The GIRL from TIM'S PLACE

BY CHARLES CLARK MUNN

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SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 16-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the Maine woods is sold by her father to Pete Bolduc, a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of Martin Frisbie, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Stetsan, and guides. She tells her story and is cared for by Mrs. Frisbie. Journey of Frisbie's party into woods to visit father of Mrs. Frisbie, an old hermit, who has resided in the wilderness for many years. When camp is broken Chip and Ray occupy same canoe. The party reach camp of Mrs. Frisbie's father and are welcomed by him and Cy Walker, an old friend and former townsman of the hermit. They settle down for summer's stay. Chip and Ray are in love, but no one realizes this but Cy Walker. Strange canoe marks found on lake shore in front of their cabin. Strange smoke is seen across the lake. Martin and Levi leave for settlement to get officers to arrest McGuire, who is known as outlaw and escaped murderer. Chip's one woods friend, Tomah, an Indian, visits camp. Ray believes he sees a bear on the ridge. Chip is stolen by Pete Bolduc who escapes with her in a canoe. Chip is rescued by Martin and Levi as they are returning from the settlement. Bolduc escapes. Old Cy proposes to Ray that he remain in the woods with himself and Amzi and trap during the winter, and he concludes to do so. Others of the party return to Greenvale, taking Chip with them. Chip starts to school in Greenvale, and finds life unpleasant at Aunt Comfort's, made so especially by Hannah. Old Cy and Ray discover strange tracks in the wilderness. They penetrate further into the wilderness and discover the hiding place of the man who had been sneaking about their cabin. They investigate the cave home of McGuire during his absence. Bolduc finds McGuire and the two fight to the death, finding a watery grave together. Ray returns to Greenvale and finds Chip waiting for him. Ray wants Chip to return to the woods with them, but she, feeling that the old comradeship with Ray has been broken refuses. When they part, however, it is as lovers. Chip runs away from Aunt Comfort's and finds another home with Judson Walker. She gives her name as Vera Raymond. Aunt Abby, Aunt Mandy Walker's sister, visits them, and takes Chip home with her to Christmas Cove. Chip goes to school at Christmas Cove. She tells Aunt Abby the story of her life. Aunt Abby tells her of their family, and she discovers that Cy Walker is a long-lost brother of Judson Walker, but fear of betraying her hiding place prevents her telling of Cy. Old Cy investigates McGuire's cave in the wilderness and finds a fortune that belongs to Chip. Old Cy returns to the wilderness camp with the news that Chip had disappeared and proposes to start out to find her. He turns over to Martin a bank book showing a deposit of $60,000 in Chip's name. Chip returns to the home of Judson Walker at Peaceful Valley for a summer vacation. Chip tells Judson of Cy and writes a note to Martin which discloses her hiding place. Martin immediately visits the Walkers. He gives Chip her money and asks if he shall send Ray to her, but she says no. Aunt Abby's husband dies. Chip asks Martin to find Cy, who is seeking the country over for her. He had been a youthful lover of Aunt Abby, and was supposed to have been lost at sea. Ray wants to go to Chip, but Martin advises him not to. Chip receives a letter from Ray, asking forgiveness for seeming slight and neglect. Ray and Levi return to the wilderness camp and find Cy. They tell him of his brother and the finding of Chip. Chip spends Christmas at Greenvale. Old scenes bring back her love for Ray.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

And then while she, thus lone and lonesome, was putting away books, slates, ink-bottles and all the badges of her servitude, Chip, without knocking, walked in.

How they first exclaimed, then embraced, then kissed, and then repeated it while each tried to wink the tears away, and failed; how they sat hand in hand in that dingy, smoke-browned room with its knife-hacked benches, unconscious of the chill, while Chip told her story; and how, just as the last rays of the setting sun flashed from the icicles along its eaves, they left it, still hand in hand, was but an episode such as many a schoolgirl can recall.

