NORTHWESTERN, LOUP CITY, NEBRASKA



SYNOPSIS.

Challs Wrandall is found murdered in the same near New York Mrs. Wran-il is same near New York is same near and sub-strate back. A young woman who acid a neglected his wife. Mrs. Wrandall arts back for New York is an auto dur-g a binding snow storm. On the way is there is a young woman who killed frandall. Freeing that the girl had done to prover to be the woman who killed frandall. Freeing that the girl had done to stour a service in ridding her of the man ho though her of the tragedy she forbids agirl ever to tell. She offers Hetty a intent to New York after an absence of a art to New York after an absence of a art to New York after an absence of a art to New York after an absence of a art to Fourge Lasib Wrandall and Hetty challs Wrandall and Hetty at the storm of the tragedy Mrs. Same d becomes greatly interested in Hetty. CHAPTER VI.-Continued to be bending over me in the dark-

CHAPTER VI .- Continued.

Sara and Hetty did not stay long in town. The newspapers announced the | couldn't have been a dream." return of Challis Wrandall's widow and reporters sought her out for interviews. The old interest was revived and columns were printed about the murder at Burton's inn, with sharp swer. Sara was staring across the editorial comments on the failure of the police to clear up the mystery.

"I shall ask Leslie down for the week-end," said Sara, the third day after their arrival in the country. The ouse was huge and lonely, and time hung rather heavily despite the glorious uplift of spring.

Hetty looked up quickly from her book. A look of dismay dickered in her eyes for an instant and then gave way to the calmness that had come to dwell in their depths of late. Her lips parted in the sudden impulse to cry out against the plan, but she checked the words. For a moment her dark. questioning eyes studied the face of her benefactress; then, as if nothing had been revealed to her, she allowed her gaze to drift pensively out toward the sunset sea.

They were sitting on the broad verandah overlooking the sound. -The dusk of evening was beginning to steal over the earth. She laid her book aside

"Will you telephone in to him after dinner, Hetty?" went on Sara, after a long period of silence.

Again Hetty started. This time a "Good God, Sara!" Cried the Girl in look of actual pain flashed in her eyes. "Would not a note by post be more

water, her eyes big and as black as certain to find him in the-" she began hurriedly.

calmix. "Of course, dear, if you feel bled with nearby schooners, far be- me flowers-this is the second box that you'd rather not telephone him, yond the yellow mass on the opposite this week-and he is so kind, so very I can-

"I dare say I am finicky, Sara," apol- shadows, far into the fast darkening really can't." "Of sky that came up like a wall out of ogized Hetty in quick contriti course he is your brother. I should the east. remem-" Hetty's fingers tightened in a "My brother-in-law, dear," said Sara, warmer clasp. Unconsciously perhaps, comes more than friendly. Now, can a trifle too literally. Sara's grip on the girl's shoulder you?" "He will come often to your house, tightened also; unconsciously, for her went on Hetty rapidly. "I must make thoughts were far away. The younger beastly," groaned the girl. the best of it." woman's pensive gaze rested on the "He is your friend, Hetty. He adpeaceful waters below, taking in the mires you." slow approach of the fog that was "I cannot see him through your soon to envelop the land. Neither in it-together. If Leslie Wrandall spoke for many minutes: inscrutable chooses to fall in love with you, that of a fish's gills in breathing. eyes, Sara." "But he is charming and agreeable, thinkers, each a prey to thoughts that is his affair, not ours. We must face you'll admit," persisted the other. leaped backward to the beginning and every condition. In plain words, we "He is very kind, and he is devoted took up the puzzle at its inception. must play the game." to you. I should like him for that." "What could be more appalling than "I wonder-" began Hetty, her eyes "You have no cause for disliking narrowing with the intensity of to have him fall in love with me?" him." thought. She did not complete the "The other way 'round would be

with a queer smile.

"You do love me?" tensely.

"I do love you," was the firm an-

Horror.

