

The Hollow * Of Her Hand George Barr McCutcheon



SYNOPSIS

is a summoned from the city and iden-ies the body. A young woman who ac-topsined Wrandall to the inn and sub-quently disappeared. Is suspected in Wrandall starts back for New York an auto during a blinding snow storm, at the way she meets a young woman in a road who proves to be the woman ho killed Wrandall. Feeling that the gan to develop in those dark, ominous and taken her to her own home. Mrs. crandall means the story of Hetty Caseton's life, except that portion that release to Wrandall. This and the story of he tragedy she forbids the girl ever to ill. She offers lietly a home, friendship and security from peril on account of the largedy. Sara Wrandall by hother of Challis, becomes greatly interested in letty. Sara sees in Leshie's infatuation constitutive for revenge on the Wrandall by marrying his murderess into the family. Leslie, in commany with his friend Brandon Booth, an artist, visits Sara at her remary place. Leshe words she suffered at the hands of Challis Wrandall by marrying his murderess into the family. Leslie, in commany with his friend Brandon Booth, an artist, visits Sara at her remary place. Leslie words at het to steal back into them. "No, no! What a last, into them. "No, no! What am I saying? What a fool I am to give way—"

"You have wronged me—terribly, terribly!" came in smothered tones from the cushions. "I did not dream you thought that of me."

"What was I to think?"

Hetty lifted her head and cried out: "You would not let me speak! You refused to hear my story. You have been thinking this of me all along, holding it against me, damning me with it, and I have been closer to you than to strangle her if she says a word.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

CHAPTER XII.-Continued.

Not now. Not since I have found you out. The thing I have feared all dong has come to pass. I am relieved, glowing with a strange fire. now that you show me just where I truly stand. But, I asked: what of

"The world is more likely to applaud than to curse me, Hetty. It likes a new sensation. My change of heart will appear quite natural."

"Are you sure that the world will applaud your real design? You hate the Wrandalls. Will they be charitable toward you when the truth is given of guile, out? Will Leslie applaud you? Listen, please: I am trying to save you from ourself, Sara. You will fail in everything you have hoped for. You will more accursed than I. The world will pity me, it may even forgive me. It will listen to my story, which is more than you will do, and it will believe me. Ah, I am not afraid now. At first I was in terror. I had no hope to escape. All that is past. Today I am ready to take my chances with the about her. big, generous world. Men will try me, all men will curse you for it, even created ages ago, though they send me to prison or to the chair. But they will not con- toward the door. With her hand on demn me. They will hear my story the knob, she paused. and they will set me free. And then, what of you?"

this earnest reasoner with growing

"My dear," she said, "you would better be thinking of yourself, not of me." "Why, when I tell my story, the world will hate you, Sara Wrandall. You have helped me, you have been good to me, no matter what sinister

"To belp me!" cried Sara, astontched in spite of herself.

It is my turn to help you."

Yes. To save you from execration-and even worse." There is no moral wrong in marriage with Leslie Wrandall," said

Sara, returning to her own project. "No moral wrong!" cried Hetty, aghast. "No, I suppose not." she went on, a moment later. "It is something much deeper, much blacker than moral wrong. There is no word for it. And if I marry him, what then? Wherein lies, your triumph? You can't mean that-God in heaven! You would not go to them with the truth when it was too late for him to-to cast me off!"

"I am no such fool as that The secret would be forever safe in that event. My triumph, as you call it,

"How you must hate me, to be willing to do such an infamous thing to

"I do not hate you, Hetty." "In heaven's name, what do you call

"Justification. Listen to me now I am saying this for your good sense to seize and appreciate. Would it be right in me to allow you to marry any other man, knowing all that I know? There is but one man you can in justtoe marry; the one who can repair the wreck that his own blood created. Not Brandon Booth, nor any man save Leslie Wrandall. He is the man who must pay."

"I do not intend to marry," said Hetty.

But Leslie will marry some one, and I intend that it shall be you. He shall marry the ex-chorus girl, the artist's model, the-the prostitute! Wait! Don't fly at me like that! Don't assume that look of virtuous borror! 'Let me say what I have to say. This much of your story shall they know, and no more. They will be was throbbing all over with the love proud of you!"

Hetty's eyes were blazing. "You that name you call me that-and yet you have kissed me, careseed meoved me!" she cried hoarse with pas-

"He will ask you tonight for the second time. You will accept him. That is all."

