The COAST *of* CHANCE

by ESTHER & LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN

ILLUSTRATIONS by M. G. Kettner

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SYNOPSIS.

At a private view of the Chatworth personal estate, to be sold at auction, the Chatworth ring, known as the Crew Idol, mysteriously disappears. Harry Cressy, who was present, describes the ring to his fiancee, Flora Gilsey, and her chaperon, Mrs. Clara Britton, as being like a heathen god, with a beautiful sapphire set in the head. Flora meets Mr. Kerr, an Englishman, at the club. In discussing the disappearance of the ring, the exploits of an English thief, Farrell Wand, are recalled. Flora has a fancy that Harry and Kerr know something about the mystery. Kerr tells Flora that he has met Harry somewhere, but cannot place him. $20,000 reward is offered for the return of the ring. Harry admits to Flora that he dislikes Kerr. Harry takes Flora to a Chinese goldsmith's to buy an engagement ring. An exquisite sapphire set in a hoop of brass, is selected. Harry urges her not to wear it until it is reset. The possession of the ring seems to cast a spell over Flora. She becomes uneasy and apprehensive. Flora meets Kerr at a box party. She is startled by the effect on him when he gets a glimpse of the sapphire. The possibility that the stone is part of the Crew Idol causes Flora much anxiety. Unseen, Flora discovers Clara ransacking her dressing room. Flora refuses to give or sell the stone to Kerr, and suspects him of being the thief. Flora's interest in Kerr increases. She decides to return the ring to Harry, but he tells her to keep it for a day or two. Ella Buller tells Flora that Clara is setting her cap for her father, Judge Buller. Flora believes Harry suspects Kerr.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"But Judge Buller has already vouched for that man," she said quickly, "so he must be all right."

Kerr inclined his head to her with a smile.

"Buller is easily taken in," said Harry calmly. Under the direct, the insolent meaning of his look Flora felt her face grow hot—her hands cold. Harry could sit there taunting this man, hitting him over another man's back, and Kerr could not resent it. He could only sit—his head a little canted forward—looking at Harry with the traces of a dry smile upon his lips.

She thought the next moment everything would be declared. She sprang up, and, with an impulse for rescue, went to the door of the smoking-room. "Judge Buller," she called.

There was a sudden cessation of talk; a movement of forms dimly seen in the thick blue element; and then through wreaths of smoke, the judge's face dawned upon her like a sun through fog.

"Well, well, Miss Flora," he wanted to know, "to what bad action of mine do I owe this good fortune?"

She retreated, beckoning him to the middle of the room. "You owe it to the bad action of another," she said gayly. "Your friends are being slandered."

Harry made a movement as if he would have stopped her, and the expression of his face, in its alarm, was comic. But she paid no heed. She laid her hand on Harry's arm. "Mr. Kerr is just about to accuse us of being impostors," she announced. She had robbed the situation of its peril by gayly turning it exactly inside out.

The judge blinked, puzzled at this extraordinary statement. Harry was disconcerted; but Kerr showed an astonishment that amazed her—a concern that she could not understand. He turned at her. Then he laughed rather shakily as he turned to her with a mock gallant bow.

"All women impose upon us, madam. And as for Mr. Cressy"—he fixed Harry with a look—"I could not accuse him of being an impostor since we have met in the sacred limits of St. James'."

The two glances that crossed before Flora's watchful eyes were keen as thrust and parry of rapiers. Harry bowed stiffly.

"I believe, for a fact, we did not meet, but I think I saw you there once—at some embassy ball."

The words rang, to Flora's ears, as if they had been shouted from the housetops. In the speaking pause that followed there was audible an unknown hortatory voice from the smoking room.

"I tell you it's a damn-fool way to manage it! What's the good of twenty thousand dollars' reward?" Flora clutched nervously at the back of her chair. She seemed to see the danger of discovery piling up above Kerr like a mountain.

The judge chuckled. "You see what you saved me from. They've been at it hammer and tongs all the evening. Every man in town has his idea on that subject."

"For instance, what is that one?" Kerr's casual voice was in contrast to his guarded eyes.

The judge looked pleased. "That one? Why, that's my own—was, at least, half an hour ago. You see, about that twenty-thousand-dollar proposition—" They moved nearer to him. They stood, the four, around the red velvet-covered table, like people waiting to be served. "The trouble is right here," said the judge emphasizing with blunt forefinger. "The crook has a pal. That's probable, isn't it?"

Harry nodded. Flora felt Kerr's eyes upon her, but she could not look at him.

"And we see the thing is at a deadlock, don't we? Well, now," the judge went on triumphantly, "we know if any one person had the whole ring it would be turned in by this time. That is the weak spot in the reward policy. They didn't reckon on the thing's being split."

"Split? No, really, do you think that possible?" Kerr inquired, and Flora caught a glimmer of irony in his voice.

"Well, can you see one of the chaps trusting the other with more than half of it?" The judge was scornful. "And a fellow needs a whole ring if he is after a reward." He rolled his head waggishly. "Oh, I could have been a crook myself!" he chuckled, but his was the only smiling face in the party.

For Kerr's was pale, schooled to a rigid self-control.

And Harry's was crimson and swollen, as if with a sudden rush of blood. His twitching hands, his sullen eyes, responded to Judge Buller's last word as if it had been an accusation.

"It makes me damned sick, the way you fellows talk—as if it was the easiest thing in the world to—" He broke off. It was such a tone, loose, harsh and uncontrolled, as made Flora shrink.

As if he sensed that movement in her, he turned upon her furiously.

"Well, are we going to stand here all night?" He took her by the arm.

She felt as if he had struck her. Buller was staring at him, but Kerr had opened the door through which she had entered, and now, turning his back upon Harry, silently motioned her out.

