

AN EXCELLENT REMEDY.

Will Break Up a Cold in Twenty-Four Hours and Cure Any Cough That Is Curable.

The following mixture is often prescribed and is highly recommended for coughs, colds and other throat and bronchial trouble. Mix two ounces of Glycerine, a half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure, and eight ounces of pure Whisky. These can be bought in any good drug store and easily mixed together in a large bottle. The genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure is prepared only in the laboratories of the Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, and put up for dispensing in half-ounce vials.

COULDN'T DO IT.



LEG A MASS OF HUMOR

"About seven years ago a small abrasion appeared on my right leg just above my ankle. It irritated me so that I began to scratch it and it began to spread until my leg from my ankle to the knee was one solid scale like a scab. The irritation was always worse at night and would not allow me to sleep, or my wife either, and it was completely undermining our health. I lost fifty pounds in weight and was almost out of my mind with pain and chagrin as no matter where the irritation came, at work, on the street or in the presence of company, I would have to scratch it until I had the blood running down into my shoe. I simply cannot describe my suffering during those seven years. The pain, mortification, loss of sleep, both to myself and wife is simply indescribable on paper and one has to experience it to know what it is.

"I tried all kinds of doctors and remedies but I might as well have thrown my money down a sewer. They would dry up for a little while and fill me with hope only to break out again just as bad if not worse. I had given up hope of ever being cured when I was induced by my wife to give the Cuticura Remedies a trial. After taking the Cuticura Remedies for a little while I began to see a change, and after taking a dozen bottles of Cuticura Resolvent, in conjunction with the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, the trouble had entirely disappeared and my leg was as fine as the day I was born. Now after a lapse of six months with no signs of a recurrence I feel perfectly safe in extending to you my heartfelt thanks for the good the Cuticura Remedies have done for me. I shall always recommend them to my friends. W. H. White, 312 E. Cabot St., Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 4 and Apr. 13, 1909."

POOR CHOLLY.



Cholly—Is your sister in, my boy? Willie—Just give me your card, and I'll go and see if you're the guy she told me to tell that she was out.

ROCKY BOY INDIAN LANDS OPEN FOR SETTLEMENT.

Secretary Ballinger has issued instructions to throw open 1,400,000 acres of land in Eastern Montana to white settlers.

This land was withdrawn about two years ago for the purpose of allotting to the Rocky Boy Indians. The tract contains the very choicest lands in Valley County and wherever farming has been carried on, it has produced yields of from 20 to 30 bushels of wheat per acre, 40 to 70 bushels of oats and large crops of hay, alfalfa and vegetables.

There are over 8,000 160-acre homesteads in this tract, which is considerable more than the combined total in the Flathead, Spokane and Coeur d'Alene Reservations, which were opened to settlement last summer.

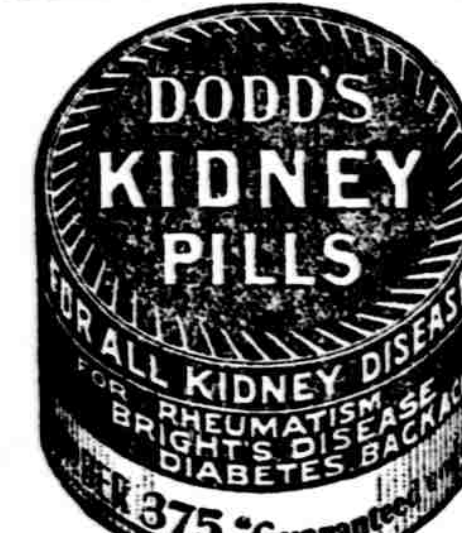
It is easier for men to get on financially than it is for women to get off a car forward.

ONLY ONE "BROWN'S" LINE. That is EXACTLY THE BROWN'S LINE. Look for the signature of F. W. BROWN, and the words "BROWN'S" in a circle.

A large insurance transforms a skinny girl into a slender one.

Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Original in Tin Foil Smoker Package. Take no substitute.

The more expensive a thing is the easier it is to get along without it.



BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Instantly relieve Sore Throat, Hoarseness and Coughs. Unexcelled for clearing the voice. Absolutely free from opiates or any harmful ingredients. Price, 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00 per box. Sample sent on request.
JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

BY RANDALL PARRISH
AUTHOR OF "DUST HAMPION OF FLORIDA, ETC."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEANBORN REED
COPYRIGHT A.C.M. CURTIS & CO. 1909

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, an adventurer, a Massachusetts man marooned by authorities at Valparaiso, Chile. Being interested in mining operations in Bolivia, he was denounced by Chile as an insurrectionist and as a consequence was hiding. At his hotel his attention was attracted by an Englishman and a young woman. Stephens rescued the young woman from a drunken officer. He was thanked by her. Admiral of the Peruvian navy, Stephens told him that war had been declared between Chile and Peru and offered him the office of captain. He desired that that night the Esmeralda, a Chilean vessel, should be captured. Stephens accepted the commission. Stephens met a motley crew to which he was assigned. He gave them final instructions. They boarded the vessel. They successfully captured the vessel supposed to be the Esmeralda, through strategy. Capt. Stephens gave directions for the departure of the craft. He entered the cabin and discovered the English woman and her maid. Stephens quickly learned the wrong vessel had been captured. It was Lord Darlington's private yacht, the Lord's wife and maid being aboard. He explained the situation to her ladyship.

CHAPTER IX.

In Which I Learn Our Port.

I sank down into the depths of an upholstered divan without, rested my head within my hands, and endeavored earnestly to collect thought and nerve for the coming struggle. The terrible nature of our situation only became more apparent as I considered it in the light of the discoveries already made, and in my understanding of the nature of those with whom I was now associated. Neither Tuttle nor De Nova had ever mistaken the Sea Queen for the warship Esmeralda. It was impossible to conceive that these two trained seamen could have made such an error, or that the men under their command could have so utterly deceived. Tuttle's boat came up directly beneath the bows, with the riding lamps burning brightly and revealing the name; every man aboard must have seen it plainly. Yet what object could have led to so desperate an act of piracy? What part I was destined to play in the final working out of their lawless scheme?

The longer I studied over the problem the more thoroughly did I become mystified and confused. What could these men ever hope to accomplish in this lawless fashion? They must be fools or madmen. This was not the age of piracy; every league of sea was patrolled; every port protected by telegraphic communication.

Difficult as my own situation undoubtedly was, apparently helpless among this crew of sea devils, without a man on board in whom I could put trust, it was rendered a thousand times harder by the presence of those two women. In what way could I protect and serve them? I wondered if all the crew forward were in the plot, or were the leaders alone involved? Could I count on finding a single honest sailor in all that ruffianly crew who would stand by me in revolt? There were others on board—the three seamen and the engineer of the yacht's crew, the Chilean officer captured on shore—but they were prisoners, far more helpless even than myself. The longer I thought the darker grew the prospect, the closer the cords of Fate pressed about me. There was nothing to do except to face the conspirators boldly, and thus ascertain the whole truth. I glanced upward at the telltale compass overhead—the vessel's course had already been altered; we were now headed westward, directly out into the broad Pacific.

I met Tuttle at the end of the bridge, clinging to the handrail, his off-kilter flapping in the head wind. He never glanced toward me, the cool, studied insolence of the fellow causing me to feel more deeply than ever before his consciousness of power.

"The yacht is several points off her course, Mr. Tuttle," I said, sharply, determined to test him. "May I ask if the change was made by your order?"

He swept one long arm toward the north, and following the direction of his finger, I dimly perceived a spiral of black smoke barely visible above the horizon.

"I thought you had better sheer off, as there was no guessing who that fellow yonder might prove to be."

I remained silent, watching the distant smudge, and occasionally glancing aside into his imperturbable face. He yawned sleepily.

"I rather guess one of us had better turn in, Mr. Stephens," he suggested finally, "for we'll have to arrange about our watches aft."

"Presently, Mr. Tuttle; we haven't breakfasted yet. Meanwhile I should prefer to understand matters a little more clearly. I've just been through the cabins. None of the yacht's officers are on board."

I could see his thin lips drawn back in a sinister grin, which revealed his yellow teeth.

"The Lord helpeth those who help themselves," he returned, piously, uprolling his eyes. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."



"The Hell You Say."

act of piracy. Every naval vessel of the civilized world will be used to hunt us down. We shall not be safe on any sea, nor able to land in any port of the globe. If we resist we shall be blown out of the water; if captured, our crime means death. You have deliberately deceived me into this affair for some secret purpose of your own; you have involved me in your crime, and now I insist upon some knowledge of your plan, and an explanation regarding my future authority on board."

