The COAST of CHANCE

by ESTHER & LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN
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SYNOPSIS.

At a private view of the Chatworth personal estate, to be sold at auction, the Hon. Harry Fitzroy Gilbert, younger brother Harry Gilbert, who was present, placed the ring to his fiancee, Flora Gilbert, and then disappeared. The ring, a beautiful thing like a Madonna pink, was a beautiful sapphire set in the band. Flora discovered its substantial mood in Harry, who shortly when the ring is discussed.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

The picture gallery was new, an addition, and the plain, narrow, unexpected door in this place, where all was high, arched, elaborate and floor tabed, was like a loophole through which to slip into a foreign atmosphere. This atmosphere was redolent of fresh wood; the light was thick with drifting motes, the carpets harsh to snare, slipping beneath the feet on the too polished floor; the bare bones of the place yet scarcely covered. But its quiet was after all comparative. There were parties of people lingering in groups in the center of the gallery, which was dusky, enlighted by the great reflectors that circled the room. Glancing out the gallery door a bright band of color around the hall, Flora, coming leaning from the border of light back into the dusk to murmur another, vanished and reappeared with such fascinating abrupt ness that Flora caught herself guessing what sort of face where this bearer group stood just on the edge of shadow would peer out of the dark next.

She was ready for something extraordinary, but now, when it came, she was taken aback by it. It was a hat a start, that tone of black hair. Hat long, irregular, pale face whose scientiant, sardonic smile was merriness upon the poor, fundamental face force frosting him. His stoop above the rail was so abrupt that his long, lean back was almost horizontal, yet even thus there was something elegant in the swing of him—the curvine curve of of his head, around, to speak to the woman behind him. The light above struck blind on the glass in one eye, but the other fastened with a genial, a mad scintillation. The light of it caught like contagion, and touched the mercurial glancer at him with the spark of its warm, frosty mirth. The question which naturally rose to Flora's lips—"Who in the world is that?"—she checked; why, she didn't ask herself. She only felt as she followed Clara, trailing away across the floor, that the interest of the evening which had promised so well, beginning with the Chatworth ring, had been raised even a note higher. Her restive fancy was beginning again. All the footlights of her little secret stage were up.

Clara turned to the right, following a beckoning fan, and Flora, dallying with her anticipation, reasoned that now they must circle the room before they should face him—the interesting apparition. It was a pilgrimage of which he on the other side was performing his half. Perfunctorily talking from group to group, consoling now and again of the lagging Clara or Harry, she could nevertheless keep a sly eye on the stranger's equal progress. The flash of jet, and the voluble, substantial shoulders of the lady so profusely introducing him were an assurance of how that pilgrimage would terminate, since it was Ella Duller who was parading him. She even wondered, before which of the florid pictures at the far, other end of the room, as before a shrine, the ceremony would take place.

She kept her eyes fixed on the palatinate before her, and as she moved down from one to another, and

"Who in the World Is That?"

the voices of the approaching group drew nearer, one separated itself from the general murmur, so clear, so ironically carried, so clean-cripped off the tongue, that it stood out in cells blen on the blur of sound which was Ella Duller's conversation. It was color, that voice. It had a quality so sharp, so individual that it touched her with a mischievous wonder that he dared speak so differently from all the world about him. Then, set in cadences array, she heard her own name

"Why, Flora Gilbert! It was Ella's husky, brightly note. 'I've been looking for you all the time. Where d'ydo, Harry?' She waved her hand at him. 'Why, how d'ydo, little friend? I wouldn't let pass go to supper until I'd found you, Flora.' I said, 'wait, Flora and Harry will be here.' Besides, she had only seen Flora's side by this time and commiserated it in an impressive whisper. 'I want you to meet my Englishman.' She looked over her shoulder, and largely beckoned to where the blunt and florid Duller and his companion, with their backs to what they were supposed to be looking at, were engrossed in another of Ella's inexhaustible amusement.

Duller's expression came around slowly to his daughter's beckoning hand, but the Englishman, he seemed to flash at the instant from the gallery, which was dusky, enlighted by the great reflectors that circled the room. Glancing out the gallery door a bright band of color around the hall, Flora, coming leaning from the border of light back into the dusk to murmur another, vanished and reappeared with such fascinating abrupt ness that Flora caught herself guessing what sort of face where this bearer group stood just on the edge of shadow would peer out of the dark next.