She had a moment's fear that Harry's grasp, even then, wouldn't let go. Indeed, for a moment he stood clutching her, as if, now that his rage had spent itself, she was the one thing he could hold to. Then she felt his fingers loosen. He stood there alone, looking, with his great bulk, and his great strength, and his abashed bewilderment, rather pathetic.

But that aspect reached her dimly, for the fear of him was uppermost. Her arm still burned where he had grasped it. She moved away from him toward the door Kerr had opened for her. She passed from the light of the crimson room into the dark of the passage. Some one followed her and closed the door. Some one caught step with her. It was Kerr. He bent his dark head to speak low.

"I don't know why you did it, you quixotic child, but you must not expose yourself in this way, for any reason whatsoever."

The light of the crowded rooms burst upon them again.

"Oh," she turned to him beseechingly, "can't you get me away?"

"Surely." His manner was as if nothing had happened. His smile was reassuring. "I'll call your carriage, and find Mrs. Britton."

When Flora came down from the dressing-room she found Clara already in the carriage, and Kerr mounting guard in the hall. As he handed her in, Clara leaned forward.

"Where is Mr. Cressy?" she inquired.

"He sent his apologies," Kerr explained. "He is not able to get away just now."

Flora lay back in the carriage. She was dimly aware of Clara's presence beside her, but for the moment Clara had ceased to be a factor. The shape that filled all the foreground of her thought was Harry. He loomed alarming to her imagination—all the more so since, for the moment, he had seemed to lose his grip. That was another thing she could not quite understand. That burst of violent irritation following, as it had, Judge Buller's words! If Kerr had been the speaker it would have been natural enough, since all through this interview Harry's evident antagonism had seemed strained to the snapping point.

But poor Judge Buller had been harmless enough. He had been merely theorizing. But—wait! She made so sharp a movement that Clara looked at her. The judge's theory might be close to facts that Harry was cognizant of.

For herself she had had no way of finding out how the sapphire had got adrift. But hadn't Harry? Hadn't he followed up that singular scene with the blue-eyed Chinaman, by other visits to the goldsmith's shop? Why, yesterday, when he was supposed to be in Burlingame, Clara had seen him in Chinatown. The idea burst upon then. Harry was after the whole ring. He counted the part she held already his, and for the rest he was groping in Chinatown; he was trying to reach it through the imperturbable little goldsmith. But he had not reached it yet—and she could read his irritation at his failure in his violent outburst when Judge Buller so innocently flung the difficulties in his face. She knew as much now as she could bear. If Harry did not suspect Kerr, it would be strange. But—Harry waiting to make sure of a reward before he unmasked a thief! It was an ugly thought!

And would he wait for the rest now—now that the situation was so galling to him? Might not he just decide to take the sapphire, and with the evidence of that, risk his putting his hand on the "Idol" when he grasped the thief?

The carriage was stopping. Clara was making ready to get out. She braced herself to face Clara in the light with a casual exterior—but when she had reached her own rooms she sank in a heap in the chair before her writing-table, and laid her head upon the table between her arms.

In her wretchedness she found herself turning to Kerr. How stoically he had endured it all, though it must have borne on him most heavily! How kind he had been to her! He had not even spoken of himself, though he must have known the shadows were closing over his head.

In the gray hours of the morning she wrote him. She dared not put the perils into words, but she implied them. She vaguely threatened; and she implored him to go, avoiding them all, herself more than any; and, quaking at the possibility that he might, after all, overcome her, she declared that before he went she would not see him again. She closed with the forbidden statement that whether he stayed or went, at the end of three days she would make a sure disposal of the ring. She put all this in reckless black and white and sent it by the hand of Shima. Then she waited. She waited, in her little isolation, with the sapphire always hung about her neck, waited with what anticipation of marvelous results—avowals, ideal farewells, or possibly some incredible transformation of the grim face of the business. And the answer was silence.

"I Mean It, I Mean It," He Assured Her.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Heart of the Dilemma.

There is, in the heart of each gale of events, a storm center of quiet. It is the very deadlock of contending forces, in which the individual has space for breath and apprehension. Into this lull Flora fell panting from her last experience, more frightened by the false calm than by the whirlwind that had landed her there. Now she had time to mark the echoes of the storm about her, and to realize her position.

From the middle of her calm she saw many inexplicable appearances. She saw them everywhere from the small round of Clara's movement to the larger wheel of the public aspect. Clara was taking tea with the Bullers, and the papers had ceased to mention the Crew Idol.

It had not even been a nine days' wonder. It had not dwindled. It had simply dropped from headlines to nothing; and after the first murmur of astonishments at this strange vanishing, after a little vain conjecture as to the reason of it, the subject dropped out of the public mouth. The silence was so sudden it was like a suppression. To Flora it shadowed some forces working so secretly so surely, that they had extinguished the light of publicity. They must be going on with concentrated and terrible activity in cycles, which perhaps had not yet touched her.

So, seeing Maj. Purdie among the crowd at some one's "afternoon" where she was pouring tea, she looked up at his cheerful face and high bald dome with a passionate curiosity. He knew why the press had been extinguished, and what they were doing in the dark. She knew where the sapphire was—and where the culprit was to be found. And to think that they could tell each other, if they would, each a tale the other would hardly dare believe. Amazing appearances! How far away, how foreign from the facts they covered! But Maj. Purdie had the best of it. He at least was doing his duty. He was standing stiffly on one side, while she hesitated between, trying desperately to push Kerr out of sight before she dared uncover the jewel. But he wouldn't move. In spite of all she had done, he wouldn't.

Across the room that very afternoon she caught the twinkle of his resisting smile. He had had her letter then for two days, and still he had come here, though he'd been bidden to stay away; though he had been warned to keep away from all places where she, or these people around her, might find him; though he had been implored to go, finally, as far away as the round surface of the world would let him.

