

SYNOPSIS.

<section-header><section-header> tinuously." he began speaking:

CHAPTER IX .- Continued. "There's no other explanation," he

decided, conclusively. "You mean he committed suicide? "Call it what you like, sir." "But there was no reason for him

to do such a thing," I objected. "I understand he's been pretty ill, sir."

"He was ill, yes. But he was on the Mr. Cameron almost continuously. road to recovery." And then, with the Now I'm not mentioning the little realization that I was speaking of while you were in here, early in the Cameron in the past tense, as though evening, but during the last quarter It were already settled that I should of an hour before you gave the alarm, never see him aiive again, a shiver you weren't with him, either." of horror swept over me. I know Mac-I stared at the speaker for an in-Leod observed it, for he said: stant in absolute dumb amaze.

"There's been a drop in the tem-"I don't know why you say that," I perature, in the last half-hour. It'll said, at length, more hurt than anbe more comfortable in my cabin, sir, gered. "I told you that from the moif you don't mind coming in, and talkment I last spoke to him, seated being the thing over a bit." side him there on the after-deck, un-

"Good Heavens, MacLeod," I ex- til I turned from the rail and found claimed, turning on him with nervous him gone, not more than two minsavagery, "do you expect me to sit utes elapsed. And that was God's down and talk calmly at such a mo- truth." ment? I can't.' It's all I can do to

"You said you were listening for stand still here, for a minute at a what you thought sounded like a motime. I feel I must do something. It's tor boat, didn't you?" torture to have one's hands tied this "I did." "And you were leaning over the taff-

way." "I think I know how you feel, sir. rail, looking for it, weren't you?" But walking the deck will do no good, "I was."

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"Most marvelously." space.

"Under the circumstances, Mr. been better if you'd told me about and the man I'd set to watch him. The this?"

By, HORACE

The

"Mr. Cameron was very anxious that no one should know." The captain compassed his right

knee with his locked hands. "All the same," he said, "he'd never

have been spirited off this yacht if I'd suddenly loony. 'Before the watch a' known what was in the wind." This statement annoyed me, and I resented it.

been here.'" "What could you have done?" I "And the boat without lights?" I asked. "I was with him almost conquestioned. "Did you inquire about her? Who else saw her?"

There came a strange, half-meditative, half-bold look in the man's eyes, no, sir-and that's very strange to me and I was wondering what it portend--neither of them saw her. I gave ed, when, quite ignoring my question, them both a rating. If they weren't have missed her."

SABLE

"You see there oughtn't to be any misunderstanding between you and me, sir. This is too serious a business to be bungled because I am only man to be accused of imaginative fan- ture. captain of this yacht and you are the cies. He was thoroughly in earnest in owner's friend. So, if I speak plainly,

sir, you'll understand why, and not think me disrespectful." I smiled to reassure him, still puzpart I was sure that, at the time he zled, and added:

"Go straight ahead, captain. You are perfectly right." "Well," he began, "I'll tell you, Mr. to be?"

Clyde. Your story, as you told it to me, has some weak points in it. You say, for instance, that you were with

ing in range of our own lights. She looked more like a tug than anything first. I feared it." else; but she had more speed than any tug I ever saw. She hadn't the lines of a yacht."

"She wasn't a pilot boat?"

"Well, sir, I couldn't say exactly.

home either." I asked:

"I suppose you have some theory, it was suicide?"

After a thoughtful second, he said:

So much is clear. little after eight bells I came down "Most marvelously." Again MacLeod was silent for a from the bridge—I stopped there for the bridge was silent for a from the bridge was a word with the creat. just a minute to have a word with Then women show a front of iron; Brandon when he came up-and then And, gentle in their manner, they Clyde, don't you think it would have I went myself to look after Johnson Do bold things in a quiet way.

Evelyn Grayson did a bold thing in fisherman was in a bunk sound asleep, a quiet way that morning. I have not and the man swore he had been lying yet forgotten how marble white she there snoring, for the past two hours. was, and yet how bravely she came, 'Who was it came up the ladder twenwith springing step and lifted chin ty minutes ago?' I asked. He looked and fearless eyes. I had waited her at me as if he thought I was gone coming in the music room, with its score of reminders of happy evenings changed?" he asked. I nodded. 'Not in which he had participated. The a soul came or went,' he said, 'since I chair he usually chose, in the corner, near the great bow window against which the east wind was now driving ter, I'm sure of that."

the rain in gusty splashes, took on a pathos which moved me to weakness. paged upon the music rack of the piano, stirred memories scarcely less harrowing. A photograph, an ash asleep I don't see how they could tray, a paper knife, all commonplace

objects of themselves, but so linked er-in-chief, so curiously inapposite in The thing was growing more and to him by association, became, sudmore baffling. MacLeod was the last denly, instruments of emotional torletters."

