RICH MEN'S CHILDREN

By GERALDINE BONNER

Author of "THE PIONEER" "TOMORROW'S TANGLE," etc.

Illustrations by DOM J. LAVIN

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SYNOPSIS.

Bill Cannon, the bonanza king, and his daughter, Rose, who had passed up Mrs. Cornelius Ryan's ball at San Francisco to accompany her father, arrive at Antelope. Dominick Ryan calls on his mother to beg a ball invitation for his wife, and is refused. The determined old lady refuses to recognize her daughter-in-law. Dominick had been trapped into a marriage with Bernice Iverson, a stenographer, several years his senior. She squanders his money, they have frequent quarrels, and he slips away. Cannon and his daughter are snowed in at Antelope. Dominick Ryan is rescued from storm in unconscious condition and brought to Antelope hotel. Antelope is cut off by storm. Rose Cannon nurses Dominick back to life. Two weeks later Bernice discovers in a paper where husband is and writes letter trying to smooth over difficulties between them. Dominick at last is able to join fellow snowbound prisoners in hotel parlor. He loses temper over talk of Buford, an actor. After three weeks, end of imprisonment is seen. Telegrams and mail arrive. Dominick gets letter from wife. Tells Rose he doesn't love wife, and never did. Stormbound people begin to depart. Rose and Dominick embrace, father sees them and demands an explanation. Rose's brother Gene is made manager of ranch, and is to get it if he stays sober a year. Cannon expresses sympathy for Dominick's position to talk with Rose. Dominick returns home.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

On the Saturday morning she went out betimes. Inquiry at the railway office told her that the train which connected with the branch line to Rocky Bar did not reach the city till six in the evening. She ordered a dinner of the choicest viands and spent part of the morning passing from stall to stall in the market on Powell Street spying about for dainties that might add a last elaborating touch to the lengthy menu. The afternoon was dedicated to the solemn rites of massaging, manicuring, and hair-waving at a beauty doctor's. On an ordinary occasion these unwonted exertions in the pursuit of good looks would have tired her, but to-day she was keyed to a pitch where she did not notice small outside discomforts.

Long before six she was dressed, and sitting before the mirror in her room she laid on the last perfecting touches with a short stick of hard red substance and a circular piece of mossy-looking white stuff, which she rubbed with a rotary motion round and round her face. Her new dress of raspberry pink crape betrayed the hand of an expert in its gracefully-falling folds and the elegance with which it outlined her slim, long-waisted shape. Her artificially-reddened hair waved back from her forehead in glossy ripples; her face, all lines and hollows rubbed from it, looked fresh and youthful. With the subdued light falling on her through the silk and paper lamp shades, she looked a very pretty woman, the darkness of her long, brilliant eyes thrown into higher relief by the whiteness of her powdered face.

She was tremulously nervous. Every sound caused her to start and move to that part of the parlor whence she could look down the long passageway to the stair-head. Large bunches of greenery were massed here in the angles of the hall and stood in the corners of the sitting room. Bowls filled with violets and roses were set on the table and mantelpiece, and the scent of these flowers, sweet and delicate, mingled with the crude, powerful perfume that the woman's draperies exhaled with every movement. At intervals she ran into her bedroom, seized the little, round, soft wad of white and rubbed it over her face with a quick concentric movement, drawing her upper lip down as she did so, which gave to her countenance with its anxious eyes an exceedingly comical expression.

It was nearly seven o'clock when the bell rang. With a last hasty look in the glass, she ran down the passageway to the stair-head. It was necessary to descend a few steps to a turn on the stairs from whence the lever that opened the door could be worked. As she stood on the small landing, thrown out in bright relief by a mass of dark leafage that stood in the angle of the wall, the door opened and Dominick entered. He looked up and saw her standing there, gaily dressed, a brilliant, animated figure, smiling down at him.

"Ah, Berny," he said in a quiet, unemotional voice, "is that you?"

It was certainly not an enthusiastic greeting. A sensitive woman would have been shriveled by it, but Berny was not sensitive. She had realized from the start that she would probably have to combat the lingering surliness left by the quarrel. As Dominick ascended, her air of smiling welcome was marked by a bland cheery unconsciousness of any past unpleasantness. She was not, however, as unconscious as she looked. She noted his heaviness of demeanor, the tired expression of his lifted face. He came up the stairs slowly, not yet being completely recovered, and it added to the suggestion of reluctance, of difficult and spiritless approach, that seemed to encompass him in an unseen yet distinctly-felt aura.

As he rose on a level with her, she stretched out her hands and, laying them on his shoulders, drew him toward her and kissed him. The coldness of his cheek, damp with the foggy night air, chilled the caress and she drew back from him, not so securely confident in her debonair, smiling assurance. He patted her lightly on the shoulder by way of greeting and said:

"How are you? All right?"

"Oh, I'm all right," she answered with brisk, determined sprightliness. "You're the one to ask about. You walk stiff, still. How are your feet?"

She was glad to turn her eyes away from his face. It looked very tired, and the slight smile with which he had greeted her stayed only on his lips, did not extend to his fatigued eyes. He was evidently angry still, angry and unforgiving, and that he should be so, when she was so anxious to forget the ugly episode of the quarrel and be gay and friendly again, dashed her spirits and made her feel unsure of herself and upset. She was determined, however, to show him that she had forgotten all about it, and as he turned the angle of the stairway she thrust her hand inside his arm and walked up beside him. They might have been a happy married couple, reunited after an absence, slowly coming up the stairs together arm in arm.

