Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

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CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

"Gerald," she moaned beneath her breath, and she stroked his arm with a pitiful little caress as if to assure herself that he, at least, was spared. Then she knelt over her dead father's body.

Winslow opened his eyes to see a motley crew—some bent on giving aid, others only seeking a fresh sensation. For this furnished keen zest to the frontiersman, because of its savor of blood and death.

With the pain of being lifted, Winslow swooned again, nor saw the sad little procession which, taking the opposite road, followed the dead man and his child to the lonely cabin on the branch.

All unconscious of the journey on the litter, and still half-delirious, Winslow opened his eyes again. This time they rested upon dull rafters above his head, studying the antics of a spider pendent there. Then his unseeing eyes travelled down the walls where grotesque shadows leaped in obedience to the flicker of candles. A murmur of voices and the click of glasses reached his ears, but as echoes from a distance.

An impious voice proposed a toast: "Here's to the soul of old Jabez Miller! May he keep the fires all hot till we get there!"

And this time the answering shouts were louder to his slowly rousing senses. He heard the gentle remonstrance: "Hush! if you can't let the dead rest in peace, you might have a care for the living."

There was a moment's silence—but for a moment only. What was there to be solemn about in the death of this old man, the sour-visaged hunchback who drank many a bottle, but never asked their company? And this wounded stranger—who was he, that they should keep silence for him? A knife-wound more or less, a stab in the dark—what did it matter? So the roystering crew drank and made merry while the sick man, on his bed of boughs in the farthest corner, their shouts were faint and far echoes, bringing struggling reason home.

A step crossed the room, and somebody bent over him. He could dimly see the outline of a woman, lithe and slender. That her hair was inky black, instead of bronze; her eyes jet, instead of purple-blue, he did not see. To his wavering vision the octoroon's face, dark with the warm olive of the south, shone white and pure. He had been dreaming of his love, of Lavender, and now she was here! One weak hand stole upwards, until it touched hers. His eyes glowed with the light of fever and passion. The unconscious action was a revelation of all his smouldering, secretly cherished love. And the woman bending over him, saw and understood; in his delirium he mistook her for another, for the fair white girl his heart desired. She would let him think so—let him believe it was she who ministered. So she smoothed his hair and bathed his temples, moistening the hot lips that murmured her name.

CHAPTER XV.

When Lavender and the Spaniard left the dance in search of Gerald, they followed the road that led to the inn.

"Where are we going?" Lavender demurred; "hadn't we better wait here? He will surely return to the party."

But Gonzaga insisted. "It is only a short walk to 'the sign of the Bat,' and the night is heavenly."

"But why should Gerald seek such a place at this hour?"

Gonzaga coughed deprecatingly. "He may have business with some of the village folk, and your brother knows where to find them. Besides, the boat is there."

His argument prevailed, and Lavender walked at his side through the breathless, fragrant night.

Half the distance passed, they were startled by a woman's scream. They could not guess whence it came, for no other sound followed. Instinctively Lavender shrank back. The Spaniard took advantage of her fright to put one arm protectingly around her, but she broke from him and hurried forward. "There is trouble near," she said; "let us hurry." And he quickened his pace to hers.

As they came in sight of the tavern torches flared through the avenue of trees that led in the opposite direction. They could vaguely distinguish forms moving away, the lights they bore growing dimmer through the interlacing boughs.

But another row of torches was coming toward the inn, and between the smudgy lights, and half obscured by their smoke, trudged a file of men bending beneath a litter. In the doorway, peering out, stood a woman whose dark beauty Lavender at once recognized.

"That is the octoroon, Belle, who was with us on the boat," she whispered. "Why is she here?"

"Her master keeps the inn," Gonzaga explained. "They have been in St. Charles for some time. Shall I go forward and find out what is the matter?"

"Do so, please. I will wait here."

Out of the circle of light she remained unseen, unnoticed in the excitement, while Gonzaga went forward. For his was more than idle interest—more than curiosity. He was feverishly anxious to know if that woman's scream, if this light and uproar, all had to do with his plot which, even now, should reach its climax.

Near the door of the inn lounged the landlord in apathetic attitude. In the breast of this one-time planter and man of fortune vicissitude had bred a dull indifference, half philosophy, half bitterness. From his seat on the horse block outside he watched the now deserted bar with meager interest in the proceedings. Disgusted, world-weary, he felt no emotion at sight of the on-coming litter, though its burden was, perhaps, a corpse which had for requiem only this clamor for candle torches, and for pall the sky.

