-10-

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 most is startled by the appearance of Ranjab. Brood's Hindu servant. She makes chances in the household and gains her husband's consent to send Mrs. Desmond and Lydia away. She fascinates Frederic. She begins to fear Ranjab in his uncanny appearances and disappearances. and Frederic remembering his father's East Indian stories and firm belief in magic, fears unknown evil. Ranjab's life to his guests. "He killed a woman' who was unfaithful to him. Yoonean' who was Lydia as with figures on a chess board.
Broed, madly jealous, tells Lydia that
Frederic is not his son, and that he has
brought him up to kill his happiness at
the proper time with this knowledge.
Frederic takes Lydia home through a
beauty storm and grands the pick at he heavy storm and spends the night at her mother's house. His wavering allegiance to her is strengthened by a day spent with her. Yvonne, over the phone rouses Frederic's infatuation for her again, Lydia goes to beg Brood not to tell Frederic of his unhappy parentage, but is turned from her purpose. Frederic, at dinner with Dawes and Riggs, is seized with an impulse of filial duty, and under a queer impression that he is influenced by Ranjab's will, hunts up his father, who gives him where cut direct.

Have a great start of consternation. It was long past nine o'clock. While she was dressing, the little maid servant brought in her coffee and toast and received instructions not to awaken Miss Lydia but to let her have her sleep out. A few minutes later she left the apartment and walked briskly around the corner to Brood's home.

Fearing that she might he too late "You know, of course, that he turned one wife out of this house, Mrs. Brood," said Mrs. Desmond, deliberately.

Something like terror leaped into the other's eyes. The watcher experienced an incomprehensible feeling of pity for her—she who had been despisationally around the corner to Brood's home.

CHAPTER XV.

A Mother Intervenes.

Long past midnight the telephone In the Desmond apartment rang sharply, insistently. Lydia, who had just fallen asleep, awoke with a start and sat bolt upright in her bed. A clammy perspiration broke out all over her body. She knew there had been a catastrophe.

She sat there chattering until she heard her mother's door open and then the click of the receiver as it was lifted from the hook. Then she put tea and—" her fingers to her ears and closed her eyes. The very worst had happened, she was sure of it. The blow had fallen. The only thought that seared her brain was that she had failed him, failed him miserably in the crisis. Oh, I if she could only reclaim that lost low, level tones. hour of indecision and cowardice!

The light in the hallway suddenly smote her in the face and she realized for the first time that her eyes were rail. tightly closed as if to shut out some abhorrent sight.

"Lydia!" Her mother was standing in the open door "Oh, you are awake?" Mrs. Desmond stared in amazement at the girl's figure. "What is it, mother? Tell me what

has happened? Is he-

The girl sprang out of bed and hur-

ried to the telephone.

"Don't go away, mother-stay here." she cried as she sped past the whiteclad figure in the doorway. Mrs. Des- Mrs. Desmond. mond flattened herself against the wall and remained there as motionless as Good morning, gentlemen. I trust you a statue, her somber gaze fixed on her daughter's face.

her body rigid.

"I'm sorry to disturb you," he was shaking his fist at the door. saying, "but I just had to call you

mind. You did right. What is it?" ther spoke for a moment. "I want you to release me from my promise."

will be your wife, no matter what has Yvonne smiled slightly. happened, no matter-"

the other-the promise to say nothing not a milksop," she said, but despite to my father-"

"O-oh!" she sighed weakly, a vast note of anxiety in her voice. wave of relief almost suffocating her

"He has made it impossible for me to go on without-"

"Where are you. Frederic?" she cried, in sudden alarm. "Oh, I'm all right. I shan't go home.

you may be sure of that. Tomorrow will be time enough "

"Where are you? I must know. How can I reach you by telephone-

'Don't be frightened, dear. It's got to be, that's all. It might as well be ended now as later on. The last straw was laid on tonight. Now, don't ask questions. I'll see you in the morning. Good-night, sweetheart. I've-I've told of voice, Mrs. Desmond." you that I can't stick to my promise. You'll understand. I couldn't rest un-Tell your mother I'm sorry. Good before it has gone too far." night!"

