Secretary of Frivolous Affairs

by MAY TUTRELL

Illustrations by V.L. BARNES

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SYNOPSIS.

Jo Codman and her sister Louie are left orphans. Their property is swept away by the death of their father and they are compelled to cast for some means of living. Louie answers an advertisement of an invalid who wants a companion. She gets the position. Louie advertises for a position, as companion, and Mrs. Hazard replies. She offers Louie a position as her "secretary of frivolous affairs." Her chief work is to steer Mrs. Hazard's son and daughter in the right matrimonial path. Louie talks to baseball to Hap Hazard and also gains the confidence of Laura Hazard. The Duc d'Aubigny is believed to be interested in Laura. Mrs. Hazard gives a big reception. Louie meets many people high in the social world. Natalie Agazziz, to whom Hap has been paying attentions, is considerably troubled during the reception by electric lights in the ceiling. Louie finds it necessary to remove the globes. Mrs. Hazard is displeased at the change. Louie is discharged. Hap Hazard is sent to New York to collect bills. Louie goes to Paris, where many notables have been treated by her former employer. Louie meets the Paris of Winthrop Abbott, an author, in whom Laura takes considerable interest. Duc de Trouville arrives in Paris and pleads with Laura Hazard to marry him. Winthrop's necklace is stolen at night. Next morning the papers announce the robbery of several nearby homes. Natalie accuses Louie of stealing her ruby pendant. Mrs. Hazard assures Louie of her confidence in her. Hap declares his love for Louie. She reciprocates, but will not admit it as she fears what Mrs. Hazard will say. Louie is excused from dinner on account of a headache. She is bombarded with notes from Hap imploring her to see him. Winthrop is arrested in the presence of Hap and Louie, charged with robbing General Schuyler's home and shooting the general. A box of jewels is found in Winthrop's safe, among them an emerald bracelet exactly like the one lost by Natalie. Natalie apologizes to Louie for accusing her of theft. Louie is awakened at midnight and finds Hap in her room. Next morning Hap explains that he was in pursuit of a mysterious woman he had seen in the corridor and who eluded him by passing through Louie's room.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"Of course, I might have been mistaken, but the Duc d'Aubigny is not easily forgotten. He has a peculiar scar—"

"Yes, I know," I interrupted. "A saber cut."

"He's a handsome devil," she mused. "Saturday he seemed a bit shabby, and his hair was cropped close, as if he hadn't been out of prison long, and still he was handsome. I had leisure to observe him, and I am absolutely sure of him. We were caught in a mattinee crush, and the Duc d'Aubigny was standing at the curb not six feet away from me. He saw me. He looked at me just as one glances at any stranger, but he knew me! I started to speak to him, but I never act on impulse, and there was a look in his eye that I had made a mistake. But if he wasn't the Duc d'Aubigny it was his ghost!"

"But how could the Duc d'Aubigny have taken the ruby—"

"Sh-h-h-h!" she whispered. "I haven't dared think that far. He couldn't possibly have been connected in any way—" She did not finish. "You won't mention this to a soul, will you, Miss Codman? It's rather absurd."

"But if Winthrop should need—"

"You said his arrest was not serious," she interrupted.

"No, it isn't. Do you think Mr. Abbott is a thief?" I asked her plainly.

"I did think so. I'm sure now he isn't."

"Why?" I wanted to know. "Have you a reason?"

"Yes. I've come to my senses," she smiled.

Just how that red-headed reporter managed to come back up the drive, way in a noisy car without either Hap or myself seeing him was an unexplained mystery. We both were quite in earshot on the tennis courts, and I was not playing. If only Hap had instructed Burrows not to take the cars to Natalie! But he never thought of that.

Natalie, at first, sent back word that she was not there, but on the back of a card which bore the name "Mr. Samuel Dick, Evening Columbian," the reporter wrote something sufficiently magical to bring Natalie downstairs, and the conversation which followed was sufficiently magical to send Natalie to her room to don a hat. She climbed in the car with the red-headed reporter, and was driven away. Two hours later she returned, went to her room, and sent Minette to say to Mrs. Hazard that she had a slight headache and didn't wish to be disturbed.

The Evening Columbian fell like a bomb into our midst at Lone Oak just before dinner. I remember one awful line in that glaring heading:

"Miss Agazziz Positively Identifies Emerald Bracelet."

Poor old Winthrop!

CHAPTER XIX.