By what he had heard and seen in the red room that night he must know her warning had not been ridiculous. And there was another threat less apparent on the surface of things, but evident enough to her. It was the change in Clara after she had begun her attack on the Bullers, her appearance of being busy with something, absorbed with, intent upon something, which, if she had not secured it yet, at least she had well in reach. And that thing—suppose it had to do with the Crew Idol; and suppose Clara should play into Harry's hands!

For Kerr's escape Flora had been holding the ring, fighting off events, and yet all the while she had not wanted to lose the sight of him. Well, now, when she had made up her mind finally to resign herself to the dreariness of that, might he not at least have done his part of it and decently disappeared? So much he might have done for her.

He was playing her own trick on her, but her chances for getting at him again were fewer than his had been with her. She could not besiege him in his abode; and in the places where they met, large houses crowded with people, the eye of the world was upon her. For how long had she forgotten it—she who had been all her life so deferential toward it! Even now she remembered it only because it interfered with what she wanted to do.

For the eye of her small society was very keenly upon Kerr. She realized, all at once, that he had become a personage; and then, by smiles, by lifted eyebrows, by glances, she gathered that her name was being linked with his. She was astonished. How could their luncheon together at the Purdies', their words that night in the opera box, their few minutes' talk in the shop, have crystallized into this gossip? It vexed her—alarmed her, how it had got about when she had seen him so seldom, had known him scarcely more than a week. It was simply in the air. It was in her attitude and in his, but how far it had gone she did not dream, until in the dense crowd of some one's at-home she caught the words of a young girl. The voice was so sweet and so prettily modulated that at its first notes Flora turned involuntarily to glimpse the speaker, a slender creature in a delicate mist of muslin, with an indeterminate chin and the cheek of a pale peach.

"Just think," Flora heard her saying, "he went to see her three times in two days, but to-day, did you notice, he wouldn't look at her until she went up and spoke to him. I don't see how a girl can! Harry Cressy—"

She moved away and the words were lost. Flora looked after her. For the moment she felt only scorn for the creatures who had clapped that interpretation upon her great responsibility. These people around her seemed poor indeed, absorbed only in petty considerations, and seeing everything down the narrow vista of the "correct." Her eyes followed the young girl's course through the room, easy to trace by her shining blond head, and the unusual deliciousness of her muslin gown. She stopped beside two women, and with a certain sense of pleasure and embarrassment Flora recognized one of them—Mrs. Herrick. She caught the lady's eye and bowed. Mrs. Herrick smiled, with a gracious inclination in which her graceful shoulders had a part.

It gave Flora the sense Mrs. Herrick's presence always brought her, of protection, of security, and the possibility of friendship finer than she had ever known. She started forward. But Mrs. Herrick, presenting instantly her profile, drew the young girl's hand through her arm and moved away.

Flora winced as if she had received a blow. The other people who had heard the same gossip of her had been, on account of it, all the more amused and anxious to talk to her.

She felt herself judged—judged from the outside, it is true—but still there was justice in it. She had been flying in the face of custom, ignoring common good behavior, in short, sticking to her own convictions in defiance of the world's. And she must pay the penalty—the loss of the possibility of such a friend.

But it was hard, she thought, to pay the price without getting the thing she had paid for. It was more like a gamble in which she staked all on a chance. And never had this chance appeared more improbable to her than now. For if Kerr valued the ring more than he valued his safety, what argument was left her?

CHAPTER XVII.

The Demigod.

On the third day she opened her eyes to the sun with the thought: Where is he? From the windows of her room she could see the two pale points and the narrow way of water that led into the western ocean. Had he sailed out yonder west into the east, into that oblivion which was his only safety, for ever out of her sight? Or was he still at hand, ignoring warning, defying fate?

She drew out the sapphire and held it in her hand. The cloud of events had cast no film over its luster, but she looked at it now without pleasure. For all its beauty it wasn't worth what they were doing for it. Well, to-day they were both of them to see the last of it. To-day she was going to take it to Mr. Purdie, to deliver it into his hands, to tell him how it had fallen into hers in the goldsmith's shop—all of the story that was possible for her to tell.

She had made it out all clear in her mind that this was the right thing to do. It hadn't occurred to her she had made it out only on the hypothesis of Kerr's certainly going. It had not occurred to her that she might have to make her great moral move in the dark; or, what was worse, in the face of his most gallant resistance. In this discouraging light she saw her intention dwindle to the vanishing point, but the great move was just as good as it had been before—just as solid, just as advisable. Being so very solid, wouldn't it wait until she had time to show him that she really meant what she said, supposing she ever had a chance to see him again? The possibility that at this moment he might actually have gone had almost escaped her. She recalled it with a disagreeable shock, but, after all, that was the best she could hope, never to see him again! She ought to be grateful to be sure of that, and yet if she were, oh, never could she deprive him of so much beauty and light by her keeping of the sapphire as he would then have taken away from her!

She would come down then, indeed, level with plainest, palest, hardest things—people and facts. Her romance—she had seen it; she had had it in her hands, and it had somehow eluded her. It had vanished, evaporated.

She leaned and looked through the thin veil of her curtains at the splendid day. It was one of February's freaks. It was hot. The white ghost of noon lay over shore and sea. Beneath her the city seemed to sleep gray and glistening. The tops of hills that rose above the up-creeping houses were misted green. Across the bay, along the northern shore, there was a pale green coast of hills dividing blue and blue. Ships in the bay hung out white canvas drying, and the sky showed whiter clouds, slow-moving, like sails upon a languid sea.

She looked down upon all, as lone and lonely as a deserted lady in a tower, lifted above these happy, peaceful things by her strange responsibility. Her thoughts could not stay with them; her eyes traveled seaward. She parted the curtains and, leaning a little out, looked westward at the white sea gate.

