"I am frightened." shuddered

There came another deafening crash.

The glare filled the room with a bril-

"I will come," he exclaimed, as they

raced down the stairs. "Don't be

Remained at the Window.

Listen to me! Mrs. Desmond is as

He held her close to his breast and

"Yes, yes. Don't be frightened, Lyd-

"Oh, I'm sure too, dear. I have al-

Close together, holding tightly to

sheets of rain. The big umbrella was

wind, and a sort of wild, impish hilar-

ity took possession of them. It was

and the sharp, staccato cries that

exultant glee which neither of them

could have suppressed nor controlled.

Their hearts were as wild as the tem-

and both of their drenched faces were

fearful, stared for a second at the

amazing pair, and then held out her

She was drenched in their embrace.

No one thought of the havoc that was

being created in that swift, impulsive

Frederic. Lydia placed herself be-

"No! I want you to stay," she cried

He stared. "What a funny idea!"

"No, no," cried Lydia. "I mean for

him to stay here the rest of the night.

We can put you up, Freddy I-I

don't want you to go back there un-

A glad light broke in his face. "By

jove, I-do you know, I'd like to stay.

I-I really would, Mrs. Desmond. Can

you find a place for me?" His voice

Lydia's bed, Frederic. She can come

"Yes," said the mother, quietly, al-

was eager, his eyes sparkling.

"Wait until the rain is over," added

"I must run back home," exclaimed

pest about them.

arms to them.

contact. . .

Mrs. Desmond.

tween him and the door.

freedom, after all. They were fighting

dy. I-I know everything is all right

was buried against his shoulder.

safe as-"

happy plight.

as one in panic.

now. I'm sure of it."

from Yvonne's now tremulous lips. not by way of comprehending. "Oh,

trailed off in a slow crescendo, ending understood, as she had understood.

his heavy lashes and moved away. house-you and I together."

lieve in ghosts. I believe the dead a force in nature that they understood

ourselves once more," she gasped a they came to the lower hall.

appealing little caress that conquered standing at the window, holding the

him in a flash. He clasped her fingers | curtains apart while he peered upward

storm when we came in-just a steady, for both of you."

SYNOPSIS.

In the New York home of James Brood, his son, Frederic, receives a wireless from him. Frederic tells Lydia Desmond, his figuree, that the message announces his father's marriage, and orders Mrs. Desmond, the housekeeper and Lydia's mother, to prepare the house for an immediate home-coming. Brood and his bride arrive. She wins Frederic's liking at first meeting. Brood shows dislike and veiled hostility to his son. Lydia and Mrs. Brood met in the jade-room, where Lydia works as Brood's secretary. Mrs. Brood interrupted, his tone sharp and incisive. "The end is in sight. We're a bit feverish over it, I suppose. You see, my dear, we have just escaped captivity in Lhasa. It was a bit thrilling, I fancy. But we've stopped for the night."

"So I perceive," said Yvonne, a touch of insolence in her voice. "You stopped, I dare say, when you heard the vulgar world approaching the inner temple. That is what you broke into and desecrated, wasn't it?"

Brood interrupted, his tone sharp and incisive. "The end is in sight. We're a bit feverish over it, I suppose, I dans and allowed her swimming eyes to rest on his for an instant to complete the conquest. Then she motioned him away. Brood's voice was heard in the doorway. She had, however, planted an insidious thing in Frederic's mind, and it would grow.

Her husband re-entered the room, stopped, I dare say, when you heard the vulgar world approaching the inner temple. That is what you broke into and desecrated, wasn't it?"

"The inner temple at Lhasa," he said. You meant it." In the New York home of James Brood, father's East Indian stories and firm belief in magic, fears unknown evil. Ranjab performs feats of magic for Dawes and Riggs. Frederic's father, jealous, unjustly orders his son from the dinner table as drunk. Brood tells the story of Ranjab's life to his guests. "He killed' a womblays with Frederic's infatuation for her. Her husband warns her that the thing must not go on. She tells him that he still loves his dead wife, whom he drove from his home, through her, Yvonne, Yvonne plays with Brood, Frederic and Lydia as with figures on a chess board. Brood, madly jealous, tells Lydia that Frederic is not his son.

"The inner temple at Lhasa," he said, coldly.

"Certainly. The place you were escaping from when we came in."