The Arrival of Jo.

There's something so self-reliant about Jo. She drove up under the porte cochere late Wednesday afternoon, jammed on the emergency, pushed up her goggles and alighted, totally oblivious of the surprised and admiring glances directed at her from those who happened to be having tea and things on the terrace. Jo's like a man: she's so sure of herself, and I suppose a lone woman is a sulking brute of a cad was just a little out of the ordinary. Benny Bliss arose, taking his high ball with him, and perched frankly on the stone coping until Lydia pulled his coat and gave a sidelong glance in my direction.

"Where's the garage?" Jo asked as came to meet her.

"Vincent will take the car around for you," I told her.

I sounded the buzz for Vincent and took her upstairs. It was good to see her again. I felt that she was going to be a strong, firm prop in a sagging household party still suffering from the shock of that awful damaging, evil report against Winthrop. Which we knew was false from the look in Natalie's eyes. Richmond said "Good!" when I told him Jo had arrived.

"Now, what's the matter?" she asked. "You look pale and drooping."

"Natalie?" I echoed. "Everything's the matter. Haven't you seen the papers about Mr. Abbott?"

"Yes, but I mean, what's the matter with you? You don't suppose I think I was sent for about a man I've never seen?"

"Oh, it's all over about me now," I told her. "Natalie lost a very valuable ruby and accused me of taking it. The circumstances were against me, but after we had telephoned for you she told me she knew I hadn't. I am no longer suspected."

"And is that all?" asked Jo, with that same unerring penetration.

I shook my head and tried to swallow a silly lump in my throat.

"He loves me," I said.

"He is Mr. Hazard—of course? Oh, Loulie! Loulie!"

She caught me in her arms and drew me close, and I cried on her motherly bosom while she kissed my hair.

"Jo, it had to happen," I sobbed. "He's so perfectly dear."

"They always are," Jo replied with a sigh. "And you love him! And of course you've got to break your heart and give him up!"

"What else could I do, Jo?" I asked. "Why, I haven't a penny; I'm practically a servant. I couldn't do anything else, could I?"

"You could," replied Jo, "but you won't. My poor little girl."

After I had finished my cry and doctored my nose I told her all the queer things that had happened in connection with those lost jewels. She had seen Winthrop's part of it in the newspapers. I even told her of that midnight chase where Hap suddenly had found himself in my bedroom, and what Natalie had told me of being sure she had seen the Duc d'Aubigny in town. It wasn't violating confidences, for Jo is Jo.

She thought it all over, and I was sure she was going to see a bully way of connecting the stray threads of the mystery. She has such a logical mind. But her question rather disappointed me.

"Is there any one here I know?" she asked.

"Not a soul," I answered. "There's no one we ever knew who ever poked his nose in the presence of any one who ever poked his nose in this crowd, Jo. They all are terribly exclusive and awfully rich. I don't believe there's any one here who can think of less than a million, unless it's Mrs. Cutler, and she isn't poor by any means. Of

course, I don't count the duke, for he's a duke; he has a title and prospects."

"Who is Mrs. Cutler?" asked Jo.

I brought out my list and showed her the entries; then I launched into social history. But it was all too much for her at once; she held up her hand for me to stop.

"You're scaring me to death," she said. "Why, I won't have courage to go down. I haven't but two dinner gowns to my name, and they—great goodness! I'll stay tonight and go home tomorrow, since you are no longer suspected."

I hadn't thought of her clothes. Poor old beautiful Jo! But she always looked lovely in anything she put on. I rang for Celie to unpack.

Celie knows a beautiful woman when she sees one; and she never disguises the fact that she thinks so. She hooked Jo into a very simple black gown that I had never seen before—and paused to wonder where she got it—then sat back on her heels on the floor and squealed Frenchily over the effect, as if she were entirely responsible for it.

"Ah, mademoiselle is most charming, most beautiful—oui oui, oh, oui oui!" Jo knew enough French to understand that. "Mademoiselle has the grand air; mademoiselle is exquisite!"

Mademoiselle undoubtedly was. But I stood with the most profound admiration for having had provided for me hanging upon my shoulders unhooked and unnoticed.

"Well, Celie," I remarked, "you might quit scrambling around on your knees and give me a little attention. Mademoiselle is not going to run away; she is here for a week."