"Freddy, listen to me! You must wait until I-Oh!" He had hung up the receiver. She heard the whir of the open wire

In the New York home of James Brood, his son, Frederic, receives a wireless from him. Frederic tells Lydia Desmond, his fiancee, 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 likeling at first meeting. Brood show distinction of the logic mother in the night and discussed the possibilities of the day so near at hand. She could see nothing but disaster, and she could think of nothing but her own lamentable weakness in shrinking from the encounter that might have made the present situation.

Mrs. Brood looked at her steadily as they sat far into the night and discussed the possibilities of the day so near at hand. She could see nothing but disaster, and she could think of nothing but her own lamentable weakness in shrinking from the encounter that the message announces his father's marriage, and orders but disaster, and she could think of nothing but her own lamentable weakness in shrinking from the encounter that the message announces his father's marriage, and orders but disaster, and she could think of nothing but her own lamentable weakness in shrinking from the encounter that the night and discussed the possibilities of the day so near at hand. She could see nothing but disaster, and she could think of nothing but her own lamentable weakness in shrinking from the encounter that the night and discussed the possibilities of the day so near at hand. She could see nothing but disaster, and she could think of nothing but disaster, and she could think of nothing but her own lamentable weakness in shrinking from the encounter that the nest seed to be possibilities of the day so near at hand. She could see nothing but disaster, and she could think of nothing but her own lamentable weakness in shrinking from the encounter that the nest produce of the day so near at hand. She could see nothing but the possibilities of the day so near at hand. She could see n

at the little clock on her dressing-table | the crisis has come." a and gave a great start of consterna-

Fearing that she might be too late. she walked so rapidly that she was mured Yvonne, and suddenly began quite out of breath when she entered pacing the floor, her hands clinched. the house. Mr. Riggs and Mr. Dawes were putting on their coats in the hall preparatory to their short morning constitutional. They greeted her effusively, and with one accord proceeded to divest themselves of the coats, announcing in one voice their intention to remain for a good, old-fashioned chat.

"It's dear of you," she said, hurriedly, "but I must see Mr. Brood at once. Why not come over to my apartment this afternoon for a cup of

Mrs. Brood's voice interrupted her "What do you want, Mrs. Desmond?" came from the landing above. The visitor looked up with a start, not so much of surprise as uneasiness. There was something sharp, unfriendly in the Yvonne, fully dressed-a most un-

usual circumstance at that hour of the day-was leaning over the banister

"I came to see Mr. Brood on a very important-"

"Have you been sent over here by someone else?" demanded Mrs. Brood. "I have not seen Frederic," fell from her lips before she thought.

"I dare say you haven't," said the other with ominous clearness. "He "He wants to speak to you. He is has been here since seven this mornon the wire. I-I- His voice sounds ing, waiting for a chance to speak to his father in private."

> She was descending the stairs slowly, almost lazily, as she uttered the great mistake in driving that other remark. "They are together now?" gasped

"Will you come into the library? may enjoy your long walk.'

Mrs. Desmond followed her into the "Yes, Frederic-it is I-Lydia. What library. Yvonne closed the door alis it, dear?" Her voice was high and most in the face of Mr. Riggs, who had opened his mouth to accept the His voice came jerking over the invitation to tea, but who said he'd to see him suffer. I-" wire, sharp and querulous. She closed "be d-d" instead, so narrow was his her eyes in anticipation of the blow. escape from having his nose banged. He emphasized the declaration by

The two women faced each other. up." The words were disjointed, as For the first time since she had know if he forced them from his lips one Yvonne Brood Mrs. Desmond observed taken this morning. His father huby one in a supreme effort at coher- a high touch of color in her cheeks. miliated him last night in a manner Her beautiful eyes were alive with an "Yes, yes-it's all right. I don't excitement she could not conceal. Nei- That much I must say for Frederic.

"You are accountable for this, Mrs. Brood," said Lydia Desmond's mother, than sinning." "You mean-the promise-but, Fred-sternly, accusingly. She expected a dy, I can't release you I love you. I storm of indignant protest. Instead, Brood."

