

SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrandall is found murdered in a road house near New York. Mrs. Wrandall is summoned from the city and identifies the body. A young woman who accompanied Wrandall to the inn and subsequently disappeared, is suspected. Wrandall, it appears had led a gay life and neglected his wife. Mrs. Wrandall starts back for New York in an auto during a blinding snow storm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Wrandall. Feeling that the girl had done her a service in ridding her of the man, who though she loved him deeply, had caused her great sorrow. Mrs. Wrandall determines to shield her and takes her to her own home.

CHAPTER III.-Continued.

Half an hour later he departed, to rejoin her at eleven o'clock, when the reporters were to be expected. He was to do all the talking for her. While he was there, Leslie Wrandall called her up on the telephone. Hearing but one side of the rather prolonged conversation, he was filled with wonder at the tactful way in which she met and parried the inevitable questions and suggestions coming from her horror-stricken brother-in-Without the slightest trace of offensiveness in her manner, she gave Leslie to understand that the final obsequies must be conducted in the home of his parents, to whom once more her husband belonged, and that she would abide by all arrangements his family elected to make. Mr. Carroll surmised from the trend of conversation that young Wrandall was about to leave for the scene of the tragedy, and that the house was in a state of unspeakable distress. The lawyer smiled rather grimly to himself as he turned to look out of the window. He did not have to be told that Challis was the idol of the family. and that, so far as they were concerned, he could do no wrong!

After his departure, Mrs. Wrandall gently opened the bedroom door and was surprised to find the girl wideawake, resting on one elbow, her staring eyes fastened on the newspaper that topped the pile on the chair.

Catching sight of Mrs. Wrandall she pointed to the paper with a trembling hand and cried out, in a voice full of

"Did you place them there for me to read? Who was with you in the other room just now? Was it some one about the some one looking for me? Speak! Please tell me. I heard a man's voice-"

The other crossed quickly to her

"Don't be alarmed. It was my lawyer. There is nothing to fear-at present. Yes, I left the papers there for you to see. You can see what a sensation it has caused. Challis Wrandall was one of the most widely known men in New York. But I suppose you know that without my telling you."

The girl sank back with a groan. "My God, what have I done? will come of it all?"

"I wish I could answer that question" said the other, taking the girl's hand in hers. Both were trembling. After an instant's hesitation, she laid her other hand in the dark, dishevelled hair of the wild-eyed creature, who "till continued to stare at the headfines. "I am quite sure they will not look for you here, or in my home."

"In your home?" "You are to go with me. I have thought it all over. It is the only way. Come, I must ask you to pull yourself together. Get up at once, and dress. Here are the things you are to wear.' She indicated the orderly pile of garments with a wave of her hand.

Slowly the girl crept out of bed, confused, bewildered, stunned.

"Where are my own things? I-I cannot accept these. Pray give me my own-

Mrs. Wrandall checked her. "You must obey me, if you expect me to help you. Don't you understand



She Cried.

that I have had a-a bereavement? cannot wear these things now. They are useless to me. But we will speak of all that later on. Come, be quick; I will belp you to dress. First, go to the telephone and ask them to send a waiter to-these rooms. We must have something to eat. Please do as I tell

Standing before her benefactress her fingers fumbling impotently at the neck of the night-dress, the girl still continued to stare dumbly into the calm, dark eyes before her. "You are so good. I-I-"

"Let me help you," interrupted the other, deliberately setting about to re move the night-dress. The girl caught it up as it slipped from her shoulders, a warm flush suffusing her face, a shamed look springing into her eyes,

"Thank you, I can get on very well. I only wanted to ask you a question. It has been on my mind, waking and sleeping. Can you tell me anything about do you know his

The Hollow * Of Her Hand George Barr McCutcheon EXPERIGHT, 1912 BY GEORGE BARR MECUTCHEON: COPYRIGHT, 1912 BY DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

The question was so abrupt, so start- | 'C. Wrandall' the card on the chair in- | you do come back. I may be sending | true that Sara forestalled her in a way ling that Mrs. Wrandall uttered a formed me. I-"