The Hollow s of Her Hand George Barr McCutcheon

"Listen, my dear," said Sara, a | in her dark hair, where it had been | She came to the bridge by the mill, | if I thought she'd- But nonsense! | ity. "I've seen her somewhere, but hard note growing in her voice: "this placed by the whimsical Hetty an hour long since deserted and now a thing of Let's talk about something else. is my home. I do not love it, but I earlier as they left the dinner table. ruin and decay. A man in knicker- Yourself, for instance." "He is coming out on the elevenbockers stood leaning against the rail. She leaned back with a smile on That is why we came back to New thirty. Sara," said the girl nervously, idly gazing down at the trickling her lips, but not in her eyes; and fleeting glimpse, you know. But in fork." "unless you will send the motor in for stream below. The brier pipe that drew a long, deep breath. He was Hetty pressed her friend's hand to him. The body of his car is being formed the circuit between hand and hard hit. That was what she wanted

changed and it's in the shop. He must lips sent up soft blue coils to float to know. have been jesting when he said he away on the drizzle.

would pay for the petrol-I should She passed behind him, with a sinhave said gasoline." gle furtive, curious glance at his hand- surrounded by bags and boys. As he Sara laughed. "You will know him better, my dear," she said. "Leslie is glance recognized him as the man she

had seen the day before.

restrained look. There was something

akin to cautiousness in that look of

might turn her head suddenly and

catch him at it. Something began

stirring in his heart, the nameless

something that awakens when least

expected. He felt the subtle, sweet

femininity of her as she passed. It

She turned the bend in the road a

hundred yards away. For many min-

utes he studied the stream below

ing in quite the opposite direction

when he came to the bridge-and on

CHAPTER VII.

A Faithful Crayon-Point.

cluded

TUNG

to the artist beside her.

"Of course I managed to get a bit

"Enchanting!" Said He, Almost Too

Loudly.

of nature, even at that," said he, with

a smile. "Boys are pretty close to

earth, you know. To be perfectly hon-

est, I did it in order to get away from

"I suppose we will see you at the

Wrandall place this summer."

lingered with him as he looked.

very light-hearted." "He suggested bringing a friend," went on Hetty hurriedly. "A Mr. Booth, the portrait painter."

"I met him in Italy. He is charming. You will like him, too, Hetty." The emphasis did not escape notice. "It seems that he is spending a fortnight in the village, this Mr. Booth, painting spring lambs for rest and recreation, Mr. Leslie says." "Then he is at our very gates," said

ness, urging me to stay with you and love you and be loved by you. It Sara, looking up suddenly. "I wonder if he can be the man I saw yesterday at the bridge," mused "It was not a dream," said Sara,

Hetty. "Is he tall?" "I really can't say. He's rather vague. It was six or seven years ago." without really seeing it. Then he "It was left that Mr. Wrandall is to straightened up, knocked the ashes come out on the eleven-thirty," ex- from his pipe, and set off slowly in

plained Hetty. "I thought you wouldn't her wake, although he had been walklike sending either of the motors in." "And Mr. Booth?" "We are to send for him after Mr. | a mission of some consequence, too.

troubled her.

own, "why did Mr. Wrandall ask for flected skies. me instead of you? It is you he is

house. Why should-" "My dear," said Sara glibly, "I am merely his sister-in-law. It wouldn't come. He knows he is welcome."

on to-" "Some men like to telephone, I sup-

"I wonder if you will ever under-

"What, for instance?"

Mrs. Wrandall stared at h so expansive was his smile cau't very well send him about his "I adore it," she replied, her own business," she said, "unless he be-

for the life of me I can't place her. Perhaps in a crowded street, or the

theater, or a railway train-just a any event I got a lasting impression. Queer things like that happen, don't you think so?"