The particulars the landlord had learned of Gonzaga approached. The latter greeted him. "Good evening, Price. You have excitement of the real kind to offer them who carry tonight. What is the trouble?"

"One man killed; another pretty near it," was the response, and, in reply to the Spaniard's tone, which, in spite of him was eager, Price continued: "The dead man is Jabez Miller, whose daughter young Creighton keeps company with. The other one—the one who was wounded—see, they are carrying him to my place."

Then, with a quick look at Gonzaga's face, he added: "A friend of yours, maybe?" for his listener had grown white as the brow of the unconscious Winslow who was at that instant borne past.

The Spaniard rallied with an effort. Had his deeply laid plan, his deliberate scheme to ruin Winslow's reputation resulted in his death? To win the love of that girl hovering there in the shadow he would risk much, but he had not meant this.

"A friend of mine? Hardly that," he replied. "But I met him on the boat, as you know. Is he—is he dead?"

Price shook his head. "Guess not, leastways not yet. Jabez was always handy with his knife."

"How did they happen to meet?"

"Lord knows. Jabez was skulking about to catch Sue; I reckon; but I can't imagine what brought the other man to this place this time o' night."

"A love affair, possibly?" and Gonzaga lowered his voice to a suggestive whisper.

The landlord shrugged his shoulders. "Don't know," he said, rising; but the other stopped him. "One moment, have you seen the young Creighton—Gerald?"

"No," was the curt reply, and Price went indoors.

A lounger near by volunteered: "He's gone home—along o' the other gang; helpin' Sue with the funeral arrangements."

Then he added with a titter: "First time he was ever let in at the front door, I'll bet on that."

Somebody else said: "Do they know who killed her pa?" And the first speaker replied: "Well, it ain't extry hard to guess. Sue says her dad and this city stranger tussled a bit, then her dad whipped out a knife and stuck the other fellow. The next she knowed Jabez himself was deader 'n a coon, with a slash in the neck just like a knife cut. 'Tain't much of a riddle how he got it. What dye s'pose that other man was doin' all that time? Thinkin' o' home and mother?" and the speaker grinned sarcastically.

Gonzaga rejoined Lavender, whom he found trembling with fright and anxiety.

"Where is Gerald?" she asked.

But he hastened to assure her. "Your brother is safe. I did not see him, but hear that he has gone with those who carried the dead home."

The girl's voice sank to a pitying note. "Then there are two dead!"

"No, senorita. The man whom you saw borne on the litter is not dead; only wounded. He will live—yes, he will live." He repeated this, as if to an inward accuser. He spoke slowly, too, in the hope that she would catch the meaning in his tone, and ask the reason for it. For he had now fully decided to make the most of this web which his own planning and unforeseen circumstances had conspired to weave. But it was evident that Lavender had, thus far, no suspicions. It was time they were roused.

"The dead man was Jabez Miller—father of the girl whom you saw tonight peeping in at the dancers. Do you remember?"

"Oh, yes; the girl with the 'city lover.' It was her poor father who was killed, you say. By whom?"

"By that 'city lover.'"

There was a pause while Lavender watched the crowd ambling to and fro about the tavern, her eyes wide with fright. Both hands pressed the scarlet blossoms of the Judas tree at her breast.

Gonzaga continued: "From all I can learn her father had heard of the midnight appointment in the wood and resolved it should be the last. He interfered—with the result we see."

Lavender interrupted him, half choking. "It is too horrible! I have seen enough—heard enough. Can we not find Gerald, and then—then let us go home, home to the forest, where there is no humanity to pollute the air of heaven."

She spoke wildly, unnerved by the sights she had witnessed, by the brawling and ribald jests. To the daintily bred girl from far Virginia the backwoodsman was a being whom to meet was a venture—to oppose, madness. She knew that there were exceptions—were not Gerald and her father frontiersmen? But continuing the rougher class were the "gouger" and the ruffian, many of the scum of civilization.

Gradually the revelers began to disperse, and in noisy groups reeled past where the two yet lingered in the shadow.