A whistle, as of some child calling his mate, came sweetly in the silence. It was near, and the questing, expectant note caught her ear. Again it came, sharper, imperative, directly beneath her. She looked down; she was speechless. There was a sudden wild current of blood in her veins. There he stood, the whistler, neither child nor bird, but the man himself—Kerr, looking up at her from the gay oval of her garden. She hung over the window-sill. She looked directly down upon him, foreshortened to a face, and even with the distance and the broad glare of noon between them she recognized his aspect—his gayest, of diabolic glee. There lurked about him the impish quality of the whistle that had summoned her.

"Come down," he called.

All sorts of wonders and terrors were beating around her. He had transcended her wildest wish; he had come to her more openly, more daringly, more romantically than she could have dreamed. All the amazement of why and how he had braved the battery of the windows of her house was swallowed up in the greater joy of seeing him there, standing in his "grays," with stiff black hat pushed off his hot forehead, hands behind him, looking up at her from the middle of anemones and daffodils.

"Come down," he called again, and waved at her with his slim, glittering stick. How far he had come since their last encounter, to wave at and command her, as if she were verily his own! She left the window, left the room, ran quickly down the stair. The house was hushed; no passing but her own, no butler in the hall, no kitchen-maid on the back stair. Only grim faces of pictures—ancestors not her own—glimmered reproachful upon her as she fled past. Light echoes called her back along the hall. The furniture, the muffling curtains, her own reflections flying through the mirrors, held up to her her madness, and by their mute stability seemed to remind her of the shelter she was leaving—seemed to forbid.

She ran. This was not shelter; it was prison. He was rescue; he was light itself. The only chance for her was to get near enough to him. Near him no shadow lived. The thing was to get near enough. She rushed direct from shadow into light. She came out into the sun, into the garden with its blaze of wintry summer, its whispering life and the free air over it. The man standing in the middle of it, for all his pot hat and Gothic stick, was none the less its demigod waiting for her, laughing. He might well laugh that she who had written that unflinching letter should come thus flying at his call; but there was more than mischief in him. The high tide of his spirits was only the sparkle of his excitement. It was evident that he was there with something of mighty importance to say.

Was it that her letter had finally touched him? Had he come at last to transcend her idea with some even greater purpose? She seemed to see the power, the will for that and the kindness—she could not call it by another word—but though she was beseeching him with all her silent attitude to tell her instantly what the great thing was, he kept it back a moment, looking at her whimsically, indulgently, even tenderly.

"I have come for you," he said.

"Oh, for me!" she murmured. Surely he couldn't mean that! He was simply putting her off with that.

"I mean it, I mean it," he assured her. "This doesn't make it any less real, my getting at you through a garden. Better," he added, "and sweet of you to make the duller way impossible."

She took a step back. It had not been play to her; but he would have it nothing else. He, too, stepped back and away from her.

"Come," he said, and behind him she saw the lower garden gate that opened on the grassy pitch of the hill, swinging idle and open. The sight of him about to vanish lured her on, and as he continued to walk backward she advanced, following.

"Oh, where?" she pleaded.

"With me!" Such a guaranty of good faith he made it!

She tried to summon her reluctance. "But why?"

"We'll talk about it as we go along." His hand was on the gate. "We can't stop here, you know. She'll be watching us from the window."

Flora glanced behind her. The windows were all discreetly draped—most likely ambush—but that he should apprehend Clara's eyes behind them! Ah, then, he did know what he was about! He saw Clara as she did. She would almost have been ready to trust him on the strength of that alone. Still she hung back.

"But my things!" she protested. She held up her garden hat. "And my gown!" She looked down at her frail silk flounces. Was ever any woman seen on the street like this!

"Oh, la, la, la," he cut her short. "We can't stop to dress the part. You'll forget 'em."

She smiled at him suddenly, looked back at the house, put on her hat—the garden hat. The moment she had dreaded was upon her. In spite of her warning reason, in spite of everything, she was going with him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HAD CHOICE BETWEEN EVILS

Bachelor Could Not Save Rug and Be in Time for the Theater—Still Has the Rug.

A theater party waited half an hour the other evening for one belated individual, who arrived breathless and profusely apologetic. Apologies entailed explanations, and explanations revealed some of the exigencies, as well the humor, of bachelor makeshifts.

In this case the gentleman who was tardy found it imperative to economize space. Necessity made his opera hat share a closet shelf with the Tarragon vinegar and the olive oil used at occasional evening spreads. One could multiply proverbs in telling the tale, for in his haste to be on time the vinegar and the oil came down unexpectedly with the opera hat, and deposited their contents upon his latest acquisition, the Shervan rug he had just treated himself to.

It was ruin the rug or be late to the party, so, up came the rug, on went the water in the bathtub, and to scrubbing fell he. The rug was saved, and the theater party enjoyed the laugh they had over the tale.

Insufficient Data.

Blobbs—What is Guzzler like when he's sober?

Slobbs—I don't know. I've only known him about nine years.

New Smokeless Fuel.

The new smokeless fuel of Sherard Cowper-Coles is made by mixing one part by weight of wet peat with two parts of bituminous coal and heating in a retort five hours at about 850 degrees F. The temperature, aided by the steam from the peat, is just sufficient to drive off the hydrocarbons that produce smoke. The coal binds the peat into a coherent mass and this fuel has high calorific value, igniting readily in an ordinary grate and burning economically and without smoke. The tar and other products distilled over in the watery extract may be condensed into a superior pitch, while the gases may be burned to supply the heat required by the process.

Jammed.

"The Mammoth Traction Company," said the young superintendent, proudly, "has 489 cars on its lines, and each car is equipped with two 30-horse power motors."

"Gracious!" cried the young woman visitor. "You don't mean to tell me that each motor is equal to 30 horses?"

"Yes, madam; it's a fact," he assured her.

"Oh, dear," she gasped. "I do hope electricity will never give out, so you'd have to go back to horses. It would be just dreadful to have twice 30 times 489 horses running through the streets."

NATURE'S SIGNALS.