Of the few friends Greenvale held for Chip, none seemed quite so near and dear as Miss Phinney, and none lived longer in her memory. They had been for many months not teacher and pupil, but rather two sisters, confiding, patient, and tender. Life swept them apart. They might never meet again, and yet, so long as both lived, never would those school days be forgotten.

With Sunday came Chip's most gratifying experience, perhaps, for her arrival was now known by the entire village and the fact that she was an heiress as well. Her fortune (also known) was considered almost fabulous according to Greenvale standards, and when Chip with Angie entered the church porch, it was crowded with people waiting to receive them. Chip, of course, now well clad and well poised, was once more the cynosure of all eyes except when the pastor prayed. At the close of service a score, most of whom she knew by sight only, waited to greet her and shake hands with her in the porch. The parson hurried down the aisle to add his smile and hand clasp, and, all in all, it was a most gratifying reception.

And here and now, let no carping critic say it was all due to that bank account, but rather a country town's expression of respect and good will toward one whom they felt deserved it.

That it all pleased Angie, goes without saying. That Chip well deserved this vindication, no one will question; and when her visit ended and she departed, no one, not even Miss Phinney, missed her more than Angie.

Only one thread of regret wove itself into Chip's feelings as she rode away with Uncle Joe, whose horses were now decked properly for this important event. She had received a most cordial reception on all sides—almost a triumph of good will. Her gifts had brought an oft-repeated chorus of thanks and a few tears. On all sides and among all she had been welcome, even receiving a call and words of praise from Parson Jones. She was a nobody no longer; instead, a somebody whom all delighted to honor and commend.

But the one whose motherly pride would have been most gratified, she for whom Chip's heart yearned for oftenest, would never know it.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

With the birds and flowers once more returning to Christmas Cove, came outdoor freedom for Chip again. Like the wood-nymph she was in character and taste, the wild, rock-bound coast outside and the low, wooded mountain enclosing this village were her playgrounds where she found companionship. Other associates she cared but little for, and a few hours alone on a wave-washed shore, watching the wild ocean billows tossing spray aloft, or a long ramble in a deep, silent forest, appealed to her far more than parties and girlish enjoyments.

The wood-bordered road, leading from the village to the railroad ten miles away, was now a favorite walk of hers. It was suited to her in many ways, for it was seldom traveled; it followed the sunny side of the low mountain range back of Christmas Cove, not a house stood along its entire way, and to add charm, a brook kept it company, crossing and recrossing it for two miles. That feature was the most especial attraction, for beds of watercress waved beneath the limpid waters in deep pools, bunches of flag grew along its banks, their blue flowers bending to kiss the current; its ripples danced in the sunlight; its music was a tinkling melody, and these simple attractions appealed to Chip.

There was also another reason for now choosing this byway walk. She knew, or felt sure, that Ray would visit Christmas Cove on his return from the woods. He must come in the old carryall,—about the only vehicle ever journeying along the road,—and now, like a brownie of the forest, she watched until she spied it afar and then hid in the bushes and peeped out until it passed each day.

A curious and somewhat complex feeling toward this young man had also come to her. At first, like a child, she had loved him unasked. She had known no different. He had seemed like a young god to her, and to cling to him was supreme happiness. Then had come an awakening, a consciousness that this freedom was not right and must be checked. Following that also—a bitter lesson—it had come to her that she was a kind of outcast, a child of shame, as it were, whose origin was despicable, and who was dependent upon the charity of others. This awakening, this new consciousness, was like a black chasm in front of her, a horror and shame combined, and true to her nature, she fled from it like one pursued.

"Say You Love Me."

But two years had changed her views of humanity. She had learned that money and social position did not always win friends and respect. That birth and ancestry were of less consideration than a pure mind and honest intentions, and that fine raiment sometimes covered a base heart and vile nature.