"I am so sorry, so desperately sorry

for her," added the girl plaintively. "I know her," the other managed to "If I had only known that he had a

wife-" began the girl bitterly, almost Mrs. Wrandall grasped her by the

arm. "You did not know that he had The girl's eyes flashed with a sud-

den, flerce fire in their depths. "God in heaven, no! I did not know it until- Oh, I can't speak of it! Why It was too cold to stay on deck much should I tell you about it? Why of the time, and it was very rough, He should you be interested in hearing had one of the splendid suites on

Mrs. Wrandall drew back and regarded the girl's set, unhappy face. There was a curious light in her eyes that escaped the other's notice-a I can't recall the name. It was rather light that would have puzzled her not an unpleasant place. Then I went to of perplexity and wonder that had a little

"But you will tell me everythinga little later," she said, strangely calm. "Not now, but-before many hours have passed. First of all, you must tell me who you are, where you live everything except what happened in Burton's inn. I don't want to hear that at present-perhaps never. Yes, on second thoughts, I will say never! You are never to tell me just what happened up there, or just what led up to it. Do you understand? Never!" The girl stared at her in amaze-

ment. "But I-I must tell some one," she cried vehemently. "I have a right to defend myself-"

"I am not asking you to defend yourself," said Mrs. Wrandall shortly. Then, as if afraid to remain longer, she rushed from the room. In the doorway, she turned for an instant to say: "Do as I told you. Telephone. Dress as quickly as you can." She closed the door swiftly.

Standing in the center of the room, her hands clenched until the natis cut the flesh, she said over and over again to herself: "I don't want to know! I don't want to know!"

ly inspecting the young woman who came from the bedroom attired in a street dress that neither of them had cafe, far down town. Weever donned before. The girl, looking fresher, prettier and even younger than when she had seen her last, was in no way abashed. She seemed to have accepted the garments and the situation in the same spirit of resignation and hope; as if she had decided to tide me over, he said. But I would funeral services were held. to make the most of her slim chance not consider it, not for a instant. I stances.

They sat opposite each other at the little breakfast table.

Wrandall. The waiter had left the forty pounds. I found lodgings with to speak of the invited guests who "God's will be done." Instead, she

inn. Guard your words carefully. I motor-a little red one. He-he told am not asking for a confession. I do me he loved me. That was one night not care to know what happened there. about a week ago. I-" It will make it easier for me to protect you. You may call it conscience, the other. "No need of that. Spare Keep your big secret to yourself. Not | me the silly side of the story." one word to me. Do you understand?"

"Nothing-absolutely nothing," said Mrs. Wrandall firmly.

"But I cannot permit you to judge me, to-well, you might say to acquit me-without hearing the story. It is so vital to me.

"I can judge you without hearing all not go on. of the-the evidence, if that's what you mean. Simply answer the questions I shall ask, and nothing more. There are certain facts I must have from you if I am to shield you. You are an English girl. Where do you hesitation. live? Who are your friends? Where

is your family?" The girl's face flushed for an instant and then grew pale again. "I will tell you the truth," she said. "My name is Hetty Castleton. My fa- of your personal effects to my home, ther is Col. Braid Castleton of - of the British army. My mother is dead. She was Kitty Glynn, at one time a visit to your former abiding place, but popular music hall performer in Lon- I have decided to give the law its don. She was Irish. She died two chance. If you are suspected, a watch years ago. My father was a gentleman. I do not say he is a gentleman, is quite unknown, you will run no risk for his treatment of my mother relieves him from that distinction. He taking so great a chance as may apis in the far east, China, I think. I have not seen him in more than five time being at least, as companion-or years. He deserted my mother. That's secretary or whatever we may elect to all there is to that side of my story, I call it for the benefit of all inquirers. appeared in two or three of the Are you willing to run the risk—this musical pieces produced in London two seasons ago, in the chorus. I never got beyond that, for very good other without hesitation. Indeed, her reasons. I was known as Hetty Glynn. face brightened. "If they are waiting Three weeks ago I started for New there for me, I shall go with them York, sailing from Liverpool. Previously I had served in the capacity of expressing my gratitude to you for-" governess in the family of John Budlong, a brewer. They had a son, a young man of twenty. Two months ago I was dismissed. A California me? You will not desert me now?" lady, Mrs. Holcombe, offered me a situation as governess to her two little girls soon afterward. I was to go to it in that way? I don't understand." her home in San Francisco. She provided the money necessary for the voyage and for other expenses. She