"You must take back what you have just said to me-of me-Sara dall. You must unsay it! You must beg my pardon for that!"
"I draw no line between mistress

"Enough!" "You wrong me vilely! You must thy of the noblest love. let me-

"I have an excellent memory, and it serves me well."

Hetty suddenly threw herself upon the couch and buried her face in her arms. Great sobs shook her slender frame.

Sara stood over her and watched for had done ber a service in ridding her the man who though she loved him a long time with pittless eyes. Then a long time with pittless eyes. Then a queer, uneasy, wondering light began to develop in those dark, ominous takes her to be own home. Mrs. and all hears the story of Hetty Case. She leaned forward the better and coatless, forgetting that he had but— Pooh! What's the use aggrato listen to the choked, inarticulate been sitting in the obscurity of trailing vating the pain by butting against a

Sara seized her hands and held them in a flerce, tense grip. Her eyes were "Tell me-tell me now, on your soul,

Hetty were you-were you-"No! No! On my soul, no!"

"Look into my eyes!" The girl's eyes did not falter. She met the dark, penetrating gaze of the other and, though dimmed by tears, her blue eyes were steadfast and resolute. Sara seemed to be searching the very soul of her, the soul that laid itself bare, denuded of every vestige

"I-I think I believe you," came slowly from the lips of the searcher. You are looking the truth. I can see it. Hetty, I-I don't understand myself. Is is so so overwhelming, so tremendous. It is so incredible. Am I really believing you? Is it possible that I have been wrong in-"

"Let me tell you everything," cried the girl, suddenly throwing her arms

"Not now! Wait! Give me time to and men are not made of stone and think. Go away now. I want to be thing finer. Ripping." steel. They punish but they do not alone." She arose and pushed the girl avenge when they sit in jury boxes. toward the door. Her eyes were fixed They are not women! Good God, Sara. on her in a wondering, puzzled sort is there a man living today who could of way, and she was shaking her head have planned this thing you have cher. as if trying to discredit the new emoshed all these months? Not one! And tion that had come to displace the one

Slowly Hetty Castleton retreated

"After what has happened, Sara, you must not expect me to stay with you Sara stood perfectly rigid, regarding any longer. I cannot. You may give me up to the law, but-" Some one was tapping gently at the

"Shall I see who it is?" asked the

girl, after a long period of silence. "Yes." It was Murray. "Mr. Leslie has re turned, Miss Castleton, and asks if

motive you may have had in doing so. the may see you at once. He says it is very important. "Tell him I will be down in a few

minutes, Murray." After the door closed, she waited

until the footman's steps died away on the stairs.

"I shall say no to him, Sara, and l shall say to him that you will tell him



"Tell Me-Tell Me. Now Soul, Hetty-"

why I cannot be his wife. Do you understand? Are you listening to me?" Sara turned away without a word or look of response.

Hetty quietly opened the door and went out.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Second Encounter. Booth trudged rapidly homeward after leaving Hetty at the lodge. He of her. The thrill of conquest was in his blood. She had raised a mysterious barrier; all the more zest to the inevitable victory that would be his. He would delight in overcoming obstacles-the bigger the better-for his heart was valiant and the prize no smaller than those which the ancient knights went out to battle for in the lists of love. It was enough for the present to

know that she loved him. What if she were Hetty Glynn? What if she had been an artist's model? The look he had had into the soul of her through those pure blue most pitying smile.

eyes was all-convincing. She was wor- | "And you want me to be your best | I'm blowed if I consider it an honor, we have been led to believe that you

After luncheon-served with some pipe on the porch and stared reminis- air of compassion cently at the shifting clouds above the tree tops.

vines and purple blossoms the while he thought of her.

between his mother and sister.

said Booth, reaching in to shake hands | who is oppressed by despair. with him. "Day early, aren't you? Good afternoon, Mrs. Wrandall, Won't you come in?"

He looked at Vivian as he gave the invitation. "No, thanks," she replied. "Won't

you come to dinner this evening?" He hesitated. "I'm not quite sure whether I can, Vivian. I've got a halfway sort of-"

"Oh, do, old chap," cut in Leslie, more as a command than an entreaty. "Sorry I can't be there myself, but you'll fare quite as well without me. I'm dining at Sara's. Wants my private ear about one thing and anothersee what I mean?"