"Ah, mademoiselle, pardon!" Celie cried. "My sweet, charming mademoiselle, I am all contrition. But mademoiselle is soeur is most beautiful. I am entrance—"

Jo paused in contemplation of her tall, slim figure in the mirror when Celie disappeared for a moment.

"How do you like my gown?" she asked.

"It's lovely. Where did you get it?"

"Made it myself," she answered, looking at me.

"That's a story, but I'm not the one to tell it," I retorted. "It looks like a model."

"It is a model," Jo said calmly. "And I marked 'Paris,' but it never saw Paris."

"What are you driving at?" I demanded.

"The establishment is Madame Gautier, Robes et Manteaux."

I looked at her as if she had taken leave of her senses, then gradually the truth dawned upon me.

"Then you're not studying botany!"

"No, dear, I'm learning a business. I'm already designing—I expect to have my own establishment next year."

I just wanted to sit down and weep. I felt that I could never forgive her, never, never! She caught me to her and pressed her cheek against mine.

"Don't be angry, dear. I couldn't let you do all the work. And Loulie, I simply couldn't bear the idea of teaching."

"Teaching! Fiddlesticks!" I snapped. "Dressmaking! More fiddlesticks! I wanted you to have your course in botany, and I'm so disappointed I'll never get over it."

She calmly turned and picked up my list of entries without trying to console me. She knew I'd get over it. She ran her forefinger down the page.

"Knew the duke abroad," she read. "Which duke? The Duc d'Aubigny, or the Duc de Trouville?"

"Why, the Duc de Trouville," I answered irritably. "Whatever made you think it was the Duc d'Aubigny?"

"Oh, I think of silly things like that sometimes," she replied. She stood so still for so very long, while her eyelashes swept her cheeks, that I began to fidget. "Did Miss Agazziz absolutely identify the emerald bracelet as her own?" she asked finally.

"Absolutely. It puts Winthrop in an awful hole, and Jo, Winthrop never took that bracelet. He's not a thief; he's a dear, and there's a horrible mistake somewhere."

When we came into the drawing-room Hap was lounging near the door waiting for me, quizzically regarding the animated circle of which His Grace was the center. John was all the way across the room, sitting near one of the open windows, but when he saw us he stared, got up, nearly upsetting a table, and, upon my soul, I believe he would rudely have interrupted the duke's involved speech over Jo's hand if I hadn't interfered.

"My sister, Miss Codman, Mr. Crowninshield," I said in a hurry, for fear he would actually kiss her before I got them introduced—John, who never looked twice at a woman in his life.

Jo gave him her hand and smiled, "Mr. Crowninshield," she murmured in the most approved tone. Jo was never cut out for a dressmaker.

"Why didn't you tell me?" John complained, and somehow our duke drifted into the background.

Jo's answer I didn't catch. I wondered what on earth John was talking about, what he meant by his question. He tried to maneuver her to a seat, but I came forward quickly.

"I want you to meet Miss Abercrombie, dear," I said, and drew her toward Lydia and all the while I was aching to get her to herself and ask her a few plain questions.

I was terribly upset. I didn't intend to have John falling in love with her, and he was doing it, for he was looking at her just as mooney as Hap always looks at me. She couldn't marry him any more than I could marry Hap, especially now, with this dressmaking nonsense, and I wasn't going to have those gorgeous eyes spoiled; it was all right for me to cry, but not Jo.

It was a horrid dinner party. Laura didn't come down, which reminded everybody of Winthrop; Natalie was late, Mrs. Hazard was plainly worried, and Lydia's vacant chair added another pucker to her brow. Hap was sillily, and kept trying to hold my hand under the table; and I was cross and didn't dare show it.

Natalie was shockingly late. She didn't come in until after the fish, but she was not in the least disturbed. She drifted to her place, all a-glitter with her jewels, which was most unusual; jewels were saved for occasions. Everybody noticed them, but Natalie chose to be unconscious of the stir her late, dazzling entrance had caused.

Hap spoke across the table to her when she sat down.

"Good morning," he said, laughing. Everything was rather hushed and still except for the clatter of dishes and silver as the course was changed, and everybody heard it. Everybody tittered—everybody but the duke, who didn't understand it, and Jo, who was never so undignified as to titter.

"I had rather wear them than lose them, dear," Natalie drawled in answer to a question Lydia asked smilingly flung at her when the laugh subsided. "Who knows when our North Shore thieves will descend upon Lone Oak!"

"Don't worry, my dear," Mrs. Hazard assured her. "There will be a detective here tomorrow to look after us all."

