

LESSON IN NATURAL HISTORY

Amusing, But Somewhat Expensive as Miss Patty Realized When the Goat Was Through.

Miss Patty Shepard of North Thirteenth street went to the country with a party of friends on Memorial day. They stopped at a farmhouse where some of the party are well known. Browsing about was an old goat. When Miss Patty saw her the nanny was placidly nibbling at a few blades of grass, and she innocently thought that goats were strictly vegetarians. On the lawn in front of the porch she had put her handsome new peach-basket hat, trimmed with pretty artificial roses, which she had got from the store the night before. The goat saw the hat and advanced joyfully toward it. Miss Patty laughed. "The old thing thinks they're real roses," she laughed. "Won't she be fooled when she smells them?"

PROVED BY TIME.

No Fear of Any Further Trouble.

David Price, Corydon, Ia., says: "I was in the last stage of kidney trouble—lame, weak, run down to a mere skeleton. My back was so bad I could hardly walk and the kidney secretions much disordered. A week after I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I could walk without a cane, and as I continued my health gradually returned. I was so grateful I made a public statement of my case, and now seven years have passed, I am still perfectly well."

SORRY, BUT—



"Would you mind lendin' me er dime, Willie?" "Not at all, old chap. But its after 'aakin' hours an' I ain't got me check book handy!"

Fifty cents per acre is the price at which the State of Colorado is selling land in the Little Snake River valley, Routt County, Colorado, which is open for entry under the Carey Land Act.

Purchasers of land must also contract for a water right, to be paid for in ten annual assessments, the total cost including a perpetual water right in the Little Snake river canal system, being thirty-five dollars per acre.

This is pronounced one of the most fertile valleys in Colorado, and record crops of all grains, grasses and roots are now being raised there. Both the Moffat Road and the Union Pacific are building into the district.

Persons desiring full information about the land and water should write to the Routt County Colonization Co., 1734 Welton St., Denver, Colorado. The land is sold in tracts of 40, 80, 120 and 160 acres.

Those desiring land will have to act quickly, as the applications being received indicate that the desirable land will be quickly disposed of. The canal plans, water supply, etc., are all investigated and approved by the State Engineer.

Plain, Horrid Man.

She—So many men nowadays marry for money. You wouldn't marry me for money, would you, dearest? He (absently)—No, darling, I wouldn't marry you for all the money in the world.

She—Oh, you horrid, horrid wretch!

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-waist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

Often the Case.

"Why are you making those horrid faces?" "I'm amusing the baby!" "But the child is screaming!" "Yes; some people can't realize that they are being amused."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

Shows No Improvement.

"I don't see that her college education has improved her much." "No?" "No. She helps her mother with the housework just as if she hadn't been educated."—Detroit Free Press.

Tell the Dealer you want a Lewis' Single Binder cigar for its rich, mellow quality.

During her courtship no girl is in favor of disarmament.

The Brass Bow

PICTURES BY A. WEILL

SYNOPSIS.

"Mag" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfield, to get his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelor's club. Her auto had crashed down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised by a man, cracked the safe containing his jewels. His apparent look for a well-known crook, Daniel Anisly, half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anisly, sought by police of the world, appeared on the same mission. Maitland overcame him. He met the girl outside the house and they sped on to New York in her auto. He had the jewels and she promised to meet him that day. Maitland received a "Mr. Smith," introducing himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland agreed to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was felled by a blow from "Smith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anisly himself and he secured the gems. Anisly, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. He gave her the gems, after falling in love at first sight. They were to meet and divide the loot. Maitland received and returned missing his engagement. Anisly, masquerading as Maitland, narrowly avoided capture through mysterious tip. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned gems, being discovered on return. Maitland, without cash, called up his home and heard a woman's voice expostulating. Anisly, disguised as Maitland, told her his real identity and reading himself, tricked her into writing from her the location of the gems. Then he proposed marriage. A crash was heard at the front door. Maitland started for home. He found Anisly and the girl in his rooms. Again he overcame the crook, allowing him to escape to shield the young woman.



