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SYNOPSIS.

After stealing the Omber jewels and the Huysman war plans in London Michael Lanyard returns to Troyon's, Paris inn, for the first time in many years because he thinks Roddy, a Scotland Yard man, is on his trail. On arrival he finds Roddy already installed as a guest. At dinner a conversation between Comte de Morbihan, M. Bannon and Mlle. Bannon about the Lone Wolf, a celebrated crackesman who works alone, alarms him. Lanyard dresses and goes out, leaving Roddy asleeping in the next room, then comes back stealthily, to find in his room Mlle. Bannon, who explains her presence by saying that she was sleep-walking. In his apartment near the Trocadero he finds written on the back of a 20-pound note, part of his concealed emergency board, an invitation from The Pack to the Lone Wolf to join them. Lanyard attempts to dispose of the Omber jewels, but finds that The Pack had forbidden the buyers to deal with him. He decides to meet The Pack. De Morbihan meets him and leads him before three masked members of The Pack. He recognizes Papinot, strategist, and Werthemer, English nobleman, but the third, an American, is unknown to him. He refuses alliance with them on his return to his room he is attacked in the dark, but knocks out his assailant. He gives the unconscious man, who proves to be the mysterious American, a hypodermic to keep him quiet, discovers that Roddy has been murdered in his bed with the evident intention of fastening the crime on him, and, changing the appearance of the unconscious American into semblle his own, starts to leave the house. In the corridor he encounters Lady Bannon, who insists on leaving with him.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Her hands moved toward him in a flutter of entreaty: "I, too, must leave unseen—I must! Take me with you—and I promise you no one shall ever know—"

He lacked time to weigh the disadvantages inherent in her proposition; though she offered him a heavy handicap, he had no choice but to accept it without protest.

"Come, then," he told her—"and not a sound—"

She signified assent with another nod, and promptly he turned to an adjacent door, opened it gently, whipped out his flash lamp, and passed through. Without sign of hesitancy she followed, and like two shadows they dogged that dancing spotlight through a linen closet and service room, down a shallow well threaded by a spiral of iron steps and, by way of a long corridor that linked the kitchen offices, on to a stout door of oak secured only by huge, old-style bolts of iron.

In two minutes from the moment of their encounter they stood outside Troyon's, that door at their back, facing a cramped, malodorous alleyway—a dark and noisome souvenir of that wild medieval Paris whose effacement is an enduring monument to the fame of the good Baron Haussmann.

For all its might and its omniscience, Lanyard doubted if the Pack had as yet identified Michael Lanyard with that ill-starred Marcel who once had been as intimate with this secret way as any skulking Tom of its feline hordes.

But with this one confidence was never akin to foolhardiness; and if, before leaving Troyon's back door, he had paused to take the girl's hand and had drawn it through his arm—it was his left arm that he thus dedicated to gallantry—his right hand remained unhampered and was never far from the grip of his automatic.

Nor was he altogether trustful of his companion. Momentarily he grew more jealously heedful of her, of every nuance in her bearing. The least trace of added pressure on his arm, the most subtle suggestion that she wasn't altogether indifferent to him or regarded him in any way other than as the chance-found comrade of an hour of trouble would have proved enough to fix his suspicions. For such, he told himself, would be the first thought of one bent on beguiling, to lead him on by some intimation—the more tenuous and elusive the more provoking—that she found him in person not altogether objectionable.

But he failed to find anything of this in her manner.

So what was he to think? That she was alert enough to appreciate how ruinous to her design would be any such advances?

In such perplexity he brought her to the mouth of the alley and there pulled up for reconnoissance, before venturing forth into the narrow, dark and utterly deserted side street that presented itself.

At this the girl gently disengaged her hand and drew away a pace or two, and, when Lanyard had satisfied himself that there were no Apaches in the offing he turned to see her standing there, just within the entrance to the alley, in a pose of blank indecision.

Conscious of his regard, she turned to his inspection a face touched with a fugitive, uncertain smile.

"Where are we now?" she asked in a guarded tone.

He named the street, and she shook her head.

"That doesn't mean much to me," she confessed; "I'm so strange in Paris. I know only a few of the principal streets. Where is the Boulevard St. Germain?"

Lanyard indicated the direction: "Two blocks that way."

"Thank you." She advanced a step or two, but paused again. "Do you know, possibly, just where I could find a taxicab?"

He smiled deceptively: "Don't worry about that. Where do you wish to go?"

