The GLOW of the RUBILS

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SYNOPSIS.

Richard Lightnut, an American with an affected English accent, receives a present from a friend in China. The present proves to be a pair of pajamas. A letter hints of surprise to the wearer. Lightnut dons the pajamas and lets at night grip up for a smoke. His servant, Jenkins, comes in and, failing to recognize Lightnut, attempts to put him out. Thinking the servant crazy, Lightnut changes his clothes intending to summon help. When he reappears Jenkins falls on his neck with joy, confirming Lightnut's belief that he is crazy. Jenkins tells Lightnut of the encounter he had with a hideous Chinaman dressed in pajamas. In a message from his friend, Jack Billings, Lightnut is asked to put up "the kid" for the night on his way home from college. Later Lightnut finds a beautiful girl in black pajamas in his room. Lightnut is shocked by the girl's drinking, smoking and slangy talk. She tells him her name is Francis and puzzles him with a story of her love for her sister's room-mate, named Frances. Next discovering the girl is missing and Lightnut hurries to the boat to see her off. He is accosted by a husky college boy, who calls him "Dicky," but he does not see the girl. Jack Billings calls to spend the night with Lightnut. They discover priceless rubies hidden in the buttons of the pajamas. Billings dons the pajamas and retires. Lightnut later discovers in his apartment a beefy person in button-chop whiskers and wearing pajamas. Jenkins calls the police, who declare the intruder to be a criminal, called "Foxy Grandpa." The intruder declares he is Lightnut's guest and appeals to the latter in vain. He is hustled off to jail. In the morning Lightnut is astonished to find Billings gone, and more astonished when he gets a message from the latter demanding his clothes. Lightnut, bound for Tarrytown, Billings' home, discovers "Frances," the girl of the pajamas, on the train. Lightnut speaks to her and alludes to the night before. She declares indignantly that Lightnut never saw her in black pajamas. At Tarrytown Frances is met by a husky college youth, who hails Lightnut as "Dicky." The latter ignores the boy, who then threatens to thrash him for offending Frances. Lightnut takes the next train home. Billings pleons over the outrage of his arrest. He and Lightnut discover mysterious Chinese characters on the pajamas. Professor Loosenberry is called in to interpret the hieroglyphics. He raves over what he calls the lost silk of Si-Lung-Chi. The writing declares that a person wearing the pajamas will take on the semblance of the precious wearer. The professor borrows the pajamas for experiment. "Billings" dressed in pajamas is found in the professor's room and is taken home in an automobile with Frances and a woman. Lightnut calls "the frump." Lightnut is angered by "the frump's slanderous talk about "Francis." "Billings" is taken to his room. A servant tells Lightnut that a message has just been received stating that Billings was under arrest in New York for stealing a suit of black pajamas. Judge Billings astonishes Lightnut with a tale of Francis' escapades. Lightnut asks permission to speak to "Frances." The judge declares that not another living person would treat the job, and Lightnut, his mind occupied with the beautiful Frances, is greatly mystified. Policeman O'Keefe returns the black pajamas and Lightnut sends them to Billings' rooms.

CHAPTER XXV.

"If Ever I Find a Man!"

"I trust you've not been getting into trouble, Mr. Lightnut!"

Her lovely eyes were dancing with mischief as they hung there below mine—eyes, bluer than the Hudson at our feet; yet between the jolly ripples that played across those pools of truth I could glimpse far down into depths that were the most devilish, entrancing, darkly, deeply, beautifully—oh, you know!

Why, by Jove, I almost took a cropper right into them! Only caught just in time, you know; straightened right on the verge, as it were—and came up with a gasp, monocle dangling.

Had almost forgotten the dashed windows—and the two cats that might be looking out!

I murmured some jolly apology, adding:

"Oh, yes—quite so; certainly! I mean—eh, what?"

She was smiling, her rose-petal lip dragging through her teeth.

"The 'bobby,' you know, just now"—she nodded toward the porte-cochere—"I was positive he had come to drag you away to your loathsome dungeon. And when he retired, I was—oh, so relieved!" And she clasped her hands, her eyes lifting upward.