The first indication of kidney disorder is often backache. Then comes pain in the hips and sides, lameness, soreness and urinary troubles. These are the warning—nature's signals for help. Doan's Kidney Pills should be used at the first sign.

Ira Clark, North Main St., Savanna, Ill., says: "I was confined to bed with kidney trouble and never expected to be up again. A doctor said I had acute inflammation of the bladder, but he could not help me. How grateful was I for the prompt relief Doan's Kidney Pills gave me! Continued use removed every sign of kidney trouble."

Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Getting a Reputation.

There is a desk in the senate particularly convenient as a place from which to make speeches. It is next to the aisle and almost in the center of the chamber, and affords an opportunity for the speaker to make everybody hear.

At least a dozen senators, according to the Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Star, have borrowed this desk when they had special utterances to deliver to the senate. This led, not long ago, to a mild protest from its legitimate occupant.

"I am perfectly willing to give up my desk," said he, "but I am afraid people will think that the same man is talking all the time. I don't want to get the reputation of constantly filling the senate with words."—Youth's Companion.

Mutual Expectations.

A notoriously close-fisted man was taking his golfing holiday in Scotland where he hoped to improve his game, and, by driving a hard bargain, had managed to secure the exclusive services of a first-class caddie, who was known to be a very good player. "Mind, now," said the ambitious southerner, "I expect to receive some really good tips from you during my stay here, you understand?" "Aye," replied the Scotsman, hitching up the 'eavy bag, "an' Ah'm expectin' the like frae ye, ye ken."—Golf Illustrated.

Model African King.

The Christian village of Ilombo in Africa is a proof of the power of the gospel. At daybreak every morning the horn is blown and the people assemble at the king's house to hear the word of God read, and to praise and pray. Witchcraft and superstition have fallen under the power of the gospel, and the heathens are taking knowledge of it. The native church at Loanda contributes $17 a month for the support of native workers on a native station in the interior of Angola.

His Point of View.

"John, dear," queried the young wife, glancing up from the physical culture magazine she was perusing, "what is your idea of a perfect figure?"

"Well," replied her husband, "$100,000 may not be perfection, but it's near enough to satisfy a man of my simple tastes."

THE FIRST TASTE

Learned to Drink Coffee When a Baby.

If parents realised the fact that coffee contains a drug—caffeine—which is especially harmful to children, they would doubtless hesitate before giving the babies coffee to drink.

"When I was a child in my mother's arms and first began to nibble things at the table, mother used to give me sips of coffee. As my parents used coffee exclusively at meals I never knew there was anything to drink but coffee and water.

"And so I contracted the coffee habit early. I remember when quite young the continual use of coffee so affected my parents that they tried roasting wheat and barley, then ground it in the coffee-mill, as a substitute for coffee.

"But it did not taste right and they went back to coffee again. That was long before Postum was ever heard of. I continued to use coffee until I was 27, and when I got into office work, I began to have nervous spells. Especially after breakfast I was so nervous I could scarcely attend to my correspondence.

"At night, after having coffee for supper, I could hardly sleep, and on rising in the morning would feel weak and nervous.

"A friend persuaded me to try Postum. My wife and I did not like it at first, but later when boiled good and strong it was fine. Now we would not give up Postum for the best coffee we ever tasted.

"I can now get good sleep, am free from nervousness and headaches. I recommend Postum to all coffee drinkers."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

For the Hostess

Chat on Interesting Topics of Many Kinds, by a Recognized Authority

A Chrysanthemum Luncheon.

Judging from the numerous letters from brides-elect, Cupid must have been unusually busy with his little bow and arrow. There are so many requests for pre-nuptial functions, I am sure the description of this chrysanthemum luncheon will be very acceptable.

It was gorgeously brilliant, the color scheme being yellow; especially fitting for this month as November claims the topaz and the chrysanthemum; in this instance it was also the bride's birthday month as well as her wedding day season. For a centerpiece there was a mound of yellow "mums," kept in place by embedding the stems in sand. At each place there was a little yellow jardiniere containing one stiff, straight little yellow "mum" to which the name card was attached with a yellow ribbon. The grape fruit cock-tail had a wee "mum" in the center of the fruit; around the stem of the glass there was a fluffy bow of white tulle. The plates on which the frappe glasses stood had a wreath of yellow "mums" around them and the ice-cream was in boxes concealed by petals of yellow crepe paper "mums." The candle sticks were of silver and had yellow shades. At each place were yellow slippers filled with salted nuts. Just the bridal party were included in the guests, I mean the girls in the party and two matrons of honor.

A Box Shower.

A jolly crowd wishing to "shower" one of their number who was about to leave the state of single blessedness, conceived the bright idea of giving a box shower. The boys were in on it too, and they had loads of fun. All the gifts were in boxes, which in turn were put in a huge dry goods box covered with white paper cambric on which hearts of red, large and small were pasted. When all had arrived, the bell rang and the village expressman appeared and said he had a small parcel for Miss B—— and imagine the surprise when he entered with the assistance of several of the masculine guests bearing the immense box. The honored couple were told they could unpack, but each package was to be shown, the card read and speech made before the next box was opened.

Among the articles were boxes of paper, box of matches, box of tacks, box of soap, of thread, of pins, work box, glove and handkerchief box, stamp box, tool box and a nest of boxes ending with a wee pill box which contained a collar button; box of tin kitchen utensils, box of paper napkins, box of labels, etc. When it came to serving refreshments the hostess had a dainty luncheon put up in pasteboard boxes covered with rose wall paper, a box for each couple, coffee and ice cream completed the repast. There were salted almonds and bon-bons in pretty heart shaped boxes bearing the monogram of the bride and groom elect, which the guests retained as souvenirs.

A Neck-Tie and Apron Party.