"It will not hurt my husband to "Oh, Lord, Lyddy-it isn't that! It's discover that Frederic is a man and ing coffee. You look surprised. Yes, her coolness there was a perceptible

"You know, then, that they arethat they will quarrel?"

"I fancy it was in Frederic's mind to do so when he came here this first words on entering the room were morning. He was still in his evening these-I shall never forget them: 'Last clothes, Mrs. Desmond."

"Where are they now?" "I think he has them on," said

Yvonne, lightly, moment in perplexity. Then her eyes that I thought I loved you last night, flashed dangerously. "I do not think as a son should love a father. I just you misunderstood me, Mrs. Brood Where are Frederic and his father?"

"I am no longer your housekeeper." said the other, succinctly. "You do til I'd told you and heard your dear not realize what this quarrel may cinated him. He did not utter a word, voice. Forgive me for calling you up. mean. I insist on going up to them but stared at Frederic in that terrible,

"Will you be so good, Mrs. Desmond, as to leave this house instantly?" cried Yvonne, angrily.

"No," said the other quietly. "I sup-

----- .. ----- , LOUI VIII, MEDLADLA to offer him the shelter of my home." ously.

hour. He will go forth from it, cursthink of you?"

"No, it isn't at all necessary. Besides, I've changed my mind. I'd like you to remain. I do not want to mys-There was little comfort for her tify you any further, Mrs. Desmond,

Mrs. Desmond, utterly exhausted, worried. I think I rather like to feel was the first to awake. She glanced that you are here with me. You see, "You know, of course, that he turned

"He-he will not turn me out," mur-



"I'd Like You to Remain."

Stopping abruptly in front of the other woman, she exclaimed: "He made a woman out. He is not likely to repeat

it, Mrs. Desmond." "Yes-I think he did make a mistake," said Mrs. Desmond, calmly. "But he does not think so. He is a

man of iron. He is unbending." "He is a wonderful man-a great, splendid man," cried Yvonne, flercely. 'It is I-Yvonne Lestrange-who proclaim it to the world. I cannot bear

"Then why do you-" Mrs. Brood flushed to the roots of her hair. "I do not want to appear unfair to my husband, but I declare to you, Mrs. Desmond, that Frederic is fully justified in the attitude he has that made forbearance impossible.

And permit me to add, from my soul. that he is vastly more sinned against

"I can readily believe that, Mrs.

"This morning Frederic came into the breakfast room while we were havwas having breakfast with my husband. I knew that Frederic would come. That was my reason. When I heard him in the hall I sent the servants out of the dining-room. He had spent the night with a friend. His night I thought I loved you, father. but I have come home just to tell you that I hate you. I can't stay in this house another day. I'm going to get his new-found arrogance. Mrs. Desmond regarded her for a out. But I just wanted you to know "I am not accustomed to that tone I don't believe he knew I was there. I shall never forget the look in James Brood's face. It was as if he saw a ghost or some horrible thing that fasawestruck way. 'I'm going to get out,' said Frederic, his voice rising. 'You've treated me like a dog all my life and growth that lay so near the surface. I'm through. I sha'n't even say goodby to you. You don't deserve any pose I am too late to prevent trouble more consideration from me than I've

between those two men, but I shall at | received from you. I hope I'll never | They were alone in his room. He | you-so it must have been the other least remain here to assure Frederic see you again. If I ever have a son squared his shoulders. of my sympathy, to help him if I can, I'll not treat him as you've treated your son. By God, you don't deserve with her," he said defiantly. He waited born. Why was it that I never saw A spasm of alarm crossed Yvonne's the honor of being called father. You a moment for the response that did her? Why was I kept up there in that "Do you really believe it will don't deserve to have a son. I wish not come. Brood was regarding him damnable villagecome to that?" she demanded, nerv- to God I had never been obliged to call with eyes from which every spark of you father. I don't know what you compassion had disappeared. "Well, graph?" demanded Brood hoarsely. "If what I fear should come to pass, did to my mother, but if you treated it may interest you to know that I inhe will not stay in this house another her as-' Just then my husband found tend to marry Lydia this very day." his voice. He sprang to his feet, and ing James Brood with all the hatred I've never seen such a look of rage him. In the subdued light of the room that his soul can possess. And now, I thought he was going to strike Fredhis features were not clearly dis-Mrs. Brood, shall I tell you what I eric and I think I screamed-just a tinguishable. His face was gray and little scream, of course. I was so ter- shadowy; only the eyes were sharply you about it. She-" rified. But he only said-and it was defined. They glowed like points of horrible the way he said it-'You fool- light, unflickering. you bastard!' And Frederic laughed in his face and cried out, unafraid. 'I'm levelly. in the hope held out by her mother but I now confess to you that I am glad you call me a bastard! By God,