"To the Gare du Nord."

That made him open his eyes. "The Gare du Nord!" he echoed. "But—I beg your pardon—"

"I wish to catch the first train for London. The girl informed him curtly: "You'll have some time to wait," Lanyard informed her. "The first train leaves about half past eight, and now it's not more than five."

"That can't be helped. I can wait in the station."

He shrugged; that was her look out—if she were sincere in her assertion that she meant to leave Paris; something which he took the liberty of doubting.

"You can reach it by the Metro," he suggested—"the underground, you know; there's a station handy—St Germain des Prés. If you like, I'll show you the way."

Her relief seemed so naïve he could almost have believed it genuine. And yet—

"I shall be very grateful," she murmured.

He took that for whatever worth it might assay and quietly fell into place beside her, and in mutual silence—perhaps largely due to her intuitive sense of his bias—they gained the Boulevard St. Germain. But here, even as they emerged from the side street, that happened which again upset Lanyard's plans—a belated fiacre hove up out of the mist and ranged alongside, its driver loudly soliciting patronage.

Beneath his breath Lanyard cursed the man liberally; nothing could have been more inopportune; he needed that uncouth conveyance for his own purposes, and if it had only waited until he had piloted the girl to the Metropolitan station, he might have had it. Now he must either yield the cab to the girl or—shake it with her.

Somewhat sullkily, then, if without betraying his temper, he signaled the cocher, opened the door, and handed the girl in with the suggestion

"If you don't mind dropping me en route."

"I shall be very glad," she said—"anything to repay, even in part, the courtesy you've shown me!"

"Oh, please don't worry about that."

He gave the driver precise directions, climbed in, and settled himself beside the girl. The whip cracked, the horse sighed, the driver swore, the aged fiacre groaned, stirred reluctantly, crawled wearily off through the thickening drizzle.

Within the body a common restraint held silence like a wall between the two.

The girl sat with face averted, reading through the window what corner signs they passed.

And in his turn Lanyard reviewed those well-remembered ways in vast weariness of spirit—disgusted with himself in consciousness that the girl had somehow divined his distrust.

"The Lone Wolf, eh?" he mused bitterly. "Rather, the Cornered Rat—if people only knew! Better still, the Errant—no—the Arrant Ass!"

They were skirting the Palais Royal when suddenly she turned to him in an impulsive attempt at self-justification.

"What must you be thinking of me, Mr. Lanyard!"

"Oh, as to that," he countered cheerfully, "I've got a pretty definite notion that you're running away from your father."

"Yes, I couldn't stand it any longer—"

She caught herself up, as though tempted but afraid to say more. He waited briefly before offering encouragement.

"I hope I haven't seemed impertinent."

"No, no!"

Than this impatient negative his pause of invitation evoked no other recognition. She had subsided into her reserve, but—he fancied—not altogether willingly.

Was it, then, possible that he had misjudged her?

"You've friends in London, no doubt?" he hazarded.

"No—none."

"But—"

"I shall manage very well. I shan't be there more than a day or two—till the next steamer sails."

"I see." There had sounded in her tone a finality which signified desire to drop the subject. None the less he pursued mischievously: "Permit me to wish you bon voyage, Miss Bannon—and to express my regret that circumstances have conspired to change your plans."

She was still eying him askance, doubiously, as if weighing the question of his acquaintance with her plans, when the fiacre lumbered from the Rue Vivienne into the Place de la Bourse, rounded that trowning pile, and drew up on its north side before the blue lights of the all-night telegraph bureau.

"With permission," Lanyard said, But I'll direct the cocher very carefully to the Gare du Nord. Please don't trouble to think—that's my affair. Now, not another word of thanks, to have been permitted to be of service—it is a unique pleasure, Miss Bannon. And so, good night!"

With an effect that seemed little less than timid the girl offered her hand.

"Thank you, Mr Lanyard," she said in an unsteady voice. "I am sorry—"

But she didn't say what it was she regretted, and Lanyard, standing with bared head in the driving mist, touched her fingers coolly, repeated his farewells, gave the driver both money and instructions, and saw the cab lurch away before he turned toward the telegraph bureau.

CHAPTER XIII.

Companions.

The enigma of the girl so deeply intrigued his imagination that it was only with difficulty that he concocted a noncommittal telegram to Roddy's acquaintance in the prefecture de police that imposing personage who had watched with the man from Scotland Yard at the platform gates in the Gare du Nord.

