Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED

Early in the evening he had danced with her—a slow, and stately measure, as was his fashion. He had not asked her again, but—well, he would do so, he thought, as in a whirl of lace and feathers she swept past him, leaving a faint breath of the ghost of roses, crushed years ago, in the folds of that soft, old gown.

Just then, from the embrasure of a nearby window, he heard a voice saying, "I guess they are none too ardent partisans; the father lost everything in Virginia, and I heard it was because of some personal animosity begotten as long ago as '76. It seems he came of an unpopular family—all strong tories.

"The enemies made then have followed him all these years, and finally accomplished his ruin. He had to get out of the state. His wife and daughter are following."

Another voice added, "From what I can learn, the girl and her mother are just as bad; rank tories, yet, I'll be sworn."

The first speaker laughed. "It isn't likely the girl was born until long after the war."

"Maybe not, but if she has any sympathies they're mixed, to say the least. Why, she, herself, told me that the dress she has on is one her mother wore at the Meschianza. And she added with that Mrs. Creighton danced with Andre. How's that for effrontery, Andre?"

At this moment Winslow let his presence be known, and one of the soldiers exclaimed haughtily: "A lie, I swear, sir."

There was insult in his manner, but Winslow held himself in check. "An unwilling listener, I assure you," he said, and would have passed on, but the soldier—an aide on the commander's staff, barred his way. "Unwilling to be caught, you mean. No, sir; this is all of a piece; your tory friends parading in the clothes which were worn in small to the flag—"

Winslow interrupted him with a scornful laugh. "Are you not unrolling a long-buried past, sir? What possible excuse can there be for the use of the word tory, now? It ceased to have meaning when the King ceased to be."

"Indeed!" sneered the other, "but the sentiment still lives in some hearts, and fostered it will be so long as there breathes an Aaron Burr, or one of his spies!"

Winslow's impulse was to dash his glove in the speaker's face, but the dramatic effect was quite lost, turned out to the proprieties, and he was opposed to a scene. Instead, therefore, he quietly dropped the glove, as if by accident at his opponent's feet. The look in his eyes admitted of no mistake as to his meaning.

"I leave time and place to you, sir," he said, and left the group.

When he had gone, the soldiers exchanged glances, partly of amusement, but more of chagrin. There was a strict rule in the camp against dueling, so that if a combatant escaped the sword or bullet of his antagonist, the guardhouse or loss of rank awaited him. Neither was a pleasing prospect, and the soldier had much ado to hide his fear under a cloak of bravado. However still, the very name of Aaron Burr struck terror to the heart of a democrat, and this man he had provoked was connected with him—perhaps shared his prowess. The thought made him wince. His companions read his fright under the assumption of indifference. "Never the old man, if your sword is rusty be careful how you insult Aaron Burr or one of his followers. This man may be a spy—"

"May be." I tell you he is! Sent down ostensibly on the fool's errand to protect these women, but in reality to look the ground over and lay plans for the capture of the fort. It's all as plain as a pikestaff. I won't take back any word. My sword isn't rusty, and danged if I don't prove it to-morrow."

Winslow left the two met with eyes ablaze. His mouth, usually curved in a ready showing of the white teeth, was set now, and hard. Near the door Mrs. Creighton stopped him: "Whither bound, my friend?" she said lightly. Then, as she scrutinized his face: "Why, how solemn you look. Has anything happened?"

Winslow's brow cleared in an attempted smile. "I am only grieving that I am not that lucky cavalier on Miss Lavender's right. Will you ask her to save the last minuet for me? Command her by your maternal authority or I shall never get it."

With this subterfuge he excused himself and went on to the verandah, glad to be alone.