It was clear to all of them that Yvonne as he spoke.

"I am sorry, Lydia, darling," she said, and reached out her hand to the said, and reached out her hand to the girl, who approached reluctantly, uncertainly full minute no one spoke, but stared at her, each with a different emotion.

Lydia's eyes were flashing. Her lips

You are so beautiful, so splendid."

CHAPTER X-Continued.

"And now, Mr. Brood, may I ask why you have always intended to tell me this dreadful thing?" she demanded, her eyes gleaming with a fierce, accusing light. He stared. "Doesn't-doesn't it put

a different light on your estimate of him? Doesn't it convince you that he is not worthy of-"

"No! A thousand times no!" she cried. "I love him. If he were to ask me to be his wife tonight I would rejoice-oh, I would rejoice! Someone is coming. Let me say this to you, Mr. Brood: You have brought Frederic up as a butcher fattens the calves and swine he prepares for slaughter. You are waiting for the hour to come when you can kill his very soul with the weapon you have held over him for so long, waiting, waiting! In God's name, what has he done that you should want to strike him down after all these years? It is in my heart to curse you, but somehow I feel that you are a curse to yourself. I will not say that I cannot understand how you feel about everything. You have suffered. I know you have, and I-I am sorry for you. And knowing how hitter life has been for you, I implore you to be merciful to him who is innocent.

The man listened without the slightest change of expression. The lines seemed deeper about his eyes, that was all. But the eyes were bright and as hard as the steel they resembled.

"You would marry him?" "Yes, yes!"

"Knowing that he is a scoundrel?" "How dare you say that, Mr. Brood?"

"Because," said he levelly, "he thinks he is my son." Voices were heard on the stairs, Frederic's and Yvonne's. "He is coming now, my dear," he went on and then, after a pause fraught with significance, "and my wife is with him."

Lydia closed her eyes as if in dire pain. A dry sob was in her throat. A strange thing happened to Brood, the man of iron. Tears suddenly rushed to his eyes.

CHAPTER XI. .

A Tempest Rages. Yvonne stopped in the doorway. Ranjab was holding the curtains aside for her to enter. The tall figure of Frederic loomed up behind her, his dark face glowing in the warm light that came from the room. She had

changed her dress for an exquisite orchid colored tea-gown of chiffon under the rarest and most delicate of lace. For an instant her gaze rested on Lydia and then went questioningly to Brood's face. The girl's confusion had not escaped her notice. Her husband's manner was but little less convicting. Her eyes narrowed.

ward haltingly, as if in doubt as to of annoyance on his cheek. "Lydia is tired. I sent Ranjab down to ask

Frederic to-" eagerly. "I'll walk around with you, derment. Lydia. It's raining, however. Shall I

get the car out, father?" scious of the rather awkward situa-

tion. "And please don't bother, Freddy. | "I suppose I shall have to apologize I can go home alone. It's only a step." She moved toward the door, eager to ther will exact it of me, and I shall

cisively. He stood between her and sorry, Lydia.' Do I say it prettily?" the door, an embarrassed smile on his lips. "I've got something to say to you, Yvonne. I adore you, and yet, by

shaking her finger at her husband and time, but-she's the finest, best, dearwith an exasperating smile on her est girl in the world. You-even you, lips, "you are working the poor girl Yvonne-shall not utter a word window casement behind them too hard. See how late it is! And against-" how nervous she is. Why, you are

"I am a little tired," stammered Lydia. "We are working so hard, you

parted, but she withheld the angry She drew the girl down beside her. words that rose to them. Brood's ex-"Forgive me, dear." And Lydia, whose honest heart had been so full of repression changed slowly from dull anger to one of incredulity, which sentment the moment before, could swiftly gave way to positive joy. His not withstand the humble appeal in wife was jealous! first at Yvonne then at Brood, and frightened, darling. It's all right.

Frederic was biting his lips nervously. He allowed Lydia to pass him on her way out, scarcely noticing her so intently was his gaze fixed upon Yvonne. When Brood followed Lydia into the hall to remonstrate, the young man sprang eagerly to his stepmoth- He sprang to her side. She kissed Freddy, dear!" Her nerves gave way.