In this environment, under these what he had told me; and yet for influences, I rose to meet her, wordneither of his statements had he the less. Yet my expression and attitude smallest corroboration. For my own must have spoken loudly enough to confirm the dread that was in her mentioned, no vessel of any descrip- heart, for even before she spoke I was tion had passed anywhere near us. sure that she knew. And then she of itself, for one so small." "What did you make the craft out had taken my two outstretched hands

mine, and low-voiced, but sure and She was in sight only a minute, com- tremorless, was saying:

"I feared it, Philip. From the very smallest detail, it was as though she | ers."

were the man and I the woman; for the recital had been for me a very "Oh, no, sir. New York pilots don't painful confession of my own incompilots wouldn't be so far away from more nervously unstrung than at any for the first two communications was time since the night of the strange more energetic than successful. To-I offered the captain a cigar, which catastrophe. With what heroic forti-

ence. When I lighted a cigar myself, be indicated by the statement that deed, every possible hiding place both

As usual he was slow to answer. small white hands. At the end I ters, or he had them on his person leaned forward and with left elbow on when he vanished from the yacht. "I'd be sorry to think that, Mr. knee rested my forehead in my palm. Clyde. Taking into consideration what She sat beside me on the same settee; you told me about the threat, and and now she drew closer, and laying couched, malevolent epistles, as nearconnecting that boat with it, it her cool right hand over my own dis- ly as I could remember them; and looks-" and then he paused, thought- engaged one, began stroking my hair save, perhaps, for possibly two or ful again. "It's not in possibility," he with her left. For a full minute she three verbal errors they were, I think



Bruges, Belgium-At the beginning of the fourteenth century Bruges was a city of 200,000 inhabitants. It was not only the most important city in Flanders, but next to Venice the greatest trade center in the world. Its harbor was filled with ships, and "The police would of course tell the its people were enormously wealthy.

Their homes were filled with every "We can do some things, without luxury. Their churches and public the police," was her next assertion. buildings were beautiful, and the in-'There are some things that I can do; sides were decorated with precious and there are more that you can do." gems, beautiful windows and exquisite She was thoughtful for a moment, and in: "I am so sorry about Peter carvings.

Johnson! You should never have lost Art flourished as the town grew richer, and it produced such painters

"We gave him money and "Captain MacLeod must go back there, where you left him. Where was it? Siasconset? He must trace him. His trail won't lead to Glouces- mud. At first it was only the larg-

My self-esteem was not being vigorously stimulated by the young lady that it formed a bank across the "I asked the lookouts; but-well, The Baudelaire lyric, spread open- at this juncture. Indeed, I was being zivijn and Bruges was cut off from made to feel more and more my stra- the sea. And with the loss of trade tegical inferiority.

"And I," she continued, with the methodical expediency of a commandshe: "and I shall find out about those

"Find out what?" I asked in astonishment.

"Find out what manner of man wrote them," she amplified. "But how can you?" I inquired. "That seems a pretty big undertaking

"I have thought of a way," she dein hers and raised her brave eyes to clared, noncommittally. "And what am I to do?" was my

newspapers," I added.

speed," I reminded her.

sight of him."

next question, feeling miserably small beside this efficient child. "You must give me the letter you

And when I told her all, to the have, and help me look for the oth-

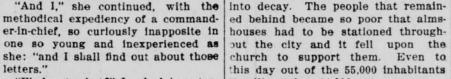
The first part of the command was easy enough of obedience; for the letter was in my pocket at the mogether we ransacked desks, bureaus, he declined, filling his pipe in prefer- tude she heard the narrative may best tables, closets, trunks, clothes. Inthroughout it all she sat calmly atten- at Cragholt and on the Sibylla was tive, but unquestioning, and with no carefully and systematically delved MacLeod. You don't seriously think sign of emotion beyond her continued into and exhausted without reward. pallor and a recurrent tensing of her Either Cameron had destroyed the let-

At Evelyn's request, however, 1 wrote copies of those two strangely. Bruges, in Belgium, Once Greatest Town in World. Had 200,000 Population Six Centuries Ago-Was Next to Venice in Commercial Importance-Deserted When Sea Cut Off Town.

as Van Eyck and Hans Memlinc.