This really is an old time stunt, but like many other old things has been rejuvenated. The hostess prepares as many cheese cloth aprons as there are men and as many pieces of silk or ribbon as there are girls. When all arrive the men are given spools of thread and told to find the girl who has an apron to match it. In this way partners are chosen and the girls put on the aprons after the men have sewed the hems and sewed on the strings. Allow half or three-quarters of an hour for this. Next the girls are given the necktie pieces and they are gathered together and put through a door, each girl having hold of an end, the door is closed and the men are to come in and take hold of an end. When each man has an end, the door is opened and the girl who has hold of the other end must fashion a neck tie for her swain. The latter puts it on and the girl puts on her apron, and thus partners are selected for supper or refreshments. This is a very jolly party, adapted to private parties or for a church social.

MADAME MERRI.

To Clean a Black Skirt.

To clean a black skirt, lay the skirt as flatly as possible on a clean table. Remove all grease spots with brown paper and a hot iron, then with a sponge dipped in strong coffee rub over the whole of the dress, paying special attention to the front and edge of the skirt. When the whole of the skirt has been sponged and is still damp, iron on the wrong side until perfectly dry.

For Thanksgiving

Every housekeeper does herself proud in getting up the Thanksgiving dinner. Besides the snowy linen, sparkling silver and glass, and savory dishes, some decoration is needed to make the festive occasion quite complete.

These decorations are no small item of expense if purchased in the art shops where hand work brings its price. Any woman or girl may, however, make her own decorations at very small expense and in a short time.

We are giving today several designs which work out attractively in color.

The candle shade, representing the horn of plenty, always in evidence in Thanksgiving decorations, is to be traced on thin water-color paper by means of carbon paper, and tinted in water-color. The horn is to be purple—not too dark—the ribbons green, and the fruit of the gay richness of the natural color. The inside of the horn may be tinted dark green.

To add to the effect when lighted, put a bright bit of color on the wrong side of the shade under any gay colored fruit, such as orange or apples. Leave a little seam on each end of the shade and fasten with brass brads. The edge is cut out irregularly around the fruit. When the painting is done go over all lines with waterproof black ink, and do the work carefully.

Four place cards are given, one a demure Puritan maiden to be colored in light gray gown, darker gray cape with bright red lining, cap to match the cape with a white facing and tie and kerchief—which just shows a little in front.

Paint the face and hands in the natural color. Red and yellow, if properly mixed, will give a satisfactory flesh color for beginners.

The lines in all the cards should be gone over with a pen and ink outline.

The turkey is to be painted brown, light and dark shades, with a bit of red on the head, and outlined.

The pumpkin is a brilliant orange color with dark green leaves, and the apples shaded in light and dark red and green leaves, with brown stems.

The water-color cards may be bought by the dozen, or very stiff and heavy water-color paper may be used.

Those who do not already possess a box of water-color paints may secure a very excellent little box of a new make with all the necessary colors, for 50 cents. A five-cent Japanese brush, which comes to a very fine point, will answer all purposes for doing this work.

FANCIES OF FASHION.

All-black hats are seen in satin, velvets, brocade, hatter's plush, velours, beaver, beaver cloth.

More dress hats are in all-black or black-and-white with a touch of metal or color than in any other shade.

Ostrich feathers, willow plumes especially, are much in demand. Shaded and two-tone effects lead in favor.

Brimmed turbans are seen, with upright brims almost as high as the hat itself and close to it except at the back.

Hat shapes are of three sorts—the large, wide-brimmed hat (the most popular, the clothe, or Charlotte Corday, and the turban.

Popularity of Coral.

With her Pierrot Frill Mile. Parisienne wears a little string of coral beads around her pretty throat.

There are all shades of coral, from the palest pink, that is almost white, to the very deep rich coral shade.

And a girl may choose the shade which is most becoming to her particular type—the shade which best shows up or brings out the color in her cheeks.

One may have the queer, irregularly shaped bits of coral, or the round or oval beads, whichever is preferred.

Some strings are quite inexpensive, and one may obtain the real coral beads for a very reasonable sum.

Hat and Cap Combined.

The fancy cap or beguin worn by Parisian fashionables at the opera and theater is adapted to street use by wearing it under the picture hat. Being of gold or silver or of soft cream lace, with perhaps a silk rosebud or two entwined, it falls over the hair like a pretty frill; in fact, it gave rise to the fad of wearing these frills sewed under picture and cloche shapes in millinery.

In this case, however, when the hat is removed the beguin is seen, and my lady is "coiffed" for the play.

THE MARKETS

Cincinnati Live Stock.

Cattle—Shippers $5.25a6.25, butcher steers, extra $5.65a5.85, good to choice $4.75a5.60, heifers, extra $4.75a5.10, good to choice $4.35a4.65, cows, extra $4.60a4.75, good to choice $3.75a4.50, canners $2a2.75. Bulls—Bologna $3.90a4.65, extra $4.75a4.85. Calves—Extra $9.25a9.50, fair to good $7.50a9. Hogs—Good to choice packers and butchers $8.80a8.90, mixed packers $8.75a8.90, common to choice heavy fat sows $6a7.90, pigs (110 lbs and less $5a8.20. Sheep—Extra $4.10a4.25, good to choice $3.50a4. Lambs—Extra $6.75, yearlings $4.25a5.50.

Cincinnati Miscellaneous.

Poultry—Hens 11c lb, spring chickens 11c lb, ducks 14½c lb, turkeys 16c lb, geese 7a9c lb. Butter—Creamery extras 22c, firsts 30½c, fancy dairy 21½c. Eggs—Prime firsts 29c, firsts 26c. Apples—Grimes, golden $4.25a4.50 brl, Jonathan $2.25a2.50 a brl. Carrots—15a20c dozen. Eggplants—Homegrown 75ca$1 a dozen. Grapes—Delaware 15c pony basket, Niagara 18c pony basket. Oranges—Valencia $3a4. Onions—Yellow 50a65c, white, $1a1.25 per bu. Potatoes—Homegrown $1.85a2 brl, Michigan and homegrown $2a2.25 a brl, sweet potatoes (Virginia), yellow $1.75a2 a brl, Jersey $2a2.50. Pineapples—$1.50a3. Tomatoes—Homegrown $1a1.25 a bu.