Mrs. Creighton slipped along the edge of the circle of dancers until she found a convenient chair in the embrasure where Winslow had encountered the soldiers. She was in time to hear most of the conversation that followed his departure, and her quick wit divined the meaning. A duel! Captain Charles had given or received a challenge. No matter which were the aggressor, there was not time for blame of argument, or fuss. She grasped the arm of the chair for support. Then as the men walked away, she sank to the seat with the final words ringing in her ears. "My sword isn't rusty, and danged if I don't prove it to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" Then she had a few hours in which to act. But it might be out of action. "They usually select the time or set of suns for such unholy doings," she thought, with a shiver of disgust. Her first impulse was to go to Winslow, but that she discarded; he would think her selfishly fearful for their safety, a protector; would believe she was without zeal for his honor. To him, then, she dared not appeal. To this antagonist? Her own spirit rose against the thought. The commander—Col. Mitchell, himself! To him she must present the case, that his might stay the dreadful hazard.

In the pause between dances she went up to Lavender.

"Save the last minuet for Mr. Winslow, daughter," she commanded.

"But, mother, he did not ask me for it in time; I am engaged to Lieut. Crosby."

"Never mind, break the promise, and when Mr. Winslow returns to the room remind him of his dance with you."

Then, as the girl drew herself up in haughty astonishment, "I have an especial reason, dear, for wishing that he remain in the ballroom through the rest of the evening. Detain him if you can."

She ended with a look of meaning which puzzled Lavender, and made her nervous and preoccupied for the remainder of the dance.

Mrs. Creighton at once sought out the commander, whom she found enjoying a quiet bottle with some chosen friends. The latter were, however, not at all disturbed at his departure, since he left the decanters behind.

Excusing himself, he joined Mrs. Creighton in the anteroom.

"Pardon the interruption, Col. Mitchell; I want to consult you on an important matter. I have just learned that one of your officers—an aid, I believe—is to fight a duel to-morrow."

"A duel? The devil!" roared the colonel. Then, "I beg pardon, ma'am, but what in—I mean what on earth are they going to do that for." And who are the fools that fight?"

"The name of the officer I do not know, but he is the one I see frequently riding with you in the morning; he seems a favorite of yours," she added, wisely.

"West. I'll be bound. Why, d—n the rascal, he's the only man on the staff who can mix a toddy. Egad, I can't part with West. And who's the other d— fool? Er, I beg pardon, who is to be his opponent?"

"Mr. Aaron Burr, Mr. Winslow."

The colonel gave a low whistle. "The deuce you say! Is he a good shot? Or will they use swords?" he asked, carried away, in spite of discipline, by the soldier's lust for fighting.

With a shiver of disgust, Mrs. Creighton replied, quickly:

"With neither, I hope. I rely upon you for the honor of the garrison, no less than for the sake of humanity, to stop this miserable affair."

"Stop a duel, of course; it must not be permitted; it shall not proceed," he declared, pompously, warming to a sense of his own threatened dignity.

Mrs. Creighton told all she knew, adding: "I heard no particulars, and am only sure of the one fact, that Mr. Winslow was the challenger, and that the soldier—Mr. West, as you say, called him a spy. There was, probably, too, some allusion to Aaron Burr, which my friend construed as an insult. I glean, further, that his Mr. West's suspicions of the character of the fort. This idea, groundless as it is, we must take swift pains to remedy."

The last sentence, with its slight touch of haughtur, failed to impress the commander, who, fussing and fuming, gave a few sharp orders to subordinates. Then he turned to her

"I am much obliged to you, Mrs. Creighton, for this information. The ball is nearly over. I have given orders for the appearance in this room, at its close, of the officers concerned. Leave you care to wait here and see the result?"

Mrs. Creighton kept her seat, awaiting developments.

The colonel excused himself, and for a few moments she sat alone, watching the door. It was suddenly opened—the man whom she heard denouncing Winslow entered, and after him his companion. The former, unaware of her presence, gave vent to a volley of execrations as to the cause of the summons.

Upon a discovery of the lady's presence he flung himself down, muttering low.

Shortly after, Winslow appeared in the doorway, with Lavender on his arm. "Why, mother," the latter said, gayly, "how solemn you look. And Lieut. West? Ah, then, perhaps we are called as witnesses in a court-martial?"

But, subdued by the tense, expectant air of the others, she took a seat in wondering silence.

Frowning, he seated himself in the largest chair, and twisting his undisciplined mustache, proceeded at once to the subject. He told how information of the proposed duel had come to him, and concluded by pounding emphatically on the arm of his chair.