The Detective Stepped Forward and Unlocked the Handcuffs.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"Not quite," Maitland contradicted, brusquely, wearying of the complication. "You say you met me on the stoop here. At what o'clock?" "One; 'nd yeh takes me to lunch at Eugene's."

"Ah! When did I leave you?" "I leaves yeh there at two."

"Well, O'Hagan will testify that he left me in these rooms, in dressing-gown and slippers, at about one. At four he found me on this divan, bound and gagged, by courtesy of your friend, Mr. Anisly. Now, when was I with you in Harlem?"

"At seven o'clock, to the minute, yeh comes—"

"Never mind. At ten minutes to seven I took a cab from here to the Primordial club, where I dined at seven precisely."

"And what's more," interposed the cabman, eagerly, "I took yer there, sir."

"Thank you. Furthermore, sleuth, you say that you followed me around town from seven o'clock until—when?"

"I said—" stammered the plain-clothes man, purple with confusion.

"No matter. I didn't leave the Primordial until a quarter to eleven. But all this aside, as I understand it, you are asserting that, having given you all this trouble to-day, and knowing that you were after me, I deliberately hopped into a cab 15 minutes ago, came up Fifth avenue at such breakneck speed that this officer thought it was a runaway, and finally jumped out and ran upstairs here to fire a revolver three times, for no purpose whatsoever beyond bringing you gentlemen about my ears?"

Hickey's jaw sagged. The caddy ostentatiously covered his mouth with a huge red paw and made choking noises.

"Pass it up, sarge, pass it up," he whispered, hoarsely.

"Shut yer trap," snapped the detective. "I know what I'm doin'. This crook's clever all right, but I got the kibosh on him this time. Lemme alone." He squared his shoulders, blustering to save his face. "I don't know why yeh done it—"

"Then I'll tell you," Maitland cut in, crisply. "If you'll be good enough to listen." And concisely narrated the events of the past 24 hours, beginning at the moment when he had discovered Anisly in Maitland Manor. Save that he substituted himself for the man who had escaped from Higgins and eliminated all mention of the gray girl, his statement was exact and convincing. As he came down to the moment when he had called up from the Bartholdi and heard mysterious sounds in his flat, substantiating his story by indicating the receiver that gongled useless from the telephone, even Hickey was staggered.

But not beaten. When Maitland ceased speaking the detective smiled superiority to such invention. "Very pretty," he conceded. "Yeh c'n tell it all to the magistrate to-morrow morning. Meantime yeh'll have time to think up a yarn explainin' how it come that a crook like Anisly, made three attempts in one day to steal some jewels, 'nd didn't get 'em. Where were they all this time?"

"In safe-keeping," Maitland God, manfully, with a furtive glance toward the alcove.

"Whose?" pursued Mr. Hickey, truculently.

"Mine," with equanimity. "Seriously—sleuth!—are you trying to make a charge against me of stealing my own property?"

"Yeh done it for a blind. 'Nd that's

enough. Officer, take this man to the station; I'll make the complaint."

The policeman hesitated, and at this juncture O'Hagan put in an appearance, lugging a heavy brown-paper bundle.

"Beg pardon, Misther Maitland, sor—?"

"Well, O'Hagan?"

"The crowd at the dure, sor, is dispersed," the janitor reported. "A couple av cops kem along an' fanned 'em. They're askin' for the two av yehs," with a careless nod to the policeman and detective.

"Yeh heard what I said," Hickey answered the officer's look.

"I'm thinkin'," O'Hagan pursued, calmly ignoring the presence of the outsiders, "that these do be the soot that dommed thafe av the worldd stole off ye the day, sor. A la-ard brought ut at ayeleven o'clock, sor, wid particular rayquest that ut be delivered to ye at once. The paper's tore, an'—"

"O'Hagan," Maitland ordered sharply, "undo that parcel. I think I can satisfy you now, sleuth. What kind of a suit did your luncheon acquaintance wear?"