is still in Europe. I landed in New her directions, presented myself at a certain bank-I have the name somewhere where my railroad tickets were to be in readiness for me, with further instructions. They were to you." give me twenty-five pounds on the presentation of my letter from Mrs. Holcombe. They gave me the money and then handed me a cablegram from Mrs. Holcombe, notifying me that my services would not be required. There

was no explanation. Just that, "On the steamer I met-him. His deck chair was next to mine. I noticed that his name was Wrandall-

"You crossed on the steamer with sharp little cry. For a moment she him?" interrupted Mrs. Wrandall quickly. "Yes."

"Had-had you seen him before? In London ?-"Never. Well, we became acquaint-

ed, as people do. He-he was very handsome and agreeable." She paused for a moment to collect herself

"Very handsome and agreeable," said the other slowly.

"We got to be very good friends. There were not many people on board, and apparently he knew none of them.

"Pray omit unnecessary details. You landed and went-where?"

"He advised me to go to an hotel-



"I Am Challis Wrandall's Wife."

I did not know what to do. I was A few minutes later she was critical- stunned, bewildered. I called him up on the telephone and-he asked me to meet him for dinner at a queer little

"And you had no friends, no quaintances here?"

"No. He suggested that I go into one of the musical shows, saying he thought he could arrange it with a some people in Nineteenth street. He

"I don't care to hear about it." cried

"Silly, madam? In God's name, do "You mean that I am not to reveal, you think it was silly to me? Whyeven to you, the causes which led up why, I believed him! And, what is more, I believe that he did love me-

even now I believe it." "I have no doubt of it," said Mrs. Wrandall calmly. "You are very pret-

ty-and charming." "I-I did not know that he had

"Night before last"

The girl shuddered. Mrs. Wrandall turned her face away and waited. "There is nothing more I can tell

you, unless you permit me to tell all." must tell me the truth. I take it you the girl resumed after a moment of

Mrs. Wrandall arose "I have heard enough. This afternoon I will send my butler with you to the lodging house in Nineteenth street. He will attend to the removal and you will return with him. It will be testing fate, Miss Castleton, this will be set over the house in which in going there openly, nor will I be pear in offering you a home, for the single risk?"

"Perfectly willing," announced the without a word. I have no means of "There is time enough for that,"

they are not there, you will return to The girl's eyes grew wide with wonder. "Desert you? Why do you put "You will come back to me?" insist-

ed the other. "Yes. Why-why, it means everything to me. It means life-more than York a fortnight ago and, following that, most wonderful friend. Life isn't very sweet to me. But the joy of giving it to you for ever is the dearest boon I crave. I do give it to you. It belongs to you. I-I could die for

> She dropped to her knees and pressed her lips to Sara Wrandall's hand; hot tears fell upon it.

Mrs. Wrandall laid her free hand on the dark, glossy hair and smiled; smiled warmly for the first time inwell, in years she might have said to herself if she had stopped to consider. "Get up, my dear," she said gently. "I shall not ask you to die for me

you to your death, as it is, but it is the by sending word, through Leslie, that place in my affection—why, Leslie, I chance we must take. A few hours she would be pleased if Mrs. Wrandall will tell the tale. Now listen to what I am about to say-to propose. I offer you a home, I offer you friendship and I trust security from the peril that in the matter; she would be satisfied confronts you. I ask nothing in re- with whatever arrangements the famturn, not even a word of gratitude. You may tell the people at your lodgings that I have engaged you as companion and that we are to sail for Europe in a week's time if possible. Now we must prepare to go to my own home. You will see to packing mythat is, our trunks-"

"Oh, it-it must be a dream!" cried Hetty Castleton, her eyes swimming. "I can't believe-" Suddenly she caught herself up, and tried to smile. "I don't see why you do this for me. I do not deserve-"

"You have done me a service," said Mrs. Wrandall, her manner so peculiar that the girl again assumed the stare the bank, as I have stated. After that been paramount since their meeting; as if she were on the verge of grasping a great truth.