A few minutes later they were seated opposite each other at dinner. The little table glowed and gleamed, all Berny's bravery of silver and glass mustered for its adornment. The choice and delicate dinner began with a soup that Dominick especially liked, a fact which Berny hoped he would notice and mention. She was one of those women who have an unfailing memory for what people like to eat; a single expression of preference would remain in her mind for years. Dominick and she had not lived together for a month before she knew everything in the way of food he liked or disliked. When she was annoyed with him, or especially bitter against his mother, she would order nothing but dishes that he did not care for, and when she was in a more friendly mood, as to-night, she would take pains and time to arrange a menu composed of those he preferred. He usually did not notice these rewards and punishments, but Berny always thought he did and was "too stubborn," as she expressed it to herself, to show that he was affected by them.

She observed to-night that he neither remarked, nor seemed to relish his food, but she made no comment, talking on in a breathless, lively way, asking questions of his trip, his accident, and the condition of his feet, as though there were no mortifying recollections connected with the cause of his sudden departure. Her only indication of embarrassment was a tendency to avoid anything like a moment of silence and to fly from one subject to another. Dominick answered her questions and told her of his wanderings with a slow, careful exactness. Save in the freezing of his feet, which matter he treated more lightly than it deserved, he was open with her in recounting the small happenings of what he called "his holiday," from the time of his walk from Rocky Bar to the day of his departure from Antelope.

They had progressed through the fish to the entree when her questions passed from his personal wanderings and adventures to his associates. She had been very anxious to get to this point, as she wanted to know what degree of intimacy he had reached with the Bonanza King. Several times already she had tried to divert the conversation toward that subject, but it had been deflected by the young man, who seemed to find less personal topics more to his taste. Now she was advancing openly upon it, inquiring about the snow-bound group at Perley's, and awarding to any but the august name for which her ears were pricked a perfunctory attention.

"Really, Berny, I Don't Know," Answered the Victim.

It was part of the natural perversity of man that Dominick should shy from it and expend valuable time on descriptions of the other prisoners.

"There was an actor there," he said, "snowed in on his way to Sacramento, a queer-looking chap, but not bad."

"An actor?" said Berny, trying to look interested. "What did he act?"

"Melodrama, I think. He told me he played all through the northwest and east as far as Denver. The poor chap was caught up there and was afraid he was going to lose a Sacramento engagement that I guess meant a good deal to him. He was quite interesting, been in the Klondike in the first rush and had some queer stories about the early days up there."

Berny's indifferent glance became bright and fixed under the steadying effect of sudden interest.

"Been in the Klondike?" she repeated. "What was his name?"

"Buford, James Defay Buford. He'd been an actor at the opera house at Dawson."

"Buford," said Berny, turning to place a helping of pease on the plate the Chinaman held toward her. "I never heard of him. I thought perhaps it might have been some actor I'd seen play. I'd like to know an actor in private life. They must be so different."

She ladled a second spoonful of pease on to her own plate and as she began to eat them, said:

"It must have been interesting having the Cannons up there. When I read in the paper that they were in Antelope too, I was awfully glad because I thought it would be such a good thing for you to get to know the old man well, as you would, snowed in that way together."

"I knew him before. My father and mother have been friends of his for years."

"I know that. You've often told me. But that's a different thing. I thought if he got to know you intimately and liked you, as he probably would"—she glanced at him with a coquettish smile, but his face was bent over his plate—"why, then, something might come of it, something in a business way." She again looked at him, quickly, with sidelong investigation, to see how he took the remark. She did not want to irritate him by alluding to his small means, anyway on this night of reconciliation.

"It would be so useful for you to get solid with a man like Bill Cannon," she concluded with something of timidity in her manner.

Despite her caution, Dominick seemed annoyed. He frowned and gave his head an impatient jerk.

"Oh, there was nothing of that kind," he said hurriedly. "We were just snowed in at the same hotel. There was no question of intimacy or friendship about it, any more than there was between Judge Washburne and me, or even the actor."

Berny was exceedingly disappointed. Had the occasion been a less momentous one she would have expressed herself freely. In her mind she thought it was "just like Dominick" to have such an opportunity and let it go. A slight color deepened the artificial rose of her cheeks and for a moment she had to exert some control to maintain the silence that was wisdom. She picked daintily at her food while she wrestled with her irritation. Dominick showed no desire to resume the conversation, and a silence of some minutes' duration rested over them, until she broke it by saying with a resolute cheerfulness of tone:

"Rose Cannon was there, too, the paper said. I suppose you got to know her quite well?"

"I don't know. I saw a good deal of her. There was only one sitting-room and we all sat there. She was there with the others."

"What's she like?" said Berny, her curiosity on the subject of this spoiled child of fortune overcoming her recent annoyance.

"You've seen her," he answered, "you know what she looks like."

"I've never seen her to know who she was. I suppose I've passed her on the streets and at the theaters. Is she cordial and pleasant, or does she give herself airs because she's Bill Cannon's daughter?"

Dominick moved his feet under the table. It was difficult for him to answer Berny's questions politely.

"She doesn't give herself the least airs. She's perfectly simple and natural and kind."

"That's just what I've heard," his wife said, giving her head an agreeing wag. "They say she's just as easy and unassuming as can be. Did you think she was pretty when you saw her close to?"

"Really, Berny, I don't know," answered the victim in a tone of goaded patience. "She looks just the same close to as she does at a distance. I don't notice people's looks much. Yes, I suppose she's pretty."