"We shall expect you, Brandon," said Mrs. Wrandall, fixing him with her lorgnette.

"I'll come, thank you," said he. He felt disgustingly transparent under that inquisitive glass. Wrandall stepped out of the car.

"I'll stop off for a chat with Brandy. mother.' "Shall I send the car back, dear?" "Never mind. I'll walk down."

The two men turned in at the gate as the car sped away. "Well," said Booth, "it's good to see you. Pat!" He called through a basement window. "Come up and take the gentleman's order."

"No drink for me, Brandy. I've been in the temperance state of Maine for two weeks. One week more of it and I'd have been completely pickled. I shall always remember Maine." Booth sat down on the porch rail.

nooked his toes in the supports and proceeded to fill his pipe. Then he struck a match and applied it, Leslie watching him with moody eyes. "How do you like the portrait, old

man?" he inquired between punctuating puffs. "It's bully. Sargent never did any-

"I owe it all-to you, Les." "To me?"

"You induced her to sit to me." "So I did," said Leslie sourly. was Mr. Fix-it sure enough." He al- hedgerow at the end of Booth's garlowed a short interval to elapse before taking the plunge. "I suppose, old chap, if I should happen to need your valuable services as best man in the near future, you'd not disap-

point me?" Booth eyed him quizzically. "I trust you're not throwing yourself away, Les," he said drily. "I mean to say,

on some one-well, some one not quite up to the mark." Leslie regarded him with some se

verity. "Of course not, old chap. What the devil put that into your Booth's place by the matter of a mile "I thought that possibly you'd been

making a chump of yourself up in the Maine woods.' "Piffle! Don't be an ass. What's

the sense pretending you don't know who she is? "I suppose it's Hetty Castleton,"

said Booth, puffing away at his pipe. "Who else?" "Think she'll have you, old man

asked Booth, after a moment, "I don't know," replied the other, a bit dashed. "You might wish me luck, though."

Booth knocked the burnt tobacco from the bowl of his pipe. A serious line appeared between his eyes. He was a fair-minded fellow, without guile, without a single treacherous

"I can't wish you luck, Les," he in hand. said slowly. "You see I'm-I'm in love with her myself." "The devil!" Leslie sat bolt upright and glared at him. "I might

have known! And-and is she in love with you?" "My dear fellow, you reveal con

question." "What I want to know is this," exclaimed Wrandall, very pale but very hot: "is she going to marry you?" Booth smiled. "I'll be perfectly

frank with you. She says she won't." Leslie gulped. "So you've asked "Obviously." "And she said she wouldn't? She

refused you? Turned you down?" His little mustache shot up at the ends and a joyous, triumphant laugh broke from his lips. "Oh, this is rich! Ha. ha! Turned you down, eh? Poor old Brandy! You're my best friend, and dammit I'm sorry. I mean to say." he went on in some embarrassment, "I'm sorry for you. Of course, you can hardly expect me to-er-"Certainly not," accepted Booth amiably. "I quite understand."

"Then, since she's refused you, yo might wish me better luck." "That would mean giving up hope. "Hope?" exclaimed Leslie quickly.

You don't mean to say you'll annoy her with your-" "No, I shall not annoy her," replied his friend, shaking his head.

"Well, I should hope not," said Leslie with a scowl. "Turned you down, eh? 'Pon my soul!" He appeared to be relishing the idea of it. Sorry, old chap, but I suppose you understand just what that means." Booth's lips hardened for an instant, then relaxed into a queer, al-

man?" he said reflectively. Leslie arose. His chest seemed to

exasperation by Patrick an hour and a swell a little; assuredly he was breath-

"I shan't insist, old fellow, if you feel you'd rather not-er- See what He did not see the Wrandall motor I mean?" It then occurred to him to at his garden gate until a lusty voice utter a word or two of kindly advice. stone wall?"

His companion looked out over the Leslie was sitting on the wide seat | tree tops, his hands in his trousers pockets, and it must be confessed "Glad to see you back, old man," that his manner was not that of one

"I think I'm taking it like a man,



Leslie Sat Bolt Upright and Glared

Les," he said. "I only hope you'll take it as nicely if she says nay to

An uneasy look leaped into Leslie's face. He seemed noticeably less corpulent about the chest. He wondered if Booth knew anything about his initial venture. A question rose to his lips, but he thought quickly and held it back. Instead, he glanced at time. his watch.

