"Jack, I Have Waited So Long, So Long, So Long, Now All I Can Say Is, I Love You."

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, 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 confronted 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 board d 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. Then First Mate Tuttle laid bare the plot, saying that the Sea Queen had been taken in order to go to the Antarctic circle. Tuttle explained that on a former voyage he had learned that the Donna Isabel was lost in 1753. He had found it frozen in a huge case of ice on an island and contained much gold. Stephens consented to be the captain of the expedition. He told Lady Darlington. She was greatly alarmed, but expressed confidence in him. The Sea Queen encountered a vessel in the fog. Stephens attempted to communicate. This caused a fierce struggle and he was overcome. Tuttle finally squaring the situation. Then the Sea Queen headed south again. Under Tuttle's guidance the vessel made progress toward its goal. De Nova, the mate, told Stephens that he believed Tuttle, now acting as skipper, insane because of his queer actions. Stephens was awakened by crashing of glass. He saw Tuttle in the grip of a spasm of religious mania and overcame him. The sailor upon regaining his senses was taken ill. Tuttle committed suicide by shooting. Upon vote of the crew Stephens assumed the leadership and the men decided to continue the treasure hunt, the islands being supposed to be only 200 miles distant. Tuttle was buried in the sea, Lady Darlington pronouncing the service. Stephens awaking from sleep saw the ghost, supposed to have formed the basis for Tuttle's religious mania. Upon advice of Lady Darlington, Stephens started to probe the ghost. He came upon Lieut. Sanchez, the drunken officer he had humbled in Chile. He found that at Sanchez' inspiration, Engineer McKnight played "ghost" to scare the men into giving up the quest. Stephens announced that the Sea Queen was at the spot where Tuttle's quest was supposed to be. The crew was anxious to go on in further search. De Nova and Stephens conquered them in a fist fight. Lady Darlington thanked him. The Sea Queen started northward. She was wrecked in a fog. Stephens, De Nova, Lady Darlington and her maid being among those to set out in a life boat. Ten were rescued. Stephens saw only one chance in a thousand for life. Lady Darlington confessed her love to Stephens and he did likewise. Lady Darlington told her life story; how

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"Oh, I know you do. It is because I know you do that I wish to tell you my story. It is my love which makes me so anxious that you should understand, so when the end comes we can go together, loving each other, and not afraid. Do you recognize me? Have you ever realized who I am?"

I could only shake my head, wondering at the strange question.

"No? And yet I have known you ever since that first long talk we had together in the cabin. It seemed so odd, such a strange freak of destiny, that you should have been associated in any way with my old life, and yet the very fact that you were, first created the bond that has since drawn us together. You were no longer a mere sea-adventurer, but an old-time friend and equal. From that day all was different. I could fight it back, but could never conquer what that discovery meant. Oh, how small this world is! Did you ever hear of Doris Winslow?"

A moment the vague, clouded memory eluded me, tantalized me. Then in a flash the revelation came.

"My sister's chum at Wellesley?"

The tears sprang glistening into her eyes, her handclasp tightening.

"Yes; does it seem possible? You never knew me, except by that name. My father died during the second year of my attendance there; then mother and I went abroad, and my education was completed on the continent. I am not finding fault, but—but it was all most unfortunate; it brought me into real life with a false understanding of everything — wrong ideals, wrong standards. We were known to be wealthy, many considered me beautiful; my mother's one ambition was to achieve recognized social standing in Europe, and from the first I was destined to be a means to that end. My education, surroundings, social environment, were all shaped with this purpose in view. In spite of myself the result was accomplished.

"I was merely a girl of 17, desiring little but a good time, and accustomed all my life to the guidance of others. Lord Darlington joined our party in Italy, and we journeyed together for a week through the Italian Alps, finally going on board his yacht as invited guests for a cruise in the Mediterranean. He was most attentive to me, yet I gave it scarcely a thought. I hardly realized what was taking place—what it all meant, but—but one day we went ashore, and—and we were married at the British legation in Athens. That day I was a careless girl; the next morning found me a woman, regretful, aroused from a dream, yet yielding to the inevitable. Whatever I suffered was borne alone; not even my mother ever heard me complain."

She sat looking forth over the crests of the sea, the moonlight reflecting back into her face. The sail swung in and shadowed her.