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She kept her eyes fixed on the palatinate before her, and as she moved down from one to another, and instead, somewhere up at the top of her voice, she said: "Oh, we always ring up our silence!"

"But even then," he quizzed her, "I wonder how you dare to do it?"

"Perhaps we have to," because we themselves are silent—without our credentials but those you mention."

she had been abidden to say—but there she caught herself on the very edge of giving herself away. The rest of the party drew to him. "—all so awfully bored," she mischievously ended with the distinctest intonation of what was hidden beneath her spread fan.

He looked at if she had taken him by surprise, then laughed out. "Oh, that is the way they do it, is it?" he provoked her. "You mustn't, when I'm not expecting it!"

"Then what are you expecting" she inquired a little curious.

"Well," he deliberated, "not expecting you to get me ready for a sweet and then pop in a pickle, and present it with a smile and a curtsey instead of patting, what you really care to say."

He was expecting, she looked mischievously, more than he was likely to get, but the fact that he did see through her to that extent was so once delightful and charming. She waved back into the shadow beyond the dazzling line of light. She wanted to escape his scrutiny, to be able to look him over from a safe vantage ground. Such a vantage wouldn't last an instant he stood under the torrent of traditions, scenes and actors Flora found herself thinking the reality less extraordinary than she had at first supposed. Now that Mr. Kerr was fairly before her, presented to her, and taking her in with the same quizzical impersonal interest with which he took in the whole room, as if he put it vaguely to herself, 'I were a spectator, and this was on the end of a play,' it sifted in for a vague recognition, and irrelevantly she held him up to Harry. The comparison showed him a little worn, a little battered, a little too perfunctory in manner, but his genial eyes, deep under detestiant, sardonic smile was merriness upon the poor, fundamental face force frosting him. His stoop above the rail was so abrupt that his long, lean back was almost horizontal, yet even thus there was something elegant in the swing of him—the curvine curve of of his head, around, to speak to the woman behind him. The light above struck blind on the glass in one eye, but the other fastened with a genial, a mad scintillation. The light of it caught like contagion, and touched the mercurial glancer at him with the spark of its warm, frosty mirth. The question which naturally rose to Flora's lips—"Who in the world is that?"—she checked; why, she didn't ask herself. She only felt as she followed Clara, trailing away across the floor, that the interest of the evening which had promised so well, beginning with the Chatworth ring, had been raised even a note higher. Her restive fancy was beginning again. All the footlights of her little secret stage were up.

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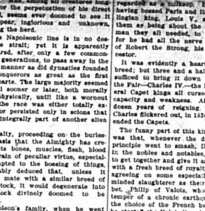
The NEAR EXTINCTION of the NAME of NAPOLEON



"Even If He Is a Thief"

BEGGAR WILLING TO TREAT

Generous Clevelander, Ran Across Beggar in New Type of the Panhandler.

The approach of the season when the forlorn stranger with the white whiskers and the hat down over his eyes stops you to ask the price of a night lunch recalls the tale of Pete McKinney and the generous panhandler.

McKinney, walking up Superior avenue, was accosted by a man with a breath like a distillery.

He said he had started food for many, many days. Even so small a sum as 15 cents, he suggested, might be sufficient to stave off actual starvation.

"See here," asked McKinney sternly, "is it a fact that you want this money for drink and not for food at all?"

The man looked him in the eye, dropped his head, gulped and owned up that it really was a good drink he had in mind when he mentioned his need of food.

"O, well," sighed McKinney, "I suppose I'll be a sucker again. I'm afraid you'll get it sooner or later, and I might as well give you the money as somebody who doesn't know what you want. Here, I'll tell you I feel that I should give you something for telling the truth." He picked a dime and a nickel out from the change in his pocket and handed it to the stranger.

"Say, old fellah," proposed the man, "if you feel like treatin' that a quarter, danged if I won't act 'em up."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Sufficient Excuse.

"Why don't you and your wife run around more time of an evening and see us?" "I would, but the cook won't let us have an evening out."—Baltimore American.

