1911 THE BORES MEDBUL COMMEN

from the room.

Captain Murrell?

said Hannibal.

Betty?" he whispered as they went

"What makes you go? Was it some-

thing that woman told you? Are they

coming after us, Miss Betty? Is it

of mystery now, but more of terror,

and her hand stole up to her heart,

and, white and slim, rested against

"Don't you be scared, Miss Betty!"

They went silently from the house

and again crossed the lawn to the ter-

race. Under the leafy arch which can-

opied them there was already the

"Do you reckon it were Captain

Murrell shot Mr. Norton, Miss Bet-

ty?" asked Hannibal in a shuddering

"Hush-Oh, bush, Hannibal! It is

"But where are we going, Miss

"I don't know, dear!" She had an

agonizing sense of the night's ap-

proach and of her own utter helpless-

"I'll tell you what, Miss Betty, let's

"Judge Price?" She had not thought

your niggers to book up a team for

Betty suddenly remembered the car-

"We will go to the judge, Hannibal!

Screened by the thick shadows,

rows they hurried to the mouth of the

judge why I am leaving Belle Plain

of him as a possible protector.

go to the judge and Mr. Mahaffy!"

too awful to even speak or--" and,

sobbing and half hysterical, she cov-

ered her face with her hands.

"Captain Murrell?" There was less

"I only trust you, dear!"

the black fabric of her dress.

deep purple of twilight.

Betty?" asked the boy.

said Hannibal

## SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is aid in the library of an old worn-out outbern placetation, known as the Barmy. The place is to be sold, and its desory and that of the owners, the pulmards is the subject of discussion by onathan Crenshaw, a business man, a tranger known as Bladen, and Bob (ancy, a former, when Hannibai Wayne inzard, a mysterious child of the old outbern family, makes his appearance. hinzard, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy. Nathaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal. Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and nake questions about the Barony. Trouties at Scratch Hill, when Hannibal is kidnoped by Dave Blount. Captain Murrell's agent. Yancy overtakes blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squite Balanm, and is discharged with coats for the plaintiff. Betty Mairoy, a friend of the Ferrises, has an encounter with Capthe plaintiff. Betty Malroy, a friend of the Perrises, has an encounter with Cap-tain Murreil, who forces his attentions on her, and is rescued by Bruce Carrington. Besty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same singe. Yancy and Macallost disappear, with Murreil on their trail. Handibal arrives at the home of Judge Slorum Price. The Judge recog-plines in the boy, the grandson of an old time Iriend. Murreil arrives at Judge's home. Cavendish family on raft rescue Tamey, who is apparently dead. Price Leenks juil Betty and Carrington arrive y, who is apparently dead. Price is jail. Betty and Carrington arrive elle Plain. Hamibal's rifle discloses starting things to the judge. Hanand Betty meet again. Murrell arin Beile Plain. Is playing for big. sker. Tancy awakes from long dream-is skeep on board the raft. Judge Price less sleep on board the raft. Jodge Price makes startling discoveries in looking up land titles. Charley Norton, a young lander, who assists the judge, is mysteriously assaulted. Norton informs Carrington that Betty has promised to marry lim. Norton is mysteriously shot. More light on Murrell's plot. He plans uprising of negroes. Judge Price, with Hannibal, visits Betty, and she keeps the boy as a companion. In a stroil liefty takes with Hannibal they meet Bess Ricks, as a companion in a stroll Betty takes with Hannibai they meet Bess Hicks faughter of the overseer, who warns

CHAPTER XVIII (Continued).

Whatever the promptings that insympathy, Hier dominating emotion turned. seemed to be a sullen sort of resentment which lit up her glance with a George, who drove him into Raleigh, haps a hundred years, then suddenly dull fire; yet her icelings were so has not come back; if we hurry we clearly and so keenly personal that may meet him on the road." Betty understood the motive that had brought her there. The explanation, they passed up the path that edged the horses only reared and plunged. she found, left her wondering just the bayou; at the head of the inlet where and how her own fate was they entered a clearing, and crossing linked with that of this poor white. this they came to the corn-field which

You have been waiting some time lay between the house and the highto see me?" she asked.