"What can you mean?" Sara laid her hands on the girl's shoulders and looked steadily into the puzzled eyes for a moment before speaking.

"My girl," she said, ever so gently, "I shall not ask what your life has been; I do not care. I shall not ask for references. You are alone in the world and you need a friend. I too am alone. If you will come to me I will do everything in my power to make you comfortable and-contented. Perhaps it will be impossible to make you happy. I promise faithfully to help you, to shield you, to repay you for the thing you have done for me. You could not have fallen into gentler hands than mine will prove to be. That much I swear to you on my soul, which is sacred. I bear you no ill-will. I have nothing to avenge." Hetty drew back, completely mysti-

"Who are you?" she murmured, still staring. "I am Challis Wrandell's wife."

CHAPTER IV.

While the Mob Waited. The next day but one, in the huge old-fashioned mansion of the Wrandalls in lower Fifth avenue, in the drawing-room directly beneath the chamber in which Challis was born, manager who was a friend. Anything the impressive but grimly conventional

Contrasting sharply with the somto profit by these amazing circum- had had enough of the stage. I-I am ber, absolutely correct atmosphere of really not fitted for it. Besides, I am the gloomy interior was the exterior qualified-well qualified-to be gov- display of joyous curiosity that must ly beloved son home to her, murdered erness-but that is neither here nor have jarred severely on the high-bred and-disgraced. If it had been either "Please pour the coffee," said Mrs. there. I had some money-perhaps sensibilities of the chief mourners, not of the others, she could have said: between rows shook, but she complied without a never came there to see me. I can of gaping bystanders in order to reach see plainly now why he argued it the portals of the house of grief, and "Now you may tell me who you are would not be-well, he used the word who must have reckoned with extreme and-but wait! You are not to say 'wise.' But we went occasionally to distaste the cost of subsequent deanything about what happened at the dine together. We went about in a parture, A dozen raucous-voiced policemen were employed to keep back the hundreds that thronged the sidewalk and blocked the street. Curiosity was rampant. Ever since the moment | ing from his unhappy lips. that the body of Challis Wrandall was carried into the house of his father, a motley, varying crowd of people shifted restlessly in front of the mansion, filled with gruesome interest in the absolutely unseen, animated by the sly hope that something sensational might | into the face of her second son.

happen if they waited long enough. Motor after motor, carriage after carriage, rolled up to the curb and emptied its sober-faced, self-conscious wife until-well, until-" She could occupants in front of the door with him. the great black bow; with each arrival the crowd surged forward, and names were uttered in undertones, passing from lip to lip until every one in the street knew that Mr. So-and-So, Mrs. This-or-That, the What-Do-You-Call-Ems and others of the city's most exclusive but most garishly advertised society leaders had entered the house of mourning. It was a great show for the plebeian spectators. Much better than Miss So-and-So's wedding, said one woman who had attended the aforesaid ceremony as a unit in the well-dressed mob that almost wrecked the carriages in the desire to see the terrified bride. Better than a circus, said a man who held his little daugh ter above the heads of the crowd so that she might see the fine lady in a wild-beast fur. Swellest funeral New York ever had, remarked another, excepting one 'way back when he was a

At the corner below stood two patrol wagons, also waiting. Inside the house sat the carefully selected guests, hushed and stiff and gratified. (Not because they were attending a funeral, but because the occasion served to separate them from the chaff; they were the elect.) It would be going too far to intimate that they were proud of themselves, but it is not stretching it very much to say that they counted noses with considersaid Mrs. Wrandall quickly. "And if able satisfaction and were glad that they had not been left out. The real, high-water mark in New York society was established at this memorable function. As one after the other arrived and was ushered into the huge drawing-room, he or she was accorded a congratulatory look from those al ready assembled, a tribute returned with equal amiability. Each one noted who else was there, and each one said to himself that at last they really had something all to themselves. It was truly a pleasure, a relief, to be able to do something without being pushed about by people who didn't belong but thought they did. They sat backstiffly, of course—and in utter stillness confessed that there could be such a thing as the survival of the fittest. Yes, there wasn't a nose there that couldn't be counted with perfect serenity. It was a notable occasion.