"I must be off. See you tomorrow.

"So long," said Booth, stopping at the top of the steps while his visitor skipped down to the gate with a nimbleness that suggested the formation of a sudden resolve.

ing inanities he strode off briskly in hand and a saddened smile. a furtive glance out of the tail of his eye as he disappeared beyond the den. That gentleman was standing where he had left him, and was filling his pipe once more.

The day was warm, and Leslie was in a dripping perspiration when he reached home. He did not enter the house but made his way direct to the

"Get out the car at once, Brown," was his order.

Three minutes later he was being driven over the lower road toward Southlook, taking good care to avoid or more. He was in a fever of hone and eagerness. It was very plain to him why she had refused Booth. The iron was hot. He didn't intend to lose any time in striking.

And now we know why he came again to Sara's in the middle of a blazing afternoon, instead of waiting until the more seductive shades of night had fallen, when the moon sat serene in the seat of the Mighty.

He didn't have to wait long for Hetty. Up to the instant of her appearance in the door, he had reveled in the thought that the way was now paved with roses. But with her entrance, he felt his confidence and courage slipping. Perhaps that may explain the abruptness with which he proceeded to go about the business

"I couldn't wait till tonight," he explained as she came slowly across the room toward him. She was halfway to him before he awoke to the fact that he was standing perfectly still. Then he started forward, some how impelled to meet her at least siderable lack of tact in asking that half-way. "You'll forgive me, Hetty, if I have disturbed you."

"I was not lying down, Mr. Wrandall," she said quietly. There was nothing ominous in the words, but he experienced a sudden sensation of cold. "Won't you sit down? Or would you rather go out to the terrace?"

"It's much more comfortable here if you don't mind. I-I suppose you know what it is I want to say to you.

"Yes," she interrupted wearily; and knowing as much, Mr. Wrandall, it would not be fair of me to let you go on." "Not fair?" he said, in honest amaze

ment. "But, my dear, I-" "Please, Mr. Wrandall," she exclaimed, with a pleading little smile that would have touched the heart of anyone but Leslie. "Please don't go on. It is quite as impossible now as it was before. I have not changed." He could only say, mechanically:

You haven't?"

hought that I might come to-"Think, for heaven's sake, think what you are doing!" he cried, feeling for the edge of the table with a support-seeking hand. "I-I had Sara's ner. The private dinner, of course, word that you were not-"Infortunately Sara cannot sneet

"No. I am sorry if you have

you for the honor you would-"

to be refused by any woman. I-" him with her flashing, indignant eyes. that. From you alone I learned my half later than usual—he smoked his ing much easier. He assumed an "You are forgetting yourself." She greatest lesson. You revealed to me was standing very straight and slim the true meaning of human kindness. and imperious before him.

He quailed. "I-I beg your pardon. "There is nothing more to be said,"

she went on icily. "Goodby." "Would you mind telling me whether there is anyone else?" he asked, as

he turned toward the door. "Do you really feel that you have the right to ask that question, Mr. the world. I would not be betraying Wrandall?"

He wet his lips with his tongue. "Then, there is some one!" he cried, be the one to suffer. When you met rapping the table with his knuckles. me on the road that night I was on He didn't realize till afterward how my way back to the inn to give myvigorously he rapped. "Some con-self into custody. You have made it founded English nobody, I suppose." impossible for me to do so now. My She smiled, not unkindly. "There lips are sealed. It rests with you, is no English nobody, if that answers | Sara."

your question." offer a reason for not giving me a look in her face. A gilded birdcage fair chance in a clear field? I think hung suspended in the casement. With-

"Can't you see how you are distressing me? Must I again go through the gilded cage cocked his head and that horrid scene in the garden? watched her with alert eyes. Then Can't you take a plain no for an an- she reached up and gently removed

those two words he revealed the com- opened the tiny door. The bird hopped plete overturning of a lifelong esti- about his prison in a state of great mate of himself. It seemed to take excitement. more than his breath away.

"Goodby," she said with finality. slipped out of the house, jumped into who lost no time in assisting his master to turn tail in ignominious flight.

employed in laying out certain of her personal belongings, preparatory to packing them for departure, when Sara entered her room, They regarded each other steadily.

