but I have never played a part before, never skulked in the dark. To-night I simply had to do it."

"Then attempt no explanation," he said, gently, "and believe me, I shall continue to trust you. To-night, whatever you wish may be, I will abide by it. Shall I go, or stay? In either case you have nothing to fear."

She drew a deep breath, these open words of faith touching her more strongly than would any selfish fault-finding.

"Trust begets trust," she replied, with new firmness, and now gazing frankly into his face. "You can walk with me a portion of the way if you wish, but I am going to tell you the truth,—I have an appointment with a man."

"I naturally regret to learn this," he said, with assumed calmness. "But the way is so lonely I prefer walking with you until you have some other protector."

She accepted his proffered arm, feeling the constraint in his tone, the formality in his manner, most keenly. An older woman might have resented it, but it only served to sadden and embarrass her. He began speaking of the quiet beauty of the night, but she had no thought of what he was saying.

"Lieut. Brant," she said, at last, "you do not ask me who the man is."

"Certainly not, Miss Naida; it is none of my business."

"I think, perhaps, it might be; the knowledge might help you to understand. It is Bob Hampton."

He stared at her. "The gambler? No wonder, then, your meeting is clandestine."

She replied indignantly, her lips trembling. "He is not a gambler; he is a miner, over in the Black Range. He has not touched a card in two years."

"Oh, reformed has he? And are you the instrument that has worked such a miracle?"

Her eyes fell. "I don't know, but I hope so." Then she glanced up again, wondering at his continued silence. "Don't you understand yet?"

"Only that you are secretly meeting a man of the worst reputation, one known the length and breadth of this border as a gambler and fighter."

"Yes; but—don't you know who I am?"

He smiled grimly, wondering what possible difference that could make. "Certainly; you are Miss Naida Herndon."

"I? You have not known? Lieut. Brant, I am Naida Gillis."

He stopped still, again facing her. "Naida Gillis? Do you mean old Gillis' girl? Is it possible you are the same we rescued on the prairie two years ago?"

She bowed her head. "Yes; do you understand now why I trust this Bob Hampton?"

"I perhaps might comprehend why you should feel grateful to him, but not why you should thus consent to meet with him clandestinely."

the house. He has not been in Glencaid for two years, until yesterday. The Indian rising has driven all the miners out from the Black Range, and he came down here for no other purpose than to get a glimpse of me, and learn how I was getting on. I—I saw him over at the hotel just for a moment—Mrs. Duffy handed me a note—and I—I had only just left him when I encountered you at the door. I wanted to see him again, to talk with him longer, but I couldn't manage to get away from you, and I didn't know what to do. There, I've told it all; do you really think I am so very bad, because—because I like Bob Hampton?"

He stood a moment completely non-plussed, yet compelled to answer.

"I certainly have no right to question your motives," he said, at last, "and I believe your purposes to be above reproach. I wish I might give the same credit to this man Hampton. But, Miss Naida, the world does not often consent to judge us by our own estimation of right and wrong; it prefers to place its own interpretation on acts, and thus often condemns the innocent. Others might not see this as I do, nor have such unquestioning faith in you."

"I know," she admitted, stubbornly, "but I wanted to see him; I have been so lonely for him, and this was the only possible way."

Brant felt a wave of uncontrollable sympathy sweep across him, even



"Do You Really Think I am So Very Bad, Because—Because I Like Bob Hampton?"

while he was beginning to hate this man, who, he felt, had stolen a passage into the innocent heart of a girl not half his age, one knowing little of the ways of the world.

"May I walk beside you until you meet him?" he asked.

"You will not quarrel?"

"No; at least not through any fault of mine."

A few steps in the moonlight and she again took his arm, although they scarcely spoke. At the bridge she withdrew her hand and uttered a peculiar call, and Hampton stepped forth from the concealing bushes, his head bare, his hat in his hand.

"I scarcely thought it could be you," he said, seemingly not altogether satisfied, "as you were accompanied by another."