"Within a month we went to England, to Darlington hall, where everything was at my command, and later to London, during the social season. I had all that the world seems to value at my feet and at first I managed to be happy after a fashion. The excitement and exhilaration kept me alive and interested, but in time the glitter and artificiality of it all wearied me; more and more deeply I realized the sordid manner in which I had been sold, and I grew to hate those things which had purchased me. It was not Lord Darlington—he was more father than husband, humoring me in every way, and secretly regretful for his part in the transaction. I became ill, begged for the sea, and we went aboard in his yacht. He was not unwilling, but to my mother it proved a constant hardship. Only her anxiety to prevent any rupture between us caused her to go on board. Yet even when I had recovered health I would not go back; that life would have killed me. Out in the open I could breathe and live; it yielded me courage to continue as I was."

She bent forward, bringing her face once again into the revealing moonlight, her eyes frankly open to mine.

"I only wish I could make you realize how drearily lonely that life became. There was no knowledge of love to complicate the situation, and at first I even felt a sense of gratitude toward Lord Darlington for many acts of kindness and the consideration shown me. This changed, however, as I began slowly to comprehend the selfishness of his motives—that his actions arose merely from a certain pride in my youthful appearance and the advantages to be derived from my wealth. My mother soon alienated my affections by always allying herself with him. Finally I had no one to whom I could turn for comfort or advice. I felt entirely alone, and grew silent, suspicious, and adverse to all social pleasures. The vows of marriage rested lightly on Lord Darlington, but for that I did not greatly care, except that the knowledge snapped the last weak bond between us. Almost wild to escape from Europe and its torturing memories I finally planned an extensive yachting trip around the world. I was impulsive, headstrong, even hopeful that I might be permitted to invite a few congenial friends and sail alone. To my surprise Lord Darlington expressed pleasure in the idea, and even persuaded my mother to accompany us."

Her face sank suddenly into her hands, her body trembling.

"I bore it all smilingly, and enjoyed the sea. But I was a woman now, bitterly resenting the manner in which I had been bartered in the matrimonial market. I knew nothing of love, except as I perceived it in the lives of others, but I was hungry, starving for it. We arrived at Valparaiso; this strange adventure occurred to me, and—then I met you."

Her hands went out again to me, and I caught them eagerly.

"That—that day in the cabin, I—I knew you for one of my own class; I knew you for a true man, a gentleman; I—I read the love in your eyes, and I should have been an angel not to have welcomed it. Oh, God knows I tried not to do so! I prayed for help to resist my own heart, but the help was not given me. Now I comprehend it was not meant that I should resist. The end was in sight even from the beginning. Love is more than ceremony, and can make even death sweet. I have no sense of evil as I look into your eyes; I have come into my inheritance, the rightful inheritance of every woman—love. Even if it is only for a day, it is mine—mine by the gift of God. Oh, Jack, Jack, I have waited so long, so long, and now all I can say, all I desire to say, is, I love you!"

Oh, that scene! that desolate, dreary, God-forsaken, hopeless scene—the heaving waters, the cold sky, the ice-gleam, the awful expanse of barrenness all about. Did ever love come to mortal before or since in such a spot, or amid such utter helplessness? But I forgot all, though even as I bent to her lips she begged me, falteringly, not to touch her yet. There, in the heart of that Antarctic sea, castaways, drifting to what seemed certain death, we found in this confession a happiness that the world without would have sternly denied us. Ay! and we were stronger for it, braver for it; our eyes aglow, our hearts pulsing to the one great music of the universe.

"Tell it to me," she whispered smilingly.

"I love you."

"And I am happier than in all my life before."

We spoke but briefly as we sat thus, my hand firm upon the tiller, my eyes never forgetful of those great surges smiting us. Indeed, there was little to say, for we had no future to discuss, no plans to formulate. We could only live out the night, with the morrow a blank before us. Yet there was nothing of all this in the girl's face upturned and happy, nor did I permit my eyes to mar her happiness. We were together, understanding each other, and for the moment that was enough. Yet in some way my pulse beat stronger, my will to conquer this demon sea became mighty. God helping me, this love-life should not end here—end in mystery and oblivion; those restless waters should not overcome us forever. I would fight them for her sake and my own! The stars and waves defied such determination, yet I only stiffened in my seat, a new strength animating my body, a new faith stimulating my soul. Fifteen hundred miles! Father of Mercy, guide us! Yet it had been done, and it might be done again.