It was couched in English when eventually composed and submitted to the telegraph clerk with a fervent, if inaudible, prayer that he might be ignorant of the tongue.

"Come at once to my room at Troyon's. Enter via adjoining room prepared for immediate action on important development. Urgent.

"RODDY."

Whether or not this were Greek to the man behind the wicket in the telegraph bureau, it was accepted with complete indifference—or, rather, with an interest that apparently evaporated upon receipt of the fees. Lanyard couldn't see that the clerk favored him with as much as a curious glance before he turned away to lose himself, to bury his identity finally and forever under the incognito of the Lone Wolf.

He couldn't have rested without taking that one step to compass the arrest of the American assassin; now, with luck and prompt action on the part of the prefecture, he felt sure that Roddy would be avenged by Mlle Paris. But it was quite as well that there should be no clue whereby the author of the mysterious telegram might be traced.

It was, then, not an ill-pleased Lanyard who slipped out into the night and the rain; but his exasperation was elaborate when the first object that met his gaze was that wretched fiacre, back in place before the door, Lucia Bannon leaning from its lowered window, the cocher on his box brandishing an importunate whip at the adventurer.

He barely escaped choking on suppressed profanity, and for two sous would have swung on his heel and ignored the girl deliberately. But he didn't dare—close at hand stood a sergent de ville, inquisitive eyes bright beneath the dripping visor of his cap, keenly welcoming this diversion of a cheerless hour.

With at least outward semblance of resignation Lanyard approached the window.

"I have been guilty of some stupidity, perhaps!" he inquired with liveliness that knew no echo in his heart. "But I am sorry—"

"The stupidity is mine," the girl interrupted in accents tense with agitation. "Mr Lanyard, I—I—" Her voice faltered and broke in a sharp, dry sob, and she drew back with an effort of instinctive distaste for public emotion. Lanyard smothered an impulse to demand roughly: "Well, what now?" and came closer to the window.

"There is something else I can do, Miss Bannon?"

"I don't know. I've just found it out—I came away so hurriedly I never thought to make sure, but I've no money—only a few francs!"

"Why Did You Lock Me In?"

"That's of no consequence," he cut her short. "I'm at your service—I've a hundred francs in my pocket ebook, and so I have—but the pocket-book's back there in my room at Troyon's."

"A hundred francs wouldn't see you far towards New York," he observed thoughtfully.

"Oh, I hope you don't think—"

She drew back into her corner with a little shudder of humiliation.

As if he hadn't, Lanyard turned to the window, leaned out, and redirected the driver sharply: "Impasse Stanislas!"

Immediately the vehicle swerved, rounded a corner, and made back toward the Seine with a celerity which suggested that the stables lay on the Rive Gauche.

"Where?" the girl demanded as Lanyard sat back. "Where are you taking me?"

"I'm sorry," Lanyard said, with every appearance of sudden contrition; "I acted impulsively—on the assumption of your complete confidence. Which, of course, was unpardonable. But, I believe me, you have only to say no, and it shall be as you wish."

"But," she persisted impatiently—"you haven't answered me; what is this Impasse Stanislas?"

"The address of an artist I know—Solon, the painter. We're going to take possession of his studio-residence in his absence. Don't worry; he won't mind. He is under heavy obligation to me—I've sold several canvases for him, and when he's away, as now, in the States, he leaves me the keys. It's a sober-minded, steady-paced neighborhood, where we can rest without misgivings and take our time to think things out."

"But—" the girl began in an odd tone.

"Permit me," he interposed hastily, "to urge the facts of the case upon your consideration."

"Well?" she said in the same tone, as he paused.

"To begin with—I don't doubt you've good reason for running away from your father."

"A very real, a very grave reason," she affirmed quietly.

"And you'd rather not go back—"

"That is out of the question!" with restrained passion that almost won his credulity.

"But you've no friends in Paris?"

"Not one!"

"And no money. So it seems, if you're to elude your father, you must find some place to hide pro tem. As for myself, I've not slept in forty-eight hours and must rest before I can do more, before I'll be able to think clearly and plan ahead. And we won't accomplish much riding round forever in this miserable cab. So I offer you the only solution I'm capable of advancing under the circumstances—"

"You are quite right," the girl agreed after a moment. "Please don't think me unappreciative. Indeed, it makes me very unhappy to think I know no way to make amends for your trouble."

"There may be a way," Lanyard informed her quietly, but will not discuss that until we've rested up a bit."

