Secretary of Frivolous Affairs

by MAY IUTRELLE

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Illustrations by V. L. BARNES

SYNOPSIS.

Jo Codman and her sister Louise are left orphans. Their property has been swept away by the death of their father and they are compelled to cast about for some means to earn a living. Louise answers an advertisement of an old flame, Mr. Hazard, who offers Louise a position as his secretary of frivolous affairs. The chief work is to steer Mrs. Hazard's son and daughter in the right matrimonial path. Louise talks baseball to Hap Hazard and also gains the confidence of Laura Hazard. "The Duc de Trouville is believed to be interested in Laura. Hap Hazard gives a big reception and Louise meets many people high in the social world. Natalie Agazatz, to whom Hap has been paying attention, loses an emerald bracelet during the reception. He declares there is not another like it in the world. It develops that Natalie has several pieces of jewelry under the same circumstances. Hap takes Louise to the baseball game. He tells her he had engaged to Natalie and has been cured of his infatuation. The sudden changes to the Hazard country place where many notables have been twitted for the summer, Louise and Laura visit the farm of Winthrop Abbott, an author whom Laura takes considerable interest. Duc de Trouville arrives at the Hazard place. Louise hears Winthrop's motor boat out late at night. Next morning the papers announce the robbery of several nearby homes. Natalie accuses Louise of stealing her ruby pendant. Mrs. Hazard assures Louise of her confidence. Hap declares his love for Louise. She reciprocates, but will not admit it, she fears what Mrs. Hazard will say. Louise is excused from dinner on account of a headache. She is disturbed by noises from Hap imploring her to see him. Winthrop is arrested in the presence of Hap and Louise, 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 Louise for accusing her of theft. Louise 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 Louise's room. Natalie identifies the emerald bracelet found in Winthrop's safe as her own. Louise's sister, Jo, arrives for a week's stay. John Crowninshield pays marked attention to Jo. Louise watches all night with Natalie. She sees Winthrop cross the lawn in the early morning, shadowed by Thomas, a footman. Louise hears a noise in the gallery and goes to investigate. She slips into the card room and stumbles over a bag. She starts to carry it to her room and is surprised by someone in the hall and falls downstairs.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

When I remembered again, John was sitting at my desk with the glittering mass spread out before him. Every one had crowded around him, except Hap, who was kneeling beside the couch, holding my hand desperately and listening for the sound of the doctor's car. I remember that it hastily occurred to me how beautifully the lavender brocade dressing gown John wore and the soft pink of Jo's kimono harmonized—and lavender and pink usually don't.

"Where did you get them, Louise?" Jo asked. "What happened, dear?"

My head was buzzing; there was a pounding in my ears. Her questions seemed to make a jumble of my thoughts.

"Why, of course, I must tell you." I tried to think clearly. "I—I found them—found them in the card-room."

"Yes, dear," Jo soothed. "What were you doing in the card-room?"

"I heard a noise in the gallery and wanted to see—see— I found them—found them in the card-room."

Everybody looked so queer! Natalie glanced quickly at Mrs. Hazard—a glance Laura intercepted. I got it suddenly.

"Surely you don't think I took them?" I fell back against the pillows again with a groan, but it was because little unseen devils tortured me when I moved.

"She must not talk," Laura exclaimed. "Don't question her. It isn't fair. She doesn't know what she is saying. For Heaven's sake, why doesn't the doctor come?"

Jo sat down beside me helplessly. There was nothing anybody could do until the doctor did come.

"I think there's lost here from everybody," John remarked. "It's a jolly mess."

From the mess he separated Dorothy Ambercrombie's green lizard with the ruby eyes, Mrs. Abercrombie's moonstone set with sixteen large diamonds, and that crazy bow knot collar of Mrs. Sargent's. Then Natalie pointed out other things she recognized. But there was left a jumble of solitaires, handsome but nondescript; rings and pendants, bracelets and brooches that only their owners could identify.

"Everybody but myself," Natalie said finally. "There's not a single thing there of mine."