"She has blonde hair," said Berny, leaning forward over her plate in the eagerness of her interest. "Did it look to you as if it was bleached?"

He raised his eyes, and his wife encountered an unexpected look of anger in them. She shrank a little, being totally unprepared for it.

"How should I know whether her hair was bleached or not?" he said sharply. "That's a very silly question."

Berny was taken aback.

"I don't see that it is," she said with unusual and somewhat stammering mildness. "Most blonde-haired women, even if they haven't bleached their hair, have had it 'restored.'"

Dominick did not answer her. The servant presented a dish at his elbow and he motioned it away with an impatient gesture.

Berny, who was not looking at him, went on.

"What kind of clothes did she wear? They say she's an elegant dresser, gets almost everything from Paris, even her underwear. I suppose she didn't have her best things up there. But she must have had something, because the papers said they'd gone prepared for a two weeks' trip."

"I never noticed anything she wore."

"Well, isn't that just like you, Dominick Ryan!" exclaimed his wife, unable, at this unmerited disappointment, to refrain from some expression of her feelings. "And you might know I'd be anxious to hear what she had on."

"I'm very sorry, but I haven't an idea about any of her clothes. I think they were always dark, mostly black or brown."

"Did you notice," almost pleadingly, "what she wore when she went out? Mrs. Whiting, the forelady at Hazel's millinery, says she imported a set of sables, muff, wrap and hat, for her this autumn. Hazel says it was just the finest thing of its kind you ever laid your eyes on. Did she have them up there?"

"I couldn't possibly tell you. I don't know what sables are. I saw her once with a fur cap on, but I think it belonged to Willoughby, an Englishman who was staying there, and used to have his cap hanging on the pegs in the hall. It's quite useless asking me these questions. I don't know anything about the subject. Did you wind the clock while I was away?"

He looked at the clock, a possession of his own, given him in the days when his mother and sister delighted to ornament his rooms with costly gifts and in which he had never before evinced the slightest interest.

"Of course, I wound it," Berny said with an air of hurt protest. "Haven't I wound it regularly for nearly three years?"

This brought the subject of Rose Cannon to an end and she was not alluded to again during the dinner. The conversation reverted to such happenings in the city as Berny thought might interest her husband, and it seemed to her that he was more pleased to sit and listen to her chatter of her sisters, the bank, the theaters, and the shops, than to dilate any further on his adventures in the snow-bound Sierra.

When the dinner was over, they returned to the front of the flat, where next to the parlor there was a tiny hall-room fitted up as a smoking room and den. It was merely a continuation of the hall, and "the cozy corner" which Berny had had a Polk street upholsterer construct in it, occupied most of the available space, and crowded such visitors as entered it into the corners. It had been Berny's idea to have this room "lined with books" as she expressed it, but their joint possessions in this line consisting of some twenty-five volumes, and the fact that the contracted space made it impossible to accommodate both the books and the cozy corner, Berny had decided in favor of the latter. She now seated herself on the divan that formed the integral part of this construction, and, piling the pillows behind her, leaned luxuriously back under the canopy of variegated stuffs which was supported by two formidable-looking lances.

Dominick sat in his easy chair. He always smoked in this room and read the papers, and presently he picked them up from the table and began to look them over. The conversation languished, became spasmodic, and finally died away. Berny, leaning back on the cushions, tried several times to revive it, but her husband from among the spread sheets of the evening press answered her with the inarticulate sounds of mental preoccupation, and sometimes with no sound at all, till she abandoned the attempt and leaned back under the canopy in a silence that was not by any means the somnolent quietude of after-dinner torpor.

The clock hands were pointing to half-past nine when a ring at the bell was followed by the appearance of the Chinaman at the door, stating that the expressman had come with Mr. Ryan's valises. Dominick threw down his papers and left the room. As Berny sat silent, she could hear the expressman's gruff deep voice in the hall and the thuds of the valises as he thumped them down at the stair-head. Dominick answered him and there were a few more remarks, followed by the retreating sound of the man's heavy feet on the stairs and the bang of the hall door. She sat looking at the clock, waiting for her husband to return, and then as he did not come and the hall seemed singularly quiet she leaned forward and sent an exploring glance down its dim length. Dominick was not there, but a square of light fell out from an open doorway of his room.

"Dominick," she called, "what are you doing?"

He came to the door of the room in his shirtsleeves, a tall figure looking lean and powerful in this closer-fitting and lighter garb.

"I'm unpacking my things, and then I'm going to bed."

"Oh!" she answered with a falling inflection, leaning forward, with her elbows planted on her knees, craning her neck to see more plainly down the narrow passageway. "It's only half-past nine; why do you want to go to bed so early?"

"I'm tired, and it will take me some time to get these things put away."

"Can I help you?" she asked without moving.

"No, thanks. There's nothing much to bother about. Good night, Berny," and he stepped back into the room and shut the door.

Berny sat as he had left her for a space, and then drew back upon the divan and leaned against the mound of pillows. She made the movement charily and slowly, her face set in a rigidity of thought to which her body seemed fixed and obedient. She sat thus for an hour without moving, her eyes staring before her, two straight lines folded in the skin between her brows.

So he was still angry, angry and unforgiving. That was the way she read his behavior. The coldness that he exhaled—that penetrated even her unsensitive outer shell—she took to be the coldness of unappeased indignation. He had never before been just like this. There was a something of acquired forbearance and patience about him—a cultivated thing, not a spontaneous outward indication of an inner condition of being—which was new to her observation. He was not sulky or cross; he was simply withdrawn from her and trying to hide it under a manner of careful, guarded civility. It was different from any state she had yet seen him in, but it never crossed her mind that it might be caused by the influence of another woman.