The younger man took a single step forward, his uniform showing in the moonlight. "Miss Gillis will inform you later why I am here," he said, striving to speak civilly. "You and I, however, have met before—I am Lieut. Brant, of the Seventh Cavalry."

Hampton bowed, his manner somewhat stiff and formal, his face impenetrable.

"I should have left Miss Gillis previous to her meeting with you," Brant continued, "but I desired to request the privilege of calling upon you to-morrow for a brief interview."

"With pleasure."

"Shall it be at ten?"

"The hour is perfectly satisfactory. You will find me at the hotel."

warm pressure, and then the two left behind stood motionless and watched him striding along the moonlit road.

CHAPTER XVII. The Verge of a Quarrel.

Brant's mind was a chaos of conflicting emotions, but a single abiding conviction never once left him—he retained implicit faith in her, and he purposed to fight this matter out with Hampton. Even in that crucial hour, had any one ventured to suggest that he was in love with Naida, he would merely have laughed, serenely confident that nothing more than gentlemanly interest swayed his conduct.

Nevertheless, he manifested an unreasonable dislike for Hampton. He had never before felt thus toward this person; indeed, he had possessed a strong man's natural admiration for the other's physical power and cool, determined courage. He now sincerely feared Hampton's power over the innocent mind of the girl, imagining his influence to be much stronger than it really was, and he sought after some suitable means for overcoming it. He alone, among those who might be considered as her true friends, knew of her secret infatuation, and upon him, alone, therefore, rested the burden of her release. It was his heart that drove him into such a decision, although he conceived it then to be the reasoning of the brain.

And so she was Naida Gillis, poor old Gillis' little girl! He stopped suddenly in the road, striving to realize the thought. He had never dreamed of such a consummation, and it staggered him. What was there in common between that outcast, and this well-groomed, frankly spoken young woman? Yet, whoever she was or had been, the remembrance of her could not be conjured out of his brain. He might look back with repugnance upon those others, those misty phantoms of the past, but the vision of his mind, his ever-changeable divinity of the vine shadows, would not become obscured, nor grow less fascinating. Suddenly there occurred to him a recollection of Silent Murphy, and his strange, unguarded remark. What could the fellow have meant? Was there indeed some secret in the life history of this young girl?—some

He had enjoyed a bath and a shave, and was yet lingering over his coffee, when the two soldiers entered with their report. The sergeant stepped aside, and the orderly, a tall, boyish looking fellow with a pugnacious chin, saluted stiffly.

"Well, Bane," and the officer eyed his trim appearance with manifest approval, "what did you succeed in learning?"

"The operator said this yere Murphy had never bin thar himself, sir, but there was several messages come fer him. One got here this mornin'."

"What becomes of them?"

"They're called fer by another feller, sir."

"Oh, they are! Who?"

"Red Slavin was the name he give me of the other buck."

When the two had disappeared, Brant sat back thinking rapidly. There was a mystery here, and such actions must have a cause. Something either in or about Glencaid was compelling Murphy to keep out of sight—but what? Who? Brant was unable to get it out of his head that all this secrecy centered around Naida. Perhaps Hampton knew; at least he might possess some additional scrap of information which would help to solve the problem. He looked at his watch, and ordered his horse to be saddled.

It did not seem quite so simple now, this projected interview with Hampton, as it had appeared the night before. In the clear light of day, he began to realize the weakness of his position, the fact that he possessed not the smallest right to speak on behalf of Naida Gillis. Nevertheless, the die was cast, and perhaps, provided an open quarrel could be avoided, the meeting might result in good to all concerned.

Hampton welcomed him with distant but marked courtesy, having evidently thought out his own immediate plan of action, and schooled himself accordingly. Standing there, the bright light streaming over them from the open windows, they presented two widely contrasting personalities, yet each exhibited in figure and face the evidences of hard training and iron discipline. Hampton was clothed in black, standing straight as an arrow, his shoulders squared, his head held proudly erect, while his cool gray eyes studied the face of the other as he had been accustomed to survey his opponents at the card table. Brant looked the picture of a soldier on duty, trim, well built, erect, his resolute blue eyes never flinching from the steady gaze bent upon him, his bronzed young face grave from the seriousness of his mission. In both minds the same thought lingered—the vague wonder how much the other knew. The elder man, however, retained a better self-control and was first to break the silence.

