CHAPTER XIX-Continued. -13-

Brood stopped him with an impa-

going to do it," substituted Mr. Riggs, Ranjab today and he obey." somewhat hastily. "She's a wonderof the doctor."

"What does Doctor Hodder say?" demanded Brood, pausing in his restless something passed between them. pacing of the floor.

"He says the poor boy is as good as priest," said the Hindu at last. dead," said Mr. Riggs.

"Ain't got a chance in a million," said Mr. Dawes.

They were surprised to see Brood ing that the priest will be here too In the olden days. His nerve was go- have not already killed me, sahib." ing back on him, that's what it was, poor Jim! Twenty years ago he would

to him with tact and consideration. 'But you can depend on us, Jim, to chance? Well, sir, we'll still-"

"If any feller can get well with a bullet through his-" began Mr. Dawes away. Near the door he stopped stockencouragingly, but stopped abruptly still and listened intently. when he saw Brood put his hands over his eyes and sink dejectedly into a chair, a deep groan on his lips.

fear for his friend, struck the gong re-Ranjab just outside the door.

Mr. Riggs sternly.

'With your dying breath," added Mr. do to her then." Dawes, and the Hindu, understanding. gravely nodded his head.

"Well?" said Brood, long afterward, had been standing in his presence for means to be a coward! You-" many minutes.

"Miss Lydia ask permission of sahib Hindu. "She will not go away. I have is not what a coward would do." and up to the place where the young from going in. She just look at the woman in the white cap and the woman step aside. The sahibah is now with the young master and the doctors. She is not of this world, sahib, but of

"And Miss Desmond? Where is she?" "She wait in the hall outside his door. Ranjab have speech with her. She does not believe Ranjab. She look into his eye and his eye is not honest -she see it all. She say the young master shoot himself and-"

"I shall tell her the truth, Ranjab." said Brood stolidly. "She must know -she and her mother. Tonight I shall see them, but not now. Suicide! Poor, poor Lydia!"

"Miss Lydia say she blame herself for everything. She is a coward, she say, and Ranjab he understand. She came yesterday and went away. Ranhab tell her the sahib no can see her." "Yesterday! I know. She came to plead with me. I know," groaned

Brood, bitterly. "She will not speak her thoughts to the world, sahib," asserted Ranjab. "Thy servant have spoken his words and she will not deny him. It is for the young master's sake. But she say she know he shoot himself because he no can bear the disgrace-"

"Enough, Ranjab," interrupted the that time he had bared his soul to the master. "Tonight I shall tell her everything. Go now and fetch me the latest word."

The Hindu remained motionless just inside the door. His eyes were closed "Ranjab talk to the winds, sahib. The winds speak to him. The young master is alive. The great doctor he search for the bullet. It is bad. But the sahihah stand between him and death. She hold back death. She laugh at death. She say it no can be. Ranjab know her now. Here in this room he see the two woman in her. and he no more will be blind. She stand there before Ranjab, who would kill, and out of the air came a new spirit to shield her. Her eyes are the eyes of another who does not live in the flesh, and Ranjab bends the knee. He see the inside. It is not black. It is full of light—a great big light, sahib. It was filled with ghosts! Thy servant would kill his master's -but, Allah defend! He cannot

not one-and his hand is stop." Brood was regarding him through wide-open, incredulous eyes. "Youyou saw it too?" he gasped.

kill the wife who is already dead. His

master's wives stand before him-two

Ranjab have take the poison from its written if he went on with the journal. will die. Doctor Hodder has proclaimed

serpent in his master's house, but the serpent change before his eye and he become the slave. She speak to him tient gesture. "I must ask you not to on the voice of the wind and he obey. discuss Mrs. Brood, Joe-or you, Dan." It is the law. Kismet! His master "I was just going to say, Jim, that if have of wives two. Two, sahib-the I was you I'd thank the Lord that she's living and the dead. They speak with

There was dead silence in the room ful nurse. She told me a bit ago that for many minutes after the remarkable she was going to save his life in spite utterances of the mystic. The two men, master and man, looked into each other's eyes and spoke no more, yet

"The sahibah has sent Roberts for a

"A priest? But I am not a Catholic -nor Frederic." "Madam is. The servants are say-

wince. He hadn't been so thin-skinned late. They are wondering why you "Killed you too?"