"Why does not Gerald come?" Lavender complained. Then suddenly, with suspicion of ill: "We cannot find him," she said. "You do not offer to bring me to him—the man on the litter—" her voice rose to a little shriek of agonized suspense.

"No, no, Miss Creighton; on my honor it is not your brother." He took her hand to steady her, and she did not forbid him. She seemed not conscious of his presence. But at the touch of her, at this first sign of yielding, his purpose was fixed, his last scruple vanished. Possession of the woman beside him was the goal—what did he care for the means? All was fair in love.

"It is not your brother. But do you know who he is? He who lies upon a bed of straw in yonder inn? It is the man who murdered the father of his sweetheart because he resented her betrayal. It is the traitor to his friends, to his flag! See," and he led her, unwilling, to the window of the now almost deserted tavern.

There, in its corner, his pallid face shining out of the gloom, lay Winslow, one shoulder swathed in white, his dress of nankeen stained with blood and travel. And at sight of him thus Lavender gave a scream that was half a sob. In that moment her heart went out to him with all the affectionate yearning of an earliest fancy. Half to herself she breathed his name and moved impulsively to enter. But Gonzaga barred the way. "Are you sure of a welcome? I believe he came to see—" He paused and she stood silent.

Her eyes drooped before his, wherein were blended mocking triumph and evil suggestion. Here, then, was the proof with which this man had threatened to confront her. Proof that Winslow's reasons for his failure to see her—the story of his detention at St. Louis were a cheat—a lie. He had been, instead, engaged in dishonorable tryst with a girl whose father's blood was stained his hand. It was not alone that she suffered through jealousy and wounded pride; her faith in a true and loyal knight was shattered. She turned sick and giddy as her idol fell.

The voice of Gonzaga recalled her; she shrank from the pity in it.

"Come away, Miss Creighton. I will take you home."

There was a proprietary tenderness in his tone which she resented. It nerved her—roused her pride. "I prefer to wait for my brother," she said, in a leaden, weary tone, then, turning almlessly away: "We might walk a little until he returns," she said.

Gonzaga followed, a look of cruel satisfaction on his handsome face.

For some time they walked in silence through the random street of the settlement, with the worm trail of the fence on either hand. Ghostly and

"IT IS THE TRAITOR TO HIS FLAG—TO HIS FRIENDS, SEE!"

quiet were the cabins, fragrant the jimson weed everywhere, moist and cool the kisses of the night wind.

Gradually her scattered senses returned. "Let us go back to the tavern," she said. "Gerald may be there by this time."

Her voice was steady, her manner self-possessed, and the man could not mock her with sympathy, dared not press his advantage.

CHAPTER XVI.

On their return to the "Bat," only a faint light blinked drowsily through the window. There was no sound—the last guest was gone. The door swung half ajar, and on its step, her head against the post, her hands crossed on her knees, sat the octoroon, Belle. She was staring into the glade of overarched trees, where not even the light of a star filtered.

When Lavender came within the gleam of the candle, the octoroon recognized and came forward to greet her.

Controlling herself by an effort, Lavender said: "I have heard the news; is there anything we can do?"

In spite of her attempt, her manner was forced, cold.

The other woman's quick instinct noted it. "No, thank you, ma'am; we will keep him here for awhile. At sun up Mr. Price is going for the doctor."

There was a short pause, and the octoroon continued: "Mr. Winslow must have come very sudden."

With eyes low on the ground, the girl replied: "I should imagine so."

Lowering her voice, to a note of meaning softness, the other said: "I thought you would have been the first to know of his comin'."

Lavender had begun an embarrassed reply, but just then a querulous note of pain, as of a sufferer coming back from oblivion, sounded through the half-open door.

"Excuse me, he may want something," the octoroon murmured, and hurried into the tavern.

And she, who would gladly give of her health and strength to his service—she stood outside unnoticed, unremembered.

The wind rose, bending the branches of the trees until they scraped the roof with a dismal soughing. Just beyond, the river fretted its foam-edged way to the sea. Tears trickled down the girl's cheeks as she stood thus alone in the dark.

The Spaniard had gone to meet a man who approached from the farther edge of the forest. It was Gerald, and to Gonzaga now, his presence was most undesirable. Explanation from her brother would start questioning from Lavender which must exonerate Winslow. He must find a way to prevent discussion.