They found Booth at the inn. He Mrs. Wrandall leaned forward and was sitting on the old-fashioned porch. spoke to Leslie. As he turned, she handed him the envelope, without some, undisturbed profile, and in that climbed into the car after the bage. comment.

the boys grinned and jingled the coins "Great Scott!" he exclaimed. in their pockets and ventured, almost "Mr. Booth is a mind reader," she When she was a dozen rods away, in unison, the intelligence that they explained. "He has been reading the tall man turned his face from the would all be there if he ever came your thoughts, dear boy."

stream and sent after her the long- back again. Big and little, they had Booth understood, and grinned. transported his easel and canvasses "You don't mean to say-" began from place to place for three weeks the dumfounded Leslie, still staring

his, as if he were afraid that she or more and his departure was to be at the sketch. "Upon my word, it's a regarded as a financial calamity. wonderful likeness, old chap. I didn't Leslie, perhaps in the desire to be know you'd ever met her." alone with his reflections, sat forward "Met her?" cried Booth, an-amiable

with the chauffeur, and paid little or conspirator. "I've never met her." no heed to the unhappy person's com-"See here, don't try anything like ments on the vile condition of all vilthat on me. How could you do this age thoroughtares, New York city in- if you've never seen-"

"He is a mind reader," cried Sara. "And you painted those wretched "Haven't you been thinking of her little boys instead of the beautiful steadily for-well, we'll say ten minthings that nature provides for us out utes?" demanded Booth. here, Mr. Booth?" Sara was saying

Leslie reddened. "Nonsense!" "That's a mental telepathy sketch," said the artist, complacently.

"When did you do that?" "This instant, you might say. See! Here is the crayon point. I always carry one around with me for just such-"

"All right," said Leslie blandly, at the same time putting the envelope in his own pocket; "we'll let it go at that. If you're so clever at mind pictures you can go to work and make another for yourself. I mean to keep this one." "I say," began Booth, dismayed. "One's thoughts are his own," said the happy possessor of the sketch. He

turned his back on them. Sara was contrite. "He will never give it up," she lamented. "Is he really hard hit?" asked Booth in surprise.

"I wonder," mused Sara. "Of course he's welcome to the sketch, confound him." "Would you like to paint her?" "Is this a commission?" "Hardly. I know her, that's all.

She is a very dear friend." "My heart is set on painting some one else, Mrs. Wrandall."

"Oh!" "When I know you better I'll tell you who she is."

"Could you make a sketch of this the eminently beautiful but unnatural other one from memory?" she asked things I'm required to paint at home." | lightly.

"I think so. I'll show you one this evening. I have my trusty crayon

MRS. LYON'S **ACHES AND PAINS** Have All Gone Since Taking

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

20

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D

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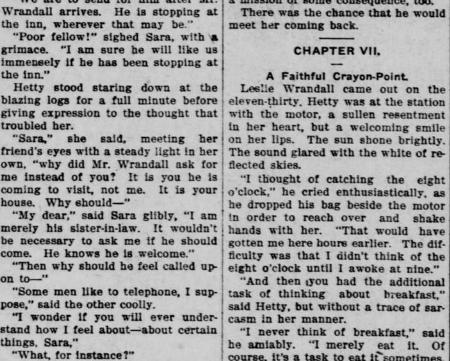
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"But I want to justify myself-"

of what it might have been."

"Now you are jesting!"

gently.

am I?

"Sara," she said, meeting her

coming to visit, not me. It is your

night itself. She seemed to be looking "Well, his very evident interest in "I dislike writing notes," said Sara far beyond the misty lights that bob- me," cried the girl hotly. "He sends

mustache pointing upward at the ends like oblique brown exclamation points,

grimace. "I am sure he will like us

friend's eyes with a steady light in her The sound glared with the white of re-

things. Sara."

shore where a town lay cradled in the friendly, Sara, that I can't bear it-I

he amiably. "I merely eat it. Of course, it's a task to eat it sometimes, but-well, how are you? How do you

like it out here?" He was beside her on the broad seat, his face beaming, his gay little

in her heart, but a welcoming smile on her lips. The sun shone brightly.