Toward the boyish lover, also, her feelings had been altered. A little of the old-time fondness remained, however. She could not put that away. She had tried and tried earnestly, yet the wildwood illusion still lingered. She had meant, also to put him and herself quite apart—so far, and in such a way that she would never be found by him. That had failed, however; he knew where she was. He had said that he was coming here. Most likely he would expect to renew the old tender relations; but in that he would be disappointed. She was sure she would be glad to see him for old times' sake, however. She would be gracious and dignified, as Aunt Abby was. She wanted to hear all about the woods and Old Cy again, but caresses must be forbidden. More than that, every time she recalled how freely she had permitted them once, she blushed and felt that it would be an effort to look him in the face again.

But she was anxious to see how he would appear now: whether the same boy, with frank, open face, or a commanding, self-possessed man.

And so each pleasant afternoon she strolled up this byway road. When the ancient carryall was sighted, she hid and watched until passed.

But Captain Mix, its driver, also had observing eyes. He knew her now as far as he could see her, as every one in the village did, and he soon noticed her unusual conduct. He also watched along the wayside where she left it, and slyly observed her peeping out from some thicket. Just why this odd proceeding happened time and again, he could not guess, and not until a strange young man alighted from the train one day and asked to be left at the home of Mrs. Abby Bemis, did it dawn on him.

Then he laughed. "Friend o' Aunt Abby, I 'spose?" he inquired in his Yankee fashion, after they had started.

"No," answered Ray, frankly, "I have never seen the lady. I know some one who is living with her, however. A Miss Mc—Raymond, I mean."

Captain Mix glanced at him, his eyes twinkling. "So ye're 'quainted with Vera, be ye," he responded. "Wal, ye're lucky." Then as curiosity grew he added, "Known her quite a spell, hev ye?"

But Ray was discreet. "Oh, three or four years," he answered nonchalantly. "I knew her when she lived in Greenvale." Then to check the stage driver's curiosity, he added, "She was only a little girl, then. I presume she has changed since."

"She's a purty good-lookin' gal now," asserted Captain Mix, "but middlin' odd in her ways. Not much on gallivantin' round wi' young folks, but goin' to school stiddy 'n' roamin' round the woods when she ain't. Purty big gal to be goin' to school she is. I calc'late her arly eddication must 'a' been sorter neglected. Mebbe ye know 'bout it," and once more this persistent Yankee glanced at his companion.

But Ray was too loyal to the little girl he loved to discuss her further, and made no answer. Instead, he began inquiries about Christmas Cove, and as they jogged on mile after mile, he learned all that was to be known of that quiet village. When they had reached a point some three miles from it, a kindly thought came to the driver.

"If Vera ain't 'spectin' ye," he said, "mebbe ye'd like to s'prise her. If so be it, ye kin. She's 'most allus out this way 'n' curis'like hides 'fore I get 'long whar she is. If I see her to-day, 'n' ye want to, I'll drop ye clus by 'n' let ye."

And so it came to pass.

Chip, as usual, had followed her oft-taken walk on this pleasant May afternoon. When the carryall was sighted also, as usual, she had hidden herself. With beating heart she saw two occupants this time, and looking out of her laurel screen, she saw that one was Ray.

Then she crouched lower. The moment she had waited for had come.

But now something unexpected happened, for after the carryall passed her hiding spot, Ray, brown and stalwart, leaped out. The carryall drove on, and she saw him returning and scanning the bushes.

She was caught, fairly and squarely. One instant she hesitated, then, blushing rose-red, emerged from the undergrowth.

And now came another capture, for with a "Chip, my darling," Ray sprang forward, and although she turned away, the next moment she was clasped in his arms.

In vain she struggled. In vain she writhed and twisted. In vain she pushed him away and then covered her blushing face.

Love, fierce and eager, could not be thus opposed. All her pride, anger, resentment, shame, and intended coldness were as so many straws, for despite her struggles, he pulled her hands aside and kissed her again and again.

"My darling," he exclaimed at last, "say you forgive me; say you love me; say it now!"

Then, as she drew away, he saw her eyes were brimming with tears.

"I won't," she said. "I hate—" but his lips cut the sentence in two, and it was never finished.

"I did mean to hate you," she declared once more, covering her face, "but I—I can't."

"No, you can't," he asserted eagerly, "for I won't let you. You promised to love me once, and now you've got to, for life."