Hetty was gloomily but resolutely

questioningly for a short space of "Leslie has just called up to ask 'what the devil' I meant by letting him make a fool of himself," said Sara, with a peculiar little twisted

smile on her lips. Hetty offered no comment, but after a moment gravely and rather wistfully called attention to her present occu-Leslie did not waste time in part. pation by a significant flaunt of her

> "If you choose to go, Hetty, I shall not oppose you." "My position here is a false one

Sara. I prefer to go." "This morning I should have a sword over your head." "It is very difficult for me to realize

all that has happened." "You are free to depart. You are free in every sense of the word. Your future rests with yourself, my dear.' "It hurts me more than I can tell

to feel that you have been hating me all these months." "It hurts me-now." Hetty walked to the window and

looked out. "What are your plans?" Sara in quired, after an interval. "I shall seek employment-and wait for you to act."

"I? You mean?" "I shall not run away, Sara. Nor do I intend to reveal myself to the aucrime. A year ago I feared the con- the door, and then turned to Hetty. sequences of my deed, but I have learned much since then. I was a

lynch women here as readily as you "Mr. Wrandall!" she cried, fixing lynch men. I now know better than You shielded me who should not Even now I believe that your first impulse was a tender one. I shall not forget it, Sara. You will live to regret the baser thought that came later on. I have loved you-yes, almost as a good dog loves his master. It is not for me to tell the story of that night and all these months to myself, but you. You would be called upon to explain, not I. And you would

Sara joined her in the broad win-"Then, will you be kind enough to dow. There was a strangely exalted out a word, she threw open the window screen. The gay little canary in the cage from its fastenings. Putting "Good Lord!" he gasped, and in it down upon the window sill, she

Hetty looked on, fascinated.

At last a yellow streak shot out He stared at the door through which | through the open door and an instant | sock boiled or fried?" she disappeared, his hopes, his con- later resolved itself into the bobbing, ceit, his self-regard trailing after her fluttering dicky-bird that had lived with shameless disloyalty to the in a cage all its life without an hour standards he had set for them, and of freedom. For a few seconds it then, with a rather ghastly smile of circled over the tree tops and then self-commiseration on his lips, he alighted on one of the branches. One might well have imagined that he the motor car, and gave a brief but could hear its tiny heart beating with explicit command to the chauffeur, terror. Its wings were half-raised and fluttering, its head jerking from side to side in wild perturbation. Taking courage, Master Dicky hopped timorously to a nearby twig, and then ventured a flight to a tree top nearer the window casement. Perched in its topmost branches he cheeped shrilly, as if there was fear in his little breast. In silence the two women in the

window watched the agitated movements of the bird. The same thought was in the mind of each, the same question, the same intense wish. A brown thrush sped through the

air, close by the timid canary. Like a flash it dropped to the twigs lower down, its wings palpitating in violent alarm. "Dicky!" called Sara Wrandall, and

then cheeped between her teeth. A moment later Dicky was fluttering about the eaves; his circles grew smaller, his winging less rhythmical, till at last with a nervous little flutter he perched on the top of the window shutter, so near that they might have reached to him with their hands. He sat there with his head cocked to one

"Dicky!" called Sara again. This time she held out her finger. For some time he regarded it with indifference, not to say disfavor. Then he took one first, bringing up again at the shuttertop. A second later he hopped down finger with an earnestness that left no room for doubt.

She lowered her hand until it was suggested a scramble. With his wings everything except the Colonial folded, he sat on his little trapeze thorities. I am not morally guilty of and cheeped. She closed and fastened

"My symbol," she said softly. There were tears in Hetty's eyes.

stranger in a new world. In England (TO BE CONTINUED)

New York Newspaper Says It Is, Both on Account of Poor Food and Poor Speakers.

It has long been the agreeable habit of friendly organizations, from the at which they may refresh their spirits with the familiar dialect which is grateful in the ears long unused to it, and by reminding each other of what since become a bore beyond descripanything in particular to say, and at the same time because of the very indifferent quality of the dinner prowhat they eat, and therefore gobble the usually very indifferent food set one. before them and wait, helplessly, for "the speakers." Their own indifference is much to blame for the general stodginess. It is encouraging, of course, to observe that the disgust with such silliness as this has finally resulted in an explosion which would do away entirely with the public din- 'fer I've been a member of six Georgia chosen carefully and served to a

small and congenial company, is one

cial rites in the civilized world; men

PUBLIC DINNER A NUISANCE? | ish anomaly to tegin with; nobody but the hotelkeepers, who charge enough to pay for a much more tempting dinner than they serve, feels any tenderness for it.