"I shall be only too glad—" she began, but broke off, and, in a silence that seemed almost apprehensive, eyed him speculatively throughout the remainder of the journey.

It wasn't a long one, and in the course of the next ten minutes, they drew up at the end of a shallow pocket of a street, a scant half block in depth. Alighting, Lanyard helped the girl out, paid and dismissed the cocher, and turned to an iron gate in a high stone wall crowned with spikes.

The grillework of that gate afforded glimpses of a small, dark garden and a little house of two stories. Blank walls of beetling tenements shouldered both house and garden on either side.

Unlocking the gate with a ready key, Lanyard refastened it very carefully, repeated the business as the front door of the house, and when they were securely locked and bolted within a dark reception room, turned on the electric light.

But he granted the girl little more than time for a fugitive survey of this anteroom—so an establishment of unique artistic character.

"Solon's living quarters are downstairs here," he explained hurriedly. "He's unmarried, and lives quite alone—his studio devil and the woman who cares for things come in by the day only—and he holds that pest of Parisian life, the concierge. With your permission, I'll assign you to the studio—up here."

And leading the way up a narrow flight of steps, he had made a light in the huge room by the time the girl joined him.

"I believe you'll be comfortable," he said. "That divan yonder is as easy a couch as one could wish—and there's this door you can lock at the head of the staircase, while I, of course, will be on guard below. And now, Miss Bannon—unless there's something else I can do—"

The girl answered with a wan smile and a little broken sigh. Almost involuntarily, in the heaviness of her fatigue, she had surrendered to the hospitable arms of a huge lounge chair.

Her weary glance ranged the luxuriously appointed studio and returned to Lanyard's face, and while he waited he fancied he caught something moving and wistful in those eyes so deeply shadowed with distress, perplexity and fatigue.

"I'm very tired indeed," she confessed—"more than I knew. But I'm sure I shall be comfortable. And I count myself very fortunate, Mr. Lanyard. You've been more kind than I deserve. Without you, I don't like to think what might have become of me."

"Please don't!" he pleaded. And suddenly discountenanced by consciousness of his duplicity, he turned to the stairs. "Good night, Miss Bannon," he mumbled, and was half way down before he heard his valediction faintly echoed.

As he gained the lower floor the door was closed at the top of the stairs and its bolt shot home with a soft thud. When he turned to lock the lower one he stayed his hand in transient indecision.

"Damn it!" he growled uneasily—"there can't be any harm in that girl! Impossible for eyes like hers to lie! And yet— And yet— Oh, what's the matter with me? Am I losing my grip? Why hesitate over ordinary precautions against treachery on the part of a woman who's nothing to me and of whom I know nothing that isn't conspicuously questionable? All because of a pretty face and an appealing manner!"

So he locked that door, if very gently, and having pocketed the key and made a round of doors and windows to examine their fastenings, he stumbled heavily into the bedroom of his friend the artist.

Darkness overwhelmed him then—he was stricken down by sleep as an ox falls under the axe.

CHAPTER XIV.

Awakening.

It was late afternoon when Lanyard wakened from sleep so deep and dreamless that nothing could have induced it less potent than sheer systemic exhaustion, at once nervous, muscular and mental.

A profound and stifling lethargy benumbed his senses. There was stupor in his brain and all his limbs ached dully. He opened dazed eyes upon blank darkness. In his ears sounded a vast silence.

And that strange moment of awakening he was conscious of no individuality—it was, for the time, as if he had passed in slumber from one existence to another, sloughing in the transition all his threefold existence as Marcel Troyon, Michael Lanyard and the Lone Wolf. Had any one of these names been uttered in his hearing just then it would have meant nothing—he was merely himself, a shell of sensations inclosing dull embers of vitality.

For several minutes he lay without moving, curiously intrigued by this riddle of identity—it was but slowly that his mind, like a blind hand groping through the arras of a darkened chamber, picked up the filaments of memory.

But one by one the connections were renewed, the circuits closed.

Singularly enough, in his understanding, his first thought was of a girl—still, presumably, asleep upstairs in the studio, unconsciously his prisoner and hostage.

For he was no more as he had been. Wherein the difference lay he couldn't say, but that a difference existed he was persuaded—that he had changed, that some strange reaction in the chemistry of his nature had taken place while he slept. It was as if sleep had not only repaired the ravages of fatigue upon the tissues of his brain and body, but had mended the tissues of his soul as well.