Mrs. Wrandall, the elder, had made out the list. She did not consult her ighter-in-law in the matter. It is

would issue invitations to as many of Challis' friends as she deemed advisable. As for herself, she had no wish ily cared to make.

It is not to be supposed, from the foregoing, that Mrs. Wrandail, the elder, was not stricken to the heart by the lamentable death of her idol. He was her idol. He was her firstborn, he was her love-born. He came to her in the days when she loved her husband without much thought of respecting him. She was beginning to regard him as something more than a lover when Leslie came, so it was different. When their daughter Vivian was born, she was plainly annoved but wholly respectful. Mr. Wrandall was no longer the lover; he was her lord and master. The head of the house of Wrandall was a person to be looked up to, to be respected and admired by her, for he was a very great man, but he was dear to her only because he was the father of Challis, the first-

born. In the order of her nature, Challis therefore was her most dearly beloved, Vivian the least desired and last in her affections as well as in sequence.

Strangely enough, the three of them perfected a curiously significant record of conjugal endowments. Challis had always been the wild, wayward, unrestrained one, and by far the most lovable; Leslie, almost as good looking but with scarcely a noticeable trace of charm that made his brother attractive; Vivian, handsome, selfish and as cheerless as the wind that blows across the icebergs in the north. Challis had been born with a widely enveloping heart and an elastic conscience; Leslie with a brain and a soul and not much of a heart, as things go; Vivian with a soul alone, which belonged to God, after all, and not to her. Of course she had a heart, but it was only for the purpose of pumping blood to remote extremities, and had nothing whatever to do with anything so unutterably extraneous as love, charity or self-sacrifice.

As for Mr. Redmond Wrandall he was a very proper and dignified gentleman, and old for his years.

It may be seen, or rather surmised, that if the house of Wrandall had not been so admirably centered under its own vine and fig tree, it might have become divided against itself without much of an effort.

Mrs. Redmond Wrandall was the vine and fig tree.

And now they had brought her dearcried out that God had turned against Leslie had had the bad taste-or

perhaps it was misfortune-to blurt out an agonized "I told you so" at a time when the family was sitting numb and hushed under the blight of the first horrid blow. He did not mean to be unfeeling. It was the truth burst-"I knew Chal would come to this-

I knew it," he had said. His arm was about the quivering shoulders of his

mother as he said it. She looked up, a sob breaking in her throat. For a long time she looked

"How can you-how dare you say such a thing as that?" she cried. aghast.

He colored, and drew her closer to "I-I didn't mean it," he faltered. "You have always taken sides

"Please, mother," he cried miserably. "You say this to me now." she went

against him," began his mother.

"You who are left to take his Vivian interposed. "Les is upset,

mamma darling. You know he loved Challis as deeply as any of us loved him." Afterwards the girl said to Leslie

when they were quite alone: "She will never forgive you for that, Lat. It was a beastly thing to say." · He bit his lip, which trembled. "She's never-cared for me as she cared

for Chal. I'm sorry if I've made it worse." "See here, Leslie, was Chal so-

"Yes. I meant what I said a while ago. It was sure to happen to him one time or another. Sara's had a lot to put up with "

"Sara! If she had been the right sort of a wife, this never would have "After all is said and done, Vivie, Sara's in a position to rub it in on us

if she's of a mind to do so. She won't do it, of course, but-I wonder if she ien't gloating, just the same." "Haven't we treated her as one of us?" demanded she, dabbing her hand-

kerchief in her eyes. "Since the wedding, I mean. Haven't we been kind to her?" "Oh, I think she understands us

perfectly," said her brother. "I wonder what she will do now?" mused Vivian, in that speech casting her sister-in-law out of her narrow little world as one would throw aside a burnt-out match.