Somehow it seemed to me there ought to have been in the bag those things she had lost earlier.

"You had a pistol," I said weakly, thinking of it.

"Yes, but no one knew it but you!" said Natalie. "And if a good, clear thought had come to me out of my throbbing head I would have seen what everybody saw later.

"The thieves were in the gallery! I tried to tell them. "I heard—I heard a hammer fall. I went to see"—suddenly I thought of Winthrop, and I closed my lips tightly for fear I would say I had seen him there on the lawn.

"Yes, dear," Laura soothed. "We'll look. The thieves are gone now, but we have the jewels, so it's all right.

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"Yes, dear," Laura soothed. "We'll look. The thieves are gone now, but we have the jewels, so it's all right.

"Hap, dear, you must go home. No harm done. John will hold a levee after luncheon and return them."

I suppose it occurred to John what a job that was going to be, especially as he was apt to have a crowd of hysterical women on his hands any minute. He tumbled the jewels back into the bag as Doctor Graham's horn rent the air, and was just about to pull the string securing them.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he exclaimed. "This is my bag!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Disappearance.

Dawn found me lying on the couch in my sitting-room, pale and a little weak from the ether, with my right arm nicely boarded up and a bruise on my shoulder about as big as a turkey-egg. Doctor Graham, after mixing me some vile stuff—doctors are brutes about medicine—cheerfully turned to my left arm with Jo, apropos of the speech of the gallery for any signs of disturbance. Nothing unusual was found anywhere, except the door at the bottom of the steps leading to the tennis courts was open, and a hammer that was proved did not belong to any one connected with Lone Oak, was lying on one of the courts. The thieves had made good their escape during the commotion that followed my plunge down the steps into the wing. When I awoke from the sleep the doctor prescribed it was noon. The room was fragrant with flowers and there was a huge bunch of pink roses that I knew had not been cut at Lone Oak. Laura was with me, and Celie tearfully hovered in the background. Celie brought my breakfast and Laura explained that Jo had gone, reluctantly, to play golf with John Crowninshield, who decided not to go to town.

"There's a nurse coming," she concluded.

"Nurse!" I exclaimed. "What do I want with a nurse? I'm going downstairs tonight if I can get a sleeve over this arm."

To prove I could get up, I did, but I was rather trembly.

Louise, it was too funny about that silk stocking and the hot-water bottle," Laura laughed gleefully.

"Has everybody discovered the robbery?" I asked.

"They were up shrieking before I was told me. "John had an awful time getting things straight. There are ten solitaires still in doubt. I think Dorothy and Mrs. Sargent will have to toss for them. Funny, isn't it, people don't know their own jewels?"

"Did any one else hear the racket we made last night?"

"No," she replied. "No wonder they were robbed. Mrs. Cutler thinks there must have been an attempt to chloroform her. There was no cloth or anything that has been saturated, but the odor of chloroform was in her room. Thank Heaven, there's no way of implicate Winthrop in this."

Winthrop! I closed my lips tightly

"Has Everybody Discovered the Robbery?" I Asked.

lest I should say something I had seen him there on the lawn; no one but myself was going to know it. But Thomas! The thought startled me! He knew! But—

Laura finally broke the silence with one of her startling questions:

"Louise, are you going to marry Hap?"

I took my head decidedly.

"Why not? Won't you tell me? Have you a reason, dear?"

"Yes."

She paled a little. I didn't know why at the time.

"Won't you confide in me?" she pleaded. "And let me help you? I can help you, no matter how difficult it is."

She was very winning and sweet. I intended to tell her jokingly my reason was that her mother really had intended me as a pace-maker for her, and that I'd have to be free to engage the eligibles until she was quite sure just who she wanted to marry, but I was weak, and the tears were very near, the surface. Two brimmed over and rolled down my cheek. I couldn't joke!

"You love him—don't try to deny it. Why are you giving him up?"

"I can't let him spoil his life with me," was what I said after all. "I couldn't spoil your chances with His Grace if you decide to want him. His Grace would be terribly shocked—"

"I don't want him," she interrupted. "I love Winthrop and I'm going to marry him—if he ever asks me."