"But, thank God, I know my business, and can stop this disgraceful affair. The guardhouse and reduction for you, Lieutenant; and for you, sir—" and he turned sharply to Winslow. "I am only sorry that you are not under my authority. Though you have forgotten the duty you owe your host, I will try to remember that you are my guest."

The commander collapsed in his seat, his flabby frame exhausted by the effort to keep his rage within bounds. For now fairly warmed to the subject, and in sight of the culprits, he was as eager to administer punishment as he had at first been willing to condone.

There was a pause, then Winslow spoke: "To you, Col. Mitchell, I wish to apologize, if I have trespassed upon your kindness. But, pardon me, there are things to which one cannot submit tamely. As an officer and a gentleman, you will understand, and give warrant for my conduct. I am grieved, however, for the annoyance to you and the ladies," and with a bow, at once proud and deferential, he took his seat.

Lavender listened, pale and trembling. What had happened? She looked from one serious face to another, her own clouded with alarm. Mrs. Creighton fastened grave eyes upon the colonel.

Lieut. West toyed with his scabbard in gloomy attention; his friend whispered: "See how the old man turns from red to redder yet. His moods are more kaleidoscopic than usual. Tis the shifting of many glasses, eh?" and he nudged the other playfully. But the presiding officer turned upon him with a sudden sternness. "Silence! Now, then, Lieut. West, have you any excuse—any reason to give why I should not summon a court-martial to inquire into your case?"

Rising, the soldier saluted. "When a glove is thrown at my feet, sir, I pick it up, and the consequences be—I mean, I do not take time to consider the consequences," he saluted again, and stepped to his chair.

A flash of approval crossed the superior officer's face at the bold reply, but he quickly changed it into a frown, and clearing his throat with a sudden "ahem!" that startled everybody, addressed Winslow.

"Pray explain, sir, your provocation for the challenge."

Winslow was on his feet in an instant. "The title of spy is one at which the tamest blood must revolt. The least heroic one of us must give the lie to that word."

He paused, but remained standing, glaring, white and furious, at the swaggering subordinate.

"He called you a spy?" the colonel asked. Then as Winslow merely bowed, he demanded: "By what authority, West, do you make that statement?"

But Winslow interposed hotly: "I beg your pardon, but inquiry into his reason seems to temporarily justify the odious term. It is but right that you demand retraction without further discussion, which I, on my part, decline."

"It does not argue well, sir, that you resent an investigation." Then he addressed Mrs. Creighton: "You brought news of this, madam, be good enough to tell us how."

The lady rose, and going a step nearer Winslow, answered: "This gentleman is above suspicion, and I quite agree with him that his motives should also be beyond discussion. If you will grant me a private talk later, Col. Mitchell, I can show why he is here, and can prove to you who and what he is. In the meantime will you do me the personal favor to believe in him, and stop this most unnecessary investigation?"

Lavender had risen, and took a step forward, eagerly seconding her mother by look and gesture.

The colonel laughed, distinctly mollified by so much gracious pleading femininity.

"This is a thoroughly woman-like appeal," he said, mildly. "A very different logic from anything these old barrack walls have ever echoed. It is, in fact, no logic at all, but it will serve. I had the highest words of Mr. Winslow from my friend—" he interrupted himself with a loud cough, and changed the expression, "the good opinion of him given me by Aaron Burr I shall retain until further proof to the contrary. Meanwhile, to avoid a more businesslike, but troublesome proceeding, you will retract, lieutenant."

The soldier was consumed with impotent rage, but no signs were visible except his bloodless face and tightly clenched fingers.

He rose, and looking straight at Winslow, bowed without a word.

"You are satisfied, Mr. Winslow?" demanded the colonel. And sharply, for he felt some personal irritation at the chagrin of a favorite member of his staff.

"Satisfied as regards myself, colonel, but deeply wounded for another; outraged by the insult which your lieutenant was pleased to fling at a gentleman and a patriot who has served his country well; but who is now hounded as every turn by those hirelings of faction who would cloud with treason his fair name. I cannot learn the full charges against Aaron Burr, but whatever they are, I declare them to be false, and am ready, if need be, to support that declaration with the sword."