And she did.

When the outburst of emotion had subsided and they strolled homeward, Chip glanced shyly up at her lover.

"Why did you pounce on me so?" she queried; "why didn't you ask me first?"

"My dear," he answered, "a wise man kisses the girl first, and asks her afterwards." Then he repeated the offense.

And now what a charming summer of sweet illusion and castle-building followed for the lovers! How Aunt Abby smiled benignly upon them, quite content to accord ample chance for wooing! How many blissful, dreamy hours they passed on lonely wave-washed cliffs, while the marvel of love was discussed! How its wondrous magic opened a new world whose walks were flower-decked, whose sky was ever serene, where lilies bloomed, birds sang, sea winds whispered of time and eternity, and where Chip was an adored queen! How all the shame and humiliation of her past life faded away and joy supreme entered on the azure and golden wings of this new morning! Even Old Cy was almost forgotten; the spites, Old Tomah, and Tim's Place quite so; and all hope, all joy, all protection, and all her future centered in the will and wishes of this Prince Perfect.

"Blind and foolish," I hear some fair critic say. Yes, more than that, almost idiotic; for selfish man never pursues unless forced to do so, and an object of worship once possessed, is but a summer flower.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Quite different from the meeting of the lovers was that which occurred when Old Cy reached Peaceful Valley. There were no heroics, no falling upon one another's necks, no tears. Just a "Hullo, Cyrus!" "Hullo, Judson!" as these two brothers clasped hands, and 40 years were bridged.

Aunt Mandy, however, showed more emotion, for when Old Cy rather awkwardly stooped to kiss her, the long ago of Sister Abby's sorrow welled up in her heart, and the tears came.

That evening's reunion, with its two life histories to be exchanged, did not close until the tall clock had ticked into the wee, small hours.

All of Old Cy's almost marvellous adventures had to be told by him, and not the least interesting were the last few years at the wilderness home of the hermit. Chip's entry into it and her history formed another chapter fully as thrilling, with Uncle Jud's rescue of her for a denouement.

The most pathetic feature of this intermingled history—the years while sweet Abby Grey waited and watched for her lover—was left untold. Only once was it referred to by Aunt Mandy, in an indirect way; but the quick lowering of Old Cy's eyes and the shadow that overspread his face, checked her at once. Almost intuitively she realized its unwisdom, and that it was a sorrow best not referred to.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Good Japanese Innovation.

An Austrian military organ draws attention to one of the minor details of the Japanese musketry practice during the late war which seems to have escaped notice in Europe. In European armies the question of a rifle rest for long range firing has led to many ingenious contrivances for devising tripod arrangements. The Japanese war department solved the difficulty in a much simpler but equally effective way. They just provided the soldier with a bag of stout cotton eight inches wide and 20 inches long, which he could carry in his cartridge case on the march, and on reaching the fighting line could in a minute stuff with earth or stones. The device gave amazing assistance in accuracy of rifle fire.—New Orleans Picayune.

River Made Him Insure.

Get Tired of Falling Into Water and Sought Protection.

One of our men selling insurance tellis of an instance where a special manifestation and a moving of the spirit and the flesh were necessary to make a New Madrid man take out a policy, says an insurance man in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. He had a place on the river bank below the town. His little shack was perched on a bluff which jutted far out over the water. There had been a good many landslides down there, caused by the disintegration of the bank. The agent sighted the shack the first thing when he made the town and that afternoon he went up there to talk business. There was nothing doing. The old fellow was a fatalist and he didn't believe in insurance. "I go as the spirit moves me," he said, solemnly. The agent was persistent. "You might fall in the river some day," he said. "Well, I tell you all, honey, I ain't never fell in yet. When I've done fell in you can come around and see me." Five months later the agent made the town again. He sighted the shack. But it wasn't where it had been. It was a mile or so back from the bluff. But the man who lived there was waiting at the gang-plank. He grabbed the agent's hand and said: "I thought maybe you was on the boat and I came down to wait for you all." After an awkward pause he added: "I guess maybe I'll take that policy. I've done fell in three times. You'd better put a policy on the shack, too. I'm tired of fishin' it outen the river an' totin' it up the hill."

