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The Diplomatist. It used to be said that a diplomatist was a man who was sent abroad to lie for his country...

Science vs. Charlatanry. Nothing in years has made the chemists rage together so furiously as the exploited "discovery" of a compound which will make ashes burn better than coal...

Naming the Spanish baby the prince of the Asturias is just a temporary arrangement until the geographers and the philologists can get together and, with the aid of relays of stenographers, fix up a permanent name for the helpless infant...

One of the modern improvements in mail service which the United States government has been foremost in adopting is the establishment of "sea post offices"...

The German press is strongly opposed to the Kaiser's fifth son making a tour of America, saying that "only dollars can come to him in that land of dollars and machines"...

A man out in Montana predicts that the world will come to an end in ten days, and is selling off his property in anticipation of the coming finale...

Some of the French visitors to the Carnegie Institute are said to have been offended by the playing of "Die Wacht am Rhein," which they regarded as an affront...

Watscha, Ill., is to have a fountain in the shape of a stork. The drinking trough accompanying it ought to be made in the form of a cradle.



CHAPTER X—Continued.

Locke sat at his table in the grand parlour as he vividly suggested the nostrils of the two heads together formed the eyes of the death-mask...

"This is a heavenly sign," I asked, shuddering again. "But he still lives!" "Yes; at present he is in Paris. I suppose he is safe there. But when he returns to his capital at Sofia..."

Locke rose and pulled on his gloves. I stared at him in sudden comprehension. "I understand now. You had more than one object in coming to see me this morning," I said, soberly.

"In America the game of politics is a fair game and above board. We show our cards; they are on the table for all the world to see. The very frankness of our methods puzzles the diplomats of Europe..."

"But that is absurd on the face of it. In what possible way could I be of use to this Countess Sarahoff?" Locke shrugged his shoulders carelessly, and blew a ring of smoke with precision at the chandelier.

"Nothing is quite absurd," he returned, calmly. "Two days ago I returned from an unfortunate accident of a fellow-countryman and an old college acquaintance. To-day I am surprised to find this countryman of mine on excellent terms with a woman whom I have every reason to believe is a dangerous acquaintance..."

CHAPTER XI.

Countess Sarahoff gives an invitation. I stood quite still after Locke had left me, lost in thought. A life for a life, Helena had said. But is not honor sometimes dearer than life itself? At least the honor of a loved brother.

intended, but to be moved with my eyes open. "No pawn is too insignificant to be made use of," those were Locke's words. He had believed that she would attempt to make use of me...

Early in the afternoon a message came from her, as I had felt confident it would. A cousin was with her; they were to leave Lucerne that evening, en route to a little village in the Bernese Alps...

"The apartment de luxe into which I was ushered was dimly lighted, and the air was heavy with the perfume of flowers. In the center of the room the white damask and silver of a table...



The Dinner at the Hotel Nationale.

set for dinner gleamed under the soft light of candles. In some vague way, this room, one of a hundred others in the hotel, had lost something of its stiff formality. It had charm. Charm!

She had been beautiful the evening before; this evening she was radiant. Her eyes burned with a fire that at once disconcerted and excited. She was the incarnation of what one calls the joy of living. Never for an instant was she still. Now it was to glance critically at the admirably set table; now to rearrange the flowers...

"Why does my cousin not come?" she demanded, pettily. "At 11 to-night we go to Vitznau by the boat. Before the birds awake to-morrow we must be off—up, up, up the mountains to my chateau. It will break my heart if we are delayed."

"Your chateau has great attraction for you," I said, smiling.

She came toward me impulsively, her hands clasped. "Oh, you would like my chateau, monsieur. It is strong and rugged; and so high that to see its towers through the branches of the pine trees, as you climb the hillside, it seems a dream, a fantasy. And below, very far below, there is the noisy little river that rushes around its base, and an adorable village that crouches close to it for protection. And within, there are great shadowy rooms with gleaming bar floors and tapestries. Oh, yes, and there is my beloved piano. When the thunder rolls terribly over the lonely mountains, and the storm beats against the curtained windows, and the fire of huge logs in the hearth does not reach the somber corners—oh, it is then that I live. I am inspired. In the night the passionate soul of Chopin speaks to me. And in the morning when the sun is shining again, and the little river is gay and turbulent, there are my bowers and my books and my poor. And there is...

"I looked at this strange woman in astonishment. It was a curious plea. Perhaps she had wished to make me fall in love with her? She made the frank confession with a childish bravado. And in the same breath she asked for my respect!"

"You speak in riddles," I exclaimed pettily. "Tell me your purpose." She looked up at me swiftly, half in defiance. "Tell me yours."

"My purpose?" I cried. "I have none." A moment she scanned my face keenly. Apparently she was satisfied that I spoke the truth. But that she should have even a glimmer of a suspicion was startling.