He took his seat in a silence which nobody seemed willing to break. His words were the more convincing in the absence of all vaunting.

The colonel sat in study for a moment, the thought wrinkling its way to the surface of his unyielding skin.

"As you are a guest of the fort, Mr. Winslow, I am sorry that one of us should have given you a cause for anger. At the same time, you must admit that greater minds than my lieutenant, here, are doubtful of Aaron Burr, and until all are satisfied, we cannot ask of West a full retraction. Your own honor, however, is vindicated—that is enough for the present; leave Aaron Burr to the courts.

Bidding them all a curt good night, the officer dismissed the meeting.

[To Be Continued.]

MADE HIM TRAVEL FREE.

Steamboat Captain Insisted That His Passenger Was a Corpse and Wouldn't Charge.

When Edward Eggleston was a boy of 18, writes his brother in "The First of the Hoosiers," he was believed to have consumption, and was sent to Minnesota for his health. He went up the Mississippi with a genial, although profane, captain who did not believe the boy was going in the right direction.

"The thing for you to do is to go back home quick and pick out the place you want to be buried in," he said. "You're too far gone to git any good out of that Minnesoty air."

Long afterward, when Eggleston had become well known, and could have traveled free on many conveyances in that hospitable western country, he nevertheless insisted on paying full fare wherever he went. He had always opposed the granting of special rates to clergymen. But on the Mississippi steamer he was compelled to travel free.

"It's been my rule all my life," said the old captain, who always refused his money, "never to charge fare to a corpse, an' you're a corpse, though you don't look it."

"The first time you traveled with me I told you you hadn't more'n a month to live. Well, that month's gone many a year ago, an' so you're dead or else I'm a liar, and I never yet allowed even a preacher to call me a liar. You can't pay fare on any boat that I own without callin' me a liar, and that settles it."

The English Way.

A ponderous British review prints the following: "We were pleased with an instance we came across the other day of the readiness of an attache at the British embassy in St. Petersburg. At dinner at the palace he had the misfortune to upset his glass of claret. 'Fait-on cela en Angleterre?' (Is that the way they do in England?) asked the czar from the other end of the table. 'Oh, yes,' was the answer, 'but in England 'on ne le remarque pas' ("They don't make any comments").'"

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

FRIEND'S BIRTHDAY

THE SCHOOLGIRL SHOULD KEEP A BIRTHDAY BOOK.

Remember Your Friends by Letter on Their Birthdays — A Birthday Shower Will Bring Pleasure to a Lonely Schoolmate—Small Acts of Kindness Bring Much Happiness —Brothers, Mothers and Fathers Also Like Attention on Their Birthdays.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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Speaking of birthdays, do you remember how proud you were on the day when you slipped out of 12 into 13? That was a real mile-stone on the road, and you felt a good deal taller and much more important when you were fairly in the teens than you did in the first dozen years of your life. Then, when 16 came and three more of the wonderful white mile-stones had been passed, you were again in a different world. Girlhood has many phases and changes and is altogether a most interesting and fascinating period both to those who stand by and watch it, and to those who are in the midst of its pleasant time.

I suppose that you have a birthday book. Every girl should have one, so that she may keep in mind the birthdays of the dear people at home, of teachers, friends, chums and everybody in whom she has some measure of interest. It does not so much matter what the name of the particular birthday book is, but it should have a sentiment in prose or verse for every day in the year, and a blank space under each date, where names of friends may be written.

Nothing gives more pleasure to a friend at a distance than to receive a letter from Jessie or Marjorie on the morning of a birthday, a letter carrying good wishes, a message of cheer and an assurance of love. If Wilhelmina in South Dakota on a ranch, ten miles from a neighbor, shall have dropped into her lap on the morning of her fifteenth birthday a letter from Caroline in Tennessee, containing a pressed flower, a bookmark, or merely four pages of merry chat, her heart will glow with new warmth for the live-long day. She will know that Caroline took trouble for her, and that she went to the post office and found out precisely how many days it would take for her letter to reach its destination. Caroline, living in a village with neighbors close by, could hardly appreciate how lonely Wilhelmina sometimes felt, but she had bridged over the space between by her word in season.