"Good Lord, Yvonne," he whispered, that was a nasty thing to say. What moment later, her eyes still fixed inwill Lydia think? By gad, is it pos-

Why should I be jealous of her? She the cigarettes!" hasn't the blood of a potato." "I can't understand you," he said in



Listened Without the Slightest Change of Expression.

tonight that you are not sure that

you really love him. You-" She stopped him with a quick gesture. Her eyes were smoldering. "Where is he? Gone away with her?

Go and look, do." "They're in the hall. I shall take her home, never fear. I fancy he's trying to explain your insinuating-" She turned on him furiously. "Are you lecturing me? What a tempest in

a teapot." "Lydia's as good as gold. She-"Then take her home at once," sneered Yvonne. "This is no place

for her." Frederic paled. "You're not trying "Ranjab said you were expecting Lord, Yvonne, you must be crazy! to say that my father would-Good us," she said slowly. She came for- Why, that is impossible! If-if 1 thought-" He clinched his fists and her welcome. "Are we interrupting?" glared over his shoulder, missing the for help, a cry out of the darkness. queer little smile that flitted across her face.

"You do love her, then," she said. her voice suddenly soft and caressing. Frederic interrupted, a trifle too He stared at her in complete bewil-

"I-I-Lord, you gave me a shock!" He passed his hand across his moist Yvonne had sensed peril with the mes-"No, no!" cried Lydia, painfully con- forehead. "It can't be so. Why, the very thought of it-"

to Lydia," said she, calmly. "Your fathobey. Well, I am sorry. How does afraid of-himself! He was holding "I'll go with you," said Frederic de- it sound, coming from me? 'I am himself in check with the greatest dif-

"I don't understand you at all. Lydia," he went on, lowering his heaven, I-I actually believe I hated lay heavily yet shiftingly upon all of you just now. Listen to me: I've been them. "James, dear," said Mrs. Brood, treating Lydia vilely for a long, long

"Ai-e! What heroics!" she cried from the lips of the two women. The

you are angry, my son. Yes, you are too, has been angry with me. He, too. has made me shudder. But he, too, gentie spring rain." has forgiven me, as you shall this instant. Say it, Freddie. You do forgive me? I was mean, nasty, ugly, think-" vile-oh, everything that's horrid. I take it all back. Now, be nice to me!" She laid ner band on his arm, an liant, greenish hue. Ranjab was

he leaned forward, drawn resistlessly

"You-you are wonderful," he mur-

what you said. You couldn't have

the voice of the penitent. She smiled,

never quite understood the impulse

that ordered her to kiss the warm, red

"James, dear," fell softly, alluringly

quiringly on those of the man beside

Frederic, white-faced and scowling,

remained at the window, glaring out

sheet of raindrops thrashed against

after a single sharp glance at his tall.

motionless figure. "One can almost

imagine that ghosts from every grave-

yard in the world are whistling past

our windows. Should we not rejoice?

We have them safely locked outside-

ai-e! There are no ghosts in here

The sentence that began so glibly

abruptly. Ranjab was holding the

The little by-scene did not go unno-

ticed by the others, although its mean-

Are you really afraid of ghosts?"

She answered in a deep, solemn

voice that carried conviction. "I be-

come back to us, not to flit about, as

lodge-actually to dwell-inside these

warm, living bodies of ours. They

come and go at will. Sometimes we

feel that they are there, but-ah, who

knows? Their souls may conquer ours

"Never!" he exclaimed quickly, but

his eyes were full of the wonder that

"Frederic!" she called imperatively.

The young man joined the group.

The sullen look in his face had given

way to one of acute inquiry. The new

note in her voice produced a strange

effect upon him. It seemed like a call

They were all playing for time. Not

one of them but who realized that

something sinister was attending their

little conclave, unseen but vital. Each

one knew that united they were safe,

each against the other! Lydia was

afraid because of Brood's revelations.

sage delivered by Ranjab to Frederic.

Frederic had come upstairs prepared

for rebellion against the caustic re-

marks that were almost certain to

ficulty. He knew that the smallest

spark would create the explosion he

dreaded and yet courted. Restraint

A long, reverberating roll of thun-

brought sharp exclamations of terror eyes fell.

come from his father. Brood was til-until tomorrow."

that seemed no farther away than the you not our Frederic?"

der ending in an ear-splitting crash in with me. Yes, you must stay. Are

'Come away from that window."

and go on inhabiting-"

he felt.

ing was lost.

to make us shiver-and-shake."

