SECRET SERVICE

BEING THE HAPPENINGS OF A NIGHT IN RICHMOND IN THE SPRING OF 1865

THE PLAY BY WILLIAM GILLETTE; BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDGAR BERT SMITH

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SYNOPSIS.

Mrs. Varney, wife of a Confederate general, has lost one son and another is dying from wounds. She reluctantly gives her consent for Wilfred, the youngest, to join the army if his father consents. The federals are making their last assault in an effort to capture Richmond. Edith Varney secures from President Davis a commission for Capt. Thorne, who is just recovering from wounds, as chief of the telegraph at Richmond. Capt. Thorne tells Edith he has been ordered away. She declares he must not go and tells him of the commission from the president. He is strangely agitated and declares he cannot accept.

CHAPTER IV.

Miss Mitford's Intervention.

The captain stared after her departing figure; he listened to her footfalls on the stair, and then came to an instant resolution. He would take advantage of her opportune withdrawal. He turned back to the table, seized his hat, and started for the door, only to come face to face with another charming young woman, who stood breathless before him in his great and ill-concealed annoyance. Yet the newcomer was pretty enough and young enough and sweet enough to give any man pause for the sheer pleasure of looking at her, to say nothing of speaking to her.

The resources of an ancient wardrobe, that looked as though it had belonged to her great-grandmother, had been called upon for a costume which was quaint and old-fashioned and altogether lovely. She was evidently much younger than Edith Varney, perhaps just sixteen, Wilfred's age. With outstretched arms she barred the door completely, and Thorne, of course, came to an abrupt stop.

"Oh, good evening," she panted, as soon as she found speech; she had run without stopping from her house across the street.

"Good evening, Miss Mitford," he answered, stepping to one side to let her pass, but through calculation or chance she kept her position at the door.

"How lucky this is!" she continued. "You are the very person I wanted to see. Let's sit down and then I'll tell you all about it. Goodness me, I am all out of breath just running over from our house."

Thorne did not accept her invitation, but stood looking at her. An idea came to him.

"Miss Mitford," he said at last, stepping toward her, "will you do something for me?"

"Of course I will."

"Thank you very much, indeed. Just tell Miss Varney when she comes down—just say good night for me and tell her that I've gone."

"I wouldn't do such a thing for the wide, wide world," returned Caroline Mitford in pretended astonishment

"Why not?"

"It would be a wicked, dreadful story, because you wouldn't be gone."

"I am sorry you look at it that way," said Thorne, "because I am going. Good night, Miss Mitford."

But before he could leave the room, the girl, who was as light on her feet as a fairy, caught him by the arm.

"No—you don't seem to understand. I've got something to say to you."

"Yes, I know," said Thorne; "but some other time."

"No, now."

Of course, he could have freed himself by the use of a little force, but such a thing was not to be thought of. Everything conspired to keep him when his duty called him away, he thought quickly.

"There isn't any other time," said Caroline, "it is tonight. We are going to have a Starvation party."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Thorne, "another!"

"Yes we are."

"I can't see how it concerns me."

"It is going to be over at our house, and we expect you in half an hour."

"I shouldn't think you would want to play at this time."

"We are not going to play. We are going to make bandages and sandbags and—"

"You won't need me."

"Yes, you can tell us the best way to—"

"Thank you, Miss Mitford, I can't come. I have my orders and I am leaving tonight."

"Now, that won't do at all," said the girl, pouting. "You went to Mamie Jones' party; I don't see why you should treat me like this."

"Mamie Jones!" said Thorne. "Why, that was last Thursday, and now I have got orders, I tell you, and—"

She Barred the Door Completely.

But Caroline was not to be put off. "Now, there's no use talking about it," she said vehemently.

"Yes, I see that."

"Didn't you promise to obey orders when I gave them? Well, these are orders."

"Another set," laughed Thorne.

"I don't know anything about any others. These are mine."