catch her breath. Her breast heaved convulsively, the grip of her hands that?" came at last from Frederic's tightened on the arms of the chair. Suddenly she resumed her recital, but her voice was hoarse and tremulous.

"I was terribly frightened. I thought of calling out to Jones, but I-I had no voice! Ah, you have never seen two angry men waiting to spring at each other's throats, Mrs. Desmond. My husband suddenly regained control of himself. He was very calm. 'Come with me,' he said to Frederic. 'This is not the place to wash our filthy family linen. You say you want something to be proud of. Well, you shall have your wish. Come to my study.' And they went away together, neither speaking a word to me-they did not even glance in my direction. They went up the stairs. I heard the door close behind them-away up there. That was half an hour ago. I have been waiting, too-waiting as you are waiting now-to comfort Frederic when he comes out of that room a wreck."

Mrs. Desmond started up, an incredulous look in her eyes.

"You are taking his side? You are against your husband? Oh, now I know the kind of woman you are. I know-' "Peace! You do not know the kind

of woman I am. You never will know Yes, I shall take sides with Frederic." "You do not love your husband!"

A strange, unfathomable smile came into Yvonne's face and stayed there. Mrs. Desmond experienced the same odd feeling she had had years ago on first seeing the Sphinx. She was suddenly confronted by an unsolvable mystery. "He shall not drive me out of his

house, Mrs. Desmond," was her answer to the challenge. A door slammed in the upper regions of the house. Both women start-

ed to their feet. "It is over," breathed Yvonne, with a tremulous sigh.

'We shall see how well they were able to take care of themselves, Mrs. Brood," said Mrs. Desmond in a low

"We shall see-yes," said the other, mechanically. Suddenly she turned on the tall, accusing figure beside her. "Go away! Go now! I command you to go. This is our affair, Mrs. Desmond. You are not needed here. to place her hand on the knob it was opened from the other side, and Ranjab stood before them.

"Sahib begs to be excused, Mrs. Desmond. He is just going out." "Going out?" cried Yvonne, who had

shrunk back into the room. "Yes, sahibah. You will please excuse, Mrs. Desmond. He regret very much."

Mrs. Desmond passed slowly through that it was love for me that brought the door, which he held open for her. As she passed by the Hindu she looked full into his dark, expressive eyes, and there was a question in hers. He did not speak, but she read the answer as if it were on a printed page. Her shoulders drooped.

She went back to Lydia.

CHAPTER XVI.

"To My Own Sweetheart."

When James Brood and Frederic left the dining-room nearly an hour prior to the departure of Mrs. Desmond, there was in the mind of each the resolution to make short work of the coming interview. Each knew that the time had arrived for the parting of the ways, and neither had the least

desire to prolong the suspense. The study door was closed. James Brood put his hand on the knob, but, before turning it, faced the young man with an odd mixture of anger and pity

in his eyes. "Perhaps it would be better if we had nothing more to say to each other," he said, with an effort. "I have changed my mind. I cannot say the thing to you that I-

"Has it got anything to do with Yvonne and me?" demanded Frederic ruthlessly, jumping at conclusions in

Brood threw open the door. "Step inside." he said in a voice that should have warned the younger man, it was wanted you to know it.' He did so prophetic of disaster. Frederic not even look at me, Mrs. Desmond. had touched the open sore with that unhappy question. Not until this instant had James Brood admitted to himself that there was a sore and that it had been festering all these weeks. Now it was laid bare and smarted with pain. Nothing could save Frederic at the dear, sweet, girlish face and her demanded Frederic. after that reckless, deliberate thrust at the very core of the malignant It had been in James Brood's heart to spare the boy.