"They are now saying that the last have stiffened his back and taken it stroke of the gong sahib, was the like a man. It did not occur to them death sentence for Ranjab. It called that they might have broken the news | me here to be slain by you. I have told them all that I fired the-"

"Go down at once, my friend," said pull him through," said Mr. Riggs Brood, laying his hand on the man's quickly. "Remember how we saved shoulder. "Let them see that ! do not you back there in Calcutta when all blame you, even though we permit the fool doctors said you hadn't a them to believe this lie of ours. Go, it, but he had bent over it for many my friend!"

The man bent his head and turned "The sahibah comes."

"Ay, she said she would come to me here," said Brood, and his !sw hard-"I guess we'd better go," whispered ened. "Hodder sent for me, Kanjab, an able face. Then it was white with de-Mr. Riggs, after a moment of inde- hour ago, but-he was conscious then. spair and misery-here it looked up at cision and then, inspired by a certain His eyes were open. I-1 could not him with smiling eyes and the languor look into them. There would have of unbroken tranquillity. soundingly. Silently they made their been hatred in them-hatred for me way out of the room, encountering and I-I could not go. I was a coward, to keep them from shaking. A new Yes, a coward after all. She would "You must stick to it, Ranjab," said have been there to wate me as I eyes to measure the distance to the cringed. I was afraid of what I might | floor and to sweep the strong, powerful

"He is not conscious fow, sahib," said the Hindu slowly.

"Still," said the other, compressing raising his haggard face to meet the his lips, "I am afraid-; am afraid. gates to gather courage for the attack! gaze of the motionless brown man who God, Ranjab, you do not know what it

"And yet, sahib, you are brave to be near him until the end," said the | fell-where his blood flowed-and that | he was afraid of her-physically afraid

heard the words she say to the sa- The door opened and closed swiftly



Brood Allowed His Dull, Wondering Gaze te Sink to His Feet.

smirking Buddha and, receiving no he had waited-he had waited for many things to happen. He knew all that took place below stairs. He knew when Lydia came and he denied himself to her. The coming of the police, the nurses and the anesthetician, and later on, Mrs. John Desmond and the reporters-all this he had known, for he had listened at a crack in the open door. And he had heard his wife's calm, authoritative voice in the hall befirst time he looked about him and felt of girlishness. himself attended by ghosts. In that instant he came to hate this once-loved room, this cherished retreat, and all that it contained. He would never set rigid. his foot inside of its four walls again.

On the corner of the table lay a great heap of manuscript—the story of without a tremor of excitement. "You to-" The sheets of paper had been scat- here, but I knew you would do so. The course. You are looking. What do of calling her Therese as if he had Are you forgetting that he regarded tered over the floor by the ruthless hour of reckoning has come. We you see? Are you not sure that you known her by no other name. "Your himself as my son?" hand of the surgeon, but now they were back in perfect order, replaced ened by your silence, James, nor am I Are there not moments when my voice happiness that—" "The serpent is deadly. Many time final chapter that would have to be First of all, it is expected that Frederic you out of—" fangs and it becomes his slave. He It would have to be written, for it was it. He is a great surgeon. He ought

stant the work of many months would | let him die." have been torn to bits of waste paper. not hear a sound and yet he knew that not discuss Frederic. What we have tioned your too solid friend over there arms all these months and never knew. a hand was on the heavy latch. He sud- to say to each other has little to do to unravel the mystery for you? In It is a dream. I—" denly recalled his remark to the old with that poor wretch downstairs. This the quiet of certain lonely, speculative men. He would have to write the final is your hour of reckoning, not his. hours have you not wondered where -" chapter after all.

He waited. He knew that she was out there, collecting all of her strength interrupted, her gaze growing more years that you have been trying to manner of woman are you? What for the coming interview. She was fixed than before. "He is a part of our fortifying herself against the crisis reckoning. He is the one great char- your son, has there not been the vision happy boy-her son? Are you a fiend that was so near at hand. To his own acter in this miserable, unlooked-for of-" surprise and distress of mind, he found tragedy. Will you be so kind as to himself trembling and suddenly de- draw those curtains? And do me the you trying to tell me that you are Ma- what manner of woman I am," she inprived of the fierce energy that he had honor to allow me to sit in your pres- tilde?" stored up for the encounter. He won- ence." There was infinite scorn in her "If not Matilde, then who am dered whether he would command the voice. "I am very tired. I have not pray?" she demanded. situation after all, notwithstanding his been idle. Every minute of my waking He sank back, frowning. "It cannot half-closed eyes. "She died ten years righteous charge against her. She had hours belongs to your son, James be possible. I would know her a thou- ago. Her boy was twelve years old. wantonly sought to entice Frederic- Brood-but I owe this half-hour to you. sand years from now. You cannot she had planned to dishonor her hus- You shall know the truth about me, as trick me into believing— But, in turned her away from this house. On band-she had proved herself unwhole- I know it about you. I did not count God's name, who are you?" He leaned her deathbed, as she was releasing her against her.