"Well, but this time—"

"This time is just the same as all the other times, only worse; besides I told her you would be there."

"What's that?"

"I say she expects you, that's all."

"Who expects me?"

"Why, Edith, of course; who do you suppose I was talking about all this time?"

"Oh, she expects me to—"

"Why, of course, she does. You are to take her over. You needn't stay if you don't want to. Now I will go and tell her you are waiting."

"Oh, very well," said Thorne, smiling; "if she expects me to take her over I will do so, of course, but I can't stay a moment."

"Well," said Caroline, "I thought you would come to your senses some time or another. See here, Mr. Captain, was she 'most ready?"

"Well, how do I know."

"What dress did she have on?"

"Dress?"

"Oh, you men! Why, she's only got two."

"Yes; well, very likely, this was one of them, Miss Mitford."

"No matter, I am going upstairs to see, anyway. Captain Thorne, you can wait out there on the veranda or, perhaps, it would be pleasanter if you were to smoke a cigar out in the summerhouse at the side of the garden It is lovely there in the moonlight, and—"

"I know, but if I wait right here—"

"Those are my orders. It's cooler outside, you know, anyway, and—"

"Pardon me, Miss Mitford, orders never have to be explained, you know," interrupted the captain, smiling at the charming girl.

"That's right; I take back the explanation," she said, as Thorne stepped toward the window; "and, captain," cried the girl.

"Yes?"

"Be sure and smoke."

Thorne laughed, as he lighted his cigar and stepped out onto the porch, and thence into the darkness of the garden path.

"Oh," said Caroline to herself, "he is splendid. If Wilfred were only like that!" she paused. "But then—our engagement is broken off anyway, so what's the difference. If he were like that—I'd— No—I don't think I'd—"

Her soliloquy was broken by the entrance of Mrs. Varney, who came slowly down the room.

"Why, Caroline dear! What are you talking about, all to yourself?"

"O—just—I was just saying, you know—that—why, I don't know what I was— Do you think it is going to rain?" she returned in great confusion.

"Dear me, child; I haven't thought about it. Why, what have you got on? Is that a new dress, and in Richmond?"

"A new dress? Well, I should think so. These are my great-grandmother's mother's wedding clothes. Aren't they lovely? Just in the nick of time, too. I was on my very last rags, or, rather, they were on me, and I didn't know what to do. Mother gave me a key and told me to open an old horsehair trunk in the attic, and these were in it." She seized the corners of her dress and pirouetted a step or two forward to show it off, and then dropped the older woman an elaborate, old-fashioned courtesy. "I ran over to show them to Edith," she resumed. "Where is she? I want her to come over to my house."

"Upstairs, I think. I am afraid she can't come. I have just come from her room," Mrs. Varney continued as Caroline started to interrupt, "and she means to stay here."

"I will see about that," said Caroline, running out of the room.

Mrs. Varney turned and sat down at her desk to write a letter, which evidently, from her sighs, was not an easy task. In a short time the girl was back again. Mrs. Varney looked up from writing and smiled at her.

"You see it was no use, Caroline," she began.

"No use," laughed the girl; "well, you will see. I didn't try to persuade her or argue with her. I just told her that Captain Thorne was waiting for her in the summerhouse. Yes," she continued, as Mrs. Varney looked her astonishment; "he is still here, and he said he would take her over. You just watch which dress she has on when she comes down. Now I will go out there and tell him she'll be down in a minute. I have more trouble getting people fixed so that they can come to my party than it would take to run a blockade into Savannah every fifteen minutes."

Mrs. Varney looked at her departing figure pleasantly for a moment, and then, with a deep sigh, resumed her writing, but she evidently was not to conclude her letter without further interruption, for she had scarcely begun again when Wilfred came into the room with a bundle very loosely done up in heavy brown paper. As his mother glanced toward him he made a violent effort to conceal it under his coat.