"Ever since along about noon." "You were afraid to come to the lane.

"I didn't want to be seen there." "And yet you knew I was alone."

"Alone-but how do you know who's Betty watching the place?" you think there was reason to

be afraid of that?" asked Betty. Again the girl stamped her foot with angry impatience.

"You're just wastin' time-just foolin' it away-and you ain't got none to

You must tell me what I have to fear-1 must know more or I shall stay just where I am!"

"Well, then, stay!" The girl turned

away, and then as quickly turned tack and faced Hetty once more. "I reckon he'd kill me if he knew-i reckon I've earned that already-"

"Of whom are you speaking?" "He'll have you away from here to-

"He? what if I refuse to go?"

"Did they ask Charley Norton whether he wanted to live or die?" came the sinister question. A shiver passed through Betty. She

was seeing it all again-Charley as he groped among the graves with the hand of death heavy upon him. A moment later she was alone. The

girl had disappeared. "Come come quick, Hannibal!"

she gasped out, and seized his hand. What is it Miss Betty? What's the matter?" asked Hannibal as they fied pasting up the terraces.

"I don't know-only we must get away from here just as soon as we can!" Then, seeing the look of alarm on the child's face, she added more quietly, "Don't be frightened, dear, only we must go away from Belle Plain at once" But where they were to go, she had not considered.

Reaching the house, they stole to Betty's room. Her well-filled purse was the important thing; that, together with some necessary clothing

went into a small hand-hag. You must carry this, Hannibal; if any one sees us leave the house they'll think it something you are taking away," she explained. Hannibal

nodded understandingly. "Don't you trust your niggers, Miss "It were nothing, Miss Betty," said

Hannibal reassuringly, and they hurried forward again. In the utter stillness through which they moved Betty heard the beating of her own heart. dust of the road. Vague forms that resolved themselves into trees and heavy hand and thrust her back. bushes seemed to creep toward them out of the night's black uncertainty.

she'd done?" speculated the boy. It

occurred to him that an adequate ex-

planation of their flight would require

preparation, since the judge was at

all times singularly alive to the slight-

est discrepancy of statement. They

had issued from the corn-field and

went along the road toward Raleigh.

Suddenly Betty paused.

"Hark!" she whispered.

"It were nothing, Miss Betty," said sensed something of that intellectual make-up in nowise suggested, since his face was a mask that usually left what he heard succeeded in making its impression on him; but the boy knew that Slocum Price's blind side was a shelterless exposure.

"You don't think the carriage could have passed us while we were cross-

ing the corn-field?" said Betty. "No, I reckon we couldn't a-missed had scarcely spoken when they caught the rattle of wheels and the beat of hoofs. These sounds swept nearer and nearer, and the darkness disgorged the Belle Plain team and carriage.

"George!" cried Betty, a world of relief in her tones.

"Whoa, you!" and George reined in his horses with a jerk. "Who's dar?" he asked, bending forward on the box again. She clung to the desperate will like Mrs. Norton. So can you as he sought to pierce the darkness with his glance. "George-"

"Oh, it you, Missy?" "Yes, I wish you to drive me into Raleigh," said Betty, and she and Hannibal entered the carriage. "All right, Missy. Yo'-all ready for

me to go along out o' here?" "Yes-drive fast, George!" urged "Why, Miss Betty, ain't I told you be ain't afraid of nothing? We could

"It's right dark fo' fas' driving', walk to Raleigh easy if you don't want | Missy, with the road jes' aimin' fo' to bus' yo' springs with chuckholes!" He had turned his horses' heads in the direction of Raleigh while he was spared this warning, they plainly had riage which had taken the judge into speaking. "It's scandalous black in mothing to do with either liking or town; she was sure it had not yet re- these heah woods, Missy-I 'clar' I never seen it no blacker!"

The carriage swung forward for perthe horses came to a dead stop.