"Detective!" shrieked Lydia. "How interesting!"

"Dee-tec-teeve!" repeated His Grace, struggling with his pronunciation. "For why have a dee-tec-teeve?"

"For precaution, Your Grace," Mrs. Higginson answered him. "We Americans believe in locking the stable before the horse is stolen."

His Grace gazed at her amazed. Poor little duke! I wished that I could have been near to explain it in French. I don't know how he interpreted it.

"Well, I'm not afraid of thieves," Lydia declared. "I always put my things under my pillow at night. Isn't it, Natalie?"

It's the best place on earth, I should holler anything, that I'm aware of," Natalie replied. "Clever, isn't it, Jo? Oh, mother keeps hers in a shoe, and Dorothy hooks hers naively."

"I've changed again," Mrs. Abercrombie laughed. "Under the pillow. It's so old it may be new."

"I've changed, too," Dorothy admitted. "I'd rather lose everything than be scared to death with 'Your money or your life!' So I put half of what I possess in plain sight on the dressing-table, and hope Mr. Thief will think that's all and go away satisfied without waking me. Isn't that clever?"

Natalie Was Shockingly Late.

"Next!" Hap called, and everybody applauded.

"I think I have the best scheme of all," Mrs. Higginson ventured. "I have presumably a hot-water bottle, but really it's a chamois bag. Now, no thief would ever think of looking for jewels in a hot-water bottle."

"You win!" Hap exclaimed, and he tossed her an olive. I think from his expression that His Grace was a bit scandalized at the proceeding.

"I'm trying to devise a method of protecting what I have left," Natalie drawled, "but"—she paused for a moment, effectively—"I shall not tell it."

Her decision was accepted good naturedly, but the consternation about thieves and jewels ended, at least so far as the women were concerned, when Mrs. Cutler remarked:

"I have a new hat, a perfect beauty! It came on the last express!"

And everybody wanted to know the color, and what it looked like.

CHAPTER XX.

The Picture Gallery.

I thought I knew Jo. I don't. She had either changed since we separated, or there were latent qualities in her that I never suspected. She had never been curious, especially about things that were none of her business, but she linked her arm through mine as we went toward the drawing-room after dinner.

"Who is the duke in love with?" she wanted to know.

"Natalie," I replied.

"Not wants to marry," she qualified, "but cares for—loves?"

"If you mean anything horrid, clandestine—why, I don't know anything about it, and I don't think you have any business thinking such things."

"Don't be cross, Loulie," she pleaded. "Is there a picture gallery here?" she asked presently.

"Yes. Why?"

"Oh, no reason particularly. There always is in these houses, isn't there?"

"No. There aren't always, Jo. Everybody I know, except the Hazards, have their pictures in town."

"Loulie, what was the name of the German count who took us to the Spring Exhibition?"

"Count Stella von Brunner," I answered promptly.

"Of course!" she exclaimed. "I've racked my brain for an hour trying to think of it."

I turned about and faced her.

"Now look here, Jo, you are making me crazy with curiosity. You've asked me three questions for no reason on earth that I can see, and I want to know why."

"And you haven't asked me the one question I expected you to ask." Jo smiled quizzically.

Suddenly I thought of it.

"Where did you know John?" I demanded.

"He has a client who wants to buy our stock in the mine," she answered; "a client who thinks he can pump it dry."

"Can it be done, Jo?"

"I don't know." She laughed outright at my excitement. "He wants to buy up all the stock. He can get it cheap, except ours. He offers us five thousand dollars for it. It's worth nothing unless the mine is pumped. Odd, wasn't it, Mr. Crowninshield never guessed who I was? And of course I didn't tell him."

"Perfidious me," I exclaimed, rather breathless at the prospect. "What does Mr. Partridge say?"

"Sell."

"Well, what are you—we—going to do? Sell?"

"I'd rather have the income," she answered.

"But there isn't any," I pointed out. "If a man knows—and he does know, Loulie—that he can pump that mine dry, can buy up all the stock practically for nothing, except ours, and he lets our little bundle keep him from pumping it away. And if he pumps we will have an income. It's a gambler's chance, and I am going to take it."

"Yes, sounds gamby," I commented. "What the poker players call a bluff."

Such a muffin—the standing pat. Jo replied. I never! I'm taking the chance, because I want to end this work of yours, dear, and these silly accusations."