He was still angry—that was what Berny thought; and sitting on the divan under the canopy with its fiercely-poised lances she meditated on the subject. His winning back was far from accomplished. He was not as "easy" as she had always thought. A feeling of respect for him entered into her musings, a feeling that was novel, for in her regard for her husband there had previously been a careless, slighting tolerance which was not far removed from contempt. But if he had pride enough to keep her thus coldly at arm's length, to withstand her attempts at forgiveness and reconciliation, he was more of a man than she thought, and she had a harder task to handle than she had guessed. She did not melt into anything like self-pity at the futility of her efforts, which, had Dominick known of them, would have seemed to him extremely pathetic. That they had not succeeded gave her a new impetus of force and purpose, made her think, and scheme with a hard, cool resolution. To "make up" and gain ascendency over Dominick, independent and proudly indifferent, was much more worth while than to bully Dominick, patient, enduring and ruled by a sense of duty.

He Came to the Door of the Room in His Shirt Sleeves.

CHAPTER XI.

The Gods in the Machine.

On the second Sunday after their return from Antelope, Bill Cannon resolved to dedicate the afternoon to paying calls. This, at least, was what he told his daughter at luncheon as he, she, and Gene sat over the end of the meal. To pay calls was not one of the Bonanza King's customs, and in answer to Rose's query as to whom he was going to honor thus, he responded that he thought he'd "start in with Delia Ryan."

Rose made no comment on this intelligence. The sharp glance he cast at her discovered no suggestion of consciousness in the peach-like placidity of her face. It gratified him to see her thus unsuspecting, and in the mellowing warmth of his satisfaction he turned and addressed a polite query to Gene as to how he intended spending the afternoon. Gene and Rose, it appeared, were going to the park to hear the band. Gene loved a good band, and one that played in the park Sunday afternoons was especially good. The Sunday before, Gene had heard it play Poet and Peasant and the Overture of William Tell, and it was great! That was one of the worst things about living on a ranch, Gene complained, you didn't have any music except at the men's house at night when one of the Mexicans played on an accordion.

The old man, with his elbow on the table, and a short, blunt-fingered hand stroking his beard, looked at his son with narrowed eyes full of veiled amusement. When he did not find Gene disagreeably aggravating as his only failure, he could, as it were, stand away from him and realize how humorous he was if you took him in a certain way.

"What's the Mexican play?" he growled without removing his hand.

"La Paloma," answered Gene, pleased to be questioned thus amicably by his autocratic sire, "generally La Paloma, but he can play The Heart Bowed Down and the Toreador song from Carmen. I want him to learn the Miserere from Trovatore. It's nice to sit on the porch after dinner and listen while you smoke."

"Sort of Court Minstrel," said his father, thumping down his napkin with his hand spread flat on it. "Don Eugenio Cannon, with his minstrel playing to him in the gloaming! It's very picturesque. Did you ever think of having a Court Fool too, or perhaps you don't feel as if you needed one?"

He arose from his chair before Gene, who never quite understood the somewhat ferocious humor of his parent, had time to reply.

"Well, so long," said the old man; "be good children and don't get into mischief, and Rose, see that your brother doesn't get lost or so carried away by the Poet and the Peasant that he forgets the dinner hour. Adios, girlie."

A half hour later he walked down the flight of marble steps that led in dignified sweep from the front door to the street. It was a wonderful day and for a moment he paused, looking with observing eyes at the prospect of hill and bay which seemed to glitter in the extreme clearness of the atmosphere. Like all Californians he had a strong, natural appreciation of scenic and climatic beauty. Preoccupied with thoughts and schemes which were anything but uplifting, he yet was sensitively responsive to the splendors of the view before him, to the unclouded, pure blue of the vault above, to the balmy softness of the air against his face. Some one had once asked him why he did not live in Paris as the ideal home of the man of great wealth and small scruples. His answer had been that he preferred San Francisco because there were more fine days in the year there than anywhere else he knew of.

Now he paused, sniffing the air with distended nostril and inhaling it in deep, grateful inspirations. His eye moved slowly over the noble prospect, noted the deep sapphire tint of the bay, the horizon, violet dark against a pale sky, and the gem-like blues and amethysts of the distant hills. He turned his glance in the other direction and looked down the gray expanse of the street, the wide, clear, stately street, with its air of clean spaciousness, sun-bathed, silent, almost empty, in the calm quietude of the Sabbath afternoon. The bustling thoroughfares of greater cities, with their dark, sordid crowds, their unlovely, vulgar hurry, their distracting noise, were offensive to him. The wonder crossed his mind, as it had done before, how men who could escape from such surroundings chose to remain in them.

He walked forward slowly, a thick-set, powerful figure, his frock-coat buttoned tight about the barrel-like roundness of his torso, a soft, black felt hat pulled well down on his head. His feet were broad and blunt like his hands, and in their square-toed shoes he planted them firmly on the pavement with a tread of solid, deliberate authority. His forward progress had something in it of an invincible, resistless march. He was thinking deeply as he walked, arranging and planning, and there was nothing in his figure, or movements, or the expression of his face, which suggested the sauntering aimlessness of an afternoon stroll.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The First Climbers.