"Hear the wind!" cried Yvonne.

the window panes.

lips that so recently had offended.

meant it.'

nearer by a strange magic that was the court.

mured. "I knew that you'd regret the door.

But Preston, looking back over his but when the rest of the men saw Youth's Companion. shoulder to see if the Indians were him standing there, without cover, following, or for whatever purpose a and returning the fire of the Indians, man looks back at a dangerous foe, they turned back, and in five minutes saw the strap on his shoulder and ex- it was all over, and the Indians were

the Indians fired. Everyone was They did not mean to run far, but He stopped. Of course there was no men as they ran. Preston's idea of I am at all satisfied with that rela-

well-defined object in his stopping, duty was what saved the day.-

My ideal of human intercourse man will ever stand in need of any

He was holding his men in line before ly by surprise. The soldiers ran. nation, and that he ought not to run. have had an easy time picking off the ual impunity, of course. For see: If reign of God will be impossible.

Ten minutes later, as he sat with the toddy Mrs. Desmond had brewed. he cried: "I say, this is great!" Lydia was suddenly shy and embar-

in his and mumbled incoherently as across the space that separated them from the apartment building beyond rassed. "Good night," she whispered. Her "Take me home, Frederic!" cried fingers brushed his cheek lightly. He Lydia, frantically. She ran toward drew her down to him and kissed her

clothes.

passionately. "Good-night, my Lyddy!" he said, softly, his cheek flushing. She went quickly from the room.

wonder. All of her intimate, exquisite ally. belongings, the sanctified treasures of "How does it go, Freddy-the thing of the perfume bottles and smiled as able thing. Is this right?" he recognized the sweet odors as being a part of her, and not a thing unto own photograph in its silver frame in the morning; caressed-ay, caressed many times since the dear Christmas day when he had given it to her with where she had stood, and the soft rug seemed to respond to the delightfu!

Suddenly he dropped to his knees Frederic, White Faced and Scowling, and buried his hot face in the cool, white sheets, and kissed them over and over again. Here was sanctuary! His eyes were wet with tears when he arose to his feet, and his arms went out to the closed door. "Oh, Freddy, Freddy," she wailed,

main!

"My Lyddy!" he whispered chokbreaking under a strain that he was

Back there in the rose-hued light of him passionately. "Now, we are all | She was sobbing convulsively when | James Brood's study, Yvonne cringed and shook in the strong arms of her In great distress, he clasped her in husband all through that savage his arms, mumbling incoherent words storm. She was no longer the defisible that you are jealous? Of Lydia?" her. "Let us be gay! Let us forget! of love, encouragement—even ridicule ant, self-possessed creature he had "Jealous?" cried she, struggling with Come, Frederic! Sit here at my feet. for the fear she betrayed. Far from come to know so well, but a shrinking, her fury. "Jealous of that girl! Poof! Lydia is not going home yet. Ranjab, his mind was the real cause of her unbravado, all her arrogance, all her seeming guile. A pathetic whimper there she sobbed and trembled as crooned from her lips in response to great perplexity. "You-you told me into the rain-swept night. A steady with a mighty, racking chill. Her fin- his gentle words of reassurance. She gers clutched his arm with the grip was afraid-desperately afraid-and of one who clings to the edge of a she crept close to him in her fear. precipice with death below. Her face

And he? He was looking backward to another who had nestled close to "You will come with me, Freddy?" him and whimpered as she was doing she was whispering, clinging to him now-another who had lived in terror when it stormed.

CHAPTER XII.

The Day Between.

ways been sure." she cried, and he Frederic opened his eyes at the sound of a gentle, persistent tapping Despite the protests of Jones, they on the bedroom door. Resting on his lighted taper for her cigarette. As dashed out into the blighting thunshe spoke her eyes were lifted to his derstorm. The rain beat down in tor- about the room and-remembered. It dark, saturnine face. She was saying rents, the din was infernal. As the was broad daylight. The knocking there were no ghosts, when his eyes door closed behind them Lydia, in the suddenly fastened on hers. In spite ecstasy of freedom from restraint biting eyes still seeking out the dainty, of herself her voice rose in response terly imposed, gave vent to a shrill Lydialike treasures in the enchanted to the curious dread that chilled her cry of relief. Words, the meaning of room.

heart as she looked into the shining which he could not grasp, babbled "Frederic! Get up! It's nine mirrors above her. She shivered as if from her lips as they descended the o'clock. Or will you have your breakin the presence of death! For an in- steps. One sentence fell vaguely clear fast in bed, sir?" It was Lydia who calculably brief period their gaze refrom the others, and it puzzled him. spoke, assuming a fine Irish brogue in mained fixed and steady, each reading He was sure that she said: "Oh, I am imitation of their little maid of all a mystery. Then the Hindu lowered so glad, so happy we are out of that work.