Pie, the National Dish. Three years ago a pie-eating con-Sons of St. Patrick to the New Eng. test was held for the championship land society, the Ohio, the Southern of New Jersey, relates the London and others, to give occasional dinners | Chronicle. In the United States pie is a national dish, and the variety with which the competitors had t struggle consisted of a layer of pastry a quarter of an inch thick, a good place the old home was, and spread with canned fruit, the average is, remarks the New York Evening weight being half a pound. Accord-Sun. But the old custom has long ing to the report of a local journal. "amid enthusiasm, thirty-five young tion because of the inordinate atten- men, trained to the minute, entered tion required of the diners to a long the contest for the championship. array of speakers, none of whom has The state record of twenty-six pies in half an hour fell during the battle Walter Tappin of Tilsomfield, N. J., was the winner. He managed to put vided. It is no doubt true that the himself on the outside of twentygreat majority of persons who go to seven pies in the allotted time. For these dinners do not know or care this he received the "championship belt." It should have been an elastic

Georgia Invesion.

"It's been the dream of the old man's life to see Wash'ton," said the Billville matron, "an' now he's a-goin' thar, an' I'm a-goin' with him. 'I won't be unknown thar,' he says, legislatures, an' any one of 'em could beat congress a-raisin' of the place whar Satan lives at an' a-doin' of for me in a matter of this kind. Thank of the most honorable and sacred so nuthin!' But what we want to see most is the place whar they make and women will always stand up to the money, an' find out how come an' losing his temper. "I love you! It's defend and maintain it. But the why we don't git our share of it."—At-

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It Was Not to Him. It was in a city restaurant that a little short woman and her tall husband entered and sat at a table.

"Will you have fried oysters?" asked the man, glancing over the bill of fare. "Yes," answered the little short woman, as she tried in vain to touch

her toes to the floor. "And John, I want a hassock." John nodded, and, as he handed his

order to the waiter, he said, "And bring a hassock for the lady. "One hassock?" repeated the waiter, with more than ordinary interest. Then he lingered around the table brushing the tablecloth and rearranging the articles on it, while his face got very red. Finally he came around

to John's side and whispered: "Say, mister, I haven't been here long and I'm not on to all these things. Will the lady have the has-

ITCHED AND BURNED

Silverwood, Mich .- "My baby was about six months old when he first began to break out with little pimples on his head and face. Then they would run water and keep getting worse until his head was a regular sore eruption and water would run and stream from it and his face also. His whole body was affected. They were little white pimples which itched and burned something terrible. His clothing seemed to irritate him and it was almost impossible for him to sleep at night. They also disfigured him as

they were on his face. "We tried medicine but without success. The trouble must have lasted three or four weeks when I thought I would try the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I would bathe him with warm water, as warm as he could stand and Cuticura Soap, then apply the Cuticura Ointment. The very first time that I did this it seemed to relieve him as he slept well and inside of two (Signed) Mrs. L. White, Jan. 29, 1914. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book, Address post-

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

Surely in Hard Straits. A Chicago man who has a son at Cornell took occasion while on the way home from New York to stop off for the purpose of seeing how the boy was getting along. It happened to be just after the Cornell football more flight, but much shorter than the team, which had undergone many humiliations that season, had been beaten by Colgate. "How are things goand his little talons gripped Sara's ing with the football team?" the father asked, pretending to be seeking information. "The Cornell football team!" the young man exclaimed with even with the open door of the gilded all the disgust that he could put into cage. He shot inside with a whir that his tones; "it has been beaten by

Uniforms.

"You can't judge a man by his clothes." "Only in a general way. For instance, a statesman wears a high hat with a frock coat, while a ward politician wears one with a cutaway coat."

Dames!

/ Making Soap.

either in cake or powdered form, by a recently patented centrifugal ma-

Liquid soap is converted into solid,

Smile on wash day. That's when you use Red Cross Ball Blue. Clothes whiter than snow. All grocers. Adv. Our minds are full of waifs and estrays which we think our own.-O.

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