"I thought of catching the eight

"And then you had the additional task of thinking about breakfast," said Hetty, but without a trace of sarcasm in her manner.

stand how I feel about-about certain

the inn." Leslie Wrandall came out on the Hetty stood staring down at the blazing logs for a full minute before eleven-thirty. Hetty was at the station

be necessary to ask me if he should "Then why should he feel called up-

pose," said the other coolly.

"I do not dislike him. I-I am-Oh. sentence. you always have been so thoughtful. so considerate, Sara, I can't understand your failing to see how hard it ts for me to-to-well, to endure his open-hearted friendship."

Sara was silent for a moment. "You draw a pretty fine line, Hetty," she said gently.

Hetty flushed. "You mean that there is little to choose between wife and brother? That isn't quite fair. You know everything, he knows nothing. I wear a mask for him; you have seen into the very heart of me. It for me to turn against you." She abisn't the same."

rirl's chair. After a moment of inde-



Looked Up Quickly From the

n she laid her hand on Hetty's er. The girl looked up, the ever-"We haven't spoken of-of these things in many months, Hetty."

ot since Mrs. Wrandall and Viv

ian came to Nice. I was upset-dreadfully upset then, Sara. I don't know I managed to get through with

"But you managed it," pronounced Sara. Her fingers seemed to tighten dealy on the girl's shoulder. ink we were quite wonderful, both of us. It wasn't easy for me."

Why did we come back to New Tork, Sara?" burst out Hetty, clasps her friend's hand as if suddenly spurred by terror. "We were happy of the burning logs. She wore no jew- did not in the least discourage the ever there. And free!" elry, but there was a single white rose Englishwoman.

more dramatic. I should say " Sara answered the unspoken ques tion. "It will never be different from what it is now, unless you make it so." such a thing?" Hetty started. "How could you have known what I was thinking?" she cried in wonder.

"It is what you are always think its full effect without being uttered in so many cold-blooded words. The girl ing, my dear. You are always asking yourself when will I turn against you," shuddered. "Sara!" I wish, Sara, you would let me un-

"Your own intelligence should supburden myself completely to you," she ply the answer to all the questions you pleaded, seizing her friend's hands. are asking of yourself. It is too late "You have forbidden me-" ruptly removed her hand from Hetty's eyes flashed. "I do not want to hear Sara came over and stood beside the shoulder and walked to the edge of it," she cried fiercely. "Never, never!

the veranda. For the first time, the Do you understand? It is your secret. English girl was conscious of pain. I will not share it with you. I should She drew her arm up and cringed. She hate you if I knew everything. As it pulled the light scarf about her bare is, I love you because you are a womshoulders. an who suffered at the hand of one The butler appeared in the doorway.

"The telephone, if you please, Miss Castleton. Mr. Leslie Wrandall is calling."

The girl stared. "For me, Watson? "Yes, miss."

Hetty had risen, visibly agitated. "What shall I say to him, Sara?" know, seldom hurts." she cried.

"Apparently it is he who has some thing to say to you," said the other, still smiling. "Wait and see what it is. Please don't neglest to say that we'd like to have him over Sunday." "A box of flowers has just come up from the station for you, miss," said Watson.

Hetty was very white as she pa The future is not likely to hurt us, into the house. Mrs. Wrandall redear. Let us avoid the past." sumed her contemplation of the fogscreened sound. ing blankly before her. "To appreciate what it is to

"Shall I fetch you a wrap, ma'am asked Watson, hesitating. "I am coming in, Watson. Open the

box of flowers for Miss Castleton. there a fire in the library ?" "Yes, Mrs. Wrandall."

"Mr. Leslie will be out on Saturday. Tell Mrs. Conkling." "The evening train, ma'am?"