A STITCH IN TIME

Every form of cutaneous disease could be cured in its incipiency if a jar of Resinol Ointment were kept at hand. A little of this excellent Ointment applied in time will effectually ward off what can a starting trouble which, if neglected, may prove a troublesome and often obstinate case of Eczema or some other form of skin disease. For burns, scalds, slight wounds, sores, eruption of poison ivy, sunburn, it is a quick and sure remedy, usually curing these troubles in one day. To the unfortunate sufferer with Hemorrhoids (Itching or Infected Piles) Resinol ointment is indeed a godsend. The intense pain and intolerable itching of this trouble is instantaneously relieved and a cure effected in a very short time.

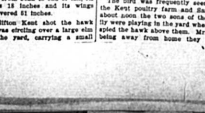
The bath room or family medicine case is incomplete if not equipped with Resinol Soap and Ointment. They are most valuable accessories in the treatment of skin troubles, and can be obtained at any drug store.

Resinol Medicated Shaving Stick is most highly appreciated by those who regard a good complexion and a face free from pimples and blotches.

Booklet on Care of the Skin and Scalp sent free upon request. Address, Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

PROBLEMS MANY YEARS OLD

Children of Today Puzzle Over Them Just as They Did a Thousand Years Ago.



SAN JOSE SCALE MOST INJURIOUS ORCHARD PEST

In Addition to Extraction of Sap as Food Insects Puncture Bark by Slender Sucking Mouth Parts Causing Disease.

By A. L. QUADY, Director of Extension Department, Agricultural College.

San Jose or Chinese scale (Aspidiotus perniciosus Comstock) is ranks prominently all the pests of fruit plants that are about the trunk, limbs, and twigs, when abundant it may cause a loss of leaves and fruit. Injury results from the extraction, by the scale insects, of the juices of the tissues of trees, this being merely cheaps growth, but the stimulation of the growth of the plants, in addition to the extraction, by the scales, of sap as food, the destroying of the bark by the slender sucking mouth-parts results in a diseased and often fatal condition. Each inner bark, or cambium, showing a reddish discoloration, is followed by cutting with a knife and the bark is left only the wood, which is dried and crumbling dropsy or measure of gum. A red halo surrounds the scale, and there are no red rings around the scales on the bark, surrounding the scale and appearing on the fruits of these plants, though not on the fruits of any one scale species.

On peach the scales have a tendency to infest to a greater extent the twigs and small limbs than the newer growth, as the wood ripens and the bark and pear, the terminal twigs are quite generally infested, and many of the young may find their way

Parasite of San Jose Scale.—(Greatly Enlarged.)

to the fruit, settling principally in the calyx and stem cavities. Most varieties of fruit trees and plants infested from the nursery, in the absence of treatment, generally do not reach fruiting condition. Peach trees will usually be killed in two or three seasons, while pear or apple trees will maintain a fair growth, but will become bunchy. This insect, on account of its great abundance, and its ability to infest and seale insects, may not be positively distinguished from other insect pests. The occurrence of San Jose scale is shown by the following seven seale infestation symptoms: stunted growth; evidence of the presence of the pest, but specimens of infested twigs should be promptly submitted to a qualified person for examination; the

The San Jose scale infests practically all deciduous fruits, such as apple, pear, peach, plum, etc., and also on the ornamental trees, Chinese elm, hawthorn, serviceberry, and quince, and on the fruits of these plants, though not on the fruits of any one scale species.

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MAKING THE DUMB SPEAK

Various Methods by Which the Mutes Are Taught to Utter Many Words.

Scripture remains that the following exercises are typical of those used in the best schools for deaf mutes, breathing through the nose and mouth are taught. The teacher breathes through the nose on a slate or a mirror and shows the two moist spots, which are the nostrils. Breathing in the mouth breathing produces one spot, which is the mouth. Breathing is necessary for proper speech. It is taught by showing the position and action in a mirror, and by a breath exercise. This is taught by holding a light, the flame of which cannot produce a good sized spot on the slate unless the keeps his tongue down. Tongue gymnastics are next used to Dumber up and tone the muscles which have never received the proper development. The tongue is protruded, retracted, moved from side, turned up, etc. Tongue training preparatory to various articulate sounds is introduced. Vibration of the vocal cords is taught by feeling. The pupil puts his hand on the throat and's chest while the teacher, on the, she learns to make a tone. He learns to make and lower the voice, and by careful drill is able to make a fairly good