* * *

Does there happen to be among your acquaintances a girl whom everybody loves, or a girl who has few relatives and is far from home, or a girl who is tired and drooping, or still another girl in the throes of coming out and making sacrifices that you may be well educated, well dressed and able to go here and there, for visits and journeys, should be remembered by their fellow-men. On Jessie's birthday, see that there is an extra touch at the table, a flower beside his plate, and a little gift from every one. As for mother, too much cannot be done for her, since she is the good angel of her children's lives. All three are old people in the house, do something extra for them on their birthdays.

The sum of the matter is this: a birthday is a golden opportunity, to make somebody happy and to take a fresh start in unselfish behavior on your own part.

TO PUT ON PLUMPNESS.

For the thin woman milk is salvation; a glass of rich, pure milk, with the cream in it, taken just before retiring, sipped, and a roll taken with it, will make a most marked change in a month in the sallow skin and drawn, scrawny face and neck of the thin woman who is not really ill.

For her also the cold bath, but the tepid one first, because of the shock. For her also the free use of sugar and all the potatoes, rice, macaroni and cream she can get. Salads with olive oil; plenty of fresh, sweet butter; all the green foods which agree with her stout sister are good for the thin one. Exercise in moderation; never to the point of exhaustion, and a great deal of sleep in a well-ventilated chamber.

A glass of hot milk after her walk, a roll or cracker several times between meals with a bit of preserve or even a lump of sugar, and the thin woman soon shows the change for the better. It must be understood that the milk is sweet and fresh, and buttermilk the same. Drugs will do no good. A simple tonic where the appetite is poor; sometimes just a little cup made from the bitter "quassia wood," from which a drink of cold water may be taken three times a day, answers every purpose. Tonics sometimes stimulate the stomach too much and digestion is incomplete, so there is no nourishment in the food that is taken.

For the thin woman indulgence of herself in the good things of earth, abstaining from acids and too much exercise.

THE LINGERIE HAT.

This is a very becoming and cool hat for summer wear, and one that can be easily made at home. For the crown,

IDEAL SUMMER HAT.

fancy muslin, silk, or piece embroidery should be used; it is cut quite round, and the edge gathered up to fit a band of white stiff muslin about one and one-half inch wide and large enough to fit the child's head comfortably. The brim is also sewn to this band; it is composed of a gathered frill of accordion-pleated muslin and a frill of muslin embroidery; the joining of the brim is covered by a fold of ribbon, and a large bow trims the front.

The hat should be lined with a soft piece of muslin or sarsenet silk; a rosette of the ribbon is placed under the brim at the left side of front.

Ladies, as well as children, have adopted the lingerie hat. It is the favored summer headgear of the day.

Wearing Rings.

The wise woman wears one ring upon each finger, but never two. One ring sets off the finger and preserves its shape and general appearance. But two rings ruin its outline. Wear one ring on each finger, but don't crowd the matter by putting on two or more, as so many women do.

SHAVE WITH HOT STEEL.

This Is the Advice of an Old Cutler to Those Who Have Their Own Razors.

"The Old English Cutler" arrived in New York the other day after an absence of nine years, in which time he has walked 19,000 miles between the Pacific and Atlantic, honing razors and grinding scissors.

"Whenever I hones a razor," said he, "I always give some advice with it, free gratis, and I takes great satisfaction in knowing that I have made shaving easier and more comfortable for more than 10,000 men. Most every barber will tell you how to strop a razor, but it takes a cutler to tell you how to care for your strop, and how to get the best work out of your blade.

"A swing strop, canvas on one side and horse hide on the other, is the best. Always hold it taut, and draw the razor lightly but swiftly from heel to point. If you let the strop sag, you will put a round edge on the blade. Don't forget to cover your strop, or put it away in a drawer, after using, if it hangs in a bathroom, near a window. The dust and grime gets into it, and soon takes the edge from your razor. Whether you keep the strop covered or whether you don't rub your open hand over the two surfaces to free it from dust.