Out of the range of light Gonzaga stopped Gerald, and spoke rapidly and low. "Your sister knows of the encounter, but she does not know of your part in it. As your friend, Mr. Creighton, I have allowed her to be ignorant of your connection with this affair. She would be terribly shocked; is it not better to let her be deceived?"

The youth's face grew paler in the darkness. "Then she has heard?"

"Only a part."

"And she thinks—"

"Certainly she does. Winslow was there—Winslow was shot—Winslow was, therefore, the lover. A natural supposition, is it not?"

The other drew himself up with disdain. "It would be too dishonorable, senor. I cannot let an innocent man suffer for me. That he has been wounded through my fault is bad enough; more I cannot permit."

But Gonzaga asked politely: "One question: Did you kill this old man, Miller?"

(To Be Continued.)

A Junketing Trip.

"I thought he had gone on a junketing trip in his auto?"

"So he did, and he ran into a wall and made junk of the machine before he had gone a mile."—Houston Post.

Going All Right.

She—The scientists say kissing must go.

He—It does with most girls.—Judge.

OF AID TO HOSTESS

SUGGESTIONS FOR PLEASANT AND SEASONABLE ENTERTAINMENTS.

A Charming Sweet Pea Luncheon—Planting a Tree on the Child's Birthday—Clever Guessing Contest.

A Sweet Pea Luncheon.

Sweet peas are now in their prime, and their fragrant blossom lends itself most beautifully to the skillful fingers of a hostess who loves to take the flowers that are seasonable and adapt them to her requirements. Over a white cloth spread a cover of white net and then sprinkle all the delicate colors of sweet peas over this. For the centerpiece have a gilded basket or a low glass bowl filled with the flowers. The name on a card to the handle serve the double purpose of a place card and souvenir. If finger bowls are necessary, put a blossom or two in each. The ice cream could be frozen in flower molds and served in baskets of spun sugar; these are made to order by a confectioner. Tie a spray of sweet peas to the handle and the effect is lovely. Plates may be outlined with the flowers taken from the stem; a round table shows of this decoration to the best advantage. I wonder if all housekeepers realize that a round table is within the reach of all? If not already the possessor of one, get the handy man of all work or the carpenter "around the corner" to make a top or two to suit all occasions. These may be fitted together in the middle to be more easily stored when not in use.

A Birthday Custom.

A pretty birthday custom is observed by a family rejoicing in the possession of six beautiful children. On the first natal day of each child a tree is planted, and each succeeding year the same custom prevails. When the tenth birthday is reached a real festival is held, and the tree planting is made the feature of the occasion. There is a procession around the lawn, and the "birthday" child is permitted to choose the variety of tree to be planted, and, if possible, it is obtained. Oftentimes there is a "tree guessing" contest of some kind, or the refreshments will all be from "tree" products. It is needless to say that these children are devoted to their own special trees, and watch their growth with scrupulous care. It is certainly a custom worthy of emulation, and not expensive, so it is within the reach of almost everyone.

A Guessing Contest.

At the head of slips of paper or programmes write: "Men's wives," and explain the way it is to be worked out by taking the first name as an example. What should be the name of a chemist's wife?

"Ann Eliza"—(Analyzer).

A civil engineer's?—Bridget.

A gambler's?—Bettie.

A humorist's?—Sally.

A clergyman's?—Marie.

A shoemaker's?—Peggy.

A sexton's?—Belle.

A porter's?—Carrie.

A dancing master?—Grace.

A milliner's?—Hattie.

A gardener's?—Flora.

A judge's?—Justine.

A pugilist's?—Mamie.

A pianist's?—Octavia.

A life-saver's?—Car-o-line.

An upholsterer's?—Sophie.

A doctor's?—Patience.

A bass singer's?—Aurora.

A fisherman's?—Nettie.

A gas man's?—Meta.

A marksman's?—Amy.

A prize may be awarded for the best list.

MADAME MERRI.

A Few Words on the Fashions

The Favorite Skirt Model and the Popular Blouse of the Day.

The most beautiful of summer fabrics are now to be seen. Silk muslins, painted gauzes, embroidered muslins, soie-de-ninon, and tussore silk all figure among the season's goods. In the more ordinary materials there are silky alpacas, cashmeres, serges, linens and lawns. Tussore silk of a brownish tint, trimmed with almond or lily-of-the valley green forms a perfect combination of color.