"But I am nobody," I insisted. "I haven't a penny. Marriage—marriage is impossible!"

She looked at me in amazement.

"Is that your only reason?" she asked.

"Surely—"

"Is that all? Oh, my poor, deluded little Louise! What difference does a few paltry dollars make? I'm so glad that's the reason, dear; so very, very glad." She came close to me and slipped her arm around my waist. "Dear, if you had told me something terrible, some awful thing that was keeping you from saying 'yes' to Hap, I would have loved you just the same. Remember that."

It was a shameless statement, wonder I did not see its significance at the time, but I only realized that her affection was one of the most wonderful things that had ever happened to me.

"You're a queer person," I told her. "Now, won't you let me say to Hap that he may come up after luncheon?" She tried to keep me from shaking my head. "I'm afraid he will come, even if you don't say so. I've had a terrible time keeping him out while you slept. He sent to inquire for the roses"—she pointed to them—"and was back in an hour. I don't know how he escaped being arrested for speeding. By the way, the detective is here. He wants to ask you some questions when you are well enough. Laura's Vivien had an exciting morning being questioned. He's rather a nice-looking chap. I think Natalie found her interview with him much more agreeable than she expected. His eyes are blue," she finished irrelevantly.

"Has he talked to Mr. Abbott?"

"Yes. He and John—by the way, his name is Adams—went over to Winthrop's this morning. Winthrop came back with them; he came to play golf. He was unusually cheerful; John, too. He has finished his novel. I don't think he cares how many emerald bracelets he is accused of stealing, since that is over. And I'm forgetting to tell you that Mrs. Dykeman has dug up a German count. I don't know how he ranks. He's a connoisseur on art, or some kind of a high brow. She's giving a German musicale next week. Ich dien! Oh! We had a message from the Schuylers. The general is entirely out of danger."

I lay on the couch for a long time thinking after Laura had gone, and Celie had arranged my hair and tenderly gotten me into a negligee. I tried—tried desperately—to see a way out of all the robberies for Winthrop and I could not do it. Except for the ruby, when Laura had proved that he was at home, and the woman in the corridor, every circumstance pointed to him. What did he actually know of it all? Was he shielding some one? A woman? But that thought was ugly. I had rather believe him a thief!

The door of my sitting-room, leading into the corridor, was standing open, for the day was intensely hot, and I caught the sound of Hap's voice. He was talking to his mother. I listened, not deliberately to what he said, but just to hear his voice; and because there was no one to see, I arose and buried my face in the roses—the roses he had given me. Listen; I knew it. I could not fail to hear what he said.

At first the full meaning of his words did not strike me, nor even the tone of the argument. I was thinking of other things. Then he spoke my name. He was angry; I listened, amazed.

"I don't care if she is a thief," he said. "I want her, and I'm going to have her. I'd marry her if she is proved a thief a thousand times. And I wouldn't believe her a thief if I saw her stealing!"

His mother's answer I didn't want to hear; an instant later I stood in the doorway across the corridor.

"Don't believe him," I said to his mother. "He isn't going to marry me."

Hap, with an exclamation of concern, threw some pillows into a chair and indicated an intention to carry me to it.

"I'm not an invalid," I insisted. And I walked to the chair. "I've just a silly broken arm, otherwise I am quite fit. Now, tell me why am I a thief again?" I was quite calm about it, but I had to sit down, for my knees were shaky and I was realizing why Laura had said such queer things to me.

Hap made some choky noises like men do when they want to swear; Mrs. Hazard pressed her handkerchief to her lips.

"Just because I found some jewels in the card room, and can't tell you who put them there, or why they were there?" The whole thing suddenly struck me as absurd and amusing. I laughed. "My story isn't plausible?"

Mrs. Hazard began to cry—what a blessing tears are to a woman—and it was so different from her dear chuckle I could not resist the impulse to go to her and put my only good arm around her fat neck.

"Please don't cry," I begged. "I can't see that it's worth one little tear. I'm not going to let him marry me, be sure of that; and the other only concerns myself."