"But what I consider my most valuable advice is how to do away with shaving paper entirely and at the same time improve the cutting quality of the razor's edge. Nine men out of ten shave themselves in a room where there is running hot water. Now, the way to get a most gratifying result is this: Lather thickly and well and let it remain on the face half a minute before you begin to shave. If you have time, wash it off, for with it will come the grit and dirt that you have loosened up in the pores of the skin, and then apply a second coat. It will be as soft, smooth and clean as new velvet.

"Now turn on the hot-water faucet and let it run. Hold the razor under the stream until it is heated. Then take a slanting or diagonal stroke, like a farmer does with a scythe, not a square pull, and you will be amazed to find how beautifully and easily the hot blade cuts the beard.

"When it is filled with lather hold it under the running hot water, instead of using shaving paper. That will wash off the lather and, at the same time, heat the blade again. Don't be afraid of taking out the temper. That would be impossible if you put the razor in a kettle and boiled it. Try the hot blade and you'll never shave with the cold steel again."

RURAL NORWAY IS HONEST

Incidents Which Are Illustrative of One of Its Marked Characteristics.

Norwegian peasants are said to be the most honest people in the world. Several years ago an English tourist, in going from Trondjhem to Christiania, lost 15 or 20 sovereigns on the road. Upon his arrival at Christiania he wrote of his loss to the county judges and in a few days received every cent of the lost sovereigns. The peasants had picked up the coins dropped along the road and had handed them over to the magistrates.

Frugality and thrift are national characteristics of the Norwegians. The social conditions are peculiar to the country. There is no privileged nobility or aristocracy of wealth. Consequently there is no sharply drawn line of distinction between the classes.

The death rate in Norway is the smallest of any nation in the world.

The homes of the well-to-do peasants are made up of a half dozen, and sometimes more, separate buildings. Practically all the necessities of life are manufactured at home. There are vast storerooms full of linens and laces, etc., elegantly curtained beds and priceless old furniture, but the floors are always bare.

Motor Armchair.

Anybody who has had a good case of seasickness must have felt that he would welcome the electric chair as a relief. Now an electric chair for seasickness has been tested in an English channel steamer and an ocean liner. You sit in a snug armchair. A motor under the seat is connected with the ship's electric current. You sit and take vibratory treatment. Up and down and crosswise you are shaked. Most sitters find it not unpleasant. Their tendency to seasickness is vibrated out of them. Some need a second sitting. A few are seasick as soon as their treatment ends. It is a precipitate, mark you, not a cure. The theory is that seasickness is essentially a nervous malady, and that vibration reduces the nervousness. Certainly imagination and expectation have much to do with the disorder. Blessings on the new armchair if it can block quick-coming seasickness. But many believe and many doubt. —Everybody's Magazine.

Strains of Modern Life.

We must admit that the accessories of modern life in general are placing greater and greater strain on the faculties of the individual. His eyes are assailed by the incessant artificial lights, his ears are worried by the unnecessary din of the streets, and his nose is offended by the vaporization of offensive fumes of oil or by the fetid air of the "tube." That simpler life appeals to him more than ever which removes him from the maddening sphere of the inventors' activities. —Lancet.

Grimsey Islanders.

The people of Grimsey, an island in the arctic circle, near Iceland, have declared the birthday of the late Prof. Willard Fiske a provincial holiday. Prof. Fiske by his will left a trust fund of $12,000, the income to be used for bettering the conditions of the islanders, of whom there are only 80.

Paradoxical.

The nature feminine is prone to paradoxes-sy.
To hints that may be deftly thrown
The nature feminine is prone;
For while she catches, throw a stone.
A girl can heave a sigh.
The nature feminine is prone
To paradoxes-sy.
—Puck.

TORTURED WITH GRAVEL.

Since Using Doan's Kidney Pills Not a Stone Has Formed.