"What have you got there, Wilfred?" she asked incuriously.

"That? Oh, nothing; it is only—say, mother, have you written that letter yet?"

"No, my dear, I have been too busy. I have been trying to write it, though, since I came down, but I have had one interruption after another I think I will go into your father's office and do it there." She gathered up her paper and turned to leave the room. "It is a hard letter for me to write, you know," she added as she went away.

Wilfred, evidently much relieved at his mother's departure, took the package from under his coat, put it on the table, and began to undo it. He took from it a pair of very soiled, dilapidated, gray uniform trousers. He had just lifted them up when he heard Caroline's step on the porch, and the next moment she came into the room through the long French window. Wilfred stood petrified with astonishment at the sudden and unexpected appearance of his young beloved, but soon recovered himself and began rolling the package together again, hastily and awkwardly, while Caroline watched him from the window. She coldly scrutinized his confusion while he made his ungainly roll, and, as he moved toward the door, she broke the silence.

"Ah, good evening, Mr. Varney," she said coolly.

"Good evening," he said, his voice as cold as her own.

They both of them had started for the hall door and in another second they would have met.

"Excuse me," said Caroline, "I'm in a hurry."

"That's plain enough. Another party, I suppose, and dancing."

"What of it? What's the matter with dancing, I'd like to know."

"Nothing is the matter with dancing if you want to, but I must say that it is a pretty way of going on, with the cannon roaring not six miles away."

"Well, what do you want us to do? Cry about it! I have cried my eyes out already; that would do a heap of good now, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, I haven't time to talk about such petty details. I have some important matters to attend to," he returned loftily.

"It was you that started it," said the girl.

Wilfred turned suddenly, his manner at once losing its badly assumed lightness.

"Oh, you needn't try to fool me," he reproached her; "I know well enough how you have been carrying on since our engagement was broken off. Half a dozen officers proposing to you—a dozen for all I know."

"What difference does it make?" she retorted pertly. "I haven't got to marry them all, have I?"

"Well, you can't very nice to go on like that," said Wilfred with an air into which he in vain sought to infuse a detached, judicial, and indifferent appearance. "Proposals by the wholesale!"

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Caroline, "what's the use of talking about it to me. They're the ones that propose, I don't. How can I help it?"

"Oh," said Wilfred loftily, "you can help it all right. You helped it with me."

"Well," she answered, with a queer look at him, "that was different."

"And ever since you threw me over —" he began.

"I didn't throw you over, you just went over," she interrupted.

"I went over because you walked off with Major Sillsby that night we were at Drury's Bluff," said the boy, "and you encouraged him to propose. You admit it," he said, as the girl nodded her head.

"Of course I did. I didn't want him hanging around forever, did I? That's the only way to finish them off. What do you want me to do—string a placard around my neck, saying, 'No proposals received here. Apply at the office?' Would that please you any better? Well," she continued, as the boy shrugged his shoulders, "if it doesn't make any difference to you what I do, it doesn't even make as much as that to me."

"Oh, it doesn't? I think it does, though. You looked as if you enjoyed it pretty well while the Third Virginia was in the city."

"I should think I did," said Caroline ecstatically. "I just love every one of them. They are going to fight for us and die for us, and I love them."

"Why don't you accept one of them before he dies, then, and have done with it?" I suppose it will be one of those smart young fellows with a cavalry uniform."

"It will be some kind of a uniform, I can tell you that. It won't be anyone that stays in Richmond."

"Now I see what it was," said Wilfred, looking at her gloomily. "I had to stay in Richmond, and—"

The boy choked up and would not finish.

"Well," said Caroline, "that made a heap of difference. Why, I was the only girl on Franklin street that didn't have a—some one she was engaged to —at the front. Just think what it was to be out of it like that! You have no idea how I suffered; besides, it is our duty to help all we can. There aren't many things a girl can do, but Colonel Woolbridge—he's one of Morgan's men, you know—said that the boys fight twice as well when they have a —sweetheart at home. I couldn't waste an engagement on—"

"And is that why you let them all

"Cut Those Off," He Said.

propose to you?" rejoined the youth bitterly.