A Munich paper has been searching the records of history to discover who were the first mountain climbers. It gives the palm to Moses and his ascent of Mount Sinai, and rules out Noah for his ascent of Mount Ararat because he made it in a boat. There is sufficient evidence to show that the ancients thought mountain climbing sheer madness.

No one in the time of Horace or Polybius wanted to go climbing for a summer holiday. A Chinese emperor in the seventh century was the first to make climbing fashionable in the east. But the first true tourists in Europe seem to have been Dante, Petrarch and Leonard. Then came the Emperor Maximilian I., who used to hunt in the mountains near Innsbruck, and after him Conrad von Gesner and Josias Simler explored the Swiss mountains. But climbing for pleasure such as we know it today was not thought of until quite recently.—Westminster Gazette.

How to Begin.

"What is the first step toward remedying the discontent of the masses?"

"The first step," replied the energetic campaigner, "is to get out and make speeches to prove to them how discontented they are."—Washington Star.

More Economical Both in Use and Cost

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

—And it does better work. Simply follow your customary method of preparation—add a little less of Calumet than when using ordinary baking powder. Then watch the result. Light, fluffy, and evenly raised—the baking comes from the oven more tempting, tastier, more wholesome.

Calumet insures the baking of an expert. Ask your grocer to-day.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS

World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill.

Paris, Exposition, France, March, 1912.

You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

Lessons in Housekeeping.

A young girl of fourteen whom I know plans and cooks the dinner at home one evening of each week, and her mother stays away from the kitchen entirely on this afternoon. The girl's father gives her a small amount of money in the morning before he leaves home, and she does the marketing with this sum. The event is anticipated with great pleasure by all the members of the family as well as by the little cook, and the nourishing and appetizing dinner she serves is certainly surprisingly good.—Woman's Home Companion.

Going Too Far.

Mrs. Gallup is an estimable lady whose hobby is house decoration. One day last spring Mrs. Gallup was careless enough to drink a glass of red ink, believing it to be claret. She was naturally alarmed when she discovered her mistake, but no harm came to her. The doctor who was summoned, upon hearing what had happened, dryly remarked to her:

"Mrs. Gallup, there is such a thing, you know, as pushing this rage for decorated interiors too far."

How Long Will the Women Stand 'Em?

"I am a mean man," confessed the Erratic Thinker. "My father bore the same unenviable reputation, and I had an uncle who served a term in the penitentiary and was twice mentioned for the legislature. So no one need be surprised when I remark that perusal of the dry goods advertisements causes me to wonder how soon corsets will become so long that their wearers will be obliged to roll them up around the ankles to keep from treading on them!"—Kansas City Star.

Uncle Josh's Joke.

"Gee!" said old Uncle Josh, as the wail from the parlor waxed louder and more piercing. "I wish that thare female summer boarder'd stop that infernal practisin' on her singin' fer a leetle. She hez a voice like a fish."

"Like a fish?" demanded Mrs. Josh, scornfully.

"Ya-as," said Uncle Josh. "Mostly scales an' flatter'n bokey."—Harper's Weekly.

Valued Patron.

"Confound it," said the uptown druggist, "that woman took all the change I had in the drawer."

"Why didn't you tell her you couldn't break her $10 bill?"

"No, no; she's one of our most regular patrons. Why, I've known that woman to buy as high as eleven one-cent postage stamps in a week."

Many a man fails to forge ahead because he has the looking backward habit.

Some spinsters are so timid that they would jump at a proposal.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

Are Richest in Curative Qualities

FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

Pure Blood

is the result of Perfect Nutrition which proceeds from GOOD DIGESTION

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS A REAL VEGETABLE PURGATIVE ... THE LATE DR. WM. WRIGHT

Assure These Benefits

RESINOL HEALS ITCHING SKINS

And Clears Unsightly Complexions.

Resinol Ointment, with Resinol Soap, stops itching instantly, quickly and easily heals the most distressing cases of eczema, rash, ringworm, tetter or other tormenting skin or scalp eruptions, and clears away pimples, blackheads, redness, roughness, and dandruff, when other treatments have proven only a waste of time and money.

But we do not ask you to accept our unsupported word for it. You can send today for a generous trial of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment, and test them to your own complete satisfaction, at no cost whatever, while thousands who have been cured say, "What Resinol did for us it will do for you." Physicians have prescribed Resinol for eighteen years and every druggist in the country sells Resinol Soap (25 cts.) and Resinol Ointment (in opal jars, 50 cts. and $1). For free samples of each, with full directions for use, write to Dept. 9-K, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Charity covers a multitude of sins that ought to be exposed.

Mrs. Austin's famous pancakes make a really delicious wholesome breakfast. Adv.

The busier a man is the less time he has to complain of overwork.

Temptation may come to the woman who sits down and waits, but a man usually meets it half way.

Who's Doing the Talking?

"A business man should never take his stenographer out to lunch."

"Why not?"

"Oh, it causes talk."

"Of course it causes talk, but if the business man will abstain from cocktails, he won't talk to her half as much as he might."

Nothing to Fear.

"George, dear," said the girl, "did you ever drink anything?"

"Yes, occasionally," George reluctantly admitted.

"But, dear," she went on anxiously "what do you suppose papa would say if he should discover that the future husband of his only daughter drank?"

"He discovered it this morning."

"Oh, George, and what did he say?"

"He said: 'Well, George, my boy, I don't care if I do.'"

Scissors for Memorial Wreaths.