Then came an awful blight upon the city. The zivijn, or chanenl, which connected Bruges with the sea became clogged up with sand and est ships that could not get past, but gradually the sand became so high

the town became deserted and fell



it still retains, 11,000 are paupers. It is a very sad old town and seems to be in a dreamy slumber from which even the gayest sunshine cannot awaken it. Its brilliant glory has faded, but a mellower beauty is left that is still more poetic and alluring. The belfry alone seems to have lived through the past, and it rises high in the market place like an old

mother watching her sleeping children. The belfry is the heart and soul of Bruges. In olden days a watchman was stationed here always to signal the approach of enemies or

the breaking out of fire. In the square below the belfry market is held, and here everything cruise this far east, and the Boston petence, and its conclusion left me ment. But my assistance in searching can be bought from a piano to a collar-button. In the corner of the market place is the famous chapel of the Holy Blood. In the under part of the chapel are a number of cold, damp cells where the people go to pray.

In the upper chapel, which is very gorgeously decoratetd, the relic of the





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LUME

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS World's Pure Food Expe sition, Chicago, Ill.

Paris Exposition, France March, 1912.

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JAKEY'S FAULT VERY SERIOUS

Father Rightly Felt Me Could Never Be Captain of Industry Unless He Was Taught to Improve.

and if you could calm yourself enough to talk it over quietly, we might get down to something that would guide us, so to speak."

"Guide us?" I repeated. "Yes, sir. It's not impossible, you

know, sir, that when he went overboard he was picked up." The light from his cabin porthole

illuminated us both, and now as he she was-crossed within ten feet of looked at me he must have seen my perplexity.

plained, "that you thought you heard ed. the exhaust of some sort o' craft not far away."

It was this reminder, I think, which brought back my wool-gathering wits and steadied me to a perception of the real importance of the captain's plea. Of one thing, at least, I was assured: Cameron was not a suicide. How he could have gone over the taffrail withnever be able to understand. But gone he was, and it lay upon me to discover by whose assistance this marvelous disappearance was accomcontrolling my futile unrest, I was utes after this that you got up and presently seated in MacLeod's swivel went to the rail, and that you only chair, while he, from a place on the side of his berth, fired pointed questions at me, which I either answered word is the truth," I insisted, veheas best I could or returned in kind.

"Now maybe it's none of my busiaess, Mr. Clyde, but in view of tonight's occurrence I think it's perti- fore you gave the alarm." nent to know why there was such a thorough inspection of the Sibylla before we sailed, and such a lot of cau- of course to ascertain the hour and tion regarding the crew." That was the first of his volley, and for a mo- At sea they work by clock. At eight ment it staggered me. I recognized. however, that this was not a time for puibbling, and as MacLeod had been for years a staunch soldier in Cameron's army of employees, I saw no harm in letting him know the truth. "I'll tell you." I returned, frankly, "but it's not to go any further. In the past nine weeks Mr. Cameron has been receiving a series of threatening boat. I didn't. You say it was after anonymous letters. The last one came midnight when I came to you. It week ago today; and in it this was may have been. I don't know. It named as the date for the climax." "Climax?" he repeated, questioning-

y.

"Yes. Today, the letter stated, Mr. Cameron would disappear." The calm, phlegmatic young captain

did not start. He simply narrowed his eyes in thought.

"That's odd," he said, gravely, "damned odd." And then, after a secand's consideration, he asked: "Was puzzling me." that-but of course it was-why he took this cruise?"

"No," I told him. "That was not his reason: though it was mine."

I did not mean to be enigmatic, but I suppose I was, for MacLeod showed | ed his guard, has he?" plainly enough that he failed to understand.

"You see," I went ca, in elucidation "Mr. Cameron did not know about this last threat. He was ill when the letter came, and we kept it from him ' It was evident to me that the cap-

tain disapproved, but he held his peace.

"What were the previous threats?" he asked, presently.

"Nothing definite," I answered. Simply that on certain fixed days the writers would demonstrate their power "

'And did they?"