"Oh, you are the captain," sneeringly. "What more can you want?"

"Then, if I am, we will head directly back to Valparaiso."

"Oh, I rather guess not," and Tuttle's eyes became instantly hard and ugly. "Nevertheless you're captain all right, just so long as you keep the nose of the old girl pointed the way we want her to go."

"That is it, is it?"

"Yes, that's exactly the ticket."

I turned partially aside, glancing toward the wheelman. The fellow was leaning forward over the spokes, evidently deeply interested in our controversy and endeavoring to hear all we had to say. Tuttle followed the direction of my eyes, but with apparent indifference.

"Oh, they all understand about it," he remarked, carelessly. "And now I guess maybe it's about time we gave you the main points to chew on. If you'll step down into the chart-house, Mr. Stephens, I'll fetch some things I want to show you, and be along myself in a jiffy. Then I'll spin a yarn that'll cause you to come with us willin' enough, or else you're a dam fool."

"There was nothing else to do, and I followed him down the bridge steps to the main deck. The chart-house had its single door opening aft, and was a small, plainly built structure, painted a dingy gray, with two narrow windows on either side, and just enough space within to contain a deal table, locker, and three rude benches. I sat down upon one of these, filled and lighted my pipe and waited in silence, gazing idly at the chart pinned flat on the table. It was a map of these waters lying off the Chilean coast, and a vessel's course had been picked up from Juan Fernandez to Valparaiso. This did not particularly interest me, and my thought drifted naturally to the woman impatiently awaiting my return in the cabin. What a distressing situation for one of Lady Darlington's birth and refinement! And yet with what dignity of manner had she met the unexpected! It was plain to be seen that here was a heart of courage, not easily broken under adversity.

And how could I hope to serve her? What would this crew of hell-bounds, these merciless sea-wolves, permit me to do? Transship them upon some passing vessel? Put into some isolated island port? This was scarcely likely, for either act would involve the danger of an exposure they would be little inclined to assume. I comprehended already that it would be according to their decision, and not mine. I had been plainly informed how little my control extended over their desires. And whether were we bound? Into what strange seas? Into what species of wild adventure? The utter impossibility of keeping those two concealed loved for any length of time was clearly evident. Ship life was far too restricted. Both Tuttle and De Nova would naturally expect to lodge aft, and it was a privilege they would not easily be denied. Yet what would they say, how would they act, when they finally discovered these two unwilling passengers aboard? What was my duty in all the circumstances? It was all a deep, unsolvable mystery, yet out of its mist constantly floated

the appealing face of that woman awaiting me below. I could not desert her. I could not consider anything except how I might best serve her interests, best protect her from the contamination of this hell aloft.

Three shadows suddenly darkened the doorway, and Tuttle, accompanied by De Nova and the big seaman named Bill Anderson, entered. The second officer nodded to me in genial fashion, his white teeth gleaming, but Anderson slouched surlily past and dropped heavily on a bench, his coarse bulldog features devoid of all expression, his square jaws munching the tobacco in his cheek. I took notice of his eyes, staring straight out of the window opposite, dull, dog-like, deeply sunken under thickened brows, his skin like brown leather drawn tight, his short red neck, and gnarled hands. Altogether he appeared a repulsive brute, no more easily subdued than a jungle tiger. Tuttle sidled along to the opposite side of the table, upon which he placed a tightly rolled, yellowish-backed paper, evidently a navigating chart. As I watched him curiously, he suddenly pressed the point of his thumb down upon the paper.

"There's our first port, Mr. Stephens," he announced dogmatically. "There, where you see that red cross."

I bent over, startled out of all assumed indifference as I studied the position indicated.

"Longitude 110° 30' west, and latitude 65° 17' south!" I exclaimed, scarcely crediting either ears or eyes.

"Why, good God, man, that is almost upon the antarctic circle!"

He nodded, running his long fingers through his thin hair.

"Right you are, sir. I guess there won't be no warships a-trailin' after us down in them latitudes; not at this season of the year."

"But there's nothing there!" I continued, staring incredulously at the map. "Nothing but fog and floating ice. There is no land marked within 500 miles."

"Just the same there's land there," he retorted, positively, his thin lips pressed together. "I've seen it; two islands, an' that's where the Sea Queen pokes her nose."

I could merely sit back, staring at the fellow, who remained leaning both hands on the table, his glittering eyes on my face.