"Oh, I say now—were you, though?"

I grinned delightedly and slipping to a rustic chair beside her, looked her affectionately in the eye. For all her air of chaffing, I knew that under it was a current of anxiety for me—the darling!

I screwed my glass at her tenderly.

"What would you have done?" I said softly, "if he had—er—lugged me off, you know?"

"Can you ask?" What a reproachful side-glance she shot me through the meshes of her silken what-you-call-'ems! "Why, of course, I should have drawn my good excalibar and run him thr-r-rough and thr-r-rough!"

By Jove, how she said it! And she illustrated with the stemless rose—dash it, no; the roseless stem! She was superb—looked like the jolly fencing girl; only a dashed sight more stunning, don't you know! And her excalibar, too! Didn't know what a jolly excalibar was, but guessed it was some delightfully mysterious but deadly feminine thing—some kind of submerged hat-pin-sort-of-thing, you know—that sort, dash it! Yet she would have drawn it—and her good one, too, she said!

"Jove!" I said feelingly. "Would you, really?" And I almost took her hand—and again remembered the windows! So I just shot her a look.

Her glorious eyes sparkled. "That is, I would if I had one," she said smiling; "but I'm afraid poor Arthur lost the last and only one. Sad, isn't it?"

"Oh!"

I just felt my jolly heart sink like what's-it-is-name. Who the deuce was "poor Arthur?" This must be another—some other thundering chap who had been engaged to her. And what a rotten, careless beggar, too, to have lost it—that is, if he really had! Of course, he would say so, anyhow. And how the deuce did he get it, in the first place—did she give it to him, or did he—

By Jove, how I should have liked to punch Arthur's head! Always did hate a chap with that name! I flushed guiltily, but she did not see. For the moment, she was looking off dreamily across the valley.

"I wonder," she said pensively, "why it is one can never find another man like Arthur. Do you suppose it is because he was the ideal?"

For an instant, I swallowed hard—then I plucked up bravely, or tried to, don't you know.

"Jolly likely!" I chirped. Then gloomily: "Oh, I say, you know, was he your ideal?"

"Always!"—the blue eyes lighted wistfully—"I suppose it's because he was my first love; I found him so brave, so noble-mannered, you know—so simple!"

Simple! Dash simple people—never could stand them! Thing I admired most in Arthur was his seriously and answered her in kind:

"Perfectly sure of it, don't you know!"

And, by Jove, I was! Knew if there had been any change, some newspaper-reading chap at the club would have mentioned it—that was safe; especially one silly ass who was always reading of some jolly comet that was coming. He would know about the nights.

"Yes—Oh, yes, there are just as many!" I affirmed positively, and added quickly: "More, you know!" For suddenly I remembered it was leap-year, and I knew there was some jolly rhyme about leap-year gives us one day more—so, of course, there'd be another night!

"You don't know how glad I am to hear you say that," she said musingly. "There are just as many knights, you mean, but the conditions have changed—the man is changed—is that it?"

I should say the man was changed! "Oh, dash it, yes!" I blurted. By Jove, I hoped there wouldn't be another change.

"You mean"—with a little, challenging, puzzled smile, she leaned forward, her elbow resting upon her knee like a sculptured, Grecian pillar; her flower-like curving fingers supporting her chin like a Corinthian what's-it-name, you know; the sort of thing the ancient what-you-call-'ems always added to top off their stunning marble columns—you know!—well, like that—"you mean we may find knights, not only in the field, but in the shops, upon the streets—even in the slums; or in the hospitals, in the church or upon the bench—that is your idea?"

It wasn't my idea at all—I should say not! Who wanted to spend nights prowling around that way? Why—why, it wasn't respectable, dash it! Besides, that sort of thing—excursioning about seeing things—was dreadfully tiresome, if you asked me. I never did do it, even abroad, where you work all night. But then, there were dozens and dozens of other places we could go—well, I should just say!