> "I'll have to, unless my clothes have come over?"

each other, they breasted the whirling "They are here. Now, do hurry." He sprang out of bed and bounded "There's nothing to be afraid of, of little protection to them, although across the room. She passed the gar-Yvonne," said Brood, pressing the held manfully to break the force of ments through the partly opened hand, which trembled in his. "Your the cold flood of waters. They bent imagination carries you a long way. their strong young bodies against the

He was artistic, temperamental. Such as he have not the capacity for haste when there is the slightest opportunity to dream and dawdle. He was a full quarter of an hour taking we are told by superstition, but to came from their lips were born of an his tub and another was consumed in getting into his clothes. He sallied forth in great haste at nine-thirty-five and was extremely proud of himself, although unshaved.

His first act, after warmly greeting Mrs. Desmond threw open the door Mrs. Desmond, was to sit down at the as their wet, soggy feet came sloshpiano. Hurriedly he played a few ing down the hall. Frederic's arm jerky, broken snatches of the hauntwas about Lydia as they approached. ing air he had heard the night before. "I've been wondering if I could rewreathed in smiles-gay, exalted member it," he apologized as he folsmiles. The mother, white-faced and

> you sleep well? Poor old girl, I was a beast to deprive you of your bed-"I have a mean headache, that's all," said the girl, quickly. He noticed the dark circles under her eyes, and the queer expression, as of trouble, in their depths. "It will go as soon as

lowed them into the dining-room.

"What's the matter, Lydia? Didn't

I've had my coffee." was behind them. Day revealed the shadow that had fallen. They unconsciously shrank from it and drew back ivings. . The joyous abandon of the night before was dead. Over its grave

stood the specter of unrest, leering. When he took her in his arms later on, and kissed her, there was not the shadow of a doubt in the mind of either that the restraining influence of a condition over which they had no control was there to mock their en- the words she realized how stupid, deavor to be natural. They kissed as how ineffectual they were. most serenely. "You shall have through a veil. They were awake once more, and they were wary, unconvinced. The answer to their questions came in the kiss itself, and constraint

fell upon them. "Thank you," he stammered, and his Drawn by an impulse that had been trembling, Lydia! For shame, James." ironically. "You are splendid when men, appalled, started to their feet. storm abates," said Mrs. Desmond. Frederic found himself standing at

"Good Lord, that was close," cried "Now get out of those coats, and-oh, the dining-room window. It was a sly, almost as splendid as your father. He, Frederic. "There was no sign of a dear, how wet you are! A hot drink covert though intensely eager look that he directed at another window far "Would you mind asking Jones to below. If he hoped for some sign of send over something for me to wear life in his father's study he was to be Yvonne, wide-eyed with fear. "Do you in the morning?" said Frederic, grindisappointed. The curtains hung ning as he stood forth in his evening straight and motionless. He would have denied the charge that he longed to see Yvonne sitting in the casement, them before an open fire and sipped waiting to waft a sign of greeting up to him, and yet he was conscious of a feeling of disappointment, even annovance.

With considerable adroitness Lydia engaged his attention at the piano. Keyed up as she was, his every emotion was plain to her perceptions. She had anticipated the motive that led him to the window. She knew that it would assert itself in spite of all that he could do to prevent. She waited humbly for the thing to happen. Later he stood in her sweet, dainty pain in her heart, and when her readlittle bedroom and looked about him ing proved true, she was prepared to with a feeling of mingled awe and combat its effect. Music was her only

her most secret domain were about you were playing before breakfast?" him. He wandered. He fingered the She was trying to pick up the elusive articles on her dressing table; smelled air. "It is such a fascinating, ador-