So far she had ruled. At the outset tains?" he had attempted to assert his authority as the master of the house in this trying, heart-breaking hour, and out the pitiless glare. she had calmly waved him aside. His first thought had been to take his said quietly, pointing to a chair at the proper place at the bedside of his vic- end of the table. tim and there to remain until the end, but she had said: "You are not to go lamp but instead of taking the chair in. You have done enough for one day. | indicated, sank into one on the oppo-If he must die, let it be in peace and not in fear. You are not to go in," and he had crept away to hide! He remembered her words later on when Hodder sent for him to come down. "Not in fear," she had said.

On the edge of the table, where it had reposed since Doctor Hodder dropped it there, was the small photograph of Matilde. He had not touched minutes at a time, studying the sweet, never-to-be-forgotten, and yet curiously unfamiliar features of that long-ago loved one. He looked at it now as he waited for the door to open, and his thoughts leaped back to the last glimpse he had ever had of that ador-

He clenched his strong, lean hands wonder filled him as he allowed his frame that trembled and was cold. He was a giant in strength and yet he trembled at the approach of this slender, frail creature who paused at his He was sorely afraid and he could not understand his fear. With one of his sinewy hands he could crush the life of her.

Suddenly he realized that the room hibah, and the sahibah as silent as the and he was gone. Brood allowed his was quite dark. He dashed to the wintomb. She say no word for herself, dull, wondering gaze to sink to his dow and threw aside the broad, thick just sit and look at the floor and never feet. He was standing on the spot curtains. A stream of afternoon sunmove. Then she accuse the sahibah of where Frederic had fallen. There was shine rushed into the room. He would being the cause of the young master's no blood there now. The rug had been have light this time; he would not be death, and the sahibah only nod her removed and before his own eyes, the deceived by the darkness, as he had head to that, and go out of the room, swift-moving Hindu had washed the been once before. This time he would floor and table and put the room in or- see her face plainly. There should be master is, and they cannot keep her der. All this seemed \*ges ago. Since no sickening illusion. He straightened his tall figure and waited for the door to open.

CHAPTER XX.

A Sister's Story

If she hesitated outside the room to who would demand so much of her. there was nothing in her manner now case. She approached him without a will not be necessary for you to turn break your heart as you broke hers. I to look upon you as the fairy prince, symptom of nervousness or irresolu- me out of your house. I entered it came to make you pay!" She was after all. It was not until she came all tion. Her dark eyes met his without wavering and there was purpose in my own good time. I think you would voice was high-pitched and unnatural. die before our eyes—she was years in

She devoted a single glance of surprise to the uncurtained window on entering the door and an instant later scrutinized the floor with unmistakable interest as if expecting to find something there to account for his motive in admitting the glare of light-something to confound and accuse her. But there was no fear or apprehensiveness in the look. She was not afraid.

Brood remained standing, a little beshadow opposite. It was he who moved in his eyes. forward into the light, and there was a deep searching look in his eyes. In an better to watch the changing expres- I was crushed with grief. You were sole purpose of hurting you in the instant it was gone; he had satisfied sion in his eyes as she progressed with taking her away across the awful sea worst possible way; by having Mahimself. The curious experience of the her story. Her hands were clenched morning had been a phantasm, an il- tightly under the table's edge. consolation from the smug image, had lusion, a mockery. There was nothviciently cursed the thing. Since then ing in this woman's smoldering eyes you have looked a hundred times," she altar in St. Stephen's with her and myself to have become his mistress, permitted to see a little real fighting. deep breath of relief.