"Go along on, dar!" cried George and struck them with his whip, but "Hold on, nigger!" said a rough voice out of the darkness.

"What yo' doin'?" the coachman gasped. "Don' yo' know dis de Belle road. Following one of the shock Plain carriage? Take yo' han's offen dem hosses' bits!"

Two men stepped to the side of the "Hannibal, I don't want to tell the carriage. "Show your light, Bunker," said the

-about the woman, I mean," said same rough voice that had spoken be-

"You reckon they'd kill her, don't uncovered, and Hannibal uttered a cry you, Miss Betty, if they knew what of terror. He was looking into the face of Slosson, the tavern-keeper.

CHAPTER XIX.

Prisoners. In the face of Betty's indignant protest Slosson and the man named Bunker climbed into the carriage.

"Don't you be scared, ma'am," said the tavern-keeper, who smelt strongly of whisky. "I wouldn't lift my hand ag'in no good-looking female except in kindness."

"How dare you stop my carriage?" cried Betty, with a very genuine anand the soft and all but inaudible pat- | ger which for the moment dominated ter of the boy's bare feet on the warm all her other emotions. She struggled to her feet, but Slosson put out a

"There now," he urged soothingly. "Why make a fuss? We ain't going to harm you; we wouldn't for no sum Hannibal as before, and he returned of money. Drive on, Jim-drive like to his consideration of the judge. He hell!" This last was addressed to the man who had taken George's place nimbleness which his patron's physical on the box, where a fourth member of Slosson's band had forced the coachman down into the narrow space one in doubt as to just how much of between the seat and dashboard, and was holding a pistol to his head while he sternly enjoined silence.

With a word to the horses Jim swung about and the carriage rolled off through the night at a breakneck pace. Betty's shaking hands drew Hannibal closer to her side as she felt the surge of her terrors rise withhearing it," answered Hannibal. He in her. Who were these men-where could they be taking her-and for what purpose? The events of the past week linked themselves in tragic se-

quence in/her mind. They swept past the entrance at of the forest where the pale light of of giving up her home. Mrs. Derstars showed Betty the cornfield she and Hannibal had but lately crossed, and then on into pitchy darkness hope that they might meet some one on the road, when she could cry out and give the alarm. She held herself in readiness for this, but there was only the steady pounding of the big young sister. bays as Jim with voice and whip urged them forward. At last he abruptly checked them, and Bunker and Slosson sprang from their seats.

"Where are you taking me?" asked Betty, in a voice that shook in spite of her efforts to control it.

"You must hurry, ma'am," urged Slosson impatiently. "I won't move until I know where you intend taking me!" said Betty.

"If I am to die-" Mr. Slosson laughed loudly and indulgently.

"You ain't. If you don't want to walk, I'm man enough fo' to tote you. We ain't far to go, and I've tackled jobs I'd a heap less heart fo' in my time," he concluded gallantly. From the opposite side of the carriage Bunker swore nervously. He desired to know if they were to stand there talking all night. "Shut your filthy mouth, Bunker, and see you keep tight hold of that young rip-staver," said Slosson. "He's a perfect eel-l've had dealings with him afore!"

"You tried to kill my Uncle Boblore. Instantly a hooded lantern was at the tavern, you and Captain Murrell. I heard you, and I seen you drag m to the river!" cried h Slosson gave a start of astonish

> "Why, ain't he hateful?" he exclaimed aghast. "See here, young "You Don't Know the Meaning of the feller, that's no kind of a way fo' you to talk to a man who has riz his ten children!"

> Slosson to make haste. This popular over on the highlands, only thirty clamor served to recall the tavernkeeper to a sense of duty.

reaching out his hand took hold of Betty.

shrinking from the contact.

you tuck along after her with the undertook." "What about this nigger?" asked

the fourth man.

narrow path that led off through the suburban trolley started.

Slosson seemed to have passed com- days." pletely under the spell of his domesout of east Tennessee. She'd buried her employer a pleasant thrill. the other."

fore this stage is reached it will usu-

WAS

Cupid Thought Not and Was Right.

By M. DIBBELL.