WHY DOG'S NOSE IS COLD | Noah tried to get all the animals into | smell. And, of course, as the mois- | nose is dry and warm he is ill and

Hot words were on Frederic'

not homelike or comfortable is the dow at the crowd passing on the plaint of a western Pennsylvania man street? Maybe you think your reguwho makes frequent trips to New lar hotel dweller doesn't miss that de post office so reg'lar? Are you cor-York. "I suppose this is New York's window, but you're wrong. And these responding wif some other female? idea of what a regular hotel ought to steam radiators, all gilt and silver or be like," said the visitor as he looked bronze or whatever color they happen readin' in de papers 'bout dese "condisdainfully about the gold and gilt to be. Suppose you think they make science funds" Ah kind of thought Ah

No sir-e-e. Give me the old-fashioned hotels every time."-New York Times. Rastus' Hope

Rastus-Nope, but since Ah been a-

POPULARITY OF BASE BALL

way 'round. She's dead now, I know.

"No, it is my mother. Yvonne saw

the resemblance at once and brought

it to me. And it may interest you to

know that she advised me to treasure

it all my life because it would always

er was-the mother I have never

"I insist on seeing that picture,

"No," said Frederic, folding his

"You don't know what you are say-

"Ah, don't I? Well, I've got just a lit-

-and you shall not rob me of that.

ways been unhappy over something

when I took out this photograph, this

"I Shall Be Sorry for Lydia," He Said

Levelly.

by heaven, I knew she was not to

est regret is that I didn't get out

long ago. But like a fool-a weak fool.

I kept on hoping that you'd change

and that there were better days ahead

for me. I kept on hoping that you'd

be a real father to me. Good Lord.

what a libel on the name!" He

you father. You did me an honor

downstairs by calling me 'bastard.'

You had no right to call me that, but,

by heaven, if it were not for this bit

of cardboard here over my heart, I'd

laugh in your face and be happy to

shout from the housetops that I am

no son of yours. But there's no such

luck as that! I've only to look at my

"Stop!" shouted Brood in an awful

voice. His clenched hands were raised

for me to tell you the truth about this

"Wait! If you are going to tell me

some one man well enough to-" He

case from his waistcoat pocket. "Be

fore you go any farther, take one look

at her face. It will make you

there and lie about her after looking

He was holding the window curtains

apart, and a stream of light fell upon

the lovely face, so small that Brood

was obliged to come quite close to be

"It is not Matilde-it is like her

be losing my mind to have thought-"

He wiped his brow. "But, good God, it

was startling-positively uncanny." He

spoke as to himself, apparently forget-

"Well, can you lie about her now?

Brood was still staring as if fas

cinated at the tiny photograph. "But

I have never seen that picture before.

She never had one so small as that

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ting that he had a listener.

She ashamed of yourself. Can you stand

"Have you finished?" asked Brood.

blame

have anything more to say to me, you wiping his brow. It was dripping

derstand how lonely I've been all my mother's innocent, soulful face to-

other boy I've known has had from his above his head. "The time has come

my mother. I used to wonder a good innocent mother of yours Luck is

deal. Every other boy had a mother. I with you. I am not your father. You

she must have hated you with all the that my mother was not a good wom-

strength of her soul. God, how she an, I want to go on record in advance

must have hated to feel the touch of of anything you may say, as being

your hands upon her body! Something glad that I am her son no matter who

tells me she left you, and if she did, I my father was. I am glad that she

hope she afterwards found someone loved me because I was her child, and

who-but no, I won't say it. Even now if you are not my father then I still

I haven't the heart to hurt you by say- have the joy, of knowing that she loved

with the rush of bitter words. "Well. broke off the bitter sentence and with

was sweet and gentle and she loved able to see it. His eyes were dis-

into-"

tended.

are-

tle bit of my mother safe here over

said Brood, with deadly intensity.