He came over and stood beside her. His long, slim fingers joined hers on themselves; grinned delightedly at his the keyboard, and the sensuous strains of the waltz responded to his touch. that stood where she could see it the He smiled patiently as she struggled last thing at night and the first thing to repeat what he had played. The fever of the thing took hold of him at -the little hand mirror that had re- last, as she had known it would. flected her gay or troubled face so Leaning over her shoulder, his cheek quite close to hers, he played. Her hands dropped into her lap. Finally his love. He stood beside her bed she moved over on the bench and he sat down beside her. He was absorbed in the undertaking. His brow cleared tingling that ran through his bare His smile was a happy, eager one. feet. Her room! Her bed! Her do-"It's a tricky thing, Lyddy," he said,

enthusiastically, "but you'll get it. Now, listen "

For an hour they sat there, master and pupil, sweetheart and lover, and the fear was less in the heart of one when, tiring at last, the other con tentedly abandoned the role of taskmaster and threw himself upon the couch, remarking as he stretched himself in luxurious ease:

"I like this, Lyddy. I wish you didn't have to go over there and dig away at that confounded journal. I like this so well that, 'pon my soul, I'd enjoy loafing here with you the whole day long."

Her heart leaped. "You shall have your wish, Freddy," she said, barely able to conceal the note of eagerness



Played a Few Jerky, Broken Snatches of the Haunting Air.

in her voice. "I am not going to worl today. I-my head, you know. Mother telephoned to Mr. Brood this morning before you were up. Stay here with me. Don't go home, Freddy. I-"

"Oh, I've got to have it out with father sometime," he said, bitterly "It may as well be now as later on We've got to come to an understand

Her heart was cold. She was afraid of what would come out of that "understanding." All night long she had lain with wide-staring eyes, thinking of the horrid thing James Brood had said to her. Far in the night she aroused her mother from a sound been torturing her for hours. Mrs. Desmond confessed that her husband had told her that Brood had never considered Frederic to be his son, and then the two lay side by side for the remainder of the night without uttering a word and yet keenly awake They were thinking of the hour when Brood would serve notice on the intruder!

Lydia now realized that the hour was near. "Have it out with father." Night with its wonderful sensations he had said in his ignorance. He was preparing to rush headlong to his doom. To prevent that catastrophe was the single, all-absorbing thought into the shelter of their own misgiv- in Lydia's mind. Her only hope lay in keeping the men apart until she could extract from Brood a promise to be merciful, and this she intended to accomplish if she had to go down on her knees and grovel before the man.

"Oh, Freddy," she cried, earnestly why take the chance of making a bad matter worse?" Even as she uttered

"It can't be much worse," he said gloomily. "I am inclined to think he'd relish a straight-out, fair and square talk, anyhow. Mcreover, I mean to take Yvonne to task for the thing she said-or implied last night. About you, I mean. She-"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

tion of generosity towards others, J must be remarkably indifferent at bottom to the gross social inequality which permits that position, and in-

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The Generous Man.

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"Yes, dear; I guess that's right." replied the young man.

'Well, bless you, George! You must be giving me some other girl's per capita, then."

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A Nebraska Case



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saved his men at the fight at Woundment of the old French proverb:

RECALLED OFFICER TO DUTY | looking for trouble of some kind, but | they needed some sort of cover. it was the unexpected thing that happened.

The Indians were hovering about with their blankets round them when the signal was given by one of them, There is a story that Lieut. Guy and in an instant every buck threw Preston of the United States army away his blanket and stood reveal-1 with a gun in his hand. The reded Knee by remembering the senti- skins fired. They had every advantage of the soldiers, for they outnum-"Nobility necessitates noble conduct." | bered them and had taken them whol-

perionced a shock.

beaten.

i tion, if it contents me to be in a posiwould be a state of things in which no stead of resenting the enforced humiliation of my fellow man to myself, in It occurred to him at the instant It would have been nothing short of other man's help, but will derive all the interests of humanity, I acquiesce that he was running away with the in- a slaughter had Preston gone with the his satisfaction from the great social in it for the sake of the profit it yields signia of rank that his government rest, for there was no cover until the tides which own no individual names. to my own self-complacency. I do had conferred upon him; that he was, top of the hill was reached, and that No man can play the deity to his fel- hope the reign of benevolence is over; in'a way, the representative of a great was so distant that the Indians would low man with impunity-I mean spirit- until that event occurs I am sure the