She had put on a rather plain white evidence that she had been using her had either forgotten or neglected to restore the sleeves to their proper position. A chic black walking-skirt lent never saw you in my life until that words on the back of the card. I wrote He would have been protected, my low, giving directions. Now for the to her trim, erect figure a suggestion night in London, I—"

Her arms hung straight down at her sides, limply it would have seemed at first glance, but in reality they were

"I have come, as I said I would," she said, after a long, tense silence. Her nothing," he broke off harshly. "We voice was low, huskier than ever, but are not here to mystify each other but happiest man in all the world," he said striking me at such cost to him? You his life up to the escape from Lhasa! did not say you would wait for me must pay, both of us. I am not fright looked into my eyes long, long ago? sister was not content to preserve the by another hand. He thought of the afraid of what you may say or do. is familiar to you, when it speaks to would have take the poison from the true story of his life. He strode to know. But he doesn't know—do you along. Today I was convinced that self. Somehow, I am glad that my of course."

something that-" He stopped short, opportunity to see you curse yourself. "One moment, if you please," said his lips parted. But his hand was stayed. Someone her husband coldly. "You may spare | She waved her hand in the direction had stopped outside his door. He could me the theatrics. Moreover, we will of the Buddha. "Have you never peti- Therese. I have held her sister in my

you had seen me before-long, long "You are very much mistaken," she before the night in London? In all the his fist. His eyes were blazing. "What

von."

have been. Will you draw the cur- me, to torture me. What trick, what solving her-she repeated her solemn

Bear that-"

MONTH ANDTHON TOAT ATT VERNING

He hesitated a moment and then soul, her spirit, her actual being found you by thought or deed. I had always jerked the curtains together, shutting a lodging place in you, and have you believed her, the holy priest believed

"Will you be seated-there?" he

She switched on the light in the big Matilde Valeska, if you will have it so. drove her out into the night. That



"Do You Remember When You First Saw Me, James Brood?"

site side of the table, with the mellow enough to stand on the spot where he out of her slim, white throat—and yet light full upon her lovely, serious face. blood is in my veins, her wrongs are in "Sit there," she said, signifying the my heart. It was she with whom you devilish conduct," he exclaimed harshchair he had requested her to take. fell in love and it was she you married ly. "You are like Matilde, false to the quiries were received, asking for farm "Please sit down," she went on impa- six months ago, but now the curtain is core. You married me for the luxury I lands. tiently, as he continued to regard her lifted. Don't you know me now, James? could provide, notwithstanding the forbiddingly from his position near the Can your memory carry you back

"I shall be better able to say what I from doubt and perplexity? Look have to say standing," he said signifi- closely, I say. I was six years old cantly.

"Do you expect me to plead with you for forgiveness?" she inquired, with an unmistakable look of surprise. "You may save yourself the humilia-

tion of such-" "But you are very gravely mistaken," she interrupted. "I shall ask nothing over the table, for he had shrunk down you were taking away the being she street car any more. of you."

Then we need not prolong the "I have come to explain, not to you begin to see? Now do you begin dure for long? When her happy, joywill not find it a pleasant story, nor it clear to you? Well, I have tried tion, I-I allowed my hatred to die. I Weekly. to indicate that such had been the will you be proud of your conquest. It to do all these things so that I might forgot that you had robbed me. I came better sit down."

He looked at her fixedly for a mo- deeper and deeper into the chair, forc- gan to hate you with a real, undying ment, as if striving to materialize a ing him down as though with a giant's hatred." thought that lay somewhere in the hand. "The little, timid, heart-broken back of his mind. He was vaguely Therese who would not speak to you, he cried. "You put yourself in her the law allows them to be called coffee conscious of an impression that he nor kiss you, nor say good-by to you place. In heaven's name, what was to could unravel all this seeming mystery without a suggestion from her if given from the Bristol in the Kartnerring the time to concentrate his mind on more than twenty years ago. Ah, how from you," she hurried on, and for the consequently they are always pure and the vague, hazy suggestion that tor- I loved her-how I loved her! And first time her eyes began to waver. mented his memory.