"Certainly, it didn't hurt me, and it pleased them. Most of 'em will never come back to try it again, and it is our duty to help all we can."

"And you really want to help all you can, do you?" asked Wilfred desperately. "Well, if I were to join the army would you help me—that way?"

This was a direct question.

"Why, of course I would, if there was anything I—could do," she answered.

"Well, there is something you can do." He unrolled his package and seized the trousers by the waistband and dangled them before her eyes. "Cut those off," he said; "they are twice too long. All you have to do is to cut them here and sew up the ends, so that they don't ravel out."

Caroline stared at him in great bewilderment. She had expected something quite different.

"Why, they are uniform trousers," she said finally. "You are going to join the army?" She clapped her hands gleefully. "Give them to me."

"Hush! don't talk so loud, for heaven's sake," said Wilfred. "I've got a jacket here, too." He drew out of the parcel a small army jacket, a private soldier's coat. "It's nearly a fit. It came from the hospital. Johnny Seldon wore it, but he won't want it any more, you know, and he was just about my size, only his legs were longer. Well," he continued, as the girl continued to look at him strangely, "I thought you said you wanted to help me."

"I certainly do."

"What are you waiting for, then?" asked Wilfred.

The girl took the trousers and dropped on her knees before him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DON PIATT BEFRIENDS RILEY

How Friendship Was Started That Lasted as Long as the General Lived.

One day many years ago General Don Piatt encountered a local constable in the act of gathering in a seedy-looking individual who appeared to be terribly ill. Reining up he asked:

"What are you going to do with that man?"

"Lock him up, of course," said the constable.

"You better let me take care of him, then," the general said, and in a short time a carriage was brought and the man who had narrowly escaped arrest as a vagrant was taken to the general's home and carefully provided for.

He was so dreadfully ill that several days elapsed before he made his appearance downstairs. Then Don, as he was familiarly called, said:

"Well, old fellow, I have been trying to take care of you for several days and I would like to know who you are and where you are from."

"My name is Riley," was the reply, "and I am a sign painter from Indiana."

"What! You can't be James Whitcomb, who writes verse?"

"That's what they call me at home," was the reply.

Don Piatt kept the now famous Hoosier poet as a guest in his home for several months. One morning in the fall, as they were walking up a neighboring road, Riley sat down on a log to write. He at last finished his work and tossed into the general's lap a sheet of paper. It was the first manuscript of the well-known poem, "When the Frost Is on the Punkin and the Fodder's in the Shock." As long as the general lived he and the now aged poet remained the firmest of friends.—St. Louis Times.

Domestic Economist.

An excellent Manchester lady frequently invites her friends to tea, but she does not furnish her table lavishly. When her guests have eaten all the bread and butter and cookies, and realize that the meal is over, she looks brightly at the empty dishes. "Well, now," she says, in triumphant tones, "haven't I judged your appetites exactly?"—Manchester Guardian.

IN A GARDEN FAIR

City Experience of Country Girl Did Not Cloud the Serenity of Old Days.

By GEORGE ELMER COBB.

"Don't go, dear—we shall miss you oh, so much!"

Kind, gentle Aunt Priscilla placed a pleading hand on the fair golden head of her favorite niece, Jessica, as she spoke. She was a woman born for kindness, patience and human helpfulness. Her beautiful white hair framed a face that seemed to express a peaceful sanctity. Jessica loved her as everybody else did. She clung to her now, but still she murmured pleadingly:

"I shall miss you too, dearest aunt, but oh! I do so want to see what life is like away from this quiet, humdrum village. Cousin Marcia has written me so much about the bright, brilliant life she leads. They have asked me to come so often. Marcia says that Uncle and Aunt Williston feel quite offended at my constant refusal to accept their invitation, so—so—"

"My poor wilful child, my dear innocent lamb!" murmured Aunt Priscilla indulgently. "I will not say another word. I must not forget that youth yearns for a change. You shall go, dear, and with my best wishes that you may be pleased and happy. Only, child, when you grow tired of all the hollow shams you are bound to meet, come home to comfort, and love, and peace!"