"Look, my friend, I speak no more in riddles, but very frankly. Come to my chateau because there you can do me a service, a great service. Voilà, I have told you everything."

"Not quite everything," I replied quietly. "You have not told me, for instance, the nature of the service that you ask of the first stranger you meet."

"When you are my guest I shall tell you," she promised airily. She plunged into a stormy mazurka to drown my protestations. I watched her, irritated and yet half yielding, as she played with the brilliancy and class of a virtuoso. Then I walked to the window.

"To reach it I passed a pier-glass panelled in the wall. A man's face was dimly reflected there. Though I did not look, I knew that he must be standing behind a door leading into another apartment. He had been listening, of course."

"I did not betray my surprise. I stepped out on the balcony, looking down on the street below. This incident banished my last shred of reluctance. These adventures spled on me; it was equally fair that I play their game. Yes; I determined to meet them with their own weapons."

The music reached a stormy climax. There was silence. I did not go back into the room. I waited curiously. Would she again insist? If so, I determined to no longer refuse. The heavy curtains at the window were parted. She stood beside me. Again I noticed the feverish light in her eyes; her bosom rose and fell tumultuously; her color came and went.

"Then you have no liking for an adventure?" she demanded in a spirit of desperate gaiety. "Even when that adventure is to be shared with a woman—yes, a beautiful woman?"

"Not when adventures are thrust on me," I replied coldly. Her emotion repelled me.

"Ah, you persist in being ungracious. You say this adventure brings happiness for yourself."

"I should require proof of that." She saw that I was not to be won over by coquetry. She became serious, almost anxious. Instinctively I felt that she was about to play her last card. Had she known it, I was already decided. But she was ignorant of that, and risked everything to gain her purpose.

"You have set yourself a task. What if I can help you fulfill it?" "Again you speak in riddles, madam."

"If I said I was listening last night!" I frowned on her, furious, but I did not answer.

She felt no shame in making this confession. One hand rested on her hip, with the other she snapped her fingers and thumb. "My dear monsieur, you are not attractive when you look like that. Even I have heard the English proverb, 'All is fair in love and in war.'"

"And since this is not love, you wish me to infer that it is war? And you ask the enemy deliberately into the camp?" "It is neither love nor war. It is a truce. Does that satisfy you?"

"Until you tell me the service I am to do you, it must be an armed truce," I interposed cautiously. I emphasized the adjective. "Bien! At Alterhofen you shall know all. Then it will be for you to decide if we are to be allies."

A New Consumption Theory

If True, the Disease Can Be Banished From the Earth. The bacillus in a state of nature is a saprophyte, feeding on decay of the vegetable world. But the bacillus becomes pathogenic—capable of causing disease—in cattle when they are deprived of actinism or the property of the chemical rays in sunlight. It would, if all this be true, become reasonable to assume that by restoring actinism to cattle, the bacillus would again become a saprophyte, in which case consumption would be extirpated.

GOOD POLISH FOR FLOORS. Household Preparation Better Than the Purchased Article. It is cheaper to prepare your own polish for floors. To do so buy at the drug store one-half pound white turpentine; place in a crock; pour over it one-half gallon turpentine and set on back of range until melted; remove and cool, when it should be a little thicker than vasoline; but as the little cakes of wax are sold for an ounce and are not uniform; the beginner would better try half the quantity given above and if, when cool, it is too thick, add a little more turpentine; if too thin, add more wax and melt over. Be careful no turpentine is on the edge or outside of the crock, as it may easily catch and set fire to the preparation; and for this reason if placed on the gas stove lay a stove lid over the flame. Rub this polish thinly and evenly over the entire floor; let stand to harden at least half an hour, then rub with weighted brush, beginning in the corner where the polish was first applied, as it will have had a longer time in which to harden.

CARE OF HOUSEHOLD LINEN. Arrange in Separate Piles with Sachets of Scent Among Them. The linen cupboard with plenty of shelves is a great convenience, but many housekeepers have to be content with storing their linen in drawers, as the scarcity of cupboards is one of the drawbacks of modern houses.

When the shelves are turned out and cleaned cover them with fresh paper when perfectly dry. Whether the linen is kept in a drawer or cupboard it should be arranged in neat piles. Tablecloths, table napkins and tray cloths in one shelf or drawer, pillowcases and towels in another. Sachets of lavender, thyme or rose leaves should find a place among the piles of linen.

Stationary Ironing Board. One of the most satisfactory ironing boards that ever I have used is a stationary board hinged to the wall in place of the usual movable one which is placed on a table or chair.