"My, dear child," she sobbed, "I feel responsible for everything. I told your sister I would take care of you."

"You distinctly said you would not be responsible for any lacerated affections, and you certainly can't help it if I'm a thief. I tried to get him on the right track, but—"

"Right track!" she sobbed.

"Right track!" Hap echoed.

And, notwithstanding the gravity of the situation and the tears running down her fat cheeks, Mrs. Hazard chuckled. She dabbed at her eyes.

"I said, too, you might pick a plum from the social pudding, and I had no objection. If the plum happens to be my own son it's my own fault."

"What are you two talking about?" Hap demanded. "I love her, and I'm going to marry her whether she's a thief or not."

"All right, take her," Mrs. Hazard replied, giving me a gentle push, and Hap gazed at her with that comical, surprised expression. "Just be sure to pour the coffee for him every morning at breakfast, to your dear little girl, and you have my blessing. It just occurs to me that I've never yet made a mistake in estimating a person, and I'm not going to begin now."

"Do! gracious me!" I exclaimed, as Hap swept me to my feet and shamelessly kissed me. "I'm accused of stealing!"

"We'll have to prove you innocent!" Her tone was final. "I must have my judgment vindicated."

"But—"

"The bag was my brother's," she

"Don't, Believe Him. He Isn't Going to Marry Me."

interrupted calmly. "It occurs to me that he needs to do some explaining."

"Surely you don't think—"

"I don't think anything, after the fool I've just made of myself trying to be clever. We have a detective here now to do the thinking. If he thinks wrong, I'll discharge him. Why isn't your story true? You heard a noise in the gallery; you're a brave girl and you went to see what it was. I would have been crazy with curiosity myself. If you don't know why a thief put down a bag of jewels or the floor of the card-room and left it there for you to find, why you can't help it. Natalie having a pistol, and you knowing it is just a coincidence. The thieves didn't get to her that's all. The door of the back stairs was open and a hammer was dropped on the court where a hammer doesn't belong. It's quite plain that the thieves came from outside, since I've had the common sense to think of it."

But I saw how unreasonable my story was as she repeated it. The absurdity of my being in the card room when I had said the noise was in the gallery, the absolutely ridiculous idea that a thief had put down a bag of loot on the floor of the card room for me to pick up, and yet that's what he did—it was all a child's story. And I couldn't speak of Winthrop, nor of Thomas without mentioning Winthrop, and Winthrop had enough to do to explain the emerald bracelet.

"There won't be any further trouble," she went on. "Every jewel has been taken to a bank until somebody has been proven guilty. Now let the detective solve it. And he may just as well prove Winthrop innocent while he's at it. Winthrop is a farmer, not a thief." She dismissed the subject with an airy motion of her fat hand. "Since you've got Hap on the right track—"

"What's this right track thing?" Hap demanded.

"A scheme, a put-up job, to make you notice me," I replied. "But I had to do it; it was a part of my job." I suddenly covered my face with my hands.

"I guess you're satisfied then," Hap grinned. "And now you refuse to marry me after deliberately—"

"You surely don't believe I intended—" I cried.

"I don't know what you intended but I know what's going to be." Hap put his arm about me in that masterful Hazard way.

The Hazards are a stubborn lot and when they want a thing they get it. When I went back to my room carefully shutting the door in Hap's face, the mystery was still a mystery. I couldn't see but that I had a badly damaged reputation, and I had promised Hap, with his mother's consent, to let him share it.

That night the mystery, instead of clearing, deepened. Jo disappeared! And not only that, but she had been taken away—forcibly. Mr. Adams, the detective who was there to protect us, was found bound and

SHE HAD MADE A MISTAKE

Questionable Commercial Transaction However, in No Way Abashed the Old Lady.