"But you didn't see it?" "No, I didn't see it; and I couldn't hear it after the first few seconds." The captain had fixed a gaze on me

that seemed aimed to penetrate to my soul's fiber. After my answer he was silent a moment. Then he said: "Where were you, Mr. Clyde, when

that boat-motor, tug, or whatever the dory we are towing?" Had he struck me in the face I

"You said yourself, sir," he ex- could not have been more dumfound-

"What do you mean?" were the only words that came to me.

"I mean that the craft you have been talking about came up and went astern of us, ten or twelve minutes before you gave the alarm that Mr. Cameron had vanished under your eyes. I was on the bridge and saw it from Siasconset to Providence; ques had told her. myself-just a black shape, without out my seeing or hearing him, I should lights, and her exhaust muffled, just stage; making inquiry in every town as you say. You tell me that you and Mr. Cameron had been sitting there of profit for our pains. As that black for three hours, at least; that you craft, with dimmed lights and muffled heard seven bells strike; that it was plished. And so it came about that, not more than fifteen or twenty min- the night of Cameron's disappearance.

> stood there two minutes." "I told you all of that, and every mently.

"And yet," he retorted accusingly, "and yet-eight bells had struck be for anything he was too inferior both they may murder him. Somehow, I

I had not thought of the time. In my panic it had not occurred to me. minute. But Captain MacLeod knew. bells the watch had changed. "My dear fellow," I exclaimed ris-

ing, "you certainly cannot for a moment suspect me of complicity." He stood up, too: imperturbable

"I just want those things explained, that's all," was his reply. "And I can't explain them," I told

him, candidly. "You say you saw the may have been nearer twelve, when I

mysterious."

My candor seemed to relieve him. "Well, Mr. Clyde," he said, with equal sincerity, "maybe I was out-

spoken, but I wanted to know what you'd say to the points that were "You did perfectly right," I told shrank from that duty is beyond anyhim. "As you have said, there must thing I can put into words. I know be no secrets between us." And then, it would have been far easier for me

as I resumed my seat. I asked: "What

MacLeod sat down again too. "He's in where I put him, now." he

"but-I'm not sure; it's almost as tress. mysterious as the other-but I could have sworn I saw him come up that before this. I thought I had sounded for'ard hatchway and go sneaking aft

while I was on the bridge." "When was that?" I pressed, eager-

"About a guarter of twelve." "What did you do?"

spooky craft come out of the dark, have been inspired by such a one as and go skimming astern of us. A she:

said nothing. Then, in soothing ac- quite accurate. went on, after a second, "that they cents: could have plucked him off with a line.

"I am glad you didn't find the boat. But if that fellow I saw going aft-Oh, That means he is on it. If you had Lord, no, sir! It's past me to see a found it, it would have been some orway out. All the same, we are keening that craft in sight, and if we can with this affair, whatever." only get thirty knots out of the Sibylla

It was odd reasoning, but very femagain, we'll find out what she is and what her business is, before morning." "But you made one mistake, Philip."

CHAPTER X. A Woman of Intuition.

Ill tidings, always a heavy burden, never weighed more heavily on any ment.

"He was one of them," she explained one than on me that dismal, rainy Sunday morning, on which I stepped in a tone of conviction.

from the Sibylla's launch to the stone little nettled. It annoyed me that have been a part of her convent teachwater steps of Cragholt. For two days we had searched the bays and inlets she should be so positive, knowing no from Provincetown to Plymouth and more of the man than that which I

"I feel it," she answered. And that tioning at every pier and landing was all the reason she could give. I had not expected to find such deand hamlet; but without a thimbleful

velopment of intuition regarding worldly matters in one so young, and so fresh from conventual seclusion. And engines, had eluded our pursuit on then her judgment seemed to keep pace with her auguries; for when I so for forty-eight hours succeeding spoke of inviting the aid of detectives she had baffled our quest. No one

and the newspapers, she begged me knew her; no one had seen her. As for that shaken, frayed, pallid to consider.

fisherman, Peter Johnson, he appeared below, rather than above, sus-If they discover they are being sought, picion. If my knowledge of men went mentally and physically to be a par- feel he is still alive; and so we must

do nothing that will incite them to ticipant in any such plot as was here further violence." involved. He seemed to me woefully "But," I returned, conscious of the weak and wasted, and with as little force of her argument, yet failing to

brains as sinew. So, with enough see how this caution could very well money for a new mast and sail, we be exercised, "we can't find him withhad put him and his dory ashore at our first landing, and had forthwith out seeking."