Bring a quart of milk to the scalding point, but do not boil. Take from the fire and stir into it the yolks of three eggs and three tablespoons of sugar that have been beaten to a cream. Stir well, put back on the fire. Thicken with one tablespoon of cornstarch, and add one cupful of shredded or grated coconut. When thick pour into the serving dish and let cool. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, spread over top and let brown in the oven. Sometimes for a change instead of browning the whites whip a little rose coloring which gives them a lovely pink tinge and use a paper cone to make a fancy top.

Best Ways to Wind Wool. Wool for knitting or crochet should never be wound very tightly into a hard ball, as this makes it thin and poor. Some good knitters merely unwind the skein into a soft heap, but this method is only possible where there is no fear of entanglement, as if the heap of wool be disturbed it soon gets into a hopeless tangle. A better plan is to wind the wool over three or four fingers of the left hand held outside the ball. These fingers should be gently withdrawn at frequent intervals to change the position of the ball, says Woman's Life. Wool thus wound is always soft and full of thread.

Tomatoes with Rice. Scald and peel three large, smooth tomatoes. Cut them in halves, scoop out the seeds and juice without breaking the pulp. Scald the juice enough to strain out the seeds. To the juice add sugar to taste and mix with it as much warm boiled rice as it will absorb. Add salt and a little melted butter. Fill the tomatoes with this mixture. Place each half tomato on a round of bread buttered. Put them in a shallow pan and bake until the bread is browned.

Sweet Potato Sauté. Have one pint of sweet potatoes cut in slices. Put into the blazer two tablespoonfuls of butter, and as soon as hot lay in the potatoes. Sprinkle two tablespoonfuls of sugar over the top of the potatoes, and on top of the sugar pour lightly two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Cook until brown. This twice cooking of the potatoes makes them delightfully rich yet digestible. Serve on hot plates with the creamed tongue.

Worth Knowing. Before mending a torn kid glove it is a good plan to buttonhole neatly all around the edge of the hole with silk or cotton twist, the color of the glove. This will keep the kid from tearing further open, as so often happens when the needle is drawn through it.

Prevent Moths. It is much better than moth balls to put a small bottle of chloroform, one or two ounces, in the bottom of the packing chest. Split the cork that it may evaporate gradually. It will kill all the moths and many disease germs.

Don't Use "Practically Pure" White Lead. There is no other pigment that is "practically" White Lead—no other pigment that has the properties of Pure White Lead Paint. Pure White Lead, good paint that it is, cannot cure adulterations without losing its efficiency completely. To get Pure White Lead durability, use it that every layman knows the Dutch Boy trade mark—a guarantee that the contents are absolutely Pure White Lead made by the Old Dutch Process.



Don't Push. The horse can draw the load without help, if you reduce friction to almost nothing by applying Mica Axle Grease to the wheels. No other lubricant ever made wears so long and saves so much horse power. Next time try Mica Axle Grease. Standard Oil Co. Indianapolis.

A Sad Mistake. In my father's native village lives Mr. S., a very deaf old man. During the summer months he lets his spare rooms to some of the many pleasure-seekers who frequent the place, says a Boston Herald writer, and one day last summer, while Mr. S. was in his garden, a young man of the village chanced by, and the following conversation took place: "Good morning, Mr. S." "Mawrin'."

Medicine of Bamboo Sap. In India the sap of the female bamboo tree is used for medicinal purposes. "Tabasheer," or "bamboochan," is sold in all Indian bazars, as it has been known from the earliest times as a medicinal agent. It is also known in Rome, and was an article of commerce with early Arab traders of the east. Its properties are said to be strengthening, tonic and cooling. It has been analyzed and has been shown to consist almost entirely of silica, with traces of lime and potash. From its remarkable occurrence in the hollows of bamboos the eastern mind has long associated it with miraculous powers.

Something New. A lady novelist thus describes the youth of her heroine: "In that walled-in garden of a place she, so young, so brilliant, so alluring, grew with the air of a Shirley poppy. That was the flower she most resembled, both in color and in her step."

CHILDREN SHOWED IT. Effect of Their Warm Drink in the Morning. "A year ago I was a wreck from coffee drinking and was on the point of giving up my position in the school room because of nervousness."

"I was telling a friend about it and she said, 'We drink nothing at meal time but Postum Food Coffee, and it is such a comfort for having something we can enjoy drinking with the children.' "It was established that she would allow the children to drink any kind of coffee, but she said Postum was the most healthful drink in the world for children as well as for older ones, and that the condition of both the children and adults showed that to be a fact. "My first trial was a failure. The cook boiled it four or five minutes and it tasted so flat that I was in despair but determined to give it one more trial. This time we followed the directions and boiled it fifteen minutes after the boiling began. It was a decided success and I was completely won by its rich delicious flavor. In a short time I noticed a decided improvement in my condition and kept growing better and better month after month, until now I am perfectly healthy, and so my work in the school room with ease and pleasure. I would not return to the nerve-destroying regular coffee for any money."