His thoughts were fluent in fresh channels, his interests no longer the interests of the Michael Lanyard he had known, no longer self-centered, the interests of one whose ego, if he was concerned less for himself, even so when he should be most concerned about himself, than for another, for the girl Lucia Bannon, who was nothing to him, whom he had yet to know for twenty-four hours, but none the less a woman for whose he could not cease to think if he would.

It was her situation that perturbed him, her predicament from which he sought an outlet—never his own.

Yet his own was desperate enough to alarm and uneasy, he at length he thought, had been his state. But its testimony seemed incredible—surely the hour could not be five in the afternoon! Surely he could not have slept so close upon a full round of the clock!

And if it were so what of the girl? Had she, too, so sorely needed sleep that the brief November day had dawned and waned without her knowledge?

That question was one to agitate him; he was up in an instant and groping his way through the gloom-crushrouded bedchamber and dining room to the staircase door in the reception hall. He found this fast enough, for its key was safe in his pocket, and, unlocking it quietly, he shot the beam of his lamp up that dark wall to the door at the top, which was tight shut.

For several moments he listened, but there was never a sound to indicate that he wasn't a lonely tenant of the little dwelling, then irresolutely he lifted a foot to the first step—and withdrew it. If she were still asleep, why disturb her? He had much to do in the way of thinking things out, and that was a process more easily performed in solitude.

Leaving the door ajar, he turned to one of the front windows, parted the draperies, and peered out, over the little garden and through the iron ribs of the gate, to the street, where a single gas lamp, glimmering within a dull, golden halo of mist, made visible the scant length of the impasse Stanislas, empty, rain swept, desolate.

Rain continued to fall with no hint of stopping.

Something in the dreary emptiness of that brief vista deepened the shadow in his mood and knitted a careworn frown into his brows.

Abstractedly he sought the kitchen and, making a light, washed up at the tap, then foraged for breakfast. He put the kettle on to boil, and, lighting a cigarette, sat himself down beside the table to watch the pot and cogitate over his several problems.

In a fashion uncommonly clear-headed, even for him, he assembled all the facts bearing upon their position, his and Lucia Bannon's, and dispassionately pondered them.

But insensibly his thoughts reverted to the exotic phase of his awakening, drifting into such introspection as he seldom indulged, and led him by strange ways to a revelation altogether unpreagaed and a resolve still more revolutionary.

A look of wonder flickered in his brooding eyes, and clipped between his two fingers, his cigarette grew a long ash, let it fall, and burned down to a stump so short that the coal almost scorched his flesh. He dropped it and crushed out the fire with his heel quite unwittingly.

Slowly but irresistibly his world was turning over beneath his feet.

The sound of a footfall recalled him as from an immeasurable remove; he looked up to see the girl at pause upon the threshold. He rose slowly, with effort recollecting himself and marshaling his wits against the emergency foreshadowed by her attitude.

Tense with indignation, quick with disdain, she demanded without any preface whatever: "Why did you lock me in?"

He stammered unhappily: "I beg your pardon—"

"Why did you lock me in?"

"I'm sorry—"

But she interrupted him to stamp her foot emphatically, and he caught her up on the echo of that—

"If you must know, because I wasn't trusting you."

Her eyes darkened ominously. "Yet you insisted that I must trust you!"

"The circumstances aren't parallel, you're not a notorious malefactor wanted by the police of every capital in Europe, hounded by rivals to boot—fighting for life, liberty and"—he laughed shortly—"the pursuit of happiness!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The First Object That Met His Gaze Was That Wretched Fiacre.

DID NOT WANT PRESIDENCY

Doctor Shaw Tells How Her Election as Head of Woman's Suffrage Association Came About.

It is interesting, now that it is rumored that Doctor Shaw is to lay down the presidency of the National American Woman's Suffrage association, to recall how unwilling she was to assume it in 1904.

In her recently published autobiography, "The Story of a Pioneer," she says:

"Miss Anthony immediately urged me to accept the presidency of the National association, which I was now most unwilling to do. I had lost my ambition to be president, and there were other reasons, into which I need not go again, why I felt that I could not accept the post.

"At last, however, Miss Anthony actually commanded me to take the place, and there was nothing to do but obey her. She was then eighty-four, and, as it proved, within two years of her death.

"It was no time for me to rebel against her wishes, but I yielded with the heaviest heart I have ever carried, and after my election to the presidency at the national convention in Washington, I left the stage, went into a dark corner of the wings, and for the first time since my girlhood cried myself sick."