"It's a rum yarn, Mr. Stephens, I'll admit," he said, slowly, his nasal tone much in evidence, "but it's all true."

sir, so help me, God! Here's the straight of it, an' you listen quiet till I get done. Then I'll answer your questions as long as you've got any to ask."

CHAPTER X.

In Which I Hear the Tale of the First Officer.

Tuttle required a while getting started, pulling aside his dangling coat-tails to sit down facing me, and then twiddling his long fingers with his gaze bent on the deck. I take it that his intellectual operations were naturally slow, although he was swift enough in all matters appertaining to seamanship. Anyhow, he sat there for so long, his whole appearance so sleek and oily, that I lost all patience, shuffling my feet on the deck. The noise served to arouse him.

"It commenced somethin' like over two years ago sir," he began, mousing each word with care. "A little earlier in the season than this is now. I was master of the whalin' bark Betsy, sailin' from Province town, an' we were homeward bound after about 18 months' cruisin' in the South Pacific, carryin' a fair cargo of oil an' whale trimmings. We were roundin' the Horn, being about 70 degrees west and 56 degrees south when the real trouble began. I know that was rather a low latitude, but we had been buckin' against head winds an' a high sea for more'n a week, an' besides were short-handed, five of the crew havin' skipped out at Somers Island, where we put in after fresh water. Anyway, it was about there that a storm hit us from out the nor'east. I guess it must have been one end of a hurricane. I never see nothin' fiercer, even in those seas. There was nothin' to do but turn tail an' send the ropes and canvas being so stiff with ice. Well, we battened down, an' took chances, but for a while I thought every wave was goin' to do for the hooker an' send us all to Davy Jones. I couldn't see five feet from the rail, an' I had to keep diggin' ice out of my eyes to see at all. The wind had the feel of a solid wall, sir."

Tuttle was leaning forward now, his elbows on the table. His lean, solemn countenance had lost its listlessness, and I also noticed the eager interest imprinted on the faces of his two comrades.

"We was jest roundin' the point," he went on as soon as he took a long breath, "the Betsy keelin' over so's her deck was half awash, an' with no more than maybe 100 yards of clear water to the good. Back of an ugly lookin' headland the coast seemed to fall away sudden into a sort of cove, which was piled high with great ice hummocks, behind which the ice wall rose up sheer almost to the top of the rocks. There was a sorter shelf along the edge of it, an' a-settin' up there in full view was the damndest lookin' vessel ever I saw in 50 years of sea-farin'. So help me God, sir, I saw it with my own eyes, as plain as I'm lookin' at you! It was h'isted up an' 20 feet above the lower ice-field, an' sort of careened over where it was froze fast so as to show the decks amidships clear to the inner rail. You remember them ships what Columbus sailed in? Well, this hooker was that kind, only a b'ano' sight bigger. I guessed her at 850 or 900 ton, but she had the same sort of build—a big high stern, with an after-cabin clear across it, the waist sunk down in a curve, an' the fore-castle raised up like a house, with blunt bows, an' a monster bowsprit floutin' straight up into the air. The whole outfit was so coated with ice an' glittered so in the sun that it seemed like a part of the ice cliff, which had took that queer shape from thawin' an' freezin'. Damme if I didn't think it was somethin' like that for a minute—a blame freak o' nature—but when I grabbed the glasses, an' got a good look through them, it was a ship all right, the kind you read about in the books what navigated these waters a hundred or more years ago. I was still a-starin' at it with all my eyes when we raised the stern, which stood h'isted up a bit higher than the bow, an' where the steady dash of the waves didn't break clean over it, an' the sun fell just right so I read the hooker's name. By God, I did, sir! It was there plain as day: Donna Isabel, Cadiz."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEWS FROM THE CAPITAL CITY

Items of Interest Around the State House

Educational Statistics.

Statistics compiled by Superintendent Bishop show the following totals for the year ending July, 1909: Total resources of all districts were \$8,689,352.47. Of this amount \$1,336,516.91 was in the hands of the district treasurer at the close of the previous year, \$5,445,462.03 were received from township and county treasurers, \$835,701.56, from sale of district bonds, \$113,481.07 from tuition of non-resident pupils, \$696,378.24 from local fines and licenses, and \$262,815.56 from all other sources. The expenditures were as follows:

Paid male teachers \$676,149.84, paid female teachers \$3,606,619.46, for building house and site \$905,799.00, for repairs \$341,525.63, for fuel \$300,227.36, for library books \$32,243.50, for text books and supplies \$318,525.87, for furniture \$90,586.59, for all other sources \$887,627.54, leaving on hand at the close of the year \$1,529,047.68.

