

STARTED THE TEARS AFRESH

Thoughtless Act of Little Eben That Reminded Sorrowful Widow of Her Loss.

Mr. Jefferson had not been altogether an exemplary husband and father, but he possessed certain engaging qualities which secured him many friends and made his death the cause of sincere mourning to his widow. "Mie" Jefferson, she's done broke up over Eben's being took off from pneumonia," said one of the neighbors.

HIS PLEASURE A LATE ONE.

Probably Mr. Hogan Did Not Realize Just What Might Be Made of His Expression.

Casey was dead, and to do honor to him the members of the Thirtieth district Tammany organization attended the funeral in a body, says the New York Press. Slowly and sadly they filed past the coffin and took a last look at their departed comrade. At the door each man paused to shake hands with the sorrowing widow and to murmur a few words of condolence. When it came to Mr. Hogan's turn, he delivered a lengthy oration concerning the good qualities of the deceased Mr. Casey.

"Sure, 'tis plain you knew my husband well, sir," said the tearful Mrs. Casey.

ITCHED FOR TWELVE YEARS.

Eczema Made Hands and Feet Swell, Peel and Get Raw—Arms Affected, Too—Gave Up All Hopes of Cure.

Quickly Cured by Cuticura.

"I suffered from eczema on my hands, arms and feet for about twelve years, my hands and feet would swell, sweat and itch, then would become callous and get very dry, then peel off and get raw. I tried most every kind of salve and ointment without success. I tried several doctors, but at last gave up thinking there was a cure for eczema. A friend of mine insisted on my trying the Cuticura Remedies, but I did not give them a trial until I got so bad that I had to do something. I secured a set and by the time they were used I could see a vast improvement and my hands and feet were healed up in no time. I have had no trouble since. Charles T. Bauer, Volant, Pa., Mar. 11, 1908."

YOU NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK.



She—Yes, they are engaged. I know she refused him twice, but the third time he proposed she accepted him.

Her Husband—Served him right.

The Water Bite. He was six years old and had never gazed into the mystic lens of a microscope. Several slides containing animalcula had been displayed to his astonished vision. He was too amazed to make any comment until he came to one slide that seemed more wriggly than any of the others. It was merely a drop of water.

The little fellow gazed at it a long time, with all its nimble particles of animal life, and finally exclaimed to his mother: "Oh, mamma, now I know what it is that bites you when you drink soda water."

Singular and Plural.

"Whenever she gets to thinking how much they're in debt it affects her nerves."

"Huh! the way it affects her husband is singular."

"How singular?"

"Just singular, it affects his 'nerve.' He tried to borrow a hundred from me to-day."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

It is the only relief for Swollen Smarting, Tired, Aching, Hot, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Cures while you walk. At all Drug-Grocers and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Got His Answer.

Uncle—You are a very nice little girl to ask me to have more soup. Now why do you want me to have it?

Niece—So you won't eat so much of the chicken as you did last time.—Fliegende Blatter.

Limit to Cork's Buoyancy.

A cork carried 200 feet below the surface of the water will not rise again.

There are imitations, don't be fooled. There is no substitute! Tell the dealer you want Lewis' Single Binder cigar.

He's a stingy man who will not give you a smile.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Among other high rollers we have the elevated trains.



Followed Her, Lighting the Way.



SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor Hogan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney, Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfield, to see his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelor's club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she had Maitland, reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook, Dan Anisty. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anisty, sought by police of the world, appeared on the same mission, Maitland overcame him. He met the girl outside the house and they sped on to New York in her auto. He had the jewels and she promised to meet him that day. Maitland received a "Mr. Smith," introducing himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland, about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was felled by a blow from "Smith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anisty himself and he secured the jewels through mysterious means. The girl visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned gems, being discovered on return.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

But not to rest. The portion of the mentally harassed, sleeplessness, was his; and for an hour or more he tossed upon his bed (upon which he had thrown himself without troubling to undress), pondering, to no profit of his, the hundred problems, difficulties and disadvantages suggested or created by the events of the past 24 hours.

The gray girl, Anisty, the jewels, himself; unflagging, his thoughts circumnavigated the world of his romance, touching only at these four points, and returning always to linger longest in the harbor of sentiment.

The gray girl: Strange that her personality should have come to dominate his thoughts in a space of time so brief! and upon grounds of intimacy so slender! Who and what was she? What cruel rigor of circumstance had impelled her to seek a livelihood in ways so sinister? At whose door must the blame be laid, against what flaw in the body social should the indictment be drawn, that she should have been forced into the ranks of the powers that prey—a girl of her youth and rare fiber, of her cultivation, her charm, and beauty?