Gleanings of Gotham

Interesting Bits of News from the Great Metropolis.

Financed Count; Wants His Money Back

NEW YORK.—It is eminently proper to finance a young nobleman in his search for an American heiress if the cards come out right. If they don't, frenzied matrimonial financing is a thankless and profitless pastime. Just ask Carl Berger of the Hotel Gotham.

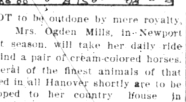
Years ago Berger, on the occasion of the never to be forgotten presence of three counts in Newport in search of American dollars in exchange for titles more or less desirable, advanced the money to make these entries in the matrimonial stakes eligible to start. Two of the stable "ran in the money" and repaid the confidence of their backer. The third has still to earn matrimonial brackets.

This little memento has to do with the one who failed in Berger's Newport campaign—Count Hadik de Futak, as gallant a Magyar as ever crossed from Buda-Pesth, according to Mine Host Berger, and also a deep scholar, an orator in the Magyar parliament and a swordsman without a peer in Europe. But, yes, Count Alexander was also careless, not pitifully so, but just sort of forgetful.

It wasn't a great deal, either, merely a matter of something like $10,000 apiece for each of the exalted trio, but Count Hadik's memory is so healthy that it refuses absolutely to recall the benevolence of Carl. Time was when Carl got letters from Count Alexander, but not now. Of course, his chums, Count Zichy and Count Boni Castellane, have been over the matrimonial hurdles, even though Boni has been unhorsed. When Hadik de Futak was entertaining here in New York he became suddenly—well, pressed for money. Strange as it may appear, his chum, Count Bela Zichy, experienced the same nauseating sensation about the same particular moment. Did they find an angel? Yep. They did.

And now cometh the angel, Carl Berger, and asketh Count Hadik to return that paltry $8,000 or $10,000 which he borrowed from him during the height of his social fame. Right here let it be said that Count Zichy did duly make reparation for an amount close to $10,000 after he married Mrs. Yznaga, so that there is no grievance 'twixt Mr. Berger and Count Bela. But Count Hadik is as yet in the unpaid list, and the claim has been put in the hands of a lawyer, the same who represents Szechenyi and other matrimonial good things.

Cream Colored Horses for Mrs. Mills



NOT to be outdone by mere royalty, Mrs. Ogden Mills, in Newport next season, will take her daily ride behind a pair of cream-colored horses. Several of the finest animals of that breed in all Hanover shortly are to be shipped to her country house in Staatsburg, for Mrs. Mills will not rely on a single pair. There must be enough of the nags to insure that at least two always will be ready for use. As horses of that kind are as subject to small illnesses as were the heroines of the early Victorian school, five or six will be domiciled in the Mills stable. It is expected Mrs. Mills will create a sensation in the millionaire colony when she drives abroad behind her perfectly matched creams. The animals are exceptionally beautiful, being much more striking in appearance than the whitest of white horses. Besides they do not recall the old superstition about the red-haired girl. Mrs. Mills has paid a pretty penny for her newest whim, but it is said they are well worth the outlay. Of course, such equine aristocrats are not to be driven along dusty roads, not to speak of in the mud. They show to advantage only on roads smooth as the proverbial billiard table.

Cream-colored horses drew the royal coach in London recently, when the king and queen went from Buckingham palace to Westminster for the opening of parliament. They were a feature of the ceremony that attracted all eyes. Napoleon Bonaparte and Empress Josephine rode behind similar animals to Notre Dame when they went there to be crowned.

All the cream-colored nags used by royalty are known as Isabels, possibly because they look as if they had been scoured scrupulously with castile soap.