Wherever buying and selling go on there are those who do not scruple to take a little extra profit if it can be done safely. The deed is not always of an hobbyist as in this anecdote of a lady of leisure, fond of travel, who, in the Carpathian mountains, had made a purchase of a yellow horse—the Pelliflmores' white horse whose skin was the color of honey when the sun shines and driven by a romantic and decrepit Pole, whose name was Milak. The horse was preparing to leave the dust of Jostlaka—from sells when an elderly Jewess detached herself from an excited crowd in the marketplace and hurried toward the lady.

"What weight?" inquired Mr. Philmore.

"In the sugar," replied the old lady. "What sugar?" queried Mr. Philmore.

Milak came to the rescue. "I bought half sugar," he explained.

"The weight is in the sugar. I made a mistake," volunteered the aggressive lady with much wrath and no embarrassment. "Ask I to wait all day?" she continued, impatient at the stupidity of these foreigners.

Guilelessly, Milak produced the bag of sugar. A more knowing villager offered a bowl, into which the old lady hastily dumped the sugar, disclosing in the bottom a brass weight of three or four ounces.

"That's it," she said, unblushingly. "I forgot to take it off," and hastily restoring the sugar to her customers she turned and marched back to the marketplace.—Youth's Companion.

His Bank.

While an Aberdeen pawnbroker was endeavoring to dispose of an old

THE MARKETS.

Live Stock, Grain and General Farm Produce.

DETROIT—Cattle—Receipts, 1,545; market, bulls steady, all other grades dull and 10c to 15c lower; best steers, $8@8.58; steers and heifers 1,000 to 1,200 lbs., $7@7.50; steers and heifers 800 to 1,000 lbs., $6.75@7.25; steers and heifers that are fat, 500 to 700 lbs., $6@7; choice fat cows, $6.50@6.75; good fat cows, $5.75@6.10; common cows, $4.50@5.10; canners, $3.75@4.15; choice heavy bulls, $7@7.25; fair to good bologna, bulls, $6@6.50; stock bulls, $5@5.75; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., $6.25@6.50; choice stockers, 500 to 700 lbs., $6@6.50; fair stockers, 500 to 700 lbs., $5.50@6; stock heifers, $5@5.50; milkers, large, young, medium age, $65@75; common milkers, $35@50.

Veal Calves—Receipts, 845; market good grades, 50c higher, others steady; best $9@9.50; others, $5.50@7. Milch cows and springers, steady.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 4,204; market steady, lambs 25c lower. Best lambs, $7.50@7.75; fair to good lambs, $6.75@7.25; light to common lambs, $5.50@6.50; yearlings, $6.75@7; fair to good sheep, $6.25@6.50; culls and common, $3.50@4.50.

Hogs—Receipts, 4,805; packers bidding steady to 5c higher; looks as below: Range of prices: Light to good butchers, $8.90@9.05; pigs, $9; mixed, $8@8.95; stags, 1/3 off.

EAST BUFFALO: Cattle—Receipts 170 cars; market 25@40c lower; best 1,350 to 1,500-lb steers, $8.50@8.75; good to prime 1,200 to 1,300-lb steers, $8@8.40; good to prime, 1,100 to 1,200-lb steers, $7.85@8.25; coarse, plain, 1,100 to 1,200-lb steers, $7.25@7.75; medium butcher steers, 1,000 to 1,100-lb, $7@7.50; butcher steers, 950 to 1,000 lbs, $7.25@7.75; light butcher steers, $6.75@7.25; best fat cows, $7@7.25; light butcher cows, $4.25@4.75; trimmers, $3.25@4; best fat heifers, $7.25@7.75; medium butcher heifers, $6.50@7.25; light butchers heifers, $6.25@6.75; stock heifers, $5.50@6.25; best feeding steers, $7.25@7.75; light common stockers, $5.50@6; prime export bulls, $7.25@7.50; best butcher bulls, $6.75@7.25; bulls, $6@6.50; stock bulls, $5@5.75; best milkers and springers, $65@80; common kind, $35@50. Hogs—Receipts, 100 cars; market 25c lower; heavy, $9@9.10; mixed, $9.10@9.15; yorkers, $9.15@9.20; pigs, $9.25@9.30. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 70 cars; active; wool lambs, $9@9.10; clipped, $8@8.15; yearlings, $7@7.25; wethers, $6.25@6.50; ewes, $5.50@6; calves, $5@10.