The sheer loveliness of her, her grace and gentleness, her ingenious sensitiveness, her wit; they combined to make the thought of her, to him, at least, at once terrible and a delight. Remembering that once he had held her in his arms, and gazed into her starlit eyes, and inhaled the impalpable fragrance of her, he trembled, was both glad and afraid.

And her ways so hedged about with perils! While he must stand aside, impotent, a pillar of the social order secure in its shelter, and see her hounded and driven by the forces of the Law, harried and worried like an unclean thing, forced, as it might be, to resort to stratagems and expedients unthinkable, to preserve her liberty.

It was altogether intolerable. He could not stand it. And yet—it was written that their paths had crossed and parted and were never again to touch. Or was it? It must be so written: They would never meet again. After all, her concern with, her interest in, him, could have been nothing permanent. They had encountered under strange auspices, and he had

a silence; a prolonged buzz; and again the sounding silence.

"Hello!" he said, softly, into the transmitter, at a venture.

No answer.

"Hello!"

Then central, irritably: "Go ahead. You've got your party."

"Hello, hello!"

A faint hum of voices, rising and falling, beat against the walls of his understanding. Were the wires crossed? He lifted an impatient finger to jiggle the hook and call central to order, when—something crashed heavily. He could have likened the sound, without a strain of imagination, to a chair being violently overturned. And then a woman's voice, clear, accents informed with anger and pain: "No!" and then—

"Say, that's my mistake. That line you had's out of order. I had a call for them a while ago, and they didn't answer. Guess you'll have to wait."

"Central! Central!" he pleaded, desperately. "I say, central, give me that connection again, please."

"Ah, say! what's the matter with you, anyway? Didn't I tell you that line was out of order? Ring off!"

Automatically Maitland returned the receiver to its rest; and rose, white-lipped and trembling. That woman's voice!

CHAPTER X. Consequences.

Breathing convulsively, wide eyes a little wildly fixed upon his face in the lamplight, the girl stumbled to her feet, and for a moment remained cowering against the wall, terribly shaken, a hand gripping a corner of the packing box for support, the other pressed against the bosom of her dress as if in attempt feebly to quell the mad hammering of her heart.

In her brain, a turmoil of affrighted thought, but one thing stood out clearly; now she need look for no mercy. The first time it had been different; she had not been a woman had she been unable then to see that the adventure intrigued Maitland with its spice of novelty, a new sensation, fully as much as she, herself, the pretty woman out of place, interested and attracted him. He had enjoyed playing the part, had been amused to lead her to believe him an adventurer of mettle and caliber little inferior to her own—as he understood her; unscrupulous, impatient of the quibble of mem-et-tum, but adroit and ken-witted, and distinguished and set apart from the herd by grace of gentle breeding and chivalric instincts.

How far he might or might not have had his enjoyment carry him, she had no means of surmising. Not very far, not too far, she was inclined to believe, strongly as she knew her personally to have influenced him; not far enough to induce him to trust her out of sight with the jewels. He had demonstrated that, to her humiliation.

The flush of excitement waning, manlike soon had he wearied of the game—she thought; to her mind, in distorted retrospect, his attitude when leaving her at dawn had been insidious, contemptuous, that of a man relieved to be rid of her, relieved to be able to get away in unquestioned possession of his treasure. True, the suggestion that they lunch together at Eugene's had been his. But he had forgotten the engagement, if ever he had meant to keep it, if the notion had been more than a whim of the moment with him. And O'Hagan had told her by telephone that Maitland had left his rooms at one o'clock—in ample time to meet her at the restaurant.

No, he had never intended to come; he had wearied; yet patient with her, true to the ethics of a gentleman, he had been content to let her go, rather than to send a detective to take his place.

And this was something, by the way, to cause her to revise her theory as to the manner in which Anisty had managed to steal the jewels. If Maitland had gone abroad at one, and without intending to keep his engagement at Eugene's, then he must have been despoiled before that hour, and without his knowledge. Surely, if the jewels had been taken from him with his cognizance, the hue and cry would have dared to linger so long in the neighborhood!