didn't deserve her then and you-

"I suppose you think I am in love but she didn't die for years after I was

Brood advanced a few steps toward

"I shall be sorry for Lydia," he said

"You needn't be," said Frederic hot-

"Have you told her that you love her

"Do you expect me to strike you for

"You have always considered your-

self to be my son, haven't you?" pur-

sued Brood deliberately. "Can you say

to me that you have behaved of late as

"Wait! We'll settle that point right

now. I did lose my head. Head, I say,

not heart. I shan't attempt to explain

Yvonne-well, she's as good as gold.

honest men lose their heads some-

than to do more than envy you the

shall only admit that it has existed

and that I have despaired. As God is

my witness. I have never loved any

one but Lydia. I have given her pain,

and the amazing part of it is that I

can't help myself. Naturally, you can't

understand what it all means. You are

not a young man any longer. You

Then he laughed aloud-grotesquely.

that has ever come into my life. I

adored her the instant I saw her. I

have felt sometimes that I knew her a

thousand years ago. I have felt that

I loved her a thousand years ago." A

calm seriousness now attended his

speech, in direct contrast to the violent

mood that had gone before. "I have

thought of little else but her. I con-

fess it to you. But through it all there

has never been an instant in which I

did not worship Lydia Desmond. I-

I do not pretend to account for it. It

Brood waited patiently to the end.

'Your mother before you had a some-

what similar affliction," he said, still

in the steady, repressed voice. "Per-

haps it is a gift-a convenient gift-

this ability to worship without effort.'

"Better leave my mother out of it,"

said Frederic sarcastically. A look of

wonder leaned to his eyes "That's

the first time you've condescended to

acknowledge that I ever had a

Brood's smile was deadly. "If you

it. I grant you that privilege. Take

A spasm of pain crossed Frederic's

face. "Yes, I am entitled to my in-

nings. I'll go back to what I said down-

stairs. I thought I loved and honored

you last night. I would have forgiven

everything if you had granted me a

friendly-friendly, that's all-just a

"I suppose you want me to believe

you slinking to the theater." said the

"I don't expect you to believe any-

thing. I was lonely. I wanted to be

with you and Yvonne. Can't you un-

life? Can't you understand how hun-

gry I am for the affection that every

parents? I've never asked you about

never had one. I couldn't understand.

I no longer wonder. I know now that

ing that." He stopped, choking up

"I'm giving you your innings. Go

"She must have loved you once

must have loved you or I wouldn't be

"Ha!" came sharply from Brood's

"-didn't find you out until it was

too late. She was lovely, I know. She

happiness. I can see that in her face,

"What's this?" demanded Brood.

"Oh, I've got her portrait-an old

photograph. For a month I've carried

it here in this pocket-case, over my

heart. I wouldn't part with it for all

the money in the world. When I look

eyes look back into mine, I know that

"Her portraft?" said Brood, unbe-

"Yes-and I have only to look at it

to know that she couldn't have hurt!

in her big, wistful eyes. You-'

startled. "What are you saying?"

she wouldn't have married you.

why don't you say something?"

on?" said Brood softly.

here in this world. She-'

stiff lips.

she loved me."

friendly word. You denied-"

"Good God!" burst from Brood's lips.

"Yvonne is the most wonderful thing

cannot understand."

is beyond me."

mother."

your innings."

other ironically.

ly. "She understands everything."

"Then you have lied to her."

and no one else?"

"Certainly!"

a son should-"

lips, low and menacing.

fering fool-'

photograph-"

There was silence—tense silence. tell me how lovely and sweet my moth-

-I can't, for that matter. As for my heart-a little faded card, that's all

She understands me better than I un- Last night I was sorry for you. I had

derstand myself. She knows that even the feeling that somehow you have al-

times. I can say to you now that I that happened in the past that my

would sooner have cut my own throat mother was responsible for. And yet

possession of one you do not detiny bit of old cardboard—see, it is so

serve. I have considered myself small that it can be carried in my

your son. I have no apology to make | waistcoat pocket-when I took it out

for my-we'll call it infatuation. I and looked at the pure, lovely face, I-

seen."

ing, boy!"