I had just been about to suggest this to her when I saw she was going to speak. So I waited, smiling at her tenderly.

"And about Arthur—" she began, and I cut myself a painful stab with my nails—right in the palm—"now there is a case where I think you find"—she nodded toward the house again—"where you find one of his superb qualities, the one quality that, of all, I admire in a man the most."

"By Jove!" I said, leaning forward. I wondered what it was—and then, dash it, I asked her.

"Just trust!" she said simply, and her face grew luminous. "Faith, perhaps I should say. My father has it larger than any man I ever knew; it is something that goes out from him with his friendship, with his love, making a dual gift"—her voice dropped thoughtfully—"I have studied it in him all my life, and it has always seemed so beautiful to me—so wonderful—the unquestioning peace he has"—her blue eyes widened, shining—"has ever in return for the perfect, abiding trust that he gives to the thing he calls his own. I know, for he has made me feel it from the time I was a tiny little girl!" The last word was almost a whisper, so tense, so vibrant with feeling was it—she seemed to have forgotten my existence. "And if ever I find a man—" she breathed.

I coughed slightly and she started, stared at me—and then the dimple deepened in her cheek, lost in a bed of jolly roses. Her laughter pealed forth, birdlike—delicious!

"I beg your pardon!" she said. "But when I think of papa and of how he believes in his children, especially poor little me, I think I must get—" Her roguish, puzzled smile searched my face. "How is it you say it?—oh, I know—I think I must be getting dippy!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"I Trust You've Not Been Getting Into Trouble, Mr. Lightnut!"

"Poor Fellow!"

BEAVER FINDS AN ADVOCATE

British Rancher of Opinion the Little Animal is Much Abused, and Gives His Reasons.

"There has been a lot of garbled stuff written in regard to the poor humble beaver," says a correspondent. "He is the most abused animal of any in existence in British Columbia today.

"He shuts up water in creeks, overflows meadows, eats off apple trees if you get them too close to his wanderings, and, in fact, to hear the complaints about him, you folks on the outside would think he should be exterminated. But not so; he is man's best friend in regard to the water question.

"Now, I am an admirer of the beaver; he has not a lazy hair on his body. He works unceasingly to shut up what you have torn out; not only for his part, but for the rancher that wants the water. As fast as you can open their dams every morning all the summer they will close them again at night. But put in a good dam and flume box with gate, and your trouble is over in a great measure.

"They will once in a while shut up the box, but not often. Hang up a piece of bright tin on a spring box so the tin will swash in the water, and you will not be bothered much at the box. Now, if the ranchers left all these cuts open, which they all do, your water would all run off in the winter's thaws. So that is where the beaver comes to their relief. He shuts them up himself. And then he gets blamed for doing it.

"A beaver is awful shy when he first sees man. He certainly puts out for a little time. But you show up evenings for about a week or ten days and just walk around and pile a few sticks across their path where they are hauling down cotton wood or willows to the lake or pond and they will see you and smell of the stick and get the scent of your hands and your tracks.

"Then they will quit that place and go make another. Well, you do the same at that place and so on two or three nights and they will get your scent so that they know it means no harm to them. They will pull all your sticks out of the road and keep right on at work. Now their fear of man is all past; they take no more notice of your being around than they would a brother or cousin.

"The beaver is one of the easiest of the larger animals to domesticate. He is fond of most any kind of roots, but of all the wild roots, he likes the big pond lily root that grows to enormous size. Some roots are from five to six feet long, three to four inches in diameter. They criss cross and grow together till they are a regular mat. Then what he likes next is the white carrot, also the red. They are poor eaters out of a dish; they want to sit up and brace themselves on that muscular tail and take the food in their forepaws, or their little hands."—Fur News.

The Cure for Degeneration.