"No, but we can seek him in seforgotten him. cret. The newspapers must not tell MacLeod had been inclined to continue the search, but I argued that the world."

any further efforts in that direction would be only a waste of time. The craft we were looking for might have come from any one of a thousand places and returned to any one of a thousand more. Some more effective, general and far-reaching steps must

be taken, I held, and taken quickly. went to the rail. My impression is Indeed I felt now that to keep secret that it was not. I'll admit it is mys- longer the conspiracy, as indicated in terious. The whole awful thing is those mystic letters, would be little short of criminal. The aid of the po-

lice and the press must be invoked at once, and nothing left undone to trace the crime to its source.

was to acquaint Evelyn Grayson with Carried Bones of Common Sloth to bones of the common sloth, several But my first and most onerous task the facts as I knew them. How I

to have carried her definite news of

I imagined I knew Evelyn Grayson, the profundities of her fortitude and courage on the night that I spread be-

and last letter. But my fancy did her

a woman than I dreamed. Recently I chanced upon these lines

"And now," I asked again, "what am I to do?"

It was nearly midnight, and I was leaving her, my car waiting in the dinary thing having no connection sopping driveway to carry me home.

'You are not to worry any more than you possibly can help," she told inine, and in an esoteric way, forceful. me, with a brave little smile, "for we are going to succeed. And tomorrow she went on. "You should not have you must go to your office, and keep very, very silent about what has haplet that fisherman, Peter Johnson, go." At this I raised my head and regard- pened. And then you are to come to ed her with something like astonish- me again in the evening, and I will tell you all I have learned."

With which she gave me her hand to kiss, in the odd little French way

ing. As I come to review these matters now, it seems singular that I should have so readily consented to be guided by this girl's will in a case of such believe there was something providen. tial both in her assumption of leader ship and in my own unquestioning acquiescence. For the day of office work and silence, which she enjoined, was exactly what I needed to restore my nerves to their normal tension. It was, in fact, a sort of counter-irritant, which brought me up standing, with a "I am afraid for him," she pursued revived self-confidence and recuperatgravely. "Publicity might mean death. ed energy.

So when, a little before five o'clock that afternoon, just as I was making ready to run for my train, I heard Evelyn's voice over the telephone, 1 was fairly tingling with ardor for the game; and her request to call on Professor Griffin, the expert in Oriental literature, who occupied a chair in Columbia college, and lived a mile or more back from the Greenwich station, was a welcome call to action.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Jefferson as a Naturalist

Philadelphia Supposing Them Those of Mammoth.

It is said that when Thomas Jefferson journeyed from Monticello to nyx jeffersonii. about the fisherman? He hasn't evad- her uncle's death. What I had to Philadelphia on his way to take the tell was horrible in its stark obscurity. oath of office as vice president he car-And yet, if I could have foreseen just ried a lot of bones in his baggage. what was to follow, I might have The bones, alleged to be those of a answered with a shade of reluctance, spared myself a goodly share of dis- mammoth, had been found in Greenbrier county, Virginia, and sent to specimens and information, and with

Monticello, where they were set up the subtle flattery of a courtier the by Jefferson, who, it appears, enter- French naturalist wrote: tained a somewhat exaggerated notion of his attainments in natural his- before publishing my natural history. fore her and read with her that third tory, and who stood sponsor for the and then I should have been sure of bones as those of "a carnivorous the facts."

an injustice. She was even more of clawed animal entirely unknown to science."

Remember, that there is sometime It was not until after Jefferson while I was waiting I saw that black, by Thomas Dunn English, which must reached Philadelphia that he was un- a fine love that never leaves a man's deceived, for at a glance the learned heart. It stays and waits!-Man-Doctor Wistar saw that they were the chester Union

Ancient House in Bruges.