"Gray."

"An' here at is," O'Hagan announced, arraying the clothing upon a chair. "Ivry down' thing, ayen down to the socks. And a note for ye, sor."

As he shook out the folds of the coat a square white envelope dropped to the floor; the janitor retrieved and offered it to his employer.

"Dear Mr. Maitland," he read aloud; "As you will probably surmise, my motive in thus restoring to you a portion of your property is not altogether uninfluenced by personal and selfish considerations. In brief, I wish to discover whether or not you are to be at home to-night. If not, I shall take pleasure in calling; if the contrary, I shall feel that in justice to myself I must forgo the pleasure of improving an acquaintance begun under auspices so unfavorable. In either case, permit me to thank you for the use of your wardrobe—which, quaintly enough, has outlived its usefulness to me; a fat-headed detective named Hickey will tell you why—and to extend to you expression of my highest consideration. Believe me, I am enviously yours, Daniel Anisly."—Signed, added Hickey mechanically, his face working.

"Satisfied, sleuth?"

By way of reply, but ungraciously, the detective stepped forward and unlocked the handcuffs.

Maitland stood erect, smiling. "Thank you very much, sleuth. I shan't forget you."

"O'Hagan," tossing the janitor the keys from his desk, "you'll find some—ah—louche-pop and root-beer in the buffet. This officer and his friends will no doubt join you in a friendly drink downstairs. Caddy, I want a word with you."

"Good mornin', gentlemen. Good mornin', sleuth."

And he showed them the door. "I shall be at your service, officer," he called over the janitor's shoulder, "at as late to-morrow morning. If not here, O'Hagan will tell you where to find me. And, O'Hagan!" The janitor fell back. "Keep them at least an

hour," Maitland told him guardedly. "And say nothing."

The Irishman pledged his discretion by a silent look. Maitland turned back to the caddy.

"You did me a good turn, just now," he began.

"Don't mention it, sir; I've carried you hofren before this evening, and—excuse my sayin' so—I never 'ad a fare as tipped 'andsomer. It's a real pleasure, sir, to be of service."

"Thank you," returned Maitland, eying him in speculative wise. "I wonder—"

The man was a rough, burly Englishman of one of the most intelligent, if not intellectual, kind; the British caddy, as a type, has few superiors for sheer quickness of wit and understanding. This man had been sharpened and tempered by his contact with American conditions. His eyes were shrewd, his face honest if weather-beaten, his attitude respectful.

"I've another use for you to-night," Maitland decided, "if you are at liberty and—discreet." The final word was a question, hung over his shoulder as he turned toward the escritoire.

"Yes, sir," said the man thoughtfully. "I allus can drive, sir, ayen when I'm drinkin' 'ardest and can't see nothink."

"Yes? You've been drinking to-night?" Maitland smiled quietly, standing by the small writing-desk and extracting a roll of bills from a concealed drawer.

"I'm fair blind, sir."

"Very well," Maitland turned and extended his hand, and despite his professed affliction, the caddy's eyes bulged as he appreciated the size of the bill.

"My word!" he gasped, stowing it away in the cavernous depths of a trousers pocket.

"You will wait outside," said Maitland, "until I come out or—send somebody for you to take wherever directed. Oh, that's all right—not another word!"

The door closed behind the overwhelmed nighthawk, and the latch clicked loudly. For a space Maitland stood in the hallway, troubled, apprehensive, heart strangely oppressed, vision clouded by the memory of the girl as he had seen her only a few minutes since; as she had stood beneath the chandelier, after acting upon her primary clear-headed impulse to give her rescuer the aid of the light.

He seemed to recall very clearly her slight figure, swaying, a-qaiver with fright and solicitude—care for him!—her face, sensitive and sweet beneath its ruddy crown of hair, that of a child waking from evil dreams, her eyes seeking his with their dumb message of appeal and of— He dared not name what else.