"Miss Gillis informed me of your kindness to her last evening," he said, quietly, "and in her behalf I sincerely thank you. Permit me to offer you a chair."

Brant accepted it and sat down, feeling the calm tone of proprietorship in the words of the other as if they had been a blow. His face flushed, yet he spoke firmly. "Possibly I misconstrue your meaning," he said, with some bluntness, determined to reach the gist of the matter at once. "Did Miss Gillis authorize you to thank me for these courtesies?"

Hampton smiled with provoking calmness, holding an unlighted cigar between his fingers. "Why, really, as to that I do not remember. I merely mentioned it as expressing the natural gratitude of us both."

"You speak as if you possessed full authority to express her mind as well as your own."

The other bowed gravely, his face impassive. "My words quite naturally bear some such construction."

The officer hesitated, feeling more doubtful than ever regarding his own position. Chagrined, disarmed, he felt like a prisoner standing bound before his mocking captor. "Then I fear my mission here is useless."

"Entirely so, if you come for the purpose I suspect," said Hampton, sitting erect in his chair, and speaking with more rapid utterance. "To lecture me on morality, and demand my yielding up all influence over this girl—such a mission is assuredly a failure. I have listened with some degree of calmness in this room already to one such address, and surrendered to its reasoning. But permit me to say quite plainly, Lieut. Brant, that you are not the person from whom I will quietly listen to another."

"I had very little expectation that you would."

"You should have had still less, and remained away entirely. However, now that you are here, and the subject broached, it becomes my turn to say something, and to say it clearly. It seems to me you would exhibit far better taste and discrimination if from now on you would cease forcing your attentions upon Miss Gillis."

Brant leaped to his feet, but the other never deigned to alter his position.

"Forcing my attentions!" exclaimed the officer. "God's mercy, man! do you realize what you are saying? I have forced no attentions upon Miss Gillis."

"My reference was rather to future possibilities. Young blood is proverbially hot, and I thought it wise to warn you in time."

Brant stared into that imperturbable face, and somehow the very sight of it, calm, inflexible resolve served to clear his own brain. He felt that this cool, self-controlled man was speaking with authority.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

When the unexpected happens the "I told you so" chap is in his glory.

MISS ANNIE CATRON.



CATARRH MADE LIFE A BURDEN TO ME.

MISS ANNIE CATRON, 927 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: "As I have found Peruna a blessing for a severe case of catarrh of the head and throat which I suffered from for a number of years, I am only too pleased to give it my personal endorsement. "Catarrh, such as I suffered from, made life a burden to me, my breath was offensive, stomach bad, and my head stopped up so that I was usually troubled with a headache, and although I tried many so-called remedies, nothing gave me permanent relief. I was rather discouraged with all medicines when Peruna was suggested to me. "However, I did buy a bottle, and before that was finished there was a marked change in my condition. Much encouraged, I kept on until I was completely cured in a month's time, and I find that my general health is also excellent."

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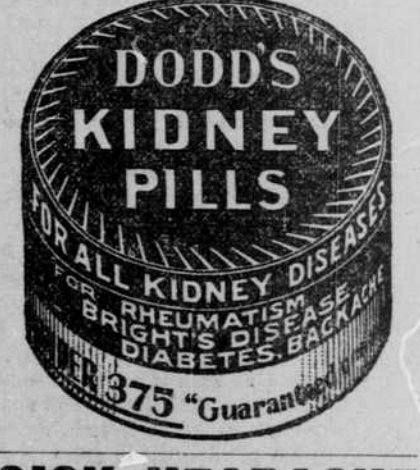
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