He sat down opposite her, and restyond the broad ray of light, expecting ed his arms on the table. The lines ding night? Shall I ever forget the ner. It was a wonderful, a tremendous her to advance into its full, revealing about his mouth were rigid, uncomprogrief, the loneliness, the hatred that thought that entered my brain. At glare. She stopped, however, in the mising, but there was a look of wonder

She leaned forward in her chair, the

to suggest the soft, luminous loveli. said after a moment. "There is some promised-promised every- but you are mistaken. I am not that clapped his hands to his ears and ness of Matilde's. He drew a long, thing in them that has puzzled you thing. I heard you. I sat with my bad. I would not have damned his cried, "I fear my tympanum is split!" since the night when you looked into mother and turned to ice, but I heard soul in that way. I would not have them across that great ballroom in you. All Vienna, all Budapest said that betrayed my sister in that way. Far my." "I've got a needle and some blouse, open at the neck. The cuffs London. You have always felt that you promised naught but happiness to more subtle was my design. I confess thread in my kit, if that'll help you were rolled up nearly to the elbows. they were not new to you, that you each other. She was twenty-one. She that it was my plan to make him fall in any." have had them constantly in front of was lovely-ah, far lovelier than that love with me and in the end to run hands in some active employment and you for ages. Do you remember when wretched photograph lying there in away with him, leaving you to think you first saw me, James Brood?"

He stared, and his eyes widened. "I was eighteen. She did not write those it would not have been as you think. "Look closely. Isn't there something

fore I gave it to Frederic. To this "But you would have wrecked himmore than doubt in your mind as you house she came twenty-three years don't you see that you would have look into them now?" "I confess that I have always been est girl in all the world. How did you How utterly blind and unfeeling you puzzled by-by something I cannot unsend her away? How?"

derstand in- But all this leads to

"To explain mysteries, that's it, of thing, Therese." He fell into the way for the sake of a personal vengeance.

He sat up, rigid as a block of stone.

the loyal princes and governors, yes, love him be as the sun when he goeth Deborah's Song of Victory Has Been and of penmen, scorn for the faint forth in his might." There is no page hearted, curses for the treacherous-Asher, Reuben, Meroz.

"Stop!" she commanded. "You are

not to speak evil of her now. You will

never think evil of her after what I am street-paving bills?"

From these the song flames up again into imaginative splendor, with its Deborah's song of victory: "Praise ye stars and prancings, narrows its view hibits the importation, manufacture the Lord for the avenging of Israel"- to the tent of Jael, to the mother of and sale of certain weapons, includthe triumphant onset dies down to a Sisera hearkening in vain at her win- ing stilettos, daggers and spring or beautiful lament for the forsaken high- dow for the sound of the chariot double-edged pocket knives. The imways, the ruined villages, the coward- wheels and the son that will never re- portation of firearms of all kinds with-Then comes the call to arms, the ning to its close: "So let all thine ene- prohibited.

triotic poem to compare with it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Their Use.

"Why do you advocate blanket

"To cover the beds of the streets,

Restricts Sale of Weapons. A Greek law of July 30, 1914, pro-

"Her sister!" uttered the man unbelievingly. "I have married the child **SEEDING FINISHED** "Ah, but you have felt even though

He struck the table violently with

convince yourself that Frederic is not were you planning to do to that un-

"What are you saying to me? Are

been sent to curse me for-"

you that it is the spirit of Matilde that | to my sister!"

now. It is the spirit of Matilde that | tered thickly.

urges me to love you and to spare you

stands between her son and death. But

into each other's eyes, neither pos-

twenty-three years and deliver you

Brood was glaring at her as one

loud voice: "Heaven help me, you

are-you are the little sister? The

She was standing now, leaning far

then and-"

little Therese?"

into his chair.

death. You are quite safe from ghosts without one glimpse of her boy, with-

spirit of his mother, but you-ah, no! man, how I hated you when I married

saying to-"

well the-

ter?"

when you took her darling sister away be gained by such an act as that?"

how I hated you for taking her away "The idea suggested itself to me the

from me. Shall I ever forget that wed- night I met you at the comtesse's din-

night? Everyone was happy—the went on the idea became an obsession.

whole world was happy-but was I? I married you, James Brood, for the

-and you were to make her happy, so | tilde's son strike you where the pain |

front of you. It was made when she that the very worst had happened. But

them-not more than a month ago, be- friend, amply protected. He-

"You are creating an excuse for your

don't believe a word of what you are

me in those other days. I remember

"And yet you gave yourself to me,"

"I wanted to take Matilde's hov away

You have seen the last of her. Her you!" She paused breathless.

to-

Wheat and Other Grains Have Had an Excellent Start.