Cheese as an Aid to Health

The long cherished idea that cheese should form only a small part of the daily diet recently has been challenged. Not long ago the United States department of agriculture issued a bulletin recommending the use of cheese as a cheap and wholesome substitute for meat.

An interesting and important assertion by a Swiss investigator is to the effect that persons who make cheese a considerable part of their regular diet are very resistant to many intestinal diseases, such as dysentery and the dreaded typhus fever which has desolated Serbia. According to Doctor Burri, the daily meat ration in the Swiss army has already been partly replaced by cheese, with excellent results.

The Corporation of Trinity church, New York, owns 359 houses, the rent of which maintains the church.

MOTHERS LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE

If cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

A laxative today saves a sick child tomorrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish; stomach sour.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other childish ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

Careful.

"Will the vaccination mark show, doctor?"

"Yard said bank. "Where are you taking me?"

"Yard said, with every appearance of sudden contrition; "I acted impulsively—on the assumption of your complete confidence. Which, of course, was unpardonable. But, I believe me, you have only to say no, and it shall be as you wish."

"But," she persisted impatiently—"you haven't answered me; what is this Impasse Stanislas?"

"The address of an artist I know—Solon, the painter. We're going to take possession of his studio-residence in his absence. Don't worry; he won't mind. He is under heavy obligation to me—I've sold several canvases for him, and when he's away, as now, in the States, he leaves me the keys. It's a sober-minded, steady-paced neighborhood, where we can rest without misgivings and take our time to think things out."

"But—" the girl began in an odd tone.

"Permit me," he interposed hastily, "to urge the facts of the case upon your consideration."

"Well?" she said in the same tone, as he paused.

"To begin with—I don't doubt you've

Amicable Alice.

Alice—Papa, it's going to snow.

Papa (who is busy)—Well, let it snow.

Alice—I was going to, papa.

FIERY RED PIMPLES

Soothed and Healed by Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

Smear the affected skin with Cuticura Ointment on end of finger. Let it remain five to ten minutes. Then wash off with plenty of Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry without irritation. Nothing like Cuticura for all skin troubles from infancy to age.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere. Adv.

Advice to the Healthy.

Don't spit on floors or sidewalks. Set the consumptive a good example. If you must spit, spit into gutters or into a spittoon.

Live in the open air as much as possible.

Keep the windows open summer and winter, at home and at work.

Sleep with the windows open; but be sure that the entire body is warmly clad.

Fresh air, whether moist or dry, warm or cold, is good for you.

Breathe through the nose. Breathe deeply.

Avoid dust. Avoid dusty occupations. Never stir up dust by dry sweeping. Sprinkle water or moist sawdust, or moist bits of paper, over the floor before sweeping. Dusting should be done with a moist cloth.

Women Showed Their Skill.

The skill with which women can do even the heavy work on a farm was shown in a recent plowing match at Ayscoughfee, Lincolnshire, England. The wife of a farmer and her twenty-one-year-old servant managed to beat all but one man competitor. The woman had only practiced plowing a week before the match. It is said that the night before the match some person had removed the shares and points of all the competitors' plows, rendering them useless. The women went round the district in the morning, borrowed rusty shares and fittings, and got them ready for the match.

MORE THAN EVER

Increased Capacity for Work Since Leaving Off Coffee.

Many former coffee drinkers who have mental work to perform day after day, have found a better capacity and greater endurance by using Postum instead of coffee. An Illinois woman writes:

"I had drank coffee for about twenty years, and finally had what the doctor called 'coffee heart.' I was nervous and extremely despondent; had little mental of physical strength left; had kidney trouble and constipation.

"The first noticeable benefit which followed the change from coffee to Postum was the improved action of the kidneys and bowels. In two weeks my heart action was greatly improved and my nerves steadier.

"Then I became less despondent and the desire to be active again showed proof of renewed physical and mental strength.

"I formerly did mental work and had to give it up on account of coffee, but since using Postum I am doing hard mental labor with less fatigue." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms:

Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled, 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both forms are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

Priest Needed No Assistance.

Policeman McNulty, two blocks away was told that a priest was being beaten. When he arrived at the scene, he found the information all wrong. Father McGrath had both men down. He was sitting on one and the other was pleading, "Please don't hit me again." The militant priest is known as Fighting Father McGrath of the Seaman's mission in New York city, and he had rescued a sailor who had been attacked late at night by the thugs on the river front.