Cincinnati Grain Market.

Flour—Winter patents $4.20a4.65, do family $3.10a3.30, low grade $2.40a2.60, spring patent $5.50a5.65, do fancy $4.75a5.10. Wheat—No. 2 red 93a95c, No. 3 red 91a94c, No. 4 81a90c. Corn—No. 2 white 52a52½c, No. 3 white 51a52½c, No. 2 yellow 50½a51c, No. 3 yellow 50a50½c, No. 2 mixed 50a50½c, No. 3 mixed 49½a50c. Oats—No. 2 white 34a34½c, standard white 33½a34c, No. 2 mixed 32½a33. Hay—No. 1 timothy $18.25a18.75, No. 2 $17a17.50, No. 1 clover mixed $15.50a16, No. 1 clover $12, No. 2 clover $11. Malt—Spring barley 89a92c. Barley—No. 2 spring 81a83c, No. 3 spring 75a80c. Rye—No. 2 80a81c bu, No. 3 78a80c bu.

TRADE IS BRISKER

Colder Weather Is Credited With Energetic Business Dealings in the Retail Markets.

New York.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade will say:

"While the volume of business is still below productive capacity, it is noteworthy that trade recession has clearly been checked and a more optimistic view as to the future developed based largely on the great corn and oats crop and the high value of farm products. It is true that no marked advance has been made toward increased activity, but the mere stopping of the retrograde movement is a notable gain, especially as the railroad rate controversy is still unsettled; the power of the railroads for new construction and new purchases of rails and other supplies remains undetermined, while the period immediately preceding important elections is not generally favorable to a change of this character.

Financial Status Rules.

"The financial situation still largely controls the industrial and mercantile and much conservatism prevails, and that situation is not yet fully defined.

"While many consumers of iron and steel still show conservatism in their operations signs of actual improvement in business are not lacking. In pig iron a larger buying power has developed. Cast iron ore interests have supplied the bulk of the new business. Tinplate continues to make the best showing in finished lines, with consumers and dealers taking other products at a fair rate. Some business has developed in standard rails for export, and recent orders for light weights aggregate a moderate tonnage.

Values Trend Upward.

"The trend of values continues upward, owing to the high price of raw material. The demand from distributers for spring has been fair, but not active. Men's wear is showing improvement, while dress goods rule very quiet. Worsted and woolen yarns are being ordered with more freedom. The cotton goods markets hold steady at advanced price levels and the mills are gradually getting into working order on full time, but not with full complements of machinery. Trade in footwear continues to improve, although business is considerably below normal. Manufacturers and wholesalers, however, report a material increase in orders as compared with a few weeks ago, and manufacturers experience some difficulty in filling rush orders for certain varieties.

BUSINESS FAILURES.

New York.—Bradstreet's will say:

Business failures for the week ending October 27 in the United States were 220, against 197 last week, 217 in the like week of 1909, 241 in 1908, 228 in 1907 and 163 in 1906. Business failures in Canada for the week number 30, which compares with 34 for last week and 24 in the corresponding week in 1909.

Wheat (including flour) exports from the United States and Canada for the week ending October 27 aggregate 3,427,169 bush, against 2,844,675 bush last week and 4,200,449 bush this week last year. For 17 weeks ending Oct. 27 exports are 31,428,346 bushels against last week and 24 in the corresponding period last year.

Corn exports for the week are 507,090 bush, against 818,638 bush last week and 516,448 bush in 1909. For the 17 weeks ending October 27 corn exports are 6,059,492 bush, against 2,700,635 bush last year.

Leather Picks Up.

"Business in leather is more active and prices firmer. In hides some unusually large transactions were effected, sales of domestic packer hides, aggregating 250,000 hides, having made a break in prices of from ½c to ¾c.

Killed His Friend.

Thomasville, Ga.—C. T. Prince was shot and killed by C. W. Boyd, who for a long time had been his close friend. Boyd surrendered and said he fired in self-defense.

BABY'S TENDER SKIN

Chafed, Sore and Bleeding Quickly Cured

Mrs. J. F. Deal, Kansas City, Kans., writes:

"I cannot speak too highly of Resinol. When our baby was four months old she was so fat that she chafed in the creases of her legs and body. She was so sore and inflamed that she bled, and was fretting and crying almost constantly. Resinol Ointment was recommended to us. We had tried everything that could be thought of without success, but Resinol cured her in a very short time. We consider it the best household remedy for irritating skin troubles and would not be without it. We are also greatly pleased with Resinol Soap. It is so delightfully refreshing for the bath."

Resinol Ointment, Resinol Toilet Soap and Resinol Medicated Shaving Stick are high grade standard preparations, and their merit and reliability have won them a place in millions of homes. They are for sale at every drug store on the American Continent and by all leading chemists in other countries.

Write for booklet on Care of the Skin and Complexion. Booklet and sample sent free to anyone mentioning this paper. Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

Why the Boy Gave Thanks.

Alan had played the entire day with little brother without an impatient word. After saying his customary prayer that night, his mother suggested that he add: "I thank God I was not impatient with little brother today." This he did with much fervency; after which he remarked that there were some other things he would like to thank God for, and forthwith he closed his eyes and said:

"I thank God I offered my candy to father before taking any myself.

"I thank God I offered my candy to mother before taking any myself.

"I thank God I offered my candy to little brother before taking any myself.

"And I thank God there was some left."—Lippincott's.

Procrastination.