"Oh, it is always that—the dearest spot in the world to me," declared Jessica. "I must finish my packing if I expect to catch the train, mustn't I, aunty? And there is dear Robert to say good-by to—"

"Robert had to go out into the country with his father," again interrupted Aunt Priscilla. "He was here with some flowers for you long before you were awake."

"How kind he is, the dear, dear fellow!" murmured Jessica.

"They are from the little garden—the first little flowers of the spring."

It Was a Letter.

went on the lady. "He wants you to visit the little spot he has worked so hard to make pleasant for you before you go away."

"I will, indeed, aunty," promised Jessica, but she was so busy and hurried with so many things to attend to, that when she waved good-bye to her friends from the car window at the depot, she uttered a dismayed little cry to find that she had not brought along the flowers.

They would have been a most genial reminder of the pleasantest year of her life, Jessica regretfully acknowledged as the train moved away. Robert Liston, the son of their nearest neighbor, had been a true and loyal knight errant since the summer before. It was he who had built the pretty vine-enclosed bower where Jessica read and did fancy work on pleasant afternoons. It was Robert who had marked out and cultivated a little garden patch that was the delight of everybody who visited it.

It seemed that a day could not pass but that Robert did some thoughtful act in her behalf. They had been famous friends. Jessica actually shed one or two tears as she thought of leaving Newton without an opportunity to say good-bye to the best friend she had ever known. Then she got a little lonely and homesick, and then the rubicon of leaving old scenes faded away into the vaunted splendor of the city mansion Cousin Marcia had told her about.

Aunt Priscilla found the forgotten box of flowers and sighed. She loved the frank, handsome, light-hearted youth who had been the life of the place. In her wisdom she saw deeper than her buoyant, heedless niece. She never let Robert know about the flowers, and she tried to cheer his loneliness when he came over evenings and sat around talking always of the sweet little companion he missed so much.

All through a month Aunt Priscilla received letters from Jessica. They bubbled over with all the evanescence of a girl whose life had become one constant round of pleasures. Then they became briefer and briefer. Once Aunt Priscilla wrote, chiding her niece for not answering a letter Robert had written her. Jessica wondered what this meant. She could recall no such letter, and in the hurly burly of parties, late hours and the flash and glitter of luxury she forgot to write her aunt about it.

Then there was a whole month during which no word came from the distant niece. At its end, however, there arrived a brief note from Jessica. It read:

"There is trouble. I am coming home," and two mornings later Jessica arrived at the pretty little cottage to throw her arms around her aunt's neck and sob out her worries. She was pale and thin, and she nestled down into the homely old-fashioned rocker like a wandering, storm-beaten bird come back to the home nest.

"Oh, Aunt Priscilla," she cried, "I never want to go away again! It was grand at first. It was parties, matinees, automobile picnics, but it all ended in a crash. A foreign count Marcia expected to marry turned out to be an imposter. One night some of the men drank too much wine, were offensive to the ladies, and it ended in a disgraceful scene. Then uncle lost all he had on the Stock Exchange, the creditors seized everything there was for debt, and—oh, I must see Robert, and the garden!"

The dear old garden! Every blushing bud so carefully nurtured reproached Jessica as she ran out from the house. She buried her face into a clump of lilies and kissed them fervently, like old dear friends. She went into the bower. Her thoughtful aunt had set her embroidery basket on the rustic table. There, as of old, was the tree that ran up at one side. There, too, the hollow in its great trunk, where in the old golden days Robert was wont to surprise her by leaving boxes of candies and birthday and holiday gifts.