The Bread Line and the Whisker Line

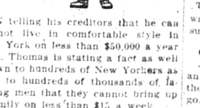
THE bread line! Nearly every one knows it. It is the long, thin (alas, how long and thin!) line of shivering men stretching away in the dark of a winter's night from Fleischmann's or some other place; a line of starving, freezing mortals, standing for hours, sometimes in snow; sometimes incrusted with sleet; often wet through—always miserable, hoping to get a cup of coffee and some rolls or broken bread crusts with which to keep life a little longer in their bodies.

That is the bread line, the gathering of the poverty-stricken, and whether or not most of the beggars who assemble deserve all that has come to them in the way of woe, the beauty and godliness of the inspiration that makes the bread line charity possible cannot be doubted.

But there is another "line" in this and other cities—a long line generally; and often, but not always, thin line, that forms itself in the morning hours, not so early as does the bread line, but early enough to escape the attention of the man who could not recognize the face of his alarm clock if the hands pointed to seven and twelve. It is a poorly clad line, and it bears all the marks the bread line has gathered by the contact of its constituent parts with the world, the flesh and the devil. On very cold mornings the line does not form at all. A few individuals who really want a clean face with which to apply for a job may brave the frigid blasts, but, generally speaking, the second line is not to be seen when Mercury is using zero for a collar. Hair is warming.

This second line is the "whisker line," the line of the unshaven, unshorn, unkempt, at the doors of the "barber colleges." Like the man wanting a cup of coffee and a roll for nothing, the one wanting a shave and a haircut free can get both, with a shampoo on the side—no, on the head—and even an occasional electrical massage—can get all he desires and more, too. The whisker line is not nearly so pathetic as the bread line, but its rules are similar to those of the other gatherings: First in line, first served; "patrons" forfeit their places by stepping out of line or by disorderly conduct; tipping waiters or barbers not allowed. Inside the barber college each human atom of the whisker line is made the subject upon which the tonsorial freshman, junior or sophomore practices until he is satisfied with the excellence of his "recitation" or the subject cries for mercy.

$50,000 a Year to Live in Modest Style



IN telling his creditors that he can not live in comfortable style in New York on less than $50,000 a year E. R. Thomas is stating a fact as well known to hundreds of New Yorkers as it is to hundreds of thousands of laboring men that they cannot bring up a family on less than $15 a week.

And Mr. Thomas' estimate of $50,000 a year does not include anything except what most men in his position regard as necessary expenses. He already has a palatial mansion in town, a country place and automobiles of all the types regarded as essential. All that he was figuring on was maintaining what he now owns—nothing in the way of purchases was provided for except what any of his associates would regard as an extremely modest estimate for clothes.

Mr. Thomas did not itemize what he regards as his necessary expenses, considering the position he wishes to keep up or drop out of the running with the men he has been associating with, but it is not difficult to see how he could spend $50,000 a year and still not be accused of extravagance by hundreds of other men who, like himself, have been spending $150,000 a year and upward.

Several men who hardly count dollars, to say nothing of pennies, to whom the above estimate of expenses

COST OF LIVING.

Maintaining town house	$20,000
Keeping up country place	10,000
Entertaining friends	5,000
Clothes for wife and self	5,000
Maintaining automobiles	2,500
Month at Palm Beach	2,000
Dues at three clubs	1,000
Cost of opera box	500
Total	$46,000

was shown, agreed that is modest and substantially accurate.

Gen. Lee, the Champion Kisser.

John S. Wise of New York delivered an address on Robert E. Lee before the Twentieth Century club of Chicago. Mr. Wise is the son of Gen. Wise of the confederate army and served himself under Lee during the war. He told of carrying the last dispatch from President Davis to Gen. Lee and stated that on that occasion the general said the war was ending as he had felt for the first time it would. Mr. Wise said that Lieut. Hobson in his osculatory career was but emulating the triumphal progress of Gen. Lee. "No man ever lived," he said, "who could fold a sweet young bud as gallantly in his arms and salute her as gracefully and with as much benediction as Robert E. Lee. In the lives of thousands of southern girls no event was more dearly cherished than the kiss of Gen. Lee."

Lincoln's Retort.