The seeding of spring wheat was pretty general this spring about 7th "In good time, James, you will know of April or about as early as in Illinois and Iowa. Oats and barley followed. terrupted quietly. Sinking back in the Information is to hand that on first chair she resumed the broken strain, of May all seeding was practically finall the time watching him through ished. Farmers will now be busy at their breaking, and the land for summer fallow will be entered upon. Some She never saw him after the night you who did not get their land prepared last fall, will be later than the others. but as the spring in Western Canada some and false and her heart was evil! on this hour ever being a part of my forward again, clutching the edge of pure, undefiled soul to God's keeping, has been very open they will be only And yet he wondered whether he life, but it has to be, and I shall face the table. "By heaven, I sometimes she repeated to the priest who went a few days later. At the time of would be able to stand his ground it without weeping over what might think you are a ghost come to haunt through the unnecessary form of ab writing rain would be welcome, but at seeding time, the ground contained magic is behind all this? Has her declaration that she had never wronged a splendid lot of moisture and the lack of rain at the present time will not be serious. The number of farmher, God believed her. You would ers who have gone into the raising of She rose half-way out of her chair, have believed her, too, James Brood. cattle has been considerably inleaning farther across the table. "Yes, She was a good woman. Do you hear? creased, and the preparation for ex-James Brood, I represent the spirit of And you put a curse upon her and tensive cultivated grass pastures is in evidence everywhere. The culti-Not sent to curse you, but to love you. was not all. You persecuted her to the vation of fodder corn is being largely That's the pity of it all. I swear to end of her unhappy life. You did that entered upon in Manitoba there being upwards of 25,000 acres in corn. "And yet you married me," he mut-In Saskatchewan there will be a large increase in the area planted, and "Not because I loved you-oh, no! in Alberta many of the more progresit is not Matilde who confronts you She loved you to the day of her death, sive farmers are taking hold of it. here and now, you may be sure of that. after all the misery and suffering you The yield varies according to the cul-Matilde loved you. She loves you now, had heaped upon her. No woman ever tivation it receives, and runs from even in her grave. You will never be endured the anguish that she suffered five to nine tons per acre. In some able to escape from that wonderful throughout those hungry years. You portions of Manitoba where it has love of hers. If there have been times kept her child from her. You denied and heaven knows there were many, him to her, even though you denied been achieved in ripening and it is been poor for some years, success has I know-when I appeared to love you him to yourself. Why did you keep expected that a variety will soon be for myself, I swear to you that I was him from her? She was his mother. developed that will provide seed for moved by the spirit of Matilde. I-I She had borne him, he was all hers. the entire West, that will at an early am as much mystified, as greatly puz- But no! It was your revenge to dedate give to Western Canada a fame zled as yourself. I came here to hate prive her of the child she had brought for the growing of a marketable corn you, and I have loved you-yes, there into the world. You worked deliberate equal to that it has now for the were moments when I actually loved by in this plan to crush what little growth of smaller cereals. there was left in life for her. You kept

A trip through Western Canada re-Her voice died away into a whisper. him with you, though you branded him veals field after field of alfalfa, the For many seconds they sat looking with a name I cannot utter; you guardgrowth of which in any portion of ed him as if he were your most the country is now absolutely assured. sessing the power to break the strange precious possession and not a curse to When these facts are made known to spell of silence that had fallen upon your pride; you did this because you the farmers of the corn and alfalfa knew that you could drive the barb growing states, where their value as "No, it is not Matilde who confronts more deeply into her tortured heart. wealth makers is so well known, there you now, but one who would not spare You allowed her to die, after years of you as she did up to the hour of her pleading, after years of vain endeavor, will be no hesitancy in taking advantage of the splendid gift of 160 acres of land made by the Government of from this hour on, my friend. You out ever having heard the word mother the Dominion of Canada, where equal will never see Matilde again, though on his lips. That is what you did to opportunities are offered. Besides you look into my eyes till the end of my sister. For twelve long years you time. Frederic may see, may feel the gloated over her misery. Oh, God. these free grant lands, there are the lands of some of the railway companies and large land companies, that may be had at low prices and on reasonable terms. During the month

An encouraging feature of the farm curse I had put upon your sister. I land situation in Canada is the large percentage of sales made to settlers in the country who desire to increase "Don't you believe that I am her sistheir holdings or to others who will take up farming in place of different "You-yes, by heaven, I must believe stupefied. Suddenly he cried out in a that. Why have I been so blind? You occupations previously followed .- Advertisement. are the little Therese, and you hated

She-Papa says that when coming "A child's despairing hatred because to see me you must not come in a loved best of all. Will you believe me He-Really! Does he "The little Therese, yes! Now do when I say that my hatred did not en-

walk all this distance?