"The game isn't worth the candle," said Jocelyn dejectedly. "We positively can't live on in this way; the ends simply won't meet-I must go to work at something."

"But what can you do, child?" queried her sister "You have never learned anything but housekeeping well enough to teach it, and nobody wants lessons at that."

"Well I might at least keep somebody's house."

"Oh Jocelyn, is it not better to starve respectably than to go out as common servant?" "It certainly is not. I have a good

healthy appetite every day of my life, and I intend to do my best to produce the three satisfactory meals which Providence intended me to have. Besides, a housekeeper is an important person nowadays-she oversees the doings of everybody else."

"Where do you expect to find such a responsible position? They don't go begging?"

"Now my great secret shall be divulged." Jocelyn answered triumphantly. "I had a long talk with Mrs. Derment before she returned to the city this fall, and she quite approved of my idea. In her letter which came today she says that a dear friend of hers is in such poor health that she is no longer able to look after house-Belle Plain, past a break in the wall hold affairs, but cannot bear to think ment told her about me, and was authorized to make me a proposal. The salary is generous, and she is sure I suggest any reason why I should refuse such an offer?"

Miriam only gasped, as she gazed into the eager face of her energetic

"You dear old Miriam-you just can't help knowing that it is the very best thing on earth I could do. You can live here in peace and comfort "Get down, ma'am!" said the lat- and come over to see me if you get



Word."

lonesome, I have kept the best part of Again Bunker swore, while Jim told it till the last-Mrs. Norton lives tray a confidence," he answered. minutes on the trolley."

Relief succeeded dismay "Ma'am, like I should tote you, or Miriam's eyes. "That will be con- er off on all sorts of excursions. "I will you walk?" he inquired, and venient to have you so near at hand, am a stranger and want to see the I was beginning to wonder how I country." was his excuse, and Joce-"I'll walk," said the girl quickly, I could never see you. You are a the pink beginning to creep back into brave child, and I believe you could Mrs. Norton's cheeks. "Keep close at my heels. Bunker, not help succeeding at whatever you | Miriam was married to her patient

sume her duties as its housekeeper. her thought. "Fetch him along with us," said "Remember I shall come to see you Slosson. They turned from the road every Thursday afternoon," she certainly hope so," she said to herwhile he was speaking and entered a called back to Miriam, as the big self.

woods, apparently in the direction of Jocelyn received a cordial welcome Ralston and Jocelyn strolled together. the river. A moment later Betty from Mrs. Norton who had taken a heard the carriage drive away. They liking to her young housekeeper at in law that you feared, doesn't it?" went onward in silence for a little their first meeting. "I am so glad Eugene asked. time, then Slosson spoke over his that I am to have someone who can take charge of everything," she said that I am overcoming selfishness." "Yes, ma'am, I've riz ten children, with a relieved sigh. "Now I can but none of 'em was like him-I rest in peace, and rest seems to be a you don't know the meaning of the trained 'em up to the minute!" Mr. perpetual demand with me nowa- word."

"When you don't have anything to how little you know of the real me." tic recollections, for he continued think about except how to get well with just a touch of reminiscent sad and strong you will find yourself rest new lease of life when she found you, to relieve stomach trouble keeps up ness in his tone. "There was all told ed before you know it. I am going and I know that when I found you the patent medicine business and helps four Mrs. Slossons: two of 'em was to see that you do get well—that is I found the one woman in the world keep up the army of dyspeptics. South Carolinians, one was from Geor one of my duties as housekeeper." for me. Jocelyn will you marry me, gia, and the last was a widow lady and Jocelyn's cheerful voice gave and let me love you forever?"

three husbands, and I figured we Mrs. Norton was alone, and her ill could start perfectly even." The in- health was largely the result of sortrinsic fairness of this start made its row over the fees of both her husstrong appeal. Mr. Slosson dwelt up band and an only daughter. Her inon it with satisfaction. "She had terest in life seemed dead, but the three to her credit, I had three to presence of her cheerful young house mine; neither could crow none over keeper caused it to show faint flutterings of life, and as the months passed she found that existence was not after all an entire blank.

each other for the girl made valiant as 1681, the graphite deposits of Cey- digested, full of strength for nerves efforts to interest and amuse her em- lon were not exploited until some and brain, in every grain of it. There's when she saw in Mrs. Norton a Dixon is said to have imported a Grape-Nuts is the food.