"What is it, Jack?" she questioned softly. "Of what were you thinking?"

"Of the stiff battle ahead of us, dear; the fight for life and love across these leagues of ocean."

"For life and love! Do you mean you dream of reaching safety?"

"I mean to struggle for it; to do all a man and sailor may. If we die, now, sweetheart, it will be to lose more than ever before was possible."

Her cheeks flushed instantly, her lashes drooping.

"No, no; if we win safety it will only be to lose all else. But the thought is impossible; no skill, no courage, no strength of arm or heart could ever work such a miracle of deliverance. I will not dream it, for how could I go back, go back to that old life again with my heart full of love for you? That would be a fate worse than death; it would be dishonor."

I did not answer, did not even look into her face.

"Surely you do not mean it, Jack?" almost pleadingly, her hand reaching blindly out for mine. "You can not bring me to such shame, such trial?"

"It is not shame," I answered earnestly, all my soul revolting against the word, "it may be trial, but it is not shame. In the face of death you have confessed you love me, and in the face of death I shall endeavor to retain that love. I should be no man if I did less. Shame! Do not use that term between us. What was there holy or divine in the selling of you to that English peer? Why should that act of mere barter hold us apart? The law of God is paramount to the law of man. Doris, you are mine, although you yet withhold the pledge of the lips; mine everywhere and forever; mine here in this desolate reach of sea, and mine yonder in the great world, if we ever again attain it. I never will yield you up to another; never relinquish my claim. Against nature and man I shall endeavor to hold what is my own."

One moment I gazed down into her eyes, penetrating to the gray depths, and perceiving there a sudden outburst of passion which she did not even seek to conceal. It was a revelation absolute and complete, a revelation never to be forgotten. Yet she did not touch me, did not answer in words, and in another instant her glance turned away out over the grim desolation of waters. I was still looking at her, intoxicated by what I had seen, when she pointed excitedly forward.

"In heaven's name, what is that?"

Hardly had my glance shifted when Kelly leaped to his feet, his voice raised in a wild yell.

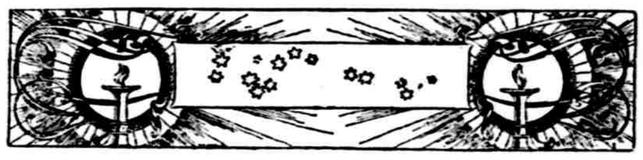
"Mither of God, sorr, there's a ship!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

In Which We Board a Derelict.

I saw the sleepers cast off their coverings and rise up startled and staring, but I could only gaze dumbly at the apparition before us, doubting the evidence of my own eyes and unable to utter a sound. At that first glance I believed the thing illusion, a mirage of the deep, a shadow-ship mocking us with semblance of reality. The cold silvery light played along her glistening side, causing the whole extent of the vessel to gleam back into our eyes like a great mirror, while the very shape and form of the silently gliding specter appeared a survival from out the dead past, a ghastly relic of centuries gone uplifted from those somber depths below. The silence, gloom, the dim outline of the great hull, the strange glimmer of it from bow to stern; all combined to make it seem a ghost-ship, sported with by the waves. It moved slowly under the impelling power of the wind beating against the broad high stern, the blunt bows scarcely rippling the water, passing almost directly across our track, appearing more like a painted picture than anything constructed of wood and iron. Out of the night, dim, visionary, it swam before us, a weird, uncanny thing, chilling the blood with its ghostliness. I rubbed my eyes, staring at the silvery reflection, my heart pulsing with a horror which set me trembling.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



When It's a Nude.

"The Bather" was the title of the young painter's picture, the first that he had ever shown. It hung, unnoticed, on the line.

"But," said his friend, "you have done nothing to draw a crowd."

"I've done my best work," said the young painter.

"Fudge," was the retort. "Work draws, but there are better magnets. At the Paris exhibitions every artist, until he makes a name, uses some device to keep a crowd about his daubs.

"A painting like 'The Bather' always, in Paris, has the model, very beautifully dressed, strolling idly back and forth near it. The resemblance between her and it is at once perceived. And the result is the greatest curiosity—an immense crowd—a tremendous hit."

Why Streams Are Disappearing.