Attention is just now rather too much concentrated—with the most humanitarian motives, to be sure—on that kind of social perfection which consists in bringing everybody up to an average. It is time to emphasize also the importance of producing and making the most of the few really great men through whom the world mainly progresses, the pioneers and the prophets of civilization and the arts. Of degeneration we have a morbid and needless fear; the best cure for it is not medical science, but social justice. Break up the slums, take the boys out of gangs and find them clean sport and congenial work. Pull down the rookeries, let in the sun and air, keep human life from festering in rotten places and nature will do the rest. Breeds and races may die out, but there are always new ones being created, and nature is herself the greatest of regenerating forces, destroying the decadent even a she checks the superman before he becomes as the gods.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

About the Spare Room.

How often the best and sunniest bedroom in a small house is set aside for the rare visitor, while the children are cramped for space, or its master, the bread-winner, has some dark cupboard as his special sanctum. If he attempts to write in the dining-room he must bundle away his papers whenever the table is required for a meal, and the wear and tear to his temper—for every man finds it aggravating to be "hustled"—often makes him "gey ill to live with." But for the "fetish" of that seldom used spare room he would find home far more bearable, and his wife would reap a sure reward for the sacrifice of the petty pride which makes her think more of "what people will say" than of her husband's comfort.

Privations of Exploring Party.

Great privations were indured by A. H. Savage Landor during some portions of his eighteen months' journey across South America and back. He says: "When I left Rio in March of last year I took enough provisions to last for a year, but owing to wastage on the part of my men and loss, these eventually gave out, and toward the end of that part of the expedition through the unexplored portion of Brazil we remained for sixteen days without a morsel of anything to eat. Happily there was plenty of water, but there was no game, no fruit, no fish and no inhabitants, and neither my men nor myself had sufficient food to cover a six-pence."

The "Workin' Stiff."

"He is one of the army of unskilled laborers easily mobilized on any of a variety of industrial frontiers," write Charles Phelps Cushing and Arthur Killick in the issue of Harper's Weekly—"an army estimated now at half a million, content to do the hardest sorts of toil at wages so low that not more than one man in a thousand saves anything." When he gets into trouble the "stiff's" hands are his best credentials. "Look at his hands, sergeant," the magistrate says. "The police court bailiff feels their palms and makes one of two permissible answers, 'Soft as a baby's, yer Honor!' or 'Hard as nails, sir.'"

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IS ABSOLUTELY HEALTHFUL

Its active principle solely grape acid and baking soda. It makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

The low priced, low grade powders put alum or lime phosphates in the food.

Ask Your Doctor About That

The value of forethought is often demonstrated by the after effects.

If your digestion is a little off color a course of Garfield Tea will do you good.

A woman may not realize that she has a good figure until other women begin to find fault with it.

Stop the Pain.

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolsalve is applied. It heals quickly and prevents scars. 25c and 50c by druggists. For free sample write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

Practical Version.

Mrs. Knicker—Laugh and the world laughs with you.

Mrs. Bocker—Weep and you get a present.

Its Advantages.

"I think the pillory ought to be revived as punishment for this frenzied financing."

"Why so?"

"Because it provided a fitting penalty in stocks and bonds."

The Usual Way.

"Yes; he committed political suicide."

"How can a man commit political suicide?"

"By shooting off his mouth."

The Heirloom.

A Pittsburg drummer in a small town dropped into a place to get a bite to eat. The place looked familiar, but he didn't know the proprietor.

"Been running this place long?" inquired the drummer.

"No; I just inherited it from my father."

"Ah, yes. I knew him. I recognize this old cheese sandwich on the counter."

Mixture of Caution and Economy.

At the Union depot a few evenings ago a mother who had gone to see her daughter, a miss of about 18 years, safely started on a journey, was heard to give the young lady the following words of advice just before the train started. "Now, good-by, my dear. Take good care of yourself and remember not to be too free with strangers on the train. But if a nice looking man should speak to you be polite to him—he may buy your supper for you."—Kansas City Star.

No Social Tact.

At a club dance an enthusiastic member approached a rather dull member and said unto him:

"Say, for heaven's sake go over and talk to Miss Fryte. She is sitting all by herself."

"But—but what shall I say to her?"

"Tell her how pretty she is."

"But she ain't pretty."