Skirts made of thin textured fabrics invariably show greater fullness than those made of thicker material. The gores all round skirt is much favored. Nearly all washable skirts are gathered into the band at the waist, and simply trimmed either with two or three tucks, or with crossway bands of frills.

The five-gored skirt appears to be a favorite model. It is made full at the hem and is gathered becomingly to the figure at the waist.

Lace blouses are invariably made up over gauze or chiffon, and with silk slips, either plain or colored, just as fancy dictates. The lace bolero is another covetable garment. It looks simply charming when trimmed with revers, collar and cuffs which turn back at the elbows. These are made of lace to match the bolero. The whole of the

A New Waist.

bolero is lined with white silk or with silver gauze. For a short waisted figure it is as well to have the revers arranged in stole fashion to hang below the waist line.

Some Points on Etiquette

Avoid Effusiveness—The Direct and Heartfelt Much More Appreciated.

The question of how to reply to a salutation, how to offer a congratulation, how to condole with a casual acquaintance, or in fact just what to say on occasions that come in every one's experience, is often asked me.

As a rule the less formal a remark the better. Just a few simple words are quite sufficient, and count for far more than the most ornate phrase, if the latter sound in the least stilted.

Take, for example, the question that has lately come as to "what to say to a debutante at her reception." Should one of the guests make a long speech, the chances are the youthful and already exhausted girl would not hear half, and would become still more embarrassed than she already is, by consequence of her natural fear that she may commit a breach without knowing it, is sensible comment of Hortense Prevost, in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

But the wise woman of the world will say, very quietly and very cordially: "I hope your whole life may be as charming as this beginning," or something similar, leaving the pleasant and satisfactory impression with the flustered debutante that her "coming out" affair is exactly what it should be.

The stereotyped "Pleased to meet you," that nearly everyone uses at an introduction can hardly be improved upon, unless those who are meeting have mutual acquaintances, when it immediately places them on a more cordial plane, and the mention that "I have heard of you so often through my friend, Mr. So and So" establishes the acquaintance as both desirable and opportune.

A word of condolence had better be left unspoken or the line left unwritten, unless they come direct from the heart. Those lately bereaved are supersensitive from grief, and so all the more keenly alive to the purely conventional. A warm hand pressure and a sympathetic glance goes farther than elaborate condolence, and touches the bereft far deeper. True feeling is the best guide as to the correct thing to say, in nearly all these cases.

Job for 35,000 Dogs.

Probably the owner of the largest number of dogs in the world is a Russian cattle king, who has 35,000 shepherd dogs to look after 1,500,000 sheep.

ON THE TRAVELING COSTUME.

It is only an impractical or little traveled woman who dresses herself in mussable linens or delicate white waists for a long railway journey.

The practical woman always wears a thin silk blouse to match her skirt, which should be light-weight and short, and capable of meeting whatever weather conditions prevail at the end of the journey.

Her hat is small and of the same tone as her skirt and silk waist. And her gloves are dark, preferably of silk.

As the day wears on and tired lines, if not actual smudges of sooty coal dust, mark the face, such a costume will be found to be much more becoming than one of more delicate and perishable color and fabric.

A Red Nose.

A red, shining nose is certainly not an adornment. The remedy is found in a simpler diet, in the bath every day, in active pedestrianism and avoiding all highly spiced, stimulating dishes. At night apply this ointment to the rosy nose: One dram of powdered sulphur, two and one-half drams of powdered starch, one and one-half ounces of ointment of zinc oxide, three drops of oil of rose. Get a good old powder rag, a box of good, pure face powder and a little energy and apply faithfully for the shine.

Clean the Hairbrush.

A hairbrush may be cleansed with soap and water and a nail brush. It is more necessary to have the hair brush clean than it is to have the back of the brush kept beautiful. The best brush, one that can be kept hygienically clean, and which will take out tangles easily and quickly, is made of Siberian bristles, set upon a pneumatic cushion of rubber. Dust-laden hair brushes are deadly to the health and beauty of the hair.

To Get $30,000 for Kindness.

Manitowoc, Wis.—The courts have handed down a decision in favor of Fred Billings, an employe of the traction company of Manitowoc, giving him $30,000 bequeathed to him by his landlord, Peter Kellar, of Sterling, Ill. Billings helped Kellar during sickness and the fortune was his reward.