"No. The eleven-thirty. He will be here for luncheon."

cheerfully, even gladly." When Hetty hurried into the librar few minutes later, her manner w that of one considerably disturbed by it belo something that has transpired almost permit me to develop it as I would any on the moment. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were reflectors other possession. I take it as an inestment. It will probably fluctuate."

of a no uncertain distress of mind. Mrs. Wrandall was standing before the fireplace, an exquisite figure in the slinky black evening gown which she affected in these days. Her perfectly adelled neck and shoulders gl like pink marble in the reflected glow

was impossible to resist the good nature of him. She could not dislike "But it seems so-so horrible, so him, even though she dreaded him deep down in her heart. Her blood Sara faced her squarely. "See here, was hot and cold by turns when she Hetty," she said levelly, "we have was with him, as her mind opened and made our bed, you and I. We must lie shut to thoughts pleasant and unpleasant with something of the regularity

> "When I get to heaven I mean to have a place in the country the year round," he said conclusively.

"And if you don't get to heaven?" "I suppose I'll take a furnished flat somewhere."

Sara was waiting for them at the "Good God Sara!" cried the girl in bottom of the terrace as they drove horror. "How can you even speak of up. He leaped out and kissed her hand. "After all, why shouldn't-" began

"Much obliged," he murmured, with Sara, but stopped in the middle of her a slight twist of his head in the direcsuggestion, with the result that it had tion of Hetty, who was giving orders to the chauffeur.

"You're quite welcome," said Sara, with a smile of understanding. "She's lovely, isn't she?" "Enchanting!" said he, almost too

loudly. Hetty walked up the long ascent Sara jerked her hands away. Her ahead of them. She did not have to look back to know that they were

watching her with unfaltering interest. She could feel their gaze. "Absolutely adorable," he added, en

larging his estimate without really being aware that he voiced it.

Sara shot a look at his rapt face who made me suffer. There is nothand turned her own away to hide the ing more to say. Don't bring up the queer little smile that flickered briefly subject again. I want to be your and died away. friend for ever, not your confidante.

Hetty, pleading a sudden headache, There is a distinction. You may be able to see how very marked it is in declined to accompany them later on in the day when they set forth in the our case. Hetty. What one does not car to "pick up" Brandon Booth at the inn. They were to bring him over, bag and baggage, to stay till Tuesday.

"It isn't necessary," cut in the other "He will be wild to paint her," deso peremptorily that the girl's eyes clared Leslie when they were out of spread into a look of anger. . Whereupon Sara Wrandall threw her arm sight around the bend in the road. He had waved his hat to Hetty just beabout her and drew her down beside fore the trees shut off their view of

her in the chaise-lounge. "I didn't mean to be harsh," she cried. "We her. She was standing at the top of the steps beside one of the tall Italian must not speak of the past, that's all. vases. "I've never seen such eyes," he ex-

claimed. "The future!" sighed the girl, star-

"She's a darling," said Sara and changed the subject, knowing full well said the other, "you have but to think that he would come back to it before long. "I know," said Hetty, in a low

"I'm mad about her," he said si voice. "And yet I sometimes wonder if--" ply, and then, for some unaccountable reason, gave over being loquacious

Sara interrupted. "You are paying and lapsed into a state of almost me, dear, instead of the law," she said lugubrious quiet, "I am not a harsh creditor, She glanced at his face, furtively

at first, as if uncertain of his mood, "My life belongs to you. I give it then with a prolonged stare that was frankly curious and amused.

"So you have said before. Well, if "Don't lose your head, Leslie," she said softly, almost purringly. He started. "Oh, I say, Sara, I'm ngs to me, you might at least

not likely to-" "Stranger things have happened." she interrupted, with a shake of her

"Perhaps," said Sara laconically head. "I can't afford to have you The next morning Hetty set forth making love to her and getting tired for her accustomed tramp over the of the game, as you always do, dear roads that wound through the estate boy, just as soon as you find she's Sara, the American, dawdled at home. in love with you. She is too dear to resenting the chill spring drizzle that be hurt in that way. You mustn't-"

ander you must take me for! Why, the room button.

"I'm coming out to paint Leslie's about me always, as I said before, sister in June, I believe. And that smile growing in response to his. It reminds me, I came upon an uncom- face to face with Hetty. He was demonly pretty girl not far from your scending the stairs and met her complace the other day-and yesterday, ing up. The sun streamed in through as well-some one I've met before, un- the tall windows at the turn in the less I'm vastly mistaken. I wonder if you know your neighbors well as she approached him from below. enough-by sight, at least-to venture He could not repress the start of a good guess as to who I mean."