"Well, then tell her how ugly the other girls are. Ain't you got no social tact?"

Good Bait.

Aunt Sarah, cook in a Richmond family, took home a dish of macaroni from her mistress' table for the edification of her own family. When her children had been assured that it was good they proceeded to eat with great gusto. The next morning Aunt Sarah discovered two of her offspring in the yard turning over stones and soil and scratching vigorously in the earth.

"Hear, yo' chillun!" called out Aunt Sarah, "what yo' all doin'?"

"We's a-huntin'" was the reply, "fo' some mo' of dem macaroni worms."

A Question of Names.

In some of the country districts of Ireland it is not an uncommon thing to see carts with the owners' names chalked on to save the expense of painting. Practical jokers delight in rubbing out these signs to annoy the owners.

A constabulary sergeant one day accosted a countryman whose name had been thus wiped out unknown to him.

"Is this your cart, my good man?"

"Of course it is!" was the reply. "Do you see anything the matter wid it?"

"I observe," said the pompous policeman, "that your name is o-blitherated."

"Then ye're wrong," quoth the countryman, who had never come across the long word before, "for me name's O'Flaherty, and I don't care who knows it."—Youth's Company.

The humor of some people is so delicate they ought to take a tonic for it.

Garfield Tea is a fine laxative being composed wholly of pure, health-giving herbs.

And the Lord also helps those who help others.

Red Cross Ball Blue gives double value for your money, goes twice as far as any other. Ask your grocer.

His View.

Hewitt—This place is 1,000 feet above the sea level.

Jewett—But the sea isn't on the level; it always makes me sick.

Nothin' in It.

Teacher of infant geography class—John Mace may tell us what a strait is.

John Mace—It's jus' th' plain stuff, 'thout nothin' in it.—Judge.

They Are Overworked Now.

Four-year-old Dick had made an important discovery that his hair would pull out if enough force was exerted, and was absorbed in proving the fascinating find on his forelock. His sister—aged seven—noted the proceeding with round-eyed horror.

"Dickie! Dickie!" she cried, "you musn't do that!"

"Why?" demanded Dickie, with the cynicism of childhood.

"Because the Bible says that all your hairs are numbered—and if you pull any out you'll make a lot of extra bookkeeping for the angels."

Deliberating.

The Rev. James Hamilton, minister of Liverpool, while on holiday in Scotland, had a narrow escape from drowning. Accompanied by a boy, Mr. Hamilton was fishing for sea-trout when he slipped on a stone, lost his balance, and being encumbered with heavy wading boots, had great difficulty in keeping his head above water. Finally he managed to get back to the shore, although in a very exhausted state, and said to the boy: "I noticed that you never tried to help me." "Na," was the deliberate response, "but I was thinkin' o't."

Her Ruling Passion.

The woman who had chased dust and dirt all her life finally reached St. Peter.

"Come in, you poor, tired woman," he said, and held the gate ajar.

But the woman hesitated.

"Tell me first," she said, "how often you clean house?"

The saint smiled.

"You can't shake off the ruling passion, can you?" he said. "Oh, well, step inside and they'll give you a broom and dustpan instead of a harp."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Simple Explanation.

To illustrate a point that he was making—that his was the race with a future and not a race with a past—Booker T. Washington told this little story the other day.

He was standing by his door one morning when old Aunt Caroline went by.

"Good morning, Aunt Caroline," he said. "Where are you going this morning?"

"Lawzee, Mista' Wash'ton," she replied. "I'se done been whar I'se gwine."—Kansas City Star.

JUST CAUSE FOR PRIDE.

"Wot's he so tickled about?"

"He's jest discovered his birthday's on de same day as Ad Wolgast's!"

"He bit the hand that fed him" said Teddy of Big Bill,
And didn't tell us if the bite had made the biter ill.
Now had Toasties been the subject of Bill's voracious bite
He'd have come back for another with a keener appetite.

Written by WILLIAM T. HINCKS,
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One of the 50 Jingles for which the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich., paid $1000.00 in May.