"How can you say that?" I asked, she had-a way that could scarcely Holy Blood is kept. Once a year, on May 2, it is carried through the streets of Bruges at the head of a

great procession and taken to the Cathedral of St. Sauveur and placed on the high altar while mass is celebrated. On this day the city is full grave importance; yet I cannot but of strangers, and it is decorated with had just announced with decision that flags, music is played in the streets and candles burn at every window in uated on the Minnewater, which was saw a few in the dining room." once the harbor of Bruges, is the Beguinage. It is an order of nuns. world at any time they choose. much in their own narrow sphere and Companion.

let the world wag as it will. They do not care what the world is doing and their daily topics are the scandal and the gossip of the town. They gather at the market place each day to talk over the affairs of Bruges as if it were the center of the world, but in the long winter evenings when the old men and women are gathered around the fire they speak to the children not of Bruges as it is or might be tomorrow, but of its glorious it Paid This Man to Change Food.

past, and of the days when the city was filled with merchants, dukes and "What is called 'good living' eventuprinces; of the days when boats came ally brought me to a condition quite from all over the world into the har- the reverse of good health,' writes a bor and the flogs of all nations float N. Y. merchant, ed over Bruges. "Improper eating told on me till my

nauseated me, even the lightest and HIS BED AFIRE, HE SLEEPS ON simplest lunch, and I was much depressed after a night of uneasy slum-

Friend Dashes Into Flames and Drags to Place of Safety a Man Who Refuses to Wake Up.

as I could find no way to improve it. Then I saw the advertisement of Atlanta, Ga .- The leading man of Grape-Nuts food, and decided to try the "Please Go 'Way and Let Me it, and became delighted with the re-Sleep" song, so popular a couple of sult.

years ago, bobbed up in real life here specimens of which he showed the Virin the person of E. H. Seymour, an used Grape-Nuts and nothing else for ginian. Jefferson, it is related, was aged merchant, whose house was my breakfast and for lunch before regreatly chagrined, especially as his robbed and set on fire. tiring. It speedily set my stomach right

discovery became known as Megalo Like the man in the song, Seymour's bed began to burn from under him, regained my health. There is no great-It has been pointed out that, inwhile he slept peacefully on. J. M. directly, no less a naturalist than the Thompson, a neighbor, hurried lunch of Grape-Nuts. It insures restful great Buffon may have been responsithrough the smoke to awaken the sleep, and an awakening in the morn-

ble for Jefferson's error. It was the sleeping man, and dragged him, still ing with a feeling of buoyant courage Virginian's practice to send Buffon half asleep, from the flaming quilts. So unusual was the whole affair, the nolice made investigations to see

whether the sleeper had been drugged year-old boy, who used to be unable "I should have consulted you, sir or not, but the very pillow on which to digest much of anything, a robust, his head rested was so singed with healthy, little rascal weighing 32 flames and blacked with smoke that pounds. Mankind certainly owes a it was impossible to tell whether any

Love That Endures.

chloroform had been used or not. The invented this perfect food." man's beard was slightly scorched. given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, but otherwise he was unharmed, Mich. "There's a reason." though how he kept from choking in the smoke is still a mystery.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaacs took great pride in their young son, Jakey. Father was determined to make him a great business man, a veritable captain of industry. One day mother heard loud screams coming from an adjoining room and rushed in to investigate the cause of the trouble. Father was vigorously administering a dose of "strap oil" to the young hopeful.

"Ikey! Ikey! Vy for you are licking liddle Jakey?"

"Because I caught him in a lie; dot's vy," replied father, continuing the chastisement. "A lie? You say a lie?"

"Yes; I vill teach him to lie better as dot eef I haff to break effery bone in hees body."-Exchange.

Occasional Visitor.

A notable housekeeper of the past generation, before the days of screens, she never had any flies.

"But, Aunt Augusta," faltered the Bruges. At one side of the city, sit timid visitor, "it seems to me that I

"Oh. those," replied her aunt, with a majestic wave of the hand, "were the These nuns are free to enter the neighbors' flies. They will come in occasionally. But I was saying, we The people of Bruges live very never have any of our own."-Youth's

He only is rich who owns the day

and no one owns the day who allows

it to be invaded with worry, and fret,

Too Hasty.

"Diggs can dash off epigrams with-

"That's just the way they sound."

A DIFFERENCE.

stomach became so weak that food

"This condition was discouraging,

"For the past three years I have

and I congratulate myself that I have

er comfort for a tired man than a

"Grape-Nuts has been a boon to my

whole family. It has made of our 2-

debt of gratitude to the expert who

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.

Name

and hopefulness.

ber, unfitting me for business.

and anxiety.-Emerson.

out a moment's thought.'