General Markets.

Apples—Baldwin, $2.50@2.75; greening, $2.75@3; spy, $2.75@3; steel-red, $3@3.50; common, 75c@$1.50 per bbl.

Onions—25@35c per bu.

Cabbage—Home grown, $1@1.25 per bbl.

Dressed Calves — Choice, 10@11c; fancy, 11 1-2@12c per lb.

Tomatoes—Hothouse, 15@20c per lb; Florida, $5@5.25 per crate.

Potatoes—Michigan, car lots in sacks, 43@45; store lots, 45@50c per bu.

Honey—Choice to fancy white comb, 17@18c; amber, 14@15c; extracted, 7@8c per lb.

Live Poultry—Spring chickens, 16 1-2@17c, hens, 16 1-2@17c; No. 2 hens, 11 1-2@12c; old roosters, 10@11c; turkeys, 17@20; geese, 12@14c; ducks, 16@17c per lb.

Hay—Car lot, track Detroit: No. 1 timothy, $14.50@15; No. 2 timothy, $12@13; light mixed, $13.50@14; No. 1 mixed, $12@13; rye straw, $9@10; wheat and oat straw, $8@8.50 per ton.

Cheese—Wholesale lots: Michigan flats, new, 12 1-2@14c; Michigan flats, old, 16 1-2@17c; New York flats, new, 15@15 1-2c; New York flats, old, 16@16 1-2; brick cream, 14@14 1-2c; limburger, 18@19c; domestic Swiss, 22@24c; imported Swiss, 27@28c; block Swiss, 21@22c per lb.

Detroit Grain Market.

Wheat—Cash No. 2 red, $1.09. May opened without change at $1.10, advanced to $1.10 1-4 and closed at $1.09; July opened at 94 1-2c, advanced to 94 3-4c and closed at 94 1-2c; September opened at 93 1-2c and advanced to 93 3-4c.—No. 1 white, $1.08.

Corn—Cash No. 3 57c; No. 3 yellow, 1 car at 58c; No. 4 yellow, 56c.

Oats—Standard, 38 1-2c bid; No. 3 white, 2 cars at 37 1-2c; No. 4 yellow, 36@36 1-2.

Rye—Cash No. 2, 64 1-2c.

Beans—Immediate, prompt and May shipment, $2.05.

Timothy Seed—Prime spot, 60 bags at $1.65.

Clover Seed—Prime spot, $13.25; sample, 40 bags at $12.75; 4 at $11; prime alsike, $13; sample alsike, 6 bags at $12; 5 at $12.50.

Flour—In one-eighth paper sacks, per 196 pounds, jobing lots: Best patent, $5.50; second patent, $5.20; straight, $5; spring patent, $5.10; rye, $4.60 per bbl.

Feed—In 100-lb. sacks, jobing lots: Bran, $12; coarse middlings, $21; fine middlings, $27; cracked corn, $25; coarse cornmeal, $22.50; corn and oat chop, $21 ped ton.

Spontaneous combustion in the oil room resulted in a fire in the Bump & McCabe hardware store, at Petoskey, which caused a loss of $17,000.

If a prisoner in the future is arrested in Kalamazoo for drunkenness and has money in his pocket at the time he is taken in custody, his money will be given to his wife or others dependent upon him.

To establish a mission farm of 25,000 acres in German South Africa, with the ultimate purpose of building up a school similar to the one now conducted by Booker T. Washington, is the plan which Rev. C. C. Stageld, pastor of an Owosso German church, will attempt to carry out in the next few years. He will go to Africa next fall.

YES, HE WANTED A SHAMPOO

Under the Circumstances Most Men Would Have Felt That They Did Really Need the Attention.

"Barber—Poor Jim has been sent to a lunatic asylum.

"Victim (in chair)—Who's Jim?

"Jim is my twin brother, sir. Jim has long been broodin' over the hard times, an' I suppose he finally got crazy."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, he and me has worked side by side for years, and we were so alike we couldn't tell each other apart. We both brooded a great deal, too. No money in this business now."