To be just with herself, the girl had not gone to the restaurant with much real hope of finding Maitland there. Curiosity had drawn her—just to see if—but it was too preposterous to credit that he should have cared enough. Quite too preposterous! It was her cup, her bitter cup, to know that she had learned to care enough—at sight! And she recalled (with what pangs of shame and misery begged expression!) how her heart had been stirred when she had found him (as she thought) true to his trust; even as she recalled the agony and distress of mind with which she had a moment later fathomed Anisty's impersonation.

For, of course, she had known that

Maitland was Maitland and none other from the instant when he told her to make good her escape and leave him to brazen it out; a task to daunt even as bold and resourceful a criminal as Anisty, and more especially if he were called upon to don the mask at a minute's notice, as Maitland had pretended to. Or, if she had not actually known, she had been led to suspect; and it had hardly needed what she had heard him say to the servants, when he thought her flying hothot over the lawn to safety, to harden suspicion into certainty.

And now that he should find her here, a second time a trespasser, doubly an ingrate—that he should have caught her red-handed in this abominably ungrateful treachery! She could pretend, of course, that she had returned merely to restore the jewels and the cigarette case; and he would believe her, for she was generous. She could, but—she could not. Not now. Yesterday, the excitement had buoyed her; she had gained a piquant enjoyment from befooling him, playing her part of the amateur crackman in this little comedy of the stolen jewels. But therein lay the difference; yesterday it had been comedy, but to-day—ah! to-day she could no longer laugh. For now she cared.

A little lie would clear her—yes. But it was not to be cleared that she now so passionately desired; it was to have him believe in her, even against the evidence of his senses, even in the face of the world's condemnation; and to prove that he, too, cared—for her as his attitude toward her had taught her to care.

Ever since leaving him in the dawn she had fed her starved heart with the hope, faint hope though it were, that he would come to care a little, that he would not utterly despise her, that he would understand and forgive, when he learned why she had played out her part, nor believe that she was the embodiment of all that was ignoble, coarse, and crude; that he would show a little faith in her, a little faith that like a flickering taper might light the way for—love.

But that hope was now dead within her, and cold. She had but to look at him to see how groundless it had been, how utterly unmoved he was by her distress. He waited patiently—that was all—seeming so very tall, a pillar of righteous strength, distinguished and at ease in his evening clothes; waiting patient but cold, dispassionate and disdainful.

"I am waiting, you see. Might I suggest that we have not all week for our—our mutual differences?"

His tone was altogether changed; she would hardly have known it for his voice. Its incisive, clipped accents were like a knife to her sensibility. She summoned the reserve of her strength, stood erect, unsupported, and moved forward without a word. He stood aside, holding the lamp high and followed her, lighting the way down the hall to the study.

Once there, she sank quivering into a chair, while he proceeded gravely to the desk, put down the lamp—superfluous now, the gas having been lighted—and after a moment's thought faced her, with a contemptuous smile and lift of his shoulders, thrusting hands deep into his pockets.

"Well," he demanded, cuttingly.

"She made a little motion of her hands, begging for time; and assenting with a short nod, he took a turn up and down the room, then abstractedly reached up and turned out the gas. "When you are quite composed I should enjoy hearing your statement."

"I—have none to make."

"So!"—with his back to the lamp, towering over and oppressing her with the sense of his strength and self control. "That is very odd, isn't it?"

"I have no explanation to give that would satisfy you, or myself," she said, brokenly. "I—I don't care what you think, with a flicker of defiance. Believe the worst and—and do what you will—have me arrested!"

He laughed sardonically. "Oh, we won't go so far as that, I guess; harsh measures, such as arrest and imprisonment, are so unsatisfactory to all concerned. But I am interested to know why you are here."

Her breathing seemed very loud in the pause; she kept her lips tight, fearing to speak lest she lose her mastery of self. And hysteria threatened; the fluttering in her bosom warned her. She must be very careful, very restrained, if she were to avert that crowning misfortune.

"I don't think I quite understand you," he continued, musingly; "surely you must have anticipated interruption."

"I thought you safely out of the way—"

"One presumed that." He laughed again, unpleasantly. "But how about Maitland? Didn't you have him in your calculations, or—"

He paused, unfeignedly surprised by her expression. And chuckled when he comprehended.

Advertisement for Castoria, 900 Drops, for infants and children. It is a vegetable preparation for assimilating food and regulating the stomach and bowels. It promotes digestion, cheerfulness, and rest, and contains neither opium, morphine, nor mineral. It is a safe simile signature of Dr. J. C. Wells, The Centaur Company, New York.