The weekly visits to Miriam were faithfully paid, and the elder sister cial importance. From that time to seemed cheerful and contented when inis, as a result of the growth of met- all run down and my food seemed to they met; so it was a shock to Joce- allurgical industries and the resulting do me but little good. From reading lyn when one day in late spring she received a call from Oliver Craig, industry has developed rapidly, until one of the favorite bachelors of her at present graphite is subordinate only use of it, felt greatly improved. home village, and was severely taken to tea and the products of the cocoata task by him for leaving her sister nut palm among the exports from

When she tried to defend her action

would be as dear as a sister to me and

SHE SELFISH? could have a home with us always if you would.'

Jocelyn gave a little laugh. "You nearly scared me to death, but now I see through your deep laid scheme. One of the Principal Advantages of You know I have always liked you. Oliver. Why didn't you ask me to help you before, instead of keeping your courting of Miriam secret all this time? To-morrow is my day for visiting, and I shall surely lay down the law to my dear old goose of a sister. She shall be happy, even if I have to force her into it.'

"What a dumb-head I have been," remarked Oliver disgustedly. "I never dared speak to you on the subject for fear you would go into hysterics-Miriam was sure the mere suggestion would break your heart." He gave Jocelyn's hand a brotherly squeeze as he took his departure.

Jocelyn kept her word, and on the day following gave Miriam a severe lecture on her duty to the man who had loved her so long and waited for her so patiently. Before she left, a brother-in-law for herself had be come an admitted possibility in the near future.

On returning to the Norton resi dence after this interview, its house keeper found unusual signs of excitement

"Oh, Miss Newell," was the greeting of Mary the parlor-maid, "Mrs. Norton's nephew has come, and they have been talking together over an hour. Mrs. Norton said put him in the blue room, and he would stay a long time she hoped."

"I am glad he has come, Mary; it will do Mrs. Norton good and we must make him comfortable." Jocelyn hastened to her room, feeling to her own surprise decidedly blue.

Removing her wraps, she threw shawl about her shoulders and slipped out of doors. Mrs. Norton and her nephew were evidently settled for the evening, and a lonely feeling came over the young housekeeper as she heard their voices in passing.

After rambling for some time in the moonlight, Jocelyn seated herself on a bench by the boundary wall, and faced the situation. "What a selfish thing I am! Just because Miriam is to be made happy in spite of herself, and Mrs. Norton has the only person she has on earth left to love come to brighten her up, I fall into the dumps! It's a nice way of practicing the Golden Rule."

But this self directed lecture failed of its effect, for to Jocelyn's disgust she found herself sobbing softly. She rubbed the tears flercely away.

"Why Miss Newell, what is the matter?" asked a sympathetic voice, as Jocelyn gave a final dab. She looked up with a start to find herself confronted by a tall young man, who continued, "Aunt Alma sent me to bring her treasured housekeeper in out of the dew, but she will be sorry | tion other than love. The difficulty in I found you in tears. Can't I do producing such plays is that every something to help you?"

the most selfish creature on earth." his audience, almost inevitably adopts she answered. "Should you sympa. the view expressed 2,000 years ago by thize with some one who cried be a scribbler of the dead walls of Pomcause she was going to have for a peii: "He who has never loved a brother-in-law a man she had always woman is not a gentleman." liked?"

"I should sympathize with my aunt's perfect housekeeper whatever her trouble-she has told me all worse.