The total value of school district property is \$15,239,382.71. Indebtedness reported at the close of the year was a bonded indebtedness of \$3,723,454.21, unbonded indebtedness \$613,458.79.

The total amount of money apportioned by county superintendents last year was \$637,855.73, \$569,325.40 being the amount received from the regular state apportionment, \$25,000.00 as state aid to weak school districts and \$51,726.33 received from fines and licenses.

The number of teachers employed in the public schools of the state last year was 1,322 males, 9,357 females, total 10,679. The average monthly salary paid to male teachers was \$57.48, to female teachers \$51.36.

The school census shows that the number of pupils in the state between the ages of five and twenty-one years is 373,067, of which 189,673 are boys and 183,394 are girls.

Cost of State Institutions.

According to figures compiled by Land Commissioner Cowles it cost \$68,506.24 to pay all expenses of state institutions during the month of February, or \$10,941.41 more than the amount of vouchers allowed for the month of January. The following is a comparative statement of the total amount of vouchers allowed by the state board of public lands and buildings for the month of January and February:

Lincoln asylum	\$10,016.09	\$11,132.74
Norfolk	9,537.02	6,576.04
Ingleside	11,882.73	19,110.48
Feeble minded	3,686.07	5,156.75
Penitentiary	4,807.47	6,806.85
Burkett	6,481.29	7,776.92
Soldiers' home		
Ford	2,012.32	3,754.91
Geneva	1,579.67	1,821.67
Orthopedic	1,294.76	1,289.29
Kearney	4,908.72	4,007.60
Industrial home		
Milford	1,298.78	1,172.99
	\$58,014.83	\$68,506.24

Grand Rifle Practice.

The report of Major Ernest H. Phelps, inspector of small arms rifle practice of the Nebraska national guard for the year 1909, shows slight improvement over the previous year. More improvement is expected during the present year when the plans of Adjutant General Hartigan have been fully carried out.

The figure of merit attained in shooting last year by the guard was 33.66. The year before it was 32.60. More men shot last year than during the previous year.

In the first regiment twelve qualified as expert riflemen, five as sharpshooters and 111 as marksmen. The figure of merit attained by the first regiment was 37.82, an increase of 5.23. The figure of merit attained by the second regiment was 23.21 and the year before it had 21.40. The percentage of the average strength qualified was 80 for the general staff and 40 for the first and second regiments, field and staff.

Express Rates an Issue.

Nebraska was the pioneer state to pass and enforce a law regulating and reducing express rates. Attorney General Thompson fought the case through the state courts and won, but it has been appealed to the federal courts. Wednesday an attorney was at the state house to examine the evidence and findings of the court. The attorney is from Wisconsin where the question of reduction is before the state railway commission. Attorney General Thompson has received requests from Illinois, Missouri, North Dakota and South Dakota, Kansas and Oklahoma for briefs he filed in the express rates cases in the Nebraska courts.

Bee Inspectors.

Governor Shallenberger has appointed George D. Caley bee and honey inspector for Dawson county. John Albert, Jr., inspector in Saunders county. The governor has appointed Dr. B. I. Paine of Lincoln delegate to Tampa, Fla., to attend the celebration in commemoration of the beginning of the work on the Panama canal, which is to be held February 12 to 26.

Insurance Commissioners Agree.

State Auditor Barton has received assurances from several state insurance commissioners that they will cooperate with him in requiring the fraternal insurance order known as the Tribe of Ben Hur of Illinois to have a representative form of government. Auditor Barton has ruled, under the Nebraska law, and decisions of the Nebraska supreme court, that fraternal insurance companies can have no voters in its supreme governing bodies who have been appointed. Voters must be elected by the membership of such orders.

The Burlington railroad company has raised the question whether or not unincorporated associations, such as the Omaha commercial club, have a right to complain before the state railway commission of rates charged by railroads. Deputy Attorney General Grant Martin has given the commission an opinion holding that fair construction of the railway commission act and the Aldrich rate law would permit unincorporated associations to make complaint challenging the reasonableness of a rate on commodities over which the railway commission has jurisdiction.