The police of Berlin applied the censorship of the scissors to a recent demonstration at the cemetery where are buried the socialists and anarchists who fell in the revolution in Berlin March 18, 1848. Hundreds of visitors brought wreaths, the socialists red and the anarchists black, to lay on the graves. The police, with scissors, stood at the entrance to the cemetery. Every wreath was submitted to them, and the sentiments on the ribbons had to undergo the censorship of the scissors.

Alarmed for His Mother.

Little Harry, hanging about the kitchen, saw a stuffed fowl sewed up before roasting. He was much impressed by the sight. A few nights later his mother, hastily dressing to go out, found that a new frock had been sent home without the proper allowance of hooks and eyes. Summoning aid, her sister basted the frock together up the back.

"Grandma," said Harry, seeking the source of perennial sympathy and comprehension, "come and see what auntie's doing to mamma. I think she's going to roast her, for she's sewing her all up."

Everybody From Kid To Grandad Likes

Post Toasties

Thin, crisp bits of white Indian Corn, cooked to perfection and toasted to a delicate brown without the touch of human hand.

You get them in the sealed package

Ready to Eat

A dish of Post Toasties for breakfast and lunch, with thick cream or rich fruit juice, is a dish that epicures might chortle over.

Nourishing, economical, delicious, "more-ish."

INDUSTRY and MECHANICS

CONVENIENT BOX FOR TOOLS

Grooves Keep Bits or Chisels of Various Sizes Apart—Easy to Make Any Selection.

A convenient box for holding tools has been designed by a Connecticut man. It will keep separate a number of bits or chisels of different sizes, and each can be selected and removed in a twinkling. The box is a flat, rectangular affair, with a lid that consists of half of the top and one end, as the cut shows. The inside of the box is divided into two by a lengthwise partition, with different size grooves on both sides. This partition terminates within a few inches of the open end of the box so that when the lid is opened the ends of the tools project beyond it and make them easily accessible. With each tool separate, as in this receptacle, the nicking of points and edges, as happens when they are jumbled up together, is obviated.

Handy Tool Holder.

PRODUCTON OF GOLD METAL

Total Amounted to $465,000,000 in 1912, or $5,500,000 Greater Than in 1911.

The world's production of gold during 1912 was $5,500,000 greater than in 1911, the total having been $465,000,000.

Gold production in the United States amounted to $91,685,169, compared with $96,890,000 in 1911. California led with $19,988,486; Colorado was second with $18,791,710; Alaska third with $17,298,946; Nevada fourth with $13,231,680, and South Dakota fifth with $7,795,680.

Of the world production the Transvaal and Rhodesia made a gain of about $20,000,000 and Canada gained nearly $3,000,000. The United States, Mexico and Australia lost about $16,000,000, and in the rest of the world the production was about what it was last year. Since 1908, when the production of gold in the world was $442,475,000, the annual increase has been comparatively small.

SQUARE ATTACHMENT ON SAW

Combination Affair Makes Handy Implement for Drawing Angles—Also Carries Marker.

Sometimes a man is in need of a steel square when he has nothing available but a hand saw, says the Northwest Farmstead. A very simple attachment to a hand saw will make it possible to use it for a square also.

Drill a small hole in the saw blade close to the handle and insert a machine screw, b, with a lock nut, a, to hold the piece of metal, c, that has its sides planed smooth. Attach this metal piece, c, as shown in Fig. 2, and place the saw on a board with c held firmly against the edge. By the use of a steel square mark lines on the saw blade as shown in Fig. 1 to indicate the position of the piece c for drawing angles, using the back of the saw as the marking edge.

Handy Saw Attachment.

One can also carry a marker with him by making a small hole in the handle at d and inserting a scratch awl. Of course this should fit snugly to prevent its dropping out.

New Illuminating Gas.

A plant has been established in Holland to manufacture illuminating gas from petroleum residue by a dry distillation process.

Most Durable Wood.

In searching for the most durable wood in the world from which to build a mausoleum for their late emperor, Chinese architects selected timber from the Philippines.

Removes Carbon Deposits.

Apparatus which introduces oxygen into the cylinders of a gasoline engine to remove the carbon deposits without dismantling the machinery comes from England.

Concrete Poles.

Sectional concrete poles, which can be built up to almost any desired length, and a method for molding the sections have been invented by a Californian.

Prevent Mine Explosions.

A German government commission has been sent to Belgium to investigate the methods used to prevent fire-damp explosions in coal mines in that country.

Ten thousand new coke ovens are to be built in Connellsville, Pa., at a cost of $20,000,000.

SOME ODDITIES IN CLOTHES

Wearing Apparel Now Made From Stone, Iron, Glass and Paper—Cheaper Than Cloth.

Clothes without shearing the sheep or plucking the cotton plant are ready for us whenever we get ready for them.

Stone, iron, glass and paper supply the materials, soft and pliable as woolens, cottons and silks, some of them washable by putting them in the fire, some of them unwearoutable and others so cheap they may be thrown away when soiled.

Glass makes beautiful dress goods, colors to please and sheen and sparkle all their own. The Russians are manufacturing a fabric of "a filamentous stone from the Siberian mines," flexible as any product of the mills, practically indestructible, for which the furnace is the laundry. Iron cloth is in common use, that horsehair-looking material used in stiffening coat collars. "Limestone wool" is made in the electric furnace. Clothes of this material cannot be damaged by fire or grease and are as flexible as clothing made of sheep's wool. An English manufacturer is making a fabric of old ropes. Japanese troops, during the war with Russia, proved that paper clothes are serviceable and warmer than those of cloth. English, French and German manufacturers are turning out paper dressing gowns and bathrobes. Even gloves, which may be cleaned many times, are made of paper.