The quaint old conceit drew Jessica to step towards it, to fancy herself back in the sunlit past. It seemed as if her city experience somehow had clouded the pure serenity of those old dear days. Fairly unconsciously she placed her hand in the hollow. Her fingers touched something. It was a letter. The truth flashed across her—the one that Robert had written her probably the morning she left home, to which her aunt had referred.

Her sweet face flushed crimson as she read the manly avowal of love of her old true friend, the tears came to her eyes as she realized how cruelly she had neglected him.

"If I had found this that morning long ago," she murmured, "I am afraid I would have said, 'Wait, let me see life before I answer.' Now—"

She paused. She pressed her lips to the damp mildewed sheet that had held its fond secret so close for so many long months.

"Yes, now, dear Jessica?" asked an eager, radiant voice behind her, and she turned to face the writer of the missive.

"Oh, Robert! Robert!" cried Jessica, her hands extended like the winning, wilful child that she was, "I have come back to home and peace and—love!"

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

BUYS A PRIVATEER SCHOONER

Purchaser Finds Historic Little Vessel, 108 Years Old, Well Built and Decidedly Speedy.

The 108-year-old privateer schooner Polly, with her historical record familiar to the whole New England coast, was purchased by Alfred Johnson, of Arlington street. Mr. Johnson has acquired the stout, little vessel because of a mixture of reverence for antiquities, fondness for boats, and civic pride.

"The Polly is now at Dighton on the Taunton River," he said. "She is well built—speedy, too. Her lasting as long as she has I consider simply a case of the survival of the fittest. Fine workmanship must have been devoted to her original construction.

"I mean to remodel and repair her as much as necessary. Very likely I shall put a yard on the foremast—the old topsail schooner fashion—making her appear, in so far as possible, as she was in her privateer days. She has a white band four feet deep round her hull above the water line and a green painted bottom. There is a flying jibboom at a rakish angle, and the masts have a considerable rake aft. There is a wooden windlass and a raised quarterdeck with a distinct break. Take it altogether, her appearance gives one the impression of a whaler at first glance. Certain marks and scratches on her exterior indicate the former position of her guns."

It Won't Work.

"Pierpont Morgan," said a western congressman, splendidly enlightened the money trust committee on the subject of credit when he said that, no matter how many billions of credit a man might have today, he'd lose it all tomorrow if he did a single wrong deed.

"Mr. Morgan declared afterward to me personally that credit depended altogether on integrity, and a man who tried to do wrong and at the same time maintain his credit was as silly as the Hartford schoolboy.

"This boy and some friends, he explained, wanted to get into a baseball game, but they had no money. How to cheat the gateman? They could think of no scheme. For a long time they were hopeless. Then suddenly the boy in question exclaimed, in a delighted voice:

"'I've got it, fellers! We can all walk in backward and the man'll think we're comin' out!'"

Coffee in South America.

Although the greater part of the world's coffee now comes from South America, there are some states in that country where it is scarcely used. In Argentina, for instance, only the foreigners ask for it. Hence it is classed as a luxury and commands a very high price. The natives drink "mate" or Paraguay tea. Among the lower classes this beverage is drunk as freely as beer in Germany or tea in England. After dinner in Argentina many housekeepers serve, instead of coffee, a basin of soup, which strangers find some difficulty in swallowing.

Do Not Inhale Dust.

It is safe to say that if a sample of dust be taken at random from any office, warehouse, shop, factory and this sample properly tested for germs the tubercle bacillus, or the germ of consumption, will invariably be found to be present in large numbers. Now, it is the inhalation of dry, germ-laden dust that is the commonest cause of consumption, so that anything that tends to stir up this dust and convey it to the mouth is literally "tempting Providence," especially in weakly and anemic persons with consumptive tendencies.

Shy on Both.

"The golden eagle is very rare, isn't it?"