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

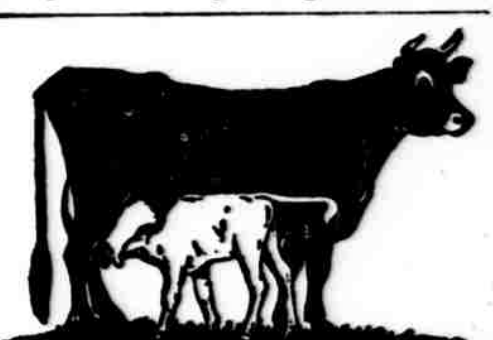


Mrs. AUGUSTA VESPERMANN, De Forest, Wis.

Another Operation Avoided. New Orleans, La.—"For years I suffered from severe female troubles. Finally I was confined to my bed and the doctor said an operation was necessary. I gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial first, and was saved from an operation."

Thirty years of unparalleled success confirms the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for those distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.

If you want special advice about your case write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.



KOW-KURE

is not a "food"—it is a medicine, and the only medicine in the world for cows only. Made for the cow and, as its name indicates, a cow cure. It cures all ailments, birth, abortion, scours, caked udder, and all similar affections positively and quickly cured. No one who keeps cows, whether many or few, can afford to be without KOW-KURE. It is made especially to keep cows healthy. Our book "Cow Money" sent FREE. Ask your local dealer for KOW-KURE or send to the manufacturers, DAIRY ASSOCIATION CO., Lindsdale, Ill.

HE MEANT EVENING GOWNS

Well-Meant Compliment to American Woman Somewhat Marred by Unfortunate Error.

Mons. Pruger, who from his triumph at the Savoy hotel in London has come to New York to conduct a very fashionable restaurant, was complimented by a reporter on his perfect English.

"Well," said Mons. Pruger, smiling, "my English is, perhaps, better than that of the Marquis X., who supped here after the opera the other evening."

"Our finer supper rooms looked very gay and fine, diamonds flashed, pale fabrics shimmered, and everywhere, turn where it would, the eyes rested on dimpled, snowy shoulders shining like satin above décollete bodices of Paris gowns."

"These décollete bodices impressed the Marquis X. He waved his hand and said:

"I have known a paragon of the American young ladies was beautiful, but ah—I cannot say how far more beautiful they seem in their night dresses."—N. Y. Press.

IRON.

Pure iron is only a laboratory preparation. Cast iron, the most generally useful variety, contains about five per cent. of impurities, and the curious thing is that it owes its special value to the presence of these. Pure iron can be shaved with a pocket knife; impure iron can be made almost as hard as steel.

CLEAR-HEADED

Head Bookkeeper Must be Reliable.

The chief bookkeeper in a large business house in one of our great Western cities speaks of the harm coffee did for him:

"My wife and I drank our first cup of Postum a little over two years ago, and we have used it ever since, to the entire exclusion of tea and coffee. It happened in this way:

"About three and a half years ago I had an attack of pneumonia, which left a memento in the shape of dyspepsia, or rather, to speak more correctly, neuralgia of the stomach. My 'cup of cheer' had always been coffee or tea, but I became convinced, after a time, that they aggravated my stomach trouble. I happened to mention the matter to my grocer one day and he suggested that I give Postum a trial.

"Next day it came, but the cook made the mistake of not boiling it sufficiently, and we did not like it much. This was, however, soon remedied, and now we like it so much that we will never change back. Postum, being a food beverage instead of a drug, has been the means of curing my stomach trouble. I verily believe, for I am a well man today and have used no other remedy."

"My work as chief bookkeeper in our Co.'s branch house here is of a very tiring nature. During my coffee-drinking days I was subject to nervousness and the blues in addition to my sick spells. These have left me since I began using Postum and I can conscientiously recommend it to those whose work confines them to long hours of severe mental exertion."

"There's a Reason."

Look in pks. for the Little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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

Kitty Wanted to be Alone

Story Well Illustrates the Workings of the Childish Mind.

When little Catherine first began to lip she was suitably instructed by her mother in religion. The omnipresence and the omniscience of God were explained to her in words of primer length. All this religious training evidently impressed her profoundly, and she kept her meditations to herself until the other evening.

The four-year-old had been tucked into bed after saying her prayers, and as her mother stooped to kiss her good night the child asked eagerly:

"Is mamma going downstairs now?"

"Yes, dear."