A writer in the Inventive Age, Washington, tells all about these wonders. Whether revolutions in wearing apparel creating revolutions in industry will occur remains to be seen. But the raw material of such revolutions is on the hooks.

USED IN PLACE OF RUBBER

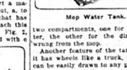
Substitute Being Manufactured in Holland Said to Be Better Than Genuine Article.

A report coming from Amsterdam tells of a factory established at Ymuiden, at the mouth of the North sea canal in Holland, to produce a substitute for rubber. It is said that the company operating the factory has succeeded in producing a substance having the qualities of rubber and some special advantages over the genuine. While the process is a secret, the principal ingredient is said to be fresh sea fish, which are brought to Ymuiden in vast quantities by the Dutch fishing fleets. According to report, 15 to 16 per cent. of natural rubber is added to the fish, and the result is a substance as flexible and elastic as rubber, but much cheaper—about as 1.25 to 8 in price—compared with real rubber. The low price of this produce will be caused partly by the by-products which are possible, for it is said that much albumen will be made from the fish, and that half of the factory is arranged for the manufacture of fertilizers.

USEFUL IN MOPPING FLOORS

Tank Arranged on Wheels Has Compartments for Clean and Dirty Water—Easily Moved.

The janitor mopping a large floor space wastes considerable time in procuring clean water or washing out his mop, says the Popular Mechanics. The small amount of water carried in a pail will not be enough for a very large floor. One janitor overcame this difficulty by making a tank with two compartments, one for clean water, the other for the dirty water wrung from the mop.



Mop Water Tank.

Another feature of the tank is that it has wheels like a truck, so that it can be easily drawn to any part of the floor.

NOTES OF INDUSTRY AND MECHANICS

The United States annually produces lime valued at $14,000,000.

Aberdeen, Wash., is to have a pulp and paper plant to cost $1,000,000.

New England building contracts for 1912, to October 23, total $159,222,000.

There were 63,610,578 tons of hard coal mined in 1912 in the United States.

Newark (N. J.) street railway will build a $4,000,000 terminal station shortly.

American steel piling has been used in the great irrigation works at Hindia, near Bagdad.

Colorado's ore product for 1912 was valued at more than $4,270,000.

The latest piece of automobile paraphernalia consists of a combination footstool and lunch basket.

Polishing with stone gives alligator leather its beautiful gloss that neither japanning nor varnishing can imitate.

Chinese railroads are putting considerable tracts in young trees to furnish their lines with ties and trestle timber.

Coal loses less heating value by exposure to the air while stored than it does by the breaking of the lumps into dust.

The salt deposits of the United States are ample enough to supply the nation's demands for many years to come.

An inventor has given an umbrella ribs flexible tips and claims they will prevent an umbrella being blown inside out.

Mines of the United States last year yielded $2,700 worth of diamonds, $9,300 worth of emeralds and $215,213 worth of sapphires.

London's new reinforced concrete postoffice is expected to resist the effects of the atmosphere of that city for ten centuries.

FOR BETTER ROADS

CURE FOR INDUSTRIAL EVILS

When Time and Labor Unnecessarily Consumed in Transporting Products There Is Big Waste.

If the public could be convinced that it is economy to begin with fundamentals the problem of progress in every line of social endeavor would be solved.

[illegible] present the sole remedy for industrial evils lies in the betterment of roads.

Manifestly, when time is unnecessarily consumed and labor wasted in transportation of products to market there is a fundamental waste. One instance will serve as an illustration. A man loaded his wagon early one morning with a bale of cotton and a few bags of the loose product. He lived twenty-two miles from town. The roads in that section are better than the average, but it took him until nightfall to reach the selling point. He and his half-grown son, who accompanied him, spent the night in town, paying the expense of lodging, meals and keep for the team. The second day was spent in negotiations for the sale of the cotton and the purchasing of a few necessaries. They arrived on the third day late in the afternoon, having lost practically three days.

That farm was mortgaged. Everything made from year to year was paid out in interest and for a poor living for the family. There was not a dollar for improved labor-saving machinery, for additional fencing, or, in fact, anything that would enhance the value of the place.

A Good Road in Chile.

If this farmer had raised small marketable crops—which he didn't—he could not afford the time or give up the use of his team to take them to the nearest point. A few sweet potatoes, cotton and corn were the sole products raised.

If his place had been mortgaged for the building of a pike or trolley line connecting him with a market there would be hope of paying out. As conditions are, he gets poorer and more hopeless every year.

GOVERNOR SULZER ON ROADS

In Recent Message to New York Legislature He Laid Down Law in No Uncertain Terms.

Governor Sulzer of New York is a road booster of the right type. In his recent message to the New York legislature he "laid down the law" to the legislators in no uncertain terms, pointed out defects in New York's road laws and pronounced the doom of the spoilsmen who had been fattening on the people's money, says the Southern Good Roads. In his message he paid this great tribute to good roads:

"We know that good roads, like good streets, make habitation along them most desirable; they enhance the value of farm lands, facilitate transportation, and add untold wealth to the producers and consumers of the country; they economize time, give labor a lift and make millions in money; they save wear and tear and worry and waste; they beautify the country and bring it in touch with the city; they aid the social and religious and educational and industrial progress of the people; they make better homes and happier firesides; they are the avenue of trade and the agencies of speedy communication; they mean the economical transportation of marketable products—the maximum burden at the minimum cost; they are the ligaments that bind the country together in thrift and industry and intelligence and patriotism; they promote social intercourse, prevent intellectual stagnation and increase the happiness and prosperity of our producing masses. They contribute to the greatness of the city and the glory of the country; give employment to our idle workmen, distribute the necessaries of life—the products of the fields and the forest and the factories—encourage energy and husbandry, inculcate love for our scenic wonders, and make mankind better and happier."