Anyone who has reached the age of 75 has noticed the disappearance of the small brooks where he played in his district school days, while larger ones have shrunk to summer threads, and rivers that filled their banks all the year are hardly more than rivulets in summer. Commissioner Whipple of New York state tells up that the upper Hudson, in August of 1907, had no more than two inches of water where it used to roll a heavy volume. There is substantial agreement that this change has been due to the denudation of our hills and valleys of the water-holding trees. It takes a century to grow such forests as we found covering the continent; it has taken half a century to destroy them.—The Independent.

Work and Nerves.

Work, again, is the enemy of insomnia. The sufferer from bad or broken sleep is liable to give up duties or to be slack in their performance, to abandon exercise and forget his usual hobbies because of his anticipation of a night of distress. In reality, he ought to prepare himself for sleep by congenial activity, in which his mind will be weaned away from the fear of not sleeping.

Once more, work is an enemy to the fears and impulsions, to the strange sense of unreality and other morbid symptoms which accompany psychasthenia. Work restores to such a sufferer "the function of the real." It is only through contact with reality that man, whether normal or abnormal, can find abiding satisfaction.—Rev. S. S. McComb, in Harper's Bazar.

NEBRASKA IN BRIEF

Religious, Social, Agricultural, Political and Other Matters Given Due Consideration.

ALL SUBJECTS TOUCHED UPON

NEWS NOTES OF INTEREST FROM VARIOUS SECTIONS.

The new water works plant at Nelson is being hurried with all possible speed.

Mrs. H. S. Ashby of Beaver City died recently in Colorado, where she was visiting.

Arrangements are being perfected to open the new bank in Sutherland. It will be called the Farmers bank.

The large peach orchard on J. T. Swain's farm in Nemeha county was winter-killed and the trees were cut down and cut into wood.

An organization of the I. O. O. F. lodge was effected at Bancroft, adopting thirty-five new members as well as assembling a number of old members residing there.

A city baseball league has been organized at Wymore and a schedule mapped out for the coming season, when games will be played with surrounding towns.

One of the big improvements that is being made in David City is the erection of a church building by St. Mary's parish of the Catholc church. It will cost, when finished and furnished, about $40,000.

C. E. French, a stranger forty-five years of age or more, who has been confined in a Fremont hospital for a week, died without being able to tell his attendants anything about himself.

Sheriff Dunkel of Hall county has returned from Denver with Mrs. Rosa Wilcox and Paul Jessen, both of Cairo, nineteen miles west of Grand Island in his custody. They were accompanied by Mr. Wilcox, husband of the erring woman. Wilcox is a prominent and wealthy farmer. Jessen is a cattle buyer and has had many dealings with Wilcox, often being t his home, thus being given opportunity to alienate the affections of his wife.

A wireless station is to be located at Sidney and another at Cheyenne by the Union Pacific for wireless messages on railway business. These are the first two stations west of Omaha.

Clarence Waite, a Fremont boy who has been arrested at Cedar Rapids, Ia., is wanted on the charge of disposing of $170 worth of household goods which belonged to his brother. He will be brought back to answer for his transgression.

At Beaver City, Earl Roberts, an amateur chauffeur, overturned a new car which he was running at a speed of fifty miles an hour and he and a compnion escaped with slight injuries. The machine was being tried out for the first time and Roberts lost control of the same.

The Missouri Pacific has unloaded twenty cars of material for its new steel bridge across the Platte south of Springfield. The present wooden structure will be replaced by steel across the channel, or north half of the river, a distance of 1,300 feet.

Some excitement was caused at Broken Bow, when C. H. Wilson, a chiropractic adjuster who has been conducting operations there for some time past, was arrested on a complaint issued from the county attorney's office, charging him with illegal practice of medicine. His case will be heard by the courts.

Governor and Mrs. Shallenberger will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage on the evening of May 24, by a public reception to which no cards will be necessary. They will keep open house at the executive mansion all evening, beginning at 8 o'clock.

Rev. Chas. G. Williams of Denver has notified the board of the Presbyterian church at Central City that he will accept the call to their pastorate extended to him by the congregation and that he will be ready to take up his residence and duties about the first of June.