Her Wise Papa.

summon the courage to face the man plead," she went on resolutely. "I want to realize what I came here to do? Now ous letters came back to us filled with asks is that you will come in a carto tell you why I married you. You do you know why I married you? Isn't accounts of your goodness, your devo-

THE SECRET

with the determination to leave it in speaking rapidly, excitedly now. Her the way across the ocean and began to of good coffee is to get pure, sound coffee. If you ask your dealer he will tell you that all coffees are pure, as the law pro-Her eyes seemed to be driving him dying-it was not until then that I behibits the sale of substitutes as coffee. Not all apples are pure although they

are apples. Some of them are often rotten. they are impure and have a harsh taste. Denison's Coffees are picked coffees, the

berries picked by hand from the trees, sound in every sense of the word, reliable and delicious. Denison's Coffees are always packed in

cartons, bags or cans with the name on every package. All others are imitations. If your grocer does not stock Denison's dwelt in my poor little heart that first my real self revolted, but as time Coffees, write the Denison Coffee Co., Chicago, Ill., who will tell you where they can be obtained in your vicinity.-Adv.

First Aid.

An artillery battle was raging. The they said-ai-e, so said my beloved, would be the greatest. Ah, you are din was terrific. Suddenly a war cor-"You are looking into my eyes-as joyous sister. You stood before the thinking that I would have permitted respondent, one of the favored few "Too bad!" roared a friendly "Tom-

CLEAN SWEET SCALP

May Be Kept So by Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

To have good hair clear the scalp of dandruff and itching with shampoos ago. You brought her here, the happi- wrecked the life you sought to protect? of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment to dandruff spots and were. You say that he was my son itching. Nothing better than these He stirred in the chair. A spasm of and Matilde's, honestly born. What pure, fragrant, supercreamy emolpain crossed his face. "And I was the was your object, may I inquire, in lients for skin and scalp troubles. Sample each free by mail with Skin hoarsely. "You are forgetting one would have made a scoundrel of him

Book. Address Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.-Adv.

Recipe.

"Jack is such a favorite with the girls." "Yes; he handles them with gloves -about ten pairs per year."-Puck.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Bye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Byes and Granulated Byellds: No Smarting-just Eye comfort. Write for Book of the Bye by mail Free. Murine Bye Remedy Co. Chicago

The Baltic has the greatest wreck record of all the seas, averaging one

a day. A good many prayers are made in

private that the devil would like to see answered.

Happy is the home where Red Cross Ball Blue is used. Sure to please. All grocers. Adv.

Egypt's cotton crop is being bought up by government agents.

SCULPTOR TALKS OF POPE tings were short. When the cast was anced mind. The aquiline nose and IS GREAT PATRIOTIC POEM awakening—the gathering together of mies perish, O Lord; but let them that shows him the appropriate the shows him the same when the goeth

Man Who Made Bronze Bust of Head of Church Impressed With His Appearance.

Raffaelle Romagnoli, the Florentine sculptor, who was summoned from Pe-sittings. Now, go. You have my trograd to Rome to make a bust in benediction." bronze of Pope Benedict, gives an interesting account of his work in the tures thus:

three times, and even then the sit- characteristic of a serene, well-bal- with his approval."

autograph portrait and said: "I thank God that I am now done

"His holiness has a most interest- hand."

Romagnoli describes the pope's fea-

shown him the pontiff expressed him- deep-set eyes show force of character self well pleased, gave the artist an and intelligence; the eyes, though short-sighted, gleam with intelligence. The large, well-shaped mouth shows with all painters and sculptors. You constancy of purpose. The chin is are the only one who has had three prominent, of the classical shape of Julius Caesar's and Napoleon's

> His Intent. "See how that dog is licking your

The pope refused to sit more than ing head-large forehead and cranium "I suppose he wants to stamp me

Put by Many at the Head of the List.

Every element of patriotism is in ice of the past.

turn, and sinks like the peace of eve- out government permission is likewise