PROVE BIBLE RIGHT

RESULT OF EXCAVATIONS IN BURIED CITY OF GEZER.

Narratives of Scripture, by Many Regarded as Myths, Shown to Be Veracious—Light Shed on Little Known Races.

The romantic work of ascertaining the light which modern exploration can throw upon the Palestine of the biblical age and upon Old Testament narratives adds to-day another volume to the library that has accumulated since these researches began in 1864.

The new volume, "Bible Sidelights from the Mound of Gezer," is by the well-known antiquary, R. A. Stewart Macalister, director of excavations for the Palestine exploration fund.

The site of the ancient and buried city of Gezer was identified 36 years back, but its excavation is the most recent enterprise, begun in 1902 and brought down to last summer, when some glimpses of the results achieved were given at the annual meeting of the Palestine exploration fund. The present book is the forerunner and popular summary of the complete memoir now in preparation on a scale of considerable magnitude.

The excavations have added 1,500 years to the early history of Gezer, dating it back to 2,000 B. C., when a diminutive cave dwelling race lived there. A landmark in its biblical history is that the city was given by the king of Egypt to his daughter when she married Solomon. It stood on the verge of the territory inhabited by that mysterious race, the Philistines, and when David routed them he went in pursuit as far as Gezer.

Among the many Old Testament stories which have fascinated humanity are the idyll of Rebecca (Genesis 24) and the exploits of Samson.

Rebecca, who went to draw water from a well, was picked out from other maidens by the servant of Abraham, who was in quest of a wife for his master's son. She thus became the wife of the patriarch Isaac, and the mother of Esau and Jacob. The unearthing of houses at Gezer helps experts to fill in the story of the wooing of Rebecca by reconstructing for us the home of the maiden and her fascinating brother Laban.

The death of Samson, narrated in the Book of Judges, has been ranked as a myth by critics, who could not accept the possibility of his supposed achievement in pulling down the pillars and killing so many Philistines. But in a stratum at Gezer, some 300 years older than the time of Samson, the excavators have found a form of building which answers to a remarkable extent the conditions of the story. It is a temple with a portico supported by four central pillars.

The discoveries at Gezer also enable experts to form a fair conception of the Horites, a hitherto unknown race of cave dwellers referred to in Genesis and Deuteronomy. The Amorites, who are mentioned for their "iniquities" in Genesis, now stand in clearer light, for their many forms of idolatry and moral abominations are better understood by the dizzing out of the "High Place" of Gezer, which is the largest early Palestinian sanctuary or place of worship yet unearthed.

Striking Clocks and Billiard Players.

The salesman in the jewelry store was talking of the merits of various wall clocks to a patron and finally pointed out one as a great bargain. "Not for me," interrupted the customer; "that clock strikes and I wouldn't have it as a gift." "You're different from the usual run of purchasers; they prefer striking clocks," commented the salesman.

"Yes, but they don't keep poolrooms," explained the customer. "I want the clock for my establishment and a striking clock would lose me money. Pool and billiards are fascinating games and players get so absorbed they forget all about time, which they wouldn't do if there was a clock striking regularly. A clock striking every hour in my place would make a big hole in the receipts, and I guess a clock that struck half hours would put me out of business. No, sir, you don't find a wise poolroom keeper hanging a striking clock in his place."—Philadelphia Record.

Cigar Saved His Life.

M. Guizot, the great French historian, once owed his life to his cigar. Walking in one of the Paris gardens, he noticed that he was being followed by a shabbily dressed man. M. Guizot calmly sat down on a bench upon which his unwelcome follower seated himself, watching him all the time with an uncomfortably threatening air. The historian, however, was not troubled, but took a cigar from his pocket and quietly lighted it. As he did this the stranger rose and, muttering that he had been mistaken, added: "That scoundrel I seek does not smoke." Some days later the man was arrested for a murderous assault upon a public official against whom he had a grudge and for whom he had mistaken M. Guizot, whose cigar was thus a veritable life-preserver.

Lawn Tennis and Tennis.

There are thousands who imagine that tennis and lawn tennis are identical. In America tennis, the mother game, is always known as "court tennis," whereas lawn tennis is generally known as "tennis." The games are in many respects very different.