We had walked to the end of the wide hallway, and I dropped down in a window seat, grossly neglecting my duties and forgetting that my fiends were apt to get mixed. The prospect of going back to that tidy little life Jo and I once led suddenly appalled me.

"I don't want you to—to end it," I stammered. And seeing Jo's amazed expression, I hurried on; "Being Secretary of Frivolous Affairs isn't important, I know, but it's my life now. I can't go back to things as they were. I would never be satisfied."

"You can't seriously mean that you want to keep on with this? Being a well-paid servant of the rich?" she asked.

"Yes," I admitted.

"I'm sorry, dear," she said softly.

"Why sorry?"

"It's dangerous!"

"Why dangerous? I'm quite capable of taking care of myself. You said so."

"You're already in trouble."

"Yes, but my heart's broken now, and there isn't anything more to worry about. I'll never love any one else. I have a good job, and—well, I'm going to stick to it. And when the Hazards don't want me any longer the Dykemans do, and there's a long list of others I won't bother you to name. I've made good in my job, which reminds me that if I don't go look after it I may not have it very long." I rose; it never occurred to me that I was pushing Jo out of my scheme of life. "Use the stock to finance the dressmaking, dear, and take a little tip from me—you take care of yourself!"

"Why, what do you mean?" Jo asked, but I'm sure she knew what I was going to answer.

"John Crowninshield never looked twice at a woman in his life; he has looked at you I don't know how many times. I don't know how many interviews have been necessary about that stock, but"—I thrust out a rigid forefinger dramatically—"beware!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Musical Insects.

A carefully trained mind and ear are indispensable to enable one to detect and to discriminate readily from the general insect medley any particular species of musical insect.

As with birds and their songs, much of the charm and pleasure to be gotten from insect music depends on the emotional coloring associated with it. We are enraptured with the notes of the peepee in spring, or the earlier piping of the frogs, not because these sounds in themselves possess any intrinsic sweetness, but because they recall endearing memories of many happy, hopeful springtimes. They are always the harbingers of another verdant season. Their plaintive notes add to our minds an emotional warmth and sunshine. The yawaken for us an inner, subjective springtime.

In a similar way the crickets and katydids gladden and inspire us with their music in proportion as their notes have become associated in our minds with the emotional coloring of past memories.—Country Life in America.

The Stooping Bishop.

Nat C. Goodwin was defending a clergyman who had gone wrong.

"I don't condone his offense, mind you," said Mr. Goodwin. "But I want you to be sorry for him. Don't cackle and rejoice over his downfall. We are all human."

Then, in his musical and thrilling voice, the famous comedian resumed:

"I know a very beautiful actress who dined one Sunday evening at a bishop's. After dinner the bishop, as he helped her to put on her cloak, stooped—stooped in more ways than one—and imprinted a kiss on her white shoulder.

"She turned and, looking at him disdainfully, she said:

"'Remember, sir, if I am an actress, I am a lady, too.'

"The bishop made a low and humble bow.

"'And will you please remember,' he said, 'if I am a bishop, I am also a man.'"

Use of the Toothbrush.

On the subject of the toothbrush a great deal has been written of late. Some condemn it as a septic and useless instrument, and demand that it shall be either boiled or soaked in very strong antiseptics every time after usage. Others still hold that regularity in the use of the toothbrush is one of the cardinal virtues, and will be rewarded by an undecayed set of teeth. Probably the truth lies somewhere between the two extremes; the toothbrush regularly used is valuable, but not so essential as a correct dietary. Plain unsalted chalk is useful for keeping the teeth of smokers white, and others may use it at discretion. The main lesson is to have only soft brushes and to use them gently.—The Hospital (London).

Modern Improvements.

Bacon—I see by having a telephone booth with tin a German inventor claims to have made it sound proof.

Egbert—Why don't you try that scheme on your daughter's piano?

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF

Flint.—When Lawrence Winden went into a local pharmacy to get medicine for his sick wife he looked over the register of poisonous drug sales and found the name of his father, John Winden, from whom he had been separated 23 years. He sought out the father and a happy reunion followed. The Windens formerly lived in Cheboygan, and, following the death of his mother, Lawrence left home. Later he lost trace of his father.

Cadillac.—John Frieberg, forty-five years old, who had made Cadillac his headquarters for over 18 years, was killed near Hoxieville by a falling tree. Frieberg was felling a tree which in the drop broke off another tree about 18 feet from the ground. The second tree struck Mr. Frieberg in the chest, crushing him so severely that he died a half hour later while being taken to a hospital.