"Where did you get that photo-Base ball has grown to gigantic proportions within the last decade and the scien-"Where, I say! What damned, intertific work of the teams has been the delight of millions of spectators. There are so many things to admire in the game that it "I wouldn't be too hasty, if I were is impossible to describe them. Outdoor you," said Frederic, a note of triumph exercise is one of Nature's best aids in proin his voice. "Yvonne gave it to me. I moting health and strength and keeping the made her promise to say nothing to blood rich and pure; but, perhaps you are one of the many who are denied that privi-"Yvonne found it? Yvonne? And lege. You lead a sedentary life which algave it to you? What trick of fate is ways has a tendency to make the liver lazy, this? But-ah, it may not be a porthe bowels clogged and digestion poor. trait of your-your mother. Some old Oftentimes you are nervous, sleepless, have no appetite and feel run down.

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Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with wo-men, which proves its superiority. Women who have been relieved say it is "worth its weight in gold." At druggists. Sample free. large box or by mail. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

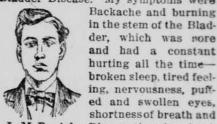
There are lots of dogs that are better bred than their owners

> Drink Denison's Coffee. Always pure and delicious.

A reasonable woman is one who isn't unreasonable all the time.

OVERWORK and KIDNEY TROUBLE

Mr. James McDaniel, Oakley, Ky., writes: "I overworked and strained myself, which brought on Kidney and Bladder Disease. My symptoms were Backache and burning



ing, nervousness, puffed and swollen eyes, shortness of breath and J. McDaniel. Rheumatic pains. 1 suffered ten months. I was treated by a physician, but found po relief until I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, I

now feel that I am permanently cured by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills." Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at You were too late, as you say. I beg of you, go!" She strode swiftly toward the door. As she was about the door. As she was about the door. As she was about the door is the door of the d can endure and I'm through, My great- | Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and re-

cipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free .- Adv. Safe.

"I write for posterity." "Good idea. Posterity can't throw laughed raucously. "I'm sick of calling bricks at you if it doesn't like your stuff."



away for "bargain roofing" when you can get the best roofing at a reasonable price of your own local dealer whom you know?

Buy materials that last

Roofing

is guaranteed in writing 5 years for 1-ply, 10 years for 2-ply, and 15 years for 3-ply, and the responsibility of our big mills stands behind this guarantee. Its quality is the highest and its price the most reasonable.

nervous fingers drew a small leather General Roofing Manufacturing Co.



A. M. CLELAND, Gen'l Pass, Agent, 528 Northe Pacific Bidg., St. Paul, Mins Nebraska Directory





Being Crowded Out of the Ark Is a Pretty Story, but Not Science's Explanation.

his nose into your hand, even your af outside in the wet, and it has never man for hunting purposes. In addifection cannot prevent a little shiver. been warm since. because the nose is so cold. Why is

ferent from all the rest of him?

some, and he had to get a dog to help keeps his nose cold. him drive them in. Because of this the dog was the last to enter the ark. powers of smell, especially in the wild There was no room left, so he had to state, and it is because of his keen-When your faithful old dog pokes stand in the doorway with his nose ness of scent that he is valuable to

Science gives quite another explana- nerves inside a dog's nostrils, the it? When the body of a dog is so tion of the matter. The coldness of a whole black membrane around the warm, why should this one spot be dif- dog's nose is, it says, due to the fact nose is very sensitive, but this sensithat it must be kept moist all the tiveness can only be retained by mois-

the ark some of them were trouble ture is evaporating all the time, it needs doctoring.

A dog depends a great deal on his tion to the olfactory or smelling The old fable tells us that when time in order to sharpen his sense of ture. Thus it is that when a dog's

Oh. Ye Good Old Times. That the big New York hotels are Waldorf-Astoria. "But let me tell you home feel so comfortable and home- ministah what married us.

chairs ? fellow can sit in while he rests his feet on the brass rail and looks through a big plate glass wintrimmings of the music room at the a fellow who is a thousand miles from might possibly git a lettah from dat

there are a lot of things missing right | like as the old round iron stoves that here. Where are the big, comfortable used to decorate every hotel lobby?

Mandy-What foh yo' been goin' to