She appeared thoughtful. "Oh, there are dozens of pretty

remember where you met-" She a fragrant dampness, stopped suddenly, a swift look of apprehension in her eyes.

He failed to note the look or the broken sentence. He was searching what dazed, he continued on his way in his coat pocket for something. Se- down the steps, to suddenly remember lecting a letter from the middle of a with a twinge of dismay that he had small pocket, he held it out to her.

"I sketched this from memory. She stared at her with most unblinking posed all too briefly for me," he said. fervor. In no little shame and emremarkably good likeness of Hetty over his shoulder. She was walking Castleton, done broadly, sketchily, close to the banister rail on the floor with a crayon point, evidently drawn above. As he glanced up their eyes with haste while the impression was met, for she too had turned to peer. fresh, but long after she had passed out of range of his vision.

"I know her," said Sara quietly. "It's very clever, Mr. Booth."

miliar about it," he went on, looking and grasped his arm. at the sketch with a frown of perplex-

Later in the afternoon Booth came stairs, shining full in her uplifted face amazement. She was carrying a box

stems protruded far beyond the end girls in the neighborhood. Can't you of the pasteboard box and reeked of

> as she passed. He had stopped to make room for her on the turn. Somenot returned her polite smile, but had

> > "Another device was the old cord

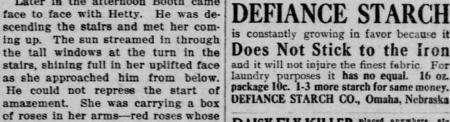
in the room at the Grand hotel. A

modern day hotel is a wonderful in-

On the back of the envelope was a barrassment he sent a swift glance Leslie Wrandall was standing near the foot of the stairs. There was an

eager, exalted look in his face that slowly gave way to well-assumed un-"There is something hauntingly faconcern as his friend came upon him

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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The defendant yawned, and replied: About four miles as the cry flows.' "No doubt," said the man of law,

"you mean as the flow cries." The judge leaned forward. "No," he remarked, suavely, "he means as the fly crows."

Then all three looked at one another, feeling that something was wrong somewhere.



Legal Tangle. The day was drawing to a close Judge, jurors, witnesses and lawyers were growing weary, says the Theoso phical Path. Finally the counsel for the prosecution rose to examine the defendant

the clerk had released the indicator. "Exactly how far is it between the two towns." asked the lawyer, in a "One day I pulled out the indicator on a certain room and the lights weary voice. flared up. The signal showed a very difficult drink and I hastened to notify

the cafe. "A boy took the drink upstairs, but could find no one. After a little investigation we found the room had not been occupied for two weeks and that the signal had been given when "Good Lord!" he cried; "what a a maid had pushed the bed against

certain number of pulls would release Modern Hotel a Wonderful Improve brass checks on which was scheduled ment Over Its Predecessor of Only the desire of the guest. Whenever a a Few Years Ago. pull came on this indicator it sounded as though some one had dropped a "It is wonderful to appreciate the couple of hundred brass checks on a

ALMOST PERFECT IN SYSTEM

difference in hotel systems of today marhle floor. and 15 years ago. And still, with all "This affair was a nuisance, for we the conveniences that are offered to got to sending ice water to a room guests at practically the same rates, every time it worked. Many times a there is the man who finds fault. guest would receive three or four "Today guests have telephones in itchers of water. their rooms, whereas several years "Then some one came along and

ago they had anything from a cowput in the telephone for hotels. The bell to a row of brass checks operated with a cord. stitution compared with that of but a few years ago."-Cincinnati Com-

"At the old Gobson house, about twelve years ago, we installed a de cial Tribune. vice for lessening labor which was called a teleseme. It was a sort of punch button affair which was supsed to signal for anything from a San Francisco newspaper to a bag of eanuts. You'd push the button so any times and different lights would bob up on the board in the office after