Eaton Rapids.—The district meeting of the ministers of the Methodist church will be held at Hillsdale Tuesday and Wednesday, April 17 and 18, in charge of Bishop Burt. Dr. Lyda A. Newman of this city will present one of the papers before the gathering of clergymen.

Whitefriend.—Game Wardens Kidder Pettit and Titus arrested and received conviction of Robert Schwartz and William Loomis for shooting fish at Bluelake, in Monroe township, Newago county. Justice Harley Richards assessed them $12.70 each.

South Haven.—Mrs. Edith English was given a verdict in her suit against the Michigan Central road for $15,000 damages as the result of the death of her husband, Jay English, killed a year ago in the local yards.

Port Huron.—Marie Tranfier has commenced suit against the city of Port Huron for $5,000 damages for injuries which she is alleged to have received on August 5, 1910, when she fell into a hole on a defective sidewalk and injured her knee.

Flint.—Police have been asked to search for Thomas Hite, sixty-five, who has been missing. He wandered away from the home of his niece, in the country, where he was visiting. Relatives fear he has been a victim of an accident.

Grand Rapids.—Joe Britt of Cedar Springs was arrested and brought here charged with complicity with Marry Hughey in the attempted G. R. & I. train wrecking near that village. He denies the charge.

Kalamazoo.—Governor Ferris has accepted an invitation to speak at the Western Michigan Normal school on Arbor day. The normal is planning a big celebration at that time.

Ann Arbor.—Edward Wood, a carpenter, is in jail here pending an examination. Wood tried to force his way into the office of M. J. Cavanaugh, an attorney, threatening to kill him, it is alleged. The lawyer once appeared in a case in justice court in which Wood was interested. Wood was arrested last Christmas on a charge of making similar threats and was released.

Grand Rapids.—Harry Hughey, twenty-three years old of Cedar Springs, has been brought here under arrest, charged with attempting to wreck a G. R. & I. train No. 92 near Cedar Springs. He is alleged to have placed rails and ties on the track. Hughey told of seeing three men run away. He was immediately arrested.

Ypsilanti.—Daniel Hurley, single, aged fifty-five, was instantly killed between Milan and Whitaker by being struck by a train. He was a brother of Justice John Hurley of Augusta township, also Mrs. Charles Meanwell of this city.

Hastings.—The body of the murdered infant found in a corn shock was buried following a coroner's inquest. Sheriff Williams and Deputy Lighty have several clues. An attempt will be made to decipher a name on the handle of the basket in which the corpse was found.

Kalamazoo.—J. B. Hatfield who attempted to murder his mother-in-law, Mrs. Catherine Nightingale, in Gobleaville, some time ago, and who later made an unsuccessful attempt to take his own life, appeared in the Van Buren circuit court in Paw Paw and pleaded guilty to the charge of attempted murder. The woman is still paralyzed and little hope is held out to her friends for her recovery.

Pontiac.—Robert Kenston was identified in justice court by L. E. Waite as the man who fired a shot at him from the porch of the Waite home at 92 North avenue at midnight last week. The shot missed Waite. Kenston was held to the circuit court for trial and was unable to give $2,000 bail.

Grand Rapids. — W. M. Keeler, auto salesman, in selling an auto to a blacksmith, was standing six feet from the machine, a thief cranked it and disappeared.

THOSE RHEUMATIC TWINGES

Much of the rheumatic pain that comes in damp, changing weather is the work of uric acid crystals. Needles couldn't cut, tear or hurt any worse when the affected muscle joint is used.

If such attacks are troubled with backache, backache, dizziness and disturbances of the urine, it's time to help the weakened kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills quickly help quick relief.

A Michigan Case

Judah Hayward, of 1000 Jefferson Ave., Bay City, Mich., says: "I had a severe attack of kidney trouble and suffered from backache and dizziness. Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me and I have had no return of the trouble."

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For all hygienic and toilet uses it has no equal. Only 50c a large box at Druggists or sent postpaid on receipt of price. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

He Wasn't Sure.

A gentleman was sorely out of patience by some blunder of his new groom.

"Look here," he cried, in his anger, "I won't have things done in this way. Do you think I'm a fool?"

"Sure, sorr," said the groom, "OI can't say, sorr. OI only came here yesterday."

Rig Returns From Sealing.