Forlorn, pitiful, little figure! Odd it seemed that he should fear to face her again, alone, that he should linger reluctant to cross the threshold of his study, mistrustful and afraid alike of himself and of her—a thief.

For what should he say to her, other than the words that voiced the hunger of his heart? Yet if he spoke . . . words such as those

to—a thief . . . what would be the end of it all?

Who did it matter? Surely he, who knew the world wherein he lived and moved and had his being, knew better well the worth of its verdicts. The world might so hang, for all he cared. At least his life was his own, whether to make or to mar, and he had not to answer for it to any power this side of the gates of darkness. And if by any act of his the world should be given a man and a woman in exile for a thief and an idler, perhaps in the final reckoning his life might not be accounted altogether wanted.

He set back his shoulders and inspired deeply, eyes lightening, and stepped into the study, resolved.

"Miss—" he called huskily; and stopped, reminded that not yet did he even know her name.

"It is safe now," he amended, more clearly and steadily, "to come out, if you will."

He heard no response. The long gleaming folds of the portieres hung motionless. Still, a sharp and staccato clatter of hoofs had risen in the street, might have drowned her voice.

"If you please—" he said again, loudly.

The silence sang sibilant in his ears; and he grew conscious of a sense of anxiety and fear stifling in its intensity.

At length, striding forward, with a swift gesture he flung the hangings aside.

CHAPTER XII. On Reconsideration.

Gently but with decision Sergt. Hickey set his face against the allurements of his wine-cup and the importunities of his fellow-officers.

He was tired, he affirmed with a weary nod; the lateness of the hour rendered him quite indisposed for convivial dalliance. Even the sight of O'Hagan, seduction incarnated, in the vestibule, a bottle under either arm, clutching a box of cigars jealously with both hands, failed to move the temperate soul.

"Nah," he waved temptation aside with a gesture of finality. "I don't guess I'll take nothin' to-night, thanks. G'night all!"

And, wheeling, shaped a course for Broadway.

The early morning air breathed chill but grateful to his fevered brow. Oddly enough, in view of the fact that he had indulged in no very violent exercise, he found himself perspiring profusely. Now and again he saw fit to pause, removing his hat and utilizing a large soiled handkerchief with grim abandon.

At such times his face would be upturned, eyes trained upon the dim infinities beyond the pale moon-smitten sky. And he would sigh profoundly—not the furnace sigh of a lover thinking of his mistress, but the heartfelt and moving sigh of the man of years and cares who has drunk deep of that cup of bitterness called Unappreciated Genius.

Then, tucking the clammy handkerchief into a hip pocket, and withdrawing his yearning gaze from the heavens, would struggle on, with a funeral countenance as the outward and visible manifestation of a mind burdened with mundane concerns; such as (one might shrewdly surmise) that autographed portrait of a deputy commissioner of police which the detective's lynx-like eyes had discovered on Maitland's escritoire, unhappily, toward the close of their conference, or, possibly, the mighty processes of departmental law, with its attendant annoyances of charges preferred, hearings before an obviously prejudiced yet high-principled martinet, reprimands and rulings, reductions in rank, "breaking," transfers; or—yet a third possibility—with the prevailing rate of wage as contrasted between detective and "sidewalk-pounder," and the cost of living as contrasted between Manhattan, on the one hand, and Jamaica, Bronxville, or St. George, Staten Island, on the other.

A dimly-lighted side-entrance presently loomed invitingly in the sergeant's path. He glanced up, something surprised to find himself on Sixth avenue; then, bowed with the fatigue of a busy day, turned aside, entering a dingy back room separated from the bar proper (at that illicit hour) by a curtain of green baize. A number of tables whose slopy imitation rosewood tops shone dimly in the murky gaslight, were set about, here and there, for the accommodation of a herd of sleepy-eyed, case-hardened habitués.

Into a vacant chair beside one of these the detective dropped, and lazily requested the lantern-jawed waiter, who presently bustled to his side, to "Back meh up a tub of suds, George."