Capt. S. L. Crute, Adjt. Wirts Camp, U. C. V., Roanoke, Va., says: "I suffered a long, long time with my back, and felt dragged and listless and all the time I lost in weight, from my usual weight, 225, to 170. Urinary passages were too frequent and I had to get up often at night. I had headaches and dizzy spells also, but my worst suffering was from renal colic. After I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I passed a gravel stone as big as a bean. Since then I have never been troubled at all with gravel, and have picked up to my former health and weight. I am a well man, and give Doan's Kidney Pills credit for it."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

WIFEY'S LITTLE HINT.

Gentle Lesson, But the Probabilities Are It Cured Hubby of Staying Out Late.

It came about this way. The man, although a good fellow and well liked, managed to evade the women until he was steered against a widow, who won him hands down in three months. For a long time he was one of the model men of the city, and all the young married women held him up as a Ladies' Home Journal sample of manhood, but later he began staying out after ten o'clock and finally became so bold and hardened to feminine scoldings and pleadings that he had been known to barely get home in time for breakfast.

The other morning at three o'clock he turned the corner leading to his home and was surprised to see a light in the window. Thinking that his wife might be sick, or that something else equally as terrible might have happened, he quickened his step and burst into the door to find his wife sitting in the parlor dressed in black.

"What's the matter, dear?" he murmured, all out of breath.

"Oh, nothing," was the calm reply, "I'm just mourning for my late husband."

WANTED MORE SNAKES.

As Means of Bringing Sinners to Repentance, Minister Saw They Were What He Needed.

In a rural town in Michigan lived a family named Beaver, noted for their hardihood in all manner of naughtiness. They were the great torment of the minister's life. Finally, one of the boys was bit by a rattlesnake and sent for him. He found the lad greatly scared at his sentence. After some conversation, the reverend gentleman closed the interview by prayer.

"O, Lord," he began, "we thank thee for rattlesnakes. We thank thee that a rattlesnake has bit poor Tom, and another, we pray thee, to bite Tom, and one to bite Joe. And, O Lord, send the biggest kind of a rattlesnake to bite the old man; for nothing less than rattlesnakes will bring this Beaver family to repentance."—Metaphysical Magazine.

TWICE TOLD TALES.

In an English court, recently, a man was fined £2 for contempt of court. He offered a £ note in payment, but was told by the clerk that he had no change. "Oh, keep the change," was the reply; "I'll take it out in contempt."

A Frenchwoman was complaining to her husband that he was too much of a bookworm, that he retired too often to his study, leaving her to spend many evenings alone. "I wish," she ended, plaintively, "that I were a book. Then I might always have your company." "In that case, my dear," the Frenchman answered, "I'd wish you were an almanac. Then I could change you once a year."

Modern Love.

Anxious Father—But do you feel sure that you can make my daughter happy?

Calm Youth—I haven't thought about that. But I have finally decided that she can make me happy. —Somerville Journal.

A Kisser's Boom.

Bill—I see it said that Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson is nursing a presidential boom.

Jill—If the boom could speak to Hobson, it would probably say: "Kiss me good-by, and go!"—Yonkers Statesman.

CLEVER DOCTOR.

Cured a 20 Years' Trouble Without Any Medicine.

A wise Indiana physician cured 20 years' stomach disease without any medicine as his patient tells:

"I had stomach trouble for 20 years, tried allopathic medicines, patent medicines and all the simple remedies suggested by my friends, but grew worse all the time.

"Finally a doctor who is the most prominent physician in this part of the state told me medicine would do me no good, only irritating my stomach and making it worse—that I must look to diet and quit drinking coffee.

"I cried out in alarm, 'Quit drinking coffee? why, 'What will I drink?'

"'Try Postum,' said the doctor, 'I drink it and you will like it when it is made according to directions, with cream, for it is delicious and has none of the bad effects coffee has.'

"Well, that was two years ago, and I am still drinking Postum. My stomach is right again and I know doctor hit the nail on the head when he decided coffee was the cause of all my trouble. I only wish I had quit it years ago and drank Postum in its place." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Never too late to mend. Ten days trial of Postum in place of coffee works wonders. There's a reason.

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