"What's the reason?"

"Prices too low. Unless a customer takes a shampoo it doesn't pay to shave or bobtail a customer. I shave him trying to cut a customer's throat because he refused a shampoo, so I had to have the poor fellow locked up. Makes me sad. Sometimes I feel sorry I didn't let him stash all he wanted to. It might have saved his reason. Shampoo, sir?"

"Yes!"

Short Hatpin Law.

We have observed a disposition in the newspapers outside of Massachusetts to belittle the law against long hatpins that will become effective early in April. There is one exception, however. The New York Sun, which used to boast that it "shines for all," takes a sane view of the matter. "The protection of life and limb," declares the Sun, "cannot be deemed sumptuary legislation. Is it not reasonable to approve the Massachusetts statute just passed providing that the deadly end of hatpins worn in public shall be sheathed. The rapier is not less beautiful with a foil. The hatpin scabbard can be made esthetic, the fears of man can be allayed, his miserable life spared. Sovereign woman can still slay with her eyes; she needn't put out the other fellow's." No, she need not, and it is within her power to make the penalties of the new law harmless by setting the fashion of wearing a protector. Let her heed the advice of the Sun and make the scabbard of the hatpin esthetic. As already suggested, let the federated clubs address themselves to this troublesome problem and the affair can be settled to everybody's satisfaction within a very short time.—From the Lynn Item.

Youthful Diplomat.

Lola, five years old, wanted a pair of skates, but she was very naughty in school and always seated in the last row, father would not get them for her. He compromised, saying that if she were bright enough to get in the first row she could have them. A week later she came home saying she was in the first row. Father said: "Fine! How'd you do it?" Lola said: "I told teacher I couldn't see the blackboard from way back there, and she put me in the first row."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Atlas!

Ethel—After you refused Jack, did he propose again?

Maud—Yes, but it was to another girl.

If it's a woman and the shoe pinches, she buys it.

Liquid blue is a weak solution. Avoid it. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Ask your grocer. Adv.

Love levels all things, when love is on the level.

A Weak Stomach?

Have you indigestion or dyspepsia, a torpid liver or any other of the many ills coming from a weak stomach?

DR. PIERCE'S Golden Medical Discovery

for forty years has done a "lion's share" in eliminating these distressing ailments.

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W. L. Douglas shoes are on sale in our retail stores. Visit the factory and see the manufacture of these famous shoes. Catalog free upon request. Write for illustrated Catalog. It will show you how to order by mail and why you can save money on your footwear. W. L. DOUGLAS — Brockton, Mass.

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From Nervousness Caused by Female Ills—Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Auburn, N. Y.—"I suffered from nervousness for ten years, and had such organic pains that sometimes I would lie in bed four days at a time, could not eat or sleep and did not want anyone to talk to me or bother me at all. Sometimes I would suffer for seven hours at a time. Different doctors did the best they could for me until four months ago I began giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and now I am in good health."—Mrs. WILLIAM H. GINN, 15 Pleasant Street, Auburn, New York.

"Doctor's Daughter Took It."

St. Cloud, Minn.—"I was so run down by overwork and worry that I could not stand it to have my children talk aloud or walk heavy on the floor. One of my friends said, 'Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for I know a doctor's daughter here in town who takes it and she would not take it if it were not good.'

"I sent for the Compound at once and kept on taking it until I was all right."—Mrs BERTHA M. QUICKSTADT, 727 5th Avenue, S., St. Cloud, Minn.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may be relied upon as the most efficient remedy for female ills. Why don't you try it?

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You make no risky experiment when you use occasionally—whenever there is need—the most universally popular home remedy known,—Beecham's Pills, which have stood the test of time with absolute success and their world-wide fame rests securely on proved merit.

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relieve the numerous ailments caused by defective action of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Cleansing the system, they purify the blood and tone body, brain and nerves. Beecham's Pills act quickly; they are always safe and reliable, and you may depend upon it they

Will Benefit You

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