The court, which in lawn tennis is open, in tennis is closed at the back and sides by the walls, and almost invariably above by a roof. There is a considerable amount of play off the back and side walls. The balls are harder than lawn tennis balls, being, in fact, of the consistency of cricket balls. Hence the rackets are heavier and the gut is thicker.—Fry's Magazine.

Had to Go.

An active New Yorker rushed up to the ticket window, shoved his money through the hand-hole and said to the man in the office: "I want to go to Philadelphia!" The agent looked at him in surprise and answered witheringly: "You're a liar; you've got to go." He then handed out the ticket smiling superciliously.

RICKA LEOPOLD

MISS LEOPOLD, SEC'Y LIEDERKRANZ.

Writes: "Three Years Ago My System Was In a Run-Down Condition. I Owe to Peruna My Restoration to Health and Strength."

MISS RICKA LEOPOLD, 137 Main street, Menasha, Wis., Sec'y Liederkranz, writes:

"Three years ago my system was in a terrible run-down condition and I was broken out all over my body. I began to be worried about my condition and I was glad to try anything which would relieve me.

"*Peruna was recommended* to me as a fine blood remedy and tonic, and I soon found that it was worthy of praise.

"A few bottles *changed my condition materially* and in a short time I was all over my trouble.

"I owe to Peruna my restoration to health and strength. I am glad to endorse it."

Pe-ru-na Restores Strength.

Mrs. Hettie Green, R. R. 6, Irwin, Ill., writes: "I had catarrh and felt miserable. I began the use of Peruna and began to improve in every way. My head does not hurt me so much, my appetite is good and I am gaining in flesh and strength."

Gen. Mercier in England.

Gen. Mercier, who has fled from Paris to England, where he hasn't been enthusiastically received, once delivered in the French senate an elaborate speech on the feasibility of invading England.

Pushing Cape to Cairo Line.

In a report in the London Times it is stated that the Cape to Cairo railway in South Africa has been opened so as to run over the Kafue river on a bridge which stands on 13 spans, each 100 feet, with pillars resting on a bed 16 feet under the water. Kafue river is 266 miles north of Victoria Falls, and the distance from Cape Town is 1,908 miles. The railroad, however, is now at Broken hill, 347 miles beyond the falls, the line having been pushed on while the bridge was building over the Kafue river.

Rice Eaters.

In China and its dependencies, with a population of 400,000,000, or 25 per cent. of the total population of the world, rice is the principal food supply. The same may be said also of India, with its population of 275,000,000, and Japan, with its 40,000,000. In addition to these it is a chief article of diet with other peoples of Asia and Africa, whose population is estimated at 100,000,000. The total reaches 815,000,000, or 50 per cent. of the total population of the earth.—Boston Globe.

PUTTING IT RATHER ROUGHLY.

Leading Question Asked of Methodical Writer.

There is a certain writer in Boston—a man of remarkable versatility—who once gave a friend in the publishing business in New York a resume of the details of his average day's work.

"I am as methodical in my work," said the Boston writer, "as any business man. My daily tasks are so diversified and so arranged that I am able to afford myself considerable variety during the 12 hours per diem that I employ in authorship. For instance, from eight in the morning to ten I do my verse; from ten to 12 my criticisms; from three to five I am engaged upon a history of the world intended for perusal by children." And so he continued to give his visitor the whole scheme. When he had concluded, the New Yorker, an exceedingly blunt individual, rather unkindly inquired:

"And when, sir, do you think?"

MORE THAN MONEY.

A Minister Talks About Grape-Nuts.

"My first stomach trouble began back in 1895," writes a minister in Nebr., "resulting from hasty eating and eating too much. I found no relief from medicine and grew so bad that all food gave me great distress.

"It was that sore, gnawing hungry feeling in my stomach that was so distressing and I became a sick man. Grape-Nuts was recommended as a food that could be easily digested.

"Leaving the old diet that had given me so much trouble, I began to eat Grape-Nuts with a little cream and sugar. The change effected in 24 hours was truly remarkable, and in a few weeks I was back to health again.

"My work as a minister calls me away from home a great deal, and recently I drifted back to fat meat and indigestible foods, which put me again on the sick list.

"So I went back to Grape-Nuts and cream and in four days I was put right again. The old dull headaches are gone, stomach troubles are cleared, and it is a delight to pursue my studies and work.

"Grape-Nuts food is worth more than money to me, and I hope this may induce some sufferer to follow the same course I have."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.