With a catch of 26,000 seals, the steamer Stephano is the first of the sealing fleet operators in Newfoundland waters to report.

She brought news that the Nascopie had 27,000 fish, the Florizel 22,000, the Sagona 23,000, the Eagle 12,000, the Ballaventure 10,000, the Bonaventure 8,000 and the Adventure 7,000. Others of the fleet had poor luck.

Advices from the four ships sealing in the Gulf of St. Lawrence indicate that the season for a good catch of seals are excellent.—St. Johns (N. F.) Dispatch to New York World.

Thrifty Scot.

When Sir John Carr was at Glasgow, in the year 1807, he was asked by the magistrates to give his advice concerning the inscription to be placed on Nelson's monument, then just completed. The knight recommended this brief record: "Glasgow to Nelson."

"True," said the others, "and as there is the town of Nelson near us, we might add, 'Glasgow to Nelson nine miles,' so that the column might serve for the milestone and a monument."

Marquess of Sligo in Indian Mutiny.

Lord Altamont, who through the death of his aged father, the other day, has become marquess of Sligo, was through the Indian mutiny. His father, who was in the Indian civil service, was stationed at Bankipur when the mutiny broke out.

Lord Sligo's wife and infant son, seven months old, the new marquess, were sent for safety to a place which was surrounded by rebels for a fortnight. The child, however, was safely taken through the sepoy lines by a faithful Indian nurse, who dyed his skin as a ruse to pass him off as his own son. A long time passed before the boy was restored to his anxious parents, who meantime had to go through a further siege at Moughyr. The new marquess recently celebrated his silver wedding. On the actual anniversary day he had to be in Scotland, but he sent his wife a telegram with the characteristic message, "Twenty-five years without regret."

FRIENDS HELP.

St. Paul Park Incident.

"After drinking coffee for breakfast I always felt languid and dull, having no ambition to get to my morning duties. Then in about an hour or so a weak, nervous derangement of the heart and stomach would come over me with such force I would frequently have to lie down."

Tea is just as harmful, because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.

"At other times I had severe headaches; stomach finally became affected and digestion so impaired that I had serious chronic constipation and constipation. A lady, for many years a resident of the W. C. T. U., told me she had been greatly benefited by quitting coffee and using Postum; she was troubled for years with asthma. She said it was no cross to quit coffee when she found she could have as delicious an article as Postum.

"Another lady who had been troubled with chronic dyspepsia for years, found immediate relief on ceasing coffee and using Postum. Still another friend told me that Postum was a Godsend, her heart trouble having been relieved after leaving off coffee and taking on Postum.

"So many such cases came to my notice that I concluded coffee was the cause of my troubles and I quit and took up Postum. I am more than pleased to say that my days of trouble have disappeared. I am well and happy."

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

Never read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

White Men in the Tropics.

White governments encourage emigration to their vacant territories. At the same time, they wish to people these dependencies with colonists of their own race and fear encroachment from a colored one. In some places the bogeyman is yellow, while in others he is the negro. North Australia, where the mean temperature is tropical and the annual rainfall as in Florida, contains only 24,000 inhabitants, 20,000 of whom are natives. The problem of the white man's adaptability to tropical conditions is in a way skin deep, since it depends on his ability to withstand tropical sunlight, and this makes the yellow man a formidable competitor. All races, inclusive of the blond, retain in the cells of their skins traces of the brown pigments of primitive man, which in races other than the white appear more noticeably in the hair and eyes. No race whose skin is incapable of resistance to sunlight can survive in a tropical climate.—Harper's Weekly.

Belgian Economy.

Several Belgian cavalry officers were sent to a horse fair at Ciney, in the Ardennes, to buy ten horses at a cost of not more than 44 pounds each. They found the horses the price of which was within the limit, but for the tenth 46 pounds was demanded.

The officers thereupon sent a telegram to the Belgian war office asking whether they should buy this horse and thereby bust their belt if they did not buy it they would have to go to the next fair and the expenses for the additional journey would amount to 30 pounds. The war office replied, "Comply with your instructions." As a result they had to go to the next fair and 20 pounds was spent to save 2 pounds.—Brussels Petit Bleu.

Looking Ahead.

Fenshaw—I hear you are to wed Colonel Swinger, Mrs. Grasse. He's a noble fellow, every inch a soldier, born to command.

Widow Grasse—H'm! We'll see about that.—Tit-Bits.