The physiological alphabet contains the set of diagrams showing the tongue position of the tongue and lips for the chief sounds in the English language, and the combinations of consonants and vowels are now read at sight. Thereafter combinations words and sentences are distinctly taught. Words and sentences is taught by having the pupil place his hand on the teacher's throat while the teacher, in the distinctly enunciates a word, or sentence, in a loud voice, or pupil obeys commands, etc. When deafness is acquired after the means has developed to speak, the teaching of lip reading should begin at once. It is noticed then retains its natural characteristics and the person, who grief, along with his education.—New York Medical Journal.

CULTIVATE THE SUMMER GARDEN

Gardeners Who Furnish Large Crops Give Their Secrets Here at Little Trouble.

(By W. J. THOMPSON.)

The charge that the plants will answer the question, "How does your garden grow?" is not true. Plants do not grow as well as those of your neighbors. Plants do not grow as well as they might.

This is not the fault of the seeds, but of the soil. It is true. The city mixes the soil with fertilizer in the spring, and the farmer plows it in. Very little of the fertilizer is used in the soil. Plants will grow well in the soil, but they will not be in the proper condition. The soil will become immediately available, as the roots of the plants will begin to be in the proper condition to grow, and they will make wonderful progress in growth if they have plenty of this kind of food.

Poor Product Expensive.

Every farmer knows that a poor ear of corn or a bottermaker makes the poor butter of inferior quality. A garment is put before the cleemargin that follows for their use. Will they use it? Well, they are not foolish. No loyal dairyman will produce a poor product.

WIRE FENCE ACROSS LAKE

Vermont Woman Shooks Hens

An immense hawk which has been in Dorset for many weeks has at last been shot. It was familiarly termed a red tailed hen hawk and measured 34 inches from beak to end of tail, its girth was 18 inches and its wings spread covered 51 inches.

Mrs. Hitchcock shot the hawk while it was circling over a large elm tree in the yard, carrying a small brown snake in its beak. Several people who had seen it in flight said it was as big as a turkey and all averred it must be an eagle.

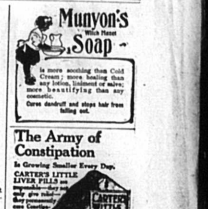
The bird was frequently seen near the Kent poultry farm and farmers about soon the two sons of the family were playing in the yard when they spied the hawk above them. Mr. Kent being away from home they called for their mother to come quick with the gun. Mrs. Kent was the fearless mother of the family and ran to the gun. Mrs. Kent ran to the gun, "grabbed" shot as it was directly overhead, breaking one wing, and which it landed in the adjoining meadow.—St. Albans Messenger.

Mis Nokal Obligate.

"Mr. Skimmerhorn," inquired the landlord, "how did you sleep last night?"

"Like a top," answered the guest. "I thought so. I never hear your snoring when I sleep."

THE WAY HE FIGURED IT.



Mr. Wise—It's a fine machine, but I have to employ a man who does nothing else but keep it in the repair.

Auto Agent—Well, if it furnishes steady employment for one man, it's a great deal better auto than those that don't.

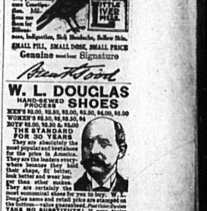
How It Was Named.

Nottingham lace was so called because it originally was made by lace manufacturers people who lived in the towns in the district now known as Nottingham, in England. By keeping the work between them and the dark mouth of the cave the women could work the better easily, "Cracker," or any other lace, even the finest and finest, can be washed safely and quickly with Easy Task soap, which is free from all acids, alkalies and leaves the lace in the best condition. Easy Task costs only five cents a cake at your grocer's.

Even the Children.

Ex-Governor Gardner, condemning in his talk witty way the American diverse cuts, told, at a Philadelphia luncheon, an appropriate story.

Even our children," he said, "are becoming infected. A Kensington school teacher, examining a little girl in grammar, said:

"What is the future of "I love?"

"A divorce," the child answered promptly."