Adjutant General Hartigan has issued an order approved by the governor permitting the automobile gun detachment of the Illinois National Guard to proceed through Nebraska fully armed and equipped for war between June 15 and August 1. The National Guard is experimenting with guns mounted on automobiles and the trip will extend down into Texas.

young man, 24 years of age, was accidentally killed. Seeing some wolves near his barn he rushed to the house to get a gun to shoot them. While passing outdoors again he stumbled and fell from the high sidewalk surrounding the porch, striking the butt of the gun on the ground, discharging the heavy load of buckshot into his face, killing him instantly.

In the presence of Judge L. C. Barr, who laid it October 10, 1884, the cornerstone of the old Phelps county court house was taken out and the contents given to County Clerk Hedlund, to later be placed in the cornerstone of the new $100,000 court house, on which work will begin shortly.

The new $25,000 Union Pacific depot at Central City is now completed and is ready to be turned over to the company by the contractors, and in celebration of that event the local Commercial club held a big public reception in the depot.

Soliciting funds for the construction of a grandstand, fences and stables at the race track in West Point has been completed, $3,220 being subscribed. Everything possible is being done to make the races to be held there early in July a success.

President B. H. Begole of the Beatrice Commercial club has appointed committees to solicit funds for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the state Sunday school convention to be held in Beatrice June 7, 8 and 9. The program for the convention is now out. Three international workers will be present.

3 A. M.

Cyrus—Say, Mandy, Hiram tells me them New Yorkers hez dinner at six o'clock. I reckon accordin' ter thet they must hev supper when th' cock crows.

BABY WASTED TO SKELETON

"My little son, when about a year and a half old, began to have sores come out on his face. I had a physician treat him, but the sores grew worse. Then they began to come out on his arms, then on other parts of his body, and then one came on his chest, worse than the others. Then I called another physician Still he grew worse. At the end of about a year and a half of suffering he grew so bad that I had to tie his hands in cloths at night to keep him from scratching the sores and tearing the flesh. He got to be a mere skeleton, and was hardly able to walk.

"My aunt advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I sent to a drug store and got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of the Ointment and followed directions. At the end of two months the sores were all well. He has never had any sores of any kind since. I can sincerely say that only for Cuticura my child would have died. I used only one cake of Cuticura Soap and about three boxes of Ointment.

"I am a nurse and my profession brings me into many different families and it is always a pleasure for me to tell my story and recommend Cuticura Remedies. Mrs. Egbert Sheldon, Litchfield, Conn., Oct. 23, 1909."

Pointedly So.

Knicker—Were you remembered in the will?

Bocker—Yes, he didn't forget to leave me out.

All Old Folks

That take NATURE'S REMEDY (NR tablets) tonight will feel better in the morning. It sweetens the stomach, corrects the liver, bowels and kidneys, prevents biliousness and eliminates the rheumatism. Better than Pills for Liver Ills, because it's different—it's thorough, easy—sure to act. Get a 25c Box. All Druggists. The A. H. Lewis Medicine Co., St. Louis.

Not Quite Qualified.

Policeman—Do you have to take care of the dog?

Nurse Girl—No. The missis says I'm too young and inexperienced. I only look after the children.—Life.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Divided Family.

The bright six-year-old daughter of a physician happened into his reception room the other day and a waiting woman patient engaged her in conversation.

"I suppose you go to church and Sunday school?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," she replied.

"And what denomination do your parents belong to?"

"Why," said the little one, "mamma's a Presbyterian and papa's a stomach specialist."

Noisy Nuisances.

Ill-fitting doors and windows represent a happy hunting ground for the disturbing winds. In fact, so annoying does the constant rattle of these openings become that many determined individuals, who resolve to admit the fresh air, choose the lesser of two evils and close the openings in preference to sleepless nights. This can be remedied if a small wedge of wood be driven in at the side of an open window; a door can be prevented from rattling if a pad or strip of thick felt be nailed on the edge of the door.

The annoyance of creaking drawers can be eliminated by rubbing common soap upon the top, sides and bottom of each.

Creaking hinges on anything should be well oiled, while the grating, irritating noise of a sewing machine can be overcome in a similar manner.

The little noises wear away the patience that is required for other things. It were foolish to dissipate energy through the channels of irritated nerves when a little time will obviate the nuisances.