"She will profit by experience," said he, with some pleasure in a superior

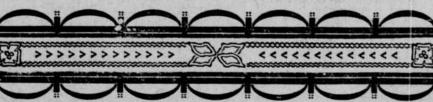
wisdom. In Mrs. Wrandall's sitting room at the top of the broad stairway sat the family-that is to say, the immediate family-a solemn-faced footman in front of the door that stood fully ajar so that the occupants might hear the words of the minister as they ascended, sonorous and precise, from the hall below. A minister was he who knew the buttered side of his bread. His discourse was to be a beautiful one. He stood at the front of the stairs and



faced the assembled listeners in the hall, the drawing room and the entresol, but his infinitely touching words went up one flight and lodged.

Sara Wrandall sat a little to the left of and behind Mrs. Redmond Wrandall, about whom were grouped the three remaining Wrandalls, father, son and daughter, closely drawn together. Well to the fore were Wrandall uncles and cousins and aunts, and one or two carefully chosen blood relations to the mistress of the house, whose hand had long been set against kinsmen of to put a green bow on her new

less exalted promise. (TO BE CONTINUED.)



Mendicants and Cadgers Appear the Great Metropolis in All Sorts of Disguises.

There are many professional beggars in London, who have their own copyright methods of extracting coin from a sympathetic and credulous public. You may perhaps have come across the distressed governess, out of a situation, who asks you in Oxford street the way to walk to Turnham Green, and is so staggered at the distance that you ask her to accept the

bus fare. Then there is the transatlantic journalist stranded in the metropolis. He is too proud to seek aid from some of his millionaire friends at the Cecil. but if you could?-and perhaps you

Most artistic of all mendicants is has robbed her of her purse. She has called on her solicitor, but unfortunately he was out. What shall she do? You give her the train fare and she promises to send the money on to you if you will give her your address. But if you are wise you decline, and thus escape a shoal of begging letters. For addresses of benevolent persons have a market value among

Individual or Group.

Chronicle,

The words never should be connected by a disjunctive conjunction. The proper word between the nouns is "and," not "or." The caption above able to do anything to suit her.

LONDON FULL OF BEGGARS | implies that the terms can be separated, and they cannot. The question was asked the other day if the growth of group life was destroying the worth of the individual. The reply was given by a business man who told of a request that had come to him the day before for a man to stand at the center of a big group at a salary that makes a minister rub his eyes. The great need of the organized group was an individual. The two cannot be sundered. The young man who says that there is no longer any chance for the individual does not know the facts. Each is necessary to the other. The proper conjunction is "and." Get that into your mind, young man, and then make good .- The Congregationalist.

Lesson for Humanity.

A varnished frog dies, not because bodily poisons accumulate in its skin, but because of overheating. When the the old lady of grandmotherly appear | air it breathes becomes warmer than | 170 and as I have not taken any tonic ance dressed in black silk. She is up 38 degrees Centigrade, Dr. Vittorio in London for the day, and some one Puntoni of the University of Bologna present good health to the use of Posreports that the frog must use its pores to radiate the extra heat. The Lancet, discussing his findings, remarks that disease germs were discovered to make short work of the varnished ba- tle Creek, Mich. trachians, already weakened by sweltering. The conclusions of Doctor Puntoni have a practical interest in their relation to the deleterious effects of moist, warm climates and the use the cadging fraternity. — London of improper clothing, which act by in a cup of hot water and, with cream disturbing the cutaneous function.

Queer.

One queer thing about a woman is that she will live with and depend for her living upon a man who is never

by a charming North side hostess. It was made on the same principle as the tapestry tray. A glittering butterfly, the spread of whose wings must have been all of ten inches, was mounted on a stalk of milkweed. The pressed butterfly was then covered with glass and hemetically sealed in To say that the tray was stunning is to speak very feebly of its attractive ness. With this objet d'art as a centerpiece a clever hostess could easily arrange a "butterfly luncheon."-Chicago Inter Ocean.