"I heard a tale the other day of a postponing chap, who thought he'd buy a wheel so gay, but—'they will be cheaper, perhaps.' And so he dallied year by year, the cheapest wheel to buy; but long before the cheapest gear, that yap he had to die! And so, by putting off the day, we miss the wine of life; and some there are in just that way who thus will miss a wife! Get busy now, you timid swain, procrastinate no more, for time is surely on the wane, and you a bachelor! Some wait too long to make a pick of husbands or of wife, and then some take a broken stick and make a mess of life."—H. B. Benedict, in Judge.

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY. } ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

An Endless Job.

"I'll bet I could keep a fairy godmother busy."

"As to how?"

"I'd have her look after my touring car."

A good honest remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Sore Throat is Hamlins Wizard Oil. Nothing will so quickly drive out all pain and inflammation.

Take as much pains to forget what we ought not to have learned as to retain what we ought not to forget.—Mason.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

It's up to a man to choose between two evils when he is asked to beat the carpet or take care of the baby while his wife does it.

Some people treat the sermon as a table d'hote dinner, picking out the things that will not agree with them.

HIS LIVELIHOOD AT STAKE

Certainly Candidate for Governor Could Not Expect to Get That Vote.

An incident in which former Gov. Odell of New York figured as the victim was told by Col. James Hamilton Lewis at a recent banquet.

"When Gov. Odell was last running for office," said Col. Lewis, "there had been a great deal of talk about Niagara falls and the electrical power that could be conferred on all parts of New York. One day an old negro halted Mr. Odell and said:

"'Mr. Odell, is yo' runnin' for gov'nor, sah?'

"'I am,' answered the candidate.

"'I guess yo' want my vote, den,' said the old colored man.

"'Well, I would like to have your vote, Zeb. I have known you for so many years.'

"'Well, I jist want to ask you a question, Mr. Odell, befo' I give mah vote to you. Are yo' for electric lights in dis town?'

"'Well, Zeb, I am for all modern improvements,' said Odell, with a slight flourish.

"'Well, sah, I cain't vote for you,' said Zeb with firmness. 'Yo' done forget dat I is a lamp lighter.'"

AWFUL BURNING ITCH CURED IN A DAY

"In the middle of the night of March 30th I woke up with a burning itch in my two hands and I felt as if I could pull them apart. In the morning the itching had gone to my chest and during that day it spread all over my body. I was red and raw from the top of my head to the soles of my feet and I was in continual agony from the itching. I could neither lie down nor sit up. I happened to see about Cuticura Remedies, and I thought I would give them a trial. I took a good bath with the Cuticura Soap and used the Cuticura Ointment. I put it on from my head down to my feet and then went to bed. On the first of April I felt like a new man. The itching was almost gone. I continued with the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and during that day the itching completely left me. Frank Gridley, 325 East 43rd Street, New York City, Apr. 27, 1909." Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props, Boston, Mass.

Lovemaking and Practice.

The only way to become an expert at lovemaking is to practice. This was the information handed out to a handful of hearers by the Hindu philosopher, Sakharam Ganesh Pandit, in a lecture on "The Science of Love."

"Love is a divine discontent," said the philosopher, "and if you want to arouse love in others it can be done only by giving them love. How to develop the emotion of love in another, is the great question of today—the art of making love. It needs a great deal of study and a great deal of practice."

Cheering Up the Guide.

"Remember, Henry," said the hunter who had arranged with the guide, "we're not hiring you—you're simply one of our party."

"What's on your mind?" inquired the guide.

"Well, you see, in case anything happens we don't want to be troubled with this new employers' liability law," admitted the cautious hunter.—Puck.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

for Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, $1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, $1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

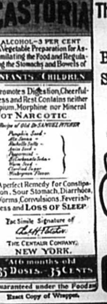
Natural Query.

Mrs. Thynn—Don't you think I look plump in this gown?

Thynn—Yes. Did you have it made at an upholsterer's?

If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.—Southey.

Some folks never feel saintly until they have a chance to syndicate their sorrows.



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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Net Income $3,000 From 28 Acres of California Land

The original price per acre was $40. Planted to peaches, plums, grapes and pears it yields $3,000 a year net, and would be cheap at $500 an acre.

This is only one example of what has been done in a climate that draws tourists from all over the world.

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SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

SWELLING THE HOTEL BILL

Hotel Keeper's Method of Taxing Traveler Had at Least the Method of Novelty.

One of the things which help swell the traveler's expenses, both in this country and abroad, is the "extra." It may or may not be charged in the bill, but it is sure to be paid for. Probably even the most generous traveler, however, will have some sympathy for the gentleman in the following story who was made to pay liberally for a certain annoying privilege.

During his stay at the hotel the weather had been very hot.

"Charles," said the landlord to the clerk who was making out the bill to be presented to the departing guest, "have you noticed that the gentleman in number seven has consulted the thermometer on the piazza at least ten times every morning during his stay?" Charles replied that he had.

"Well," said the landlord, "charge him the price of one dinner a day for the use of the thermometer."—Youth's Companion.

His Luck.

"I know a man who is always up against it."

"Who is he?"

"The paper hanger when he has to fix a new wall."

Insomnia

"I have been using Cascarets for Insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all that they are represented."

Thos. Gillard, Elgin, Ill.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

ROOSEVELT'S OWN BOOK

"African Game Trails"

Wanted! by thousands for Christmas and New Years. Needed! A man in every place to take it to the families in his locality. Offered! Monopoly of field and high Commission. Take the great chance and write for prospectus now to CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153 (R. S.) Fifth Avenue, New York.

In the modern successful treatment of DIABETES

with Sal-Sano, there is rapid relief of all symptoms, gain in weight, in nerve and muscle power, and in energy. Without restricted diet. Excellent results even in gangrene.

SAL-SANO CO.

Write for booklet. New York

WANTED Live, hustling agents to sell an attractive lot and land proposition.

W. N. U., CINCINNATI, NO. 45-1910.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

CHEW AND SMOKE MAIL POUCH TOBACCO

"TREAT YOURSELF to the BEST"