An ambitious woman once wrote to Abraham Lincoln, asking for a sentiment and his autograph. The president answered promptly:

"Dear Madam: When you write to a stranger, asking the favor of a letter, always inclose a postage stamp. There's the sentiment.

"Here's the autograph: A. Lincoln."

A WELL MAN, AT 81.

The Interesting Experience of an Old Settler of Virginia.

Daniel S. Queen, Burrell Street, Salem, Va., says: "Years ago while lifting a heavy weight a sudden pain shot through my back and after that I was in constant misery from kidney trouble. One spell kept me in bed six weeks. My arms and legs were stiff and I was helpless as a child. The urine was discolored and though I used one remedy after another, I was not helped until I used Doan's Kidney Pills, and I was so bad then that the first box made only a slight change. To-day, however, I am a well man, at 81, and I owe my life and health to the use of Doan's Kidney Pills."

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

JUDGING BY THE RESULTS.

Villager's Conversion Had Not Been of Great Avail.

"In our business we get many doubtful compliments," said Col. John F. Bishop, deputy surveyor of the port, the other day, "but I do not think I ever received a compliment such as my grandfather got down in my native state of Tennessee. My grandfather was a minister and I was a very small boy when we both strolled down the road one day. One of our fellow villagers came along toward us.

"'Good morning,' said the villager, who apparently had looked upon the cup. 'I-sh conver—hic—ted, parson,' he stammered with difficulty. 'Antwashyou—hic—that con—hic—converted—hic—me.'

"'That must be so,' replied my grandfather, 'for it's certain, the Almighty had nothing to do with your conversion.'"—New York Evening Telegram.

THREE CURES OF ECZEMA.

Woman Tells of Her Brother's Terrible Suffering—Two Babies Also Cured—Cuticura Invaluable.

"My brother had eczema three different summers. Each summer it came out between his shoulders and down his back, and he said his suffering was terrible. When it came on the third summer, he bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and gave it a faithful trial. Soon he began to feel better and he cured himself entirely of eczema with Cuticura. A lady in Indiana heard of how my daughter, Mrs. Miller, had cured her little son of terrible eczema by the Cuticura Remedies. This lady's little one had the eczema so badly that they thought they would lose it. She used Cuticura Remedies and they cured her child entirely, and the disease never came back. Mrs. Sarah E. Lusk, Coldwater, Mich., Aug. 15 and Sept. 2, 1907."

MORE THAN LIKELY.

W. Willie—I see automobiles have been introduced in Borneo.

T. T. M.—What do you think will be the result?

W. Willie—An increase in the number of wild men.

Marble Consolation.

"Never mind, dear," said the author's wife, "the world doesn't appreciate you now, but some of these days it will see things in a different light, and give you a big monument; and if it should not, you just keep up your life insurance, and I'll see to it myself. You deserve a monument, if ever man did!"

And then he said it looked like rain, but he thought he'd risk it outside awhile, anyhow."

Wouldn't Burn.

The coal man came down like a wolf on the fold,
He jingled with silver, he tinkled with gold;
He sold us his specialty—"walnut" by name—
And we slated our roof in the spring with the same.

THE DOCTOR'S GIFT.

Food Worth Its Weight in Gold.

We usually expect the doctor to put us on some kind of penance and give us bitter medicines.

A Penn. doctor brought a patient something entirely different and the results are truly interesting.

"Two years ago," writes this patient, "I was a frequent victim of acute indigestion and biliousness, being allowed to eat very few things. One day our family doctor brought me a small package, saying he had found something for me to eat, at last.

"He said it was a food called Grape-Nuts, and even as its golden color might suggest, it was worth its weight in gold. I was sick and tired, trying one thing after another to no avail, but at last consented to try this new food.

"Well! it surpassed my doctor's fondest anticipation and every day since then I have blessed the good doctor and the inventor of Grape-Nuts.

"I noticed improvement at once and in a month's time my former spells of indigestion had disappeared. In two months I felt like a new man. My brain was much clearer and keener, my body took on the vitality of youth, and this condition has continued."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.