"Mrs. Norton is the best woman that ever lived." Jocelyn rose as she spoke. "I must see that she is properly fixed for the night. Please don't tell her what a goose I have been." "You need not fear that I will be-

Eugene Ralston proved a great addition to the household, he carried in both Mrs. Norton and her housekeepcould exist with you away off where lyn silently blessed him as she saw

Oliver in mid-summer, and the couple The week following, Jocelyn Newell went for a short trip; but Jocelyn started for the Norton home to as- found that only joy for her sister filled

"I must be growing less selfish-I

On the night of the wedding Eugene "It seems better to have a brother-

"I am delighted-I begin to hope "The idea of your being selfish-

Jocelyn laughed. "That only shows

entirely satisfactory to Eugene, thought I was overcoming selfishness, organs they are actually crippled. when it was only that I was learning to care for you-what an awful hypo- to tonics is like whipping a tired crite I-" But the hypocrite's lips were sealed.

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Graphite Industry Grows.

The two women became fond of known and mentioned in print as early the industry assumed any commerdemand for refractory materials, the an advertisement I tried Grape-Nuts Ceylon. The graphite is mined either feeling so tired, and am better every from open pits or through vertical way. methods are still crude, the acme of

Time!

Waterman's Ideal Fountaini'en is that you have a pen that will always respond immediately wherever you want to write. Th oon Feed regulates an even and steady flow and prevents overflow. Gold Pens to suit every hand.



PETTIT'S YOUR EYES—
PETTIT'S EYE SALVE is what you need

**ELECTRIC LIGHT IN DENMARK** 

Every Town In That Country of Over 5,000 Population Has Public Service.

According to recent information about the progress of electric light and power industries in Denmark, it appears that all the towns of 5,000 inhabitants and over are now provided with public electric service, says the Scientific American. As to towns having between 5,000 and 3,000 inhabitants, there are only three in which electric mains are not installed, so that it will be seen that Denmark is one of the most progressive countries in this respect. The largest sized electric stations are to be found at Copenhagen and at present there are three large plants in operation giving a total of 27,000 horse power. Current is supplied for the city mains, as well as for the tramway lines. As regards the Danish stations in small towns, in general each town has its own plant, and there is but one example of an intercommunal system. This is at Skovshoved, near Copenhagen, and the central station extends its power lines over all the suburban regions, also supplying the tramways of Hellerup and Klampenburg. In most of the town electric stations the Diesel heavy oil engine is used

The Love in Fiction and Life.

A periodical devoted to the drama pleads for plays based on some emoplay must have a hero, and in mak-"No, for I am crying because I am ing a hero, the playwright, as well as

Subtle Admonition.

"Why do you always ask that regular customer if the razor hurts him?"

"Just as a gentle reminder," replied the other, "that if he forgot the tip it's liable to hurt him next time."

In Gotham. "I know a policeman who always puts by something every week of what

"Humph! I know one who always puts by every week more than he

Electric Fans in India. A Norwegian expedition will study in India for men to wave fans to keep the air circulating in houses, they are

gradually being replaced by electric fans as cheaper and more reliable. The Likeness "This free pulling of teeth has some

features in common with big social functions." "What are they?"

he earns."

"Charity bawls." Nine times out of ten when a lover tells his betrothed that he's not half good enough for her he speaks only half the truth.

If the clinging type of woman could only hang onto cash!

A FOOD CONVERT Good Food the True Road to Health.

The pernicious habit some persons "I know that Aunt Alma found a still have of relying on nauseous drugs Indigestion-dyspepsia - is caused

by what is put into the stomach in the Jocelyn's answer was peculiar, but way of improper food, the kind that "I so taxes the strength of the digestive When this state is reached, to resort horse with a big load. Every addi-

tional effort he makes under the lash diminishes his power to move the Try helping the stomach by leaving Although their existence was long off heavy, greasy, indigestible food and take on Grape-Nuts-light, easily

"I am an enthusiastic user of Grapein 1829, but it was not until 1834 that Nuts and consider it an ideal food."

writes a Maine man: "I had nervous dyspepsia and was food, and, after a few weeks' steady

"Am much stronger, not nervous now, and can do more work without

"I relish Grape-Nuts best with cream and use four heaping teaspoonfuls as the cereal part of a meal. I am sure fited by using Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a rea-