Advertisement for Castoria, 'The Kind You Have Always Bought'. It bears the signature of Dr. J. C. Wells. It is used for over thirty years. It is a perfect remedy for constipation, sour stomach, diarrhoea, worms, convulsions, feverishness, and loss of sleep.

Advertisement for Faultless Starch, 'The Best'. It is for laundry work, for shirts, collars, cuffs, and fine linen.

Widow to Widowers. Mr. Robert Marshall, a well-known London police court missionary, recently received the following letter: "Dear Sir: Reading of you sometimes in newspapers, I take the liberty of asking if you know of a very respectable man wish to get married again. I have been a widow for years now and am all alone in the world. Trusting to your honor and remaining yours respectfully, Mrs. —, middle age."

Advertisement for Pastine Toilet Antiseptic. It is a germicide, disinfectant, and deodorizer. It is used for cleaning, whitening, and removing tartar from the teeth, and for cleaning the mouth and throat.

Rare Combinations. "The time, the place and the girl. How seldom we see them together!"

THE TEETH. Pastine excels any dentifrice in cleaning, whitening and removing tartar from the teeth, besides destroying all germs of decay and disease which ordinary tooth preparations cannot do.

A CERTAIN METHOD. For curing cramps, diarrhea and dysentery by using Faithful's Peppermint Cure. This medicine has sustained reputation for over 20 years.

THE MOUTH. Pastine used as a mouth-wash cleans the mouth and throat, purifies the breath, and kills the germs which collect in the mouth, causing sore throat, bad teeth, bad breath, grippe, and much sickness.

Now a scientist says gold has a distinct odor. He must have been handed a bunch of the tainted kind.

THE EYES. When inflamed, tired, ache and burn, they may be instantly relieved and strengthened by Pastine.

Lewis' Single Binder gives the smoker what he wants, a rich, mellow-tasting cigar.

CATARRH. Pastine will destroy the germs that cause catarrh, heal the inflammation and stop the discharge. It is a sure remedy for uterine catarrh.

Advertisement for Dodds' Kidney Pills. It is for all kidney diseases, including rheumatism, backache, diabetes, and gravel.

Advertisement for Steel Grain Bins. It is for storing grain, and is made of heavy steel.

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills. It is for curing sick headache, indigestion, and other ailments.

Advertisement for Nothing Like. It is a medicine for the liver and bowels, and is the best medicine for these organs.

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills. It is for curing sick headache, indigestion, and other ailments.

Advertisement for Daisy Fly Killer. It is for killing flies and other insects.

Advertisement for Nebraska Directory. It is a directory for the state of Nebraska.

Advertisement for Free. It is a free offer for a watch or other item.

Advertisement for M. Spiesberger & Son Co. Wholesale Millinery. It is a wholesale millinery business.

Advertisement for Parker's Hair Balm. It is for conditioning and beautifying the hair.

Advertisement for Carey's Roofing. It is for roofing and other construction work.

Advertisement for Land-Irrigated. It is for irrigated land in Oregon.



Had Done Work Thoroughly

Corporal Literally Obeyed Orders of Post Commandant.

Gen. Clarence Edwards, chief of the insular bureau of the war department, tells how an Irish corporal got even with an unpopular post commander in Cuba. This post commander, though an excellent soldier, was something of a crank. He had two hobbies. One was that the liberal use of whitewash was the best possible preventive of disease, and the other was a pet flamingo, an ill-natured bird that was disliked heartily by the enlisted men because it never overlooked an opportunity to nip one of them.

One day the post commander had to go to Havana, but he could not endure the thought that anyone should be idle in his absence. It had been fully a week since any whitewashing had been done, so he issued an order that "all articles pertaining to the camp not sheltered from the weather" should be whitewashed. The Irish corporal was intrusted with the execution of the order.

The post commander returned next day, and pretty soon the air was fairly blue with his cursing. The soldiers heard the noise, but they were not curious. They knew what it was all about. The post commander's brilliant flamingo was white as a snowy heron.

Hay on Church Floor. A curious custom was observed at Old Neston church on Sunday. The church is dedicated to St. Swithin, and on festival day the church is strewn with hay. Many years ago some donor laid a field to provide money for bread which is distributed four times a year. The tenant of the field has to supply the hay to strew the church. The custom is supposed to have originated from the fact that on festival Sunday the parishioners wear new boots, and the idea of the donor was to have the hay laid down to stop the squeaking incidental to new footwear. On Sunday the hay was duly laid down in the church.—London Standard.