We never see the worst side of some

people until we get the better of them.

Non't be misled. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue. Makes beautiful white clothes. At all good grocers. Adv.

A man may be as old as he feels, but a woman is generally older than

Constipation causes many serious dis-cases. It is thoroughly cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a laxative,

Not Much. Bess-Do you think much of Jim-

Tess-No; only about twenty-four

FACE ITCHED AND BURNED

383 No. Union St., Aurora, Ill .- "My

ailment started with a little pimple

and it always itched and burned ter-

ribly. I scratched it and in a few

days my face was all covered with

sores. It ran up to my eyes and the

day after I could not see out of my

right eye. I was unable to get any

rest. I couldn't go to bed, being

afraid of getting the clothing all

soiled, although I had my face all

"I was given two jars of salve but

It kept getting worse. It was some-

thing like a running sore because

every time I used some of the salve

aeck to keep the water and pus from

running down my body. I wrote for a

sample of Cuticura Soap and Oint-

ment and in a few days I received

these and washed my face with the

Cuticura Soap and put on some Cuti-

cura Ointment and the next morning

my face felt cool and somewhat re-

lieved. After using the sample I

bought some Cuticura Soap and Oint-

ment at the drug store. I followed

this treatment just twenty-six days

and after using one cake of Cuticura

Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Oint-

ment I was cured." (Signed) George

throughout the world. Sample of each

free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-

card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."-Adv.

Butterfly Decoration.

terfly in decoration, but neither brush

nor crayon is as effective as nature

itself. No imitation, however good,

can do justice to the gorgeous colors

of the tropical butterfly. One might

as well try to reproduce a rainbow in

oils. A most effective novelty--a but-

terfly tray-was shown me yesterday

Many artists have employed the but-

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold

Miller, Jan. 1, 1913.

had to wrap bandages around my

she thinks she looks.

three for cathartic. Adv.

hours a day.-Judge.

bandaged.

Pleasant for Preacher.

A mother sent her little daughter down to open the door and entertain ished dressing. When she appeared the little kitten ran in ahead of her. and the tiny maiden jumped up and down and screamed at the top of her voice: "Oh, kitty, kitty, go out, quick."

The mother was horrified, and said: "Daughter, what makes you act so?" "Well, mother, dad said last night 'that Mr. Black's sermons were enough to make a cat sick,' and I don't want

mine sick."

He Explains.

"What do you mean by kissing the housemaid?"

"It was an excusable mistake, my dear. The hall was dark, and she had on your face powder and your beautiful golden hair."

Natural Conflict.

"What on earth is all that racket in the next room about?" "I guess it is because Nan is trying

orange straw hat." LIVING ADVERTISEMENT Glow of Health Speaks for Postum.

Simply stop it for a time and use

It requires no scientific training to discover whether coffee disagrees or

Postum in place of it, then note the beneficial effects. The truth will ap-"Six years ago I was in a very bad echdition," writes a Tenn. lady. "I

suffered from indigestion, nervousness and insomnia-"I was then an inveterate coffee drinker, but it was long before I could be persuaded that it was coffee that

hurt me. Finally I decided to leave it off a few days and find out the truth. "The first morning I left off coffee I had a raging headache, so I decided I must have something to take the place of coffee." (The headache was caused by the reaction of the coffee

drug-caffeine.)

"Having heard of Postum through a friend who used it, I bought a package and tried it. I did not like it at first but after I learned how to make it right, according to directions on pkg., I would not change back to coffee for anything.

"When I began to use Postum I weighed only 117 lbs. Now I weigh in that time I can only attribute my tum in place of coffee.

"My husband says I am a living advertisement for Postum." Name given by the Postum Co., Bat-

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum - must be well

boiled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum-is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same. "There's a Reason" for Postum.

-sold by Grocers.