Ever read the above letter? A me appears from time to time. To re genuine, true, and full of hu

## Compares Girls and Boys

Though Woman Has More Roundabout Way, Her Conclusions Are Conceded to Be About Right.

say about young women and young

est from now on with man's business it!" and more with her own! In any case will rarely develop as rapidly in field from this point as he is do-

"He becomes assertive, confident. dominating: the male taking a male's Frederic Harrison's recent book shows place. He discovers that his intellect- that Millet cared little what was paid ual processes are more scientific than him for his pictures, because he did In the American Magazine, Ida M. bers, therefore he concludes they are Tarbell, writing an interesting ar- superior. He flinds he can out-argue of creating beauty. ticle as women, has the following to her, draw logical conclusions as she cannot. He can do anything with her but convince her, for she jumps the "In the first two or three years after process, lands on her conclusion, and entering college, a young woman will there she sits. Things are so because ast invariably appear superior to they are so. And the chances are she the men of her age, more grown up, is right in spite of the irregular way more in stested, surer of berself, read- she got there. Something superior to Later you will find her on the reason enters into her operations-an whole less inclined to experiment with intuition of truth akin to inspiration. her gifts, to feel her wings, to make In early ages women unusually enunexpected dushes into life. It begins dowed with this quality of perception ck as if he were the experimenter, were honored as seers. Today they she the conservative. And by the are recognized as counselors of pro-time she is a senior, look out! The phetic wisdom. 'If I had taken my chances are she will have less inter-wife's advice!' How often one hears

> France has four classes of roads. They are respectively 50, 40, 33 and

He Was Looking Into the Face of Slosson, the Tavern-keeper.

Stranger to Avarice. Artists are often very shrewd men ally be found that the jar can be of business; it is not every painter who is swindled by the picture dealers. But a charming story in Mr.

Millet had a standing agreement with a firm of art dealers, who took the top and unseal the jar. all his work in exchange for regular payments of \$200 a month. Somebody pointed out to Millet that they could sell a single picture of his for as much

"That is their affair," he said, sim ply. "As long as I have all I need, and can paint what I like, and as I like it, I do not mind what they get for my pictures."-Youth's Companion.

To Open a Sealed Jar. A safe and sure way to open a sealed glass far which defies all efforts to release the contents without break. bring it gradually to a boil; but be | what they had seen.

opened with the usual means and effort—that is, by a reverse twist on ployer; and great was her satisfaction time between 1820 and 1830. Joseph no waste of time nor energy when the metal top, using a damp cloth or a piece of sand paper, if at hand, to marked improvement both in health small quantity into the United States prevent the hand from slipping Then and spirits. insert a thin knife blade under the not work for money, but for the joy rubber, next the jar, and press against it firmly. This will usually let in enough air to release the pressure on Remarkable Series of Crimes.

the Pretoria (South Africa) newspa- to die of loneliness. pers, has surrendered to the police.

ing the receptacle, is to place the jar sight of two other children, whom he you as she has always insisted. You ly slippery by the graphite dust and in a deep saucepan of cold water; bade return to their father and relate would be as dear as a sister to me and water.

A one-armed native, according to

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

after a series of fiendish crimes he waved aside her explanation, but shafts connecting with underground Quarreling with his fellows, he set his next words opened the mental workings. As a rule the mining about two dozen huts alight and fie! eyes of his bewildered listener. to the hills, pursued by hundreds of "The only way out of it is for Mimen from his own district. They riam to marry me. I have been wantmen for hoisting the graphite in a fited by using Grape-Nuts." Name givcould not capture him, and he reing her to do it for ten years. I am men for hoisting the graphite in a turned by stealth to his kraal, seized not going to sit quietly and see her sort of tub. The workmen usually two children of the man with whom pine away before my eyes-I want you ascend and descend by means of Read the little book, "The Road to he had first quarreled, and dashed to tell Miriam that it is her duty to rough wooden ladders, tied with their heads against a rock in the be my wife, not to keep a home for jungle ropes and rendered exceeding-