LIFE-SAPPING PARASITES THAT WRECK HUMAN SYSTEM

The following remarkable statement was recently made by L. T. Cooper. It concerns the preparation which has been so widely discussed throughout the country during the past year, and has sold in such enormous quantities in leading cities:

"It is now a well-known fact that wherever I have introduced my New Discovery medicine, hundreds of people have brought internal parasites, or tapeworms, to me. In many cases these people did not know the nature of the parasite, and were consequently extremely nervous until I explained the matter to them. In some cities so many have had this experience that the public generally became alarmed.

"I take this opportunity of explaining what these creatures are, and what I have learned about them in the past.

"Tapeworms are much more common than would be supposed. I venture to say that two per cent. of all chronic stomach trouble, or what is known as a 'run-down' condition, is caused by them. An individual may suffer for years with one of these great parasites and not be aware of it.

"Contrary to general belief, the appetite is not greatly increased—it only becomes irregular. There is a general feeling of faintness, however, and a gnawing sensation in the pit of the stomach.

"People afflicted with one of these parasites are nervous and depressed. Their chief sensation is one of languor, and they tire very easily. Lack of energy and ambition affect the body, and the mind becomes dull and sluggish. The memory becomes not so good, and the eyesight is generally poorer.

"The New Discovery, in freeing stomach and bowels of all impurities, seems to be fatal to these great worms, and almost immediately expels them from the system. I wish to assure anyone who has the experience just related with my preparation, that there is no cause for alarm in the matter, and that it will as a rule mean a speedy restoration to good health."

Cooper's New Discovery is sold by all druggists. If your druggist cannot supply you, we will forward you the name of a druggist in your city who will. Don't accept "something just as good."—The Cooper Medicine Co., Dayton, Ohio.

There is no service like his that serves because he loves.—Sir Philip Sydney.

For Red, Itching Eyelids, Cysts, Styes

Falling Eyelashes and All Eyes That Need Care Try Murine Eye Salve. Aseptic Tubes—Trial Size—25c. Ask Your Druggist or Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Hard to Choose.

"Edward," said the teacher, "you have spelled the word rabbit with two t's. You must leave one of them out."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Edward; "which one?"

If You Are a Trifle Sensitive

About the size of your shoes, many people wear smaller shoes by using Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic Powder to shake into the shoes. It cures Tired, Swollen, Aching Feet and gives rest and comfort. Just the thing for breaking in new shoes. Sold everywhere, 25c Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Surprising Event.

Mr. Brown (rushing excitedly into the room)—Marie, Marie, intelligence has just reached me—

Mrs. Brown (calmly interrupting him)—Well, thank heaven, Henry.—Life.

Something Visible.

"Show me some tiaras, please. I want one for my wife."

"Yes, sir. About what price?"

"Well, at such a price that I can say: 'Do you see that woman with the tiara? She is my wife.'"

Mr. Adee in Europe.

Second Assistant Secretary Adee of the state department is on his annual vacation in Europe. In company with Mr. Thackera, United States consul general at Berlin, and Mrs. Thackera, he will devote about six weeks to a bicycle tour of southern France. He expects to return to Washington about the middle of June.

One Type of Religion.

"Too many people," said Rev. Charles F. Aked, at a luncheon in New York, "regard their religion as did the little boy in the jam closet.

"His mother pounced on him suddenly. He stood on tiptoe, ladling jam with both hands from the jam pot to his mouth.

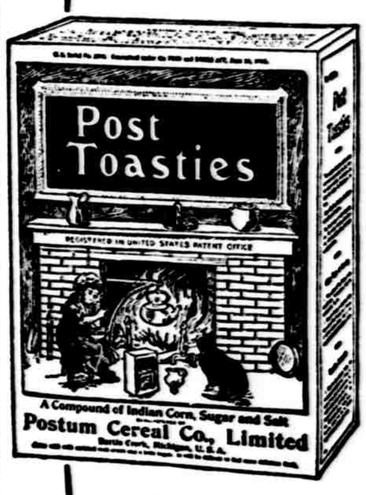
"'Oh, Jacky!' his mother cried. 'And last night you prayed to be made a saint!'

"His face, an expressionless mask of jam, turned towards her.

"'Yes, but not till after I'm dead,' he explained."

Some Sweet Day

You may be served with



Post Toasties

and Cream

Then you will know what a dainty, tempting food you have been missing.

Every serving wins a friend—

Popular pkg. 10c
Family size 15c.
Sold by Grocers.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.