"Nah," in response to a concerned query, "I ain't feelin' up to much to-night."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Natural Question.

She—How is it your sister didn't sing to-night?

He—O, the doctor has forbidden her. He says she must not sing for six months.

She—Does he live near her?

PAINT BEAUTY.

Assured of durability, the next thought in painting is beauty—the complete aim being durable beauty, or beautiful durability.

National Lead Company here again offer you the cooperation of their paint experts—this time in the line of color schemes, artistic, harmonious and appropriate. You have only to write National Lead Company, 1902 Trinity Building, New York City, for "Homeowners' Painting Outfit No. 49," and you will promptly receive what is really a complete guide to painting, including a book of color schemes for either exterior or interior painting (as you may request), a book of specifications, and also an instrument for detecting adulteration in paint materials. This outfit is sent free, and, to say the least, is well worth writing for.

WIFELY SOLICITUDE.



Burglar—Hands up! Wife—Oh, John, be careful of those globes; you'll break them!

Wedding Fee in Installments.

Some of the "squires in rustic New Jersey seem to be pretty hard pushed for cash. To get the cash they do not hesitate to use most unusual methods. One of these J. P.'s advertised the other day that he was ready and willing to marry couples at any time, day or night, for a consideration of \$5 and that he was willing to accept \$1 in cash down and the rest in weekly installments of \$1 until the fee of \$5 was paid up. The very night after the first appearance of this advertisement the J. P. referred to was called upon to "make good" his bluff. Shortly after midnight a couple which had come in an automobile awakened him from his sleep and asked to be married under the installment plan offered in the advertisement. And the J. P. was game and made good.

Unfortunately Coupled.

Alison tells how during Napoleon's Egyptian campaign no sooner were the Mamelukes observed at a distance than the word was given: "Form square; artillery to the angles; asses and savans to the center." The command afforded no little merriment to the soldiers even at such an exciting moment, and made them call the asses demul-savans.

Trifle Too Esthetic.

"There's no use o' talkin'," said Farmer Cornstossel, as he sat down on the horse trough. "I can't git along with some o' these here summer guests." "What's the trouble?" "I have jes' been lectured by that good lookin' young woman with glasses for sp'illin' the color scheme of the garden by puttin' paris green on the veg etables."

Measuring Brains.

The cephalic index of old Athenians was a wee, wee bit better than ours. Cephalic index means volume of brain. It is found by filling a skull with peas and then measuring them. Ancient Athenians have a few peas on us. The Greeks never lusted bloodshed like the Romans and some of us moderns.—New York Post.

Mother-in-Law Again.

Husband—Why do you hate to see me come home smiling? Wife—Because I know it means something has happened to poor mother.—Illustrated Bits.

A New Fad.

Rural Auntie—My dear, your mother tells me you are going to get married. Miss de Fad—Yes, auntie; it's all the style now.—New York Weekly.

THREE REASONS Each with Two Legs and Ten Fingers.

A Boston woman who is a fond mother writes an amusing article about her experience feeding her boys. Among other things she says: "Three chubby, rosy-cheeked boys, Rob, Jack and Dick, aged 6, 4 and 2 years respectively, are three of our reasons for using and recommending the food, Grape-Nuts, for these youngsters have been fed on Grape-Nuts since infancy, and often between meals when other children would have been given candy."

"I gave a package of Grape-Nuts to a neighbor whose 3 year old child was a weakened little thing, ill half the time. The little tot ate the Grape-Nuts and cream greedily and the mother continued the good work, and it was not long before a truly wonderful change manifested itself in the child's face and body. The results were remarkable, even for Grape-Nuts."

"Both husband and I use Grape-Nuts every day and keep strong and well and have three of the finest, healthiest boys you can find in a day's march."

Many mothers instead of destroying the children's stomachs with candy and cake give the youngsters a handful of Grape-Nuts when they are begging for something in the way of sweets. The result is soon shown in greatly increased health, strength and mental activity.

"There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are accurate, true, and full of human interest.