"But I don't find it any more so than just the ordinary $10 bill."—Puck.

THIS WOMAN HAD MUCH PAIN WHEN STANDING

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made Her a Well Woman.

Chippewa Falls, Wis.—"I have always had great confidence in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as I found it very good for organic troubles and recommend it highly. I had displacement, backache and pains when standing on my feet for any length of time, when it began to take the Compound, but I am in fine health now. If I ever have those troubles again I will take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. ED. FERRON, 816 High St., Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

Providence, R. I.—"I cannot speak too highly of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as it has done wonders for me and I would not be without it. I had organic displacement and bearing down pains and backache and was thoroughly run down when I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helped me and I am in the best of health at present. I work in a factory all day long besides doing my housework so you can see what it has done for me. I give you permission to publish my name and I speak of your Vegetable Compound to many of my friends."—Mrs. ABBIE LAWSON, 128 Lippitt St., Providence, R. I.

He is a successful busines man who can make more money than his wife can spend.

Be thrifty on little things like bluing. Don't accept water for bluing. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the extra good value blue. Adv.

Linguist.

"I am returning to you because I can't understand a word he says."

"That doesn't concern me. Madam buys a parrot from Java; all madam has to do is to learn Javanese."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle. Adv.

The Other View.

"But, confound it all, you autoists certainly believe that pedestrians should stick to their rights, don't you?"

"Sure. But, dod blame it all, what can we do when most of 'em keeps dodging to their left?"

Ruling Habits Strong.

"Well, so you are worth millions, eh?"

"Yes, struck it rich."

"Torn yourself away from all the old habits of life, I suppose?"

"No; I cling to a few. I still empty the drip pan of the refrigerator every night."

Hint to Rural Landlords.

Uncle Upcreek—There hain't been a trout in thet there creek for thutty year; now our new boarder is pullin' 'em out as fast as he can drop in.

Mrs. Upcreek—That's what comes of advertisin' our trout fishing in the religious papers; they can't lie, nohow.—Puck.

Duty as a Reformer.

There is no such reformer as an exacting duty. Note the asceticism of athletes and scouts. The ravages of drink are abated by machinery, with its demand for a clear brain and steady nerves, is multiplied on every hand. Each new stress of business and professional rivalry puts a fresh premium on sobriety and wise restraint.

Doubtful of God's Power.

"Out of the mouth of babes" frequently come reproaching, regenerating hints of high spiritual value. A little girl whose father was very ill was asked if she had prayed for his recovery. "No," she replied, her innocent eyes wide and solemn. "I did think of it, but then I wondered if it would be any use. I know God's bigger 'n' wiser than people, but I didn't know if he could kill germs."

BEGAN YOUNG.

Had "Coffee Nerves" From Youth.

"When very young I began using coffee and continued up to the last six months," writes a Texas girl.

"I had been excessively nervous, thin and very sallow. After quitting coffee and drinking Postum about a month my nervousness disappeared and has never returned. This is the more remarkable as I am a primary teacher and have kept right on with my work.

"My complexion now is clear and rosy, my skin soft and smooth. As a good complexion was one thing I had greatly desired, I feel amply repaid even though this were the only benefit derived from drinking Postum.

"Before beginning to use it, I had suffered greatly from indigestion and headache; these troubles are now unknown.

"I changed from coffee to Postum without the slightest inconvenience, did not even have a headache. Have known coffee drinkers, who were visiting me, to use Postum for a week without being aware that they were not drinking coffee."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for booklet, "The Road to Wellville."

Postum comes in two forms.

Regular (must be boiled).

Instant Postum doesn't require boiling but is prepared instantly by stirring a level teaspoonful in an ordinary cup of hot water, which makes it right for most persons.

A big cup requires more and some people who like strong things put in a heaping spoonful and temper it with a large supply of cream.

Experiment until you know the amount that pleases your palate and have it served that way in the future.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.