Cow Coming Fresh.

If one knows when a cow is coming fresh it is a good plan to start feeding her about two pounds of bran three weeks beforehand, increasing the amount gradually. This will put her in the right condition for calving.

Fault of Feed Rack.

Usually there is more dirt in the neck than in all the rest of the fleece put together, and this is generally the fault of the racks. A little attention to their construction may remedy this evil.

"THE CLIMATE OF WESTERN CANADA."

AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN CANADA'S IMMIGRATION.

A letter dated February 2, 1913, published in a "People's Voice" column in a Swedish paper, while dealing with other conditions in Canada, such as grain yield, social conditions, etc., says: "We have had fine weather until New Year's, when some snow fell and it was cold for a few days, but during the past few days we have lovely weather again." The writer, who lives near Davidson, Sask., says they got from 30 to 35 bushels of wheat per acre, 60 bushels of oats and about 20 bushels of flax. All homesteads are taken in the vicinity, but wild land can be bought at reasonable figures. Word from Alberta gives the information that up to the 22nd of February there were eighty-four and a quarter hours of bright sunshine, but that did not come up to the corresponding month of 1912, when the meteorological department registered 120 hours for the 29 days.

February was exceptionally fine all through, but 1912 went one better, and was a glorious month. However, taking the weather generally throughout the northern hemisphere, February has been marked by serious and severe disturbances resulting in heavy storms, bad weather and low temperatures in many other parts.

The coldest temperature this week occurred on Tuesday morning, when the thermometer registered 23.5 below, and the coldest Wednesday was 11 below. During the last fortnight of February 9 and 8.7 hours of bright sunshine spread its glorious rays over Edmonton, and this out of a possible total of about ten hours is something to talk about.—Advertisement.

Keeper of Secrets of Kings.

Lord Knollys, who is retiring, after having been private secretary to King George and the late King Edward, has received many tempting offers to write his autobiography, but, needless to say, has steadfastly resisted them all. An enterprising publisher, from the United States, once ran him down during his vacation, and placed a blank check before him, inviting him to fill it in for any sum he liked to name in return for a book of no fewer than 50,000 words.

"My terms would be five million dollars," Lord Knollys remarked, quietly. The publisher gasped. "Good gracious, sir, are you serious?" he asked.

"Quite," Lord Knollys rejoined, and then, with one of his merry twinkles of his eyes, he said:

"Would it not be worth a good deal more to you if I had to say frankly all I know?"

The publisher realized the force of the argument, and was bound to admit that it would be a hopeless task to induce an indiscretion on the part of the veteran courtier.

Possibly Two Conflagrations.

"Papa, what is a conflagration?"

"It is a big fire, my son."

"And what do they call a little fire?"

"There is no special name for a little fire. Oh, they sometimes call it an incipient fire and—let's see—well, it is sometimes called an inconsiderable fire. Why?"

"Well, I see your coat-tail is on fire, and I was wondering whether it was a conflagration or an incipient fire."

In a few minutes the young man had reason to think it was a conflagration.

The Right of the Strong.

Three-year-old George and his sister, slightly older, were having a tete-a-tete luncheon. "Why," she demanded, "do you take the last ginger-snap, when you've had two and I haven't had any?" The young philosopher pondered for a moment, then condescended to elucidate.

"Because," he said, kindly, "I'm a boy and you're a girl."

The old-fashioned mother and her slipper have qualified many a man for the presidential chair—even if he didn't land.

Mrs. Austin's famous pancakes make a really delicious wholesome breakfast. Adv.

And some men talk to themselves because they like an appreciative audience.

The two most important needs in a woman's life seems to be love and money.

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

The world admires any man who attends to his own business—no matter how humble it may be.

Mrs. Austin's famous pancakes make a really delicious wholesome breakfast. Adv.

Politics is a good game, but a mighty poor business.

TO WOMEN

THOSE HEADACHES

If accompanied with backache, dragging-down pain, do not have to be. Nature never intended that woman should suffer in this manner.

Dr. Pierce's FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

For forty years has proved wonderfully efficient as a remedy for women's peculiar weaknesses and derangements.

Your Druggist has It in Stock

Women of Middle Age

From 40 to 50 Woman's Critical Period.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, severe headaches, melancholia, dread of impending evil, palpitation of the heart, irregularity, constipation and dizziness are promptly treated by intelligent women who are approaching the period of life.

This is the most critical period of woman's life and she who neglects the care of her health at this time invites incurable disease and pain. Why not be guided by the experience of others and take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? It is an indisputable fact that this grand old remedy has helped thousands of women to pass through this trying period with comfort and safety. Thousands of genuine and honest testimonials support this fact.

From Mrs. HENRY HEAVILIN, Cadiz, Ohio.

Fort Worth, Texas.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and derived great benefit from its use. It carried me safely through the Change of Life when I was in bad health. I had that all gone feeling most of the time, and headache constantly, I was very nervous and the hot flashes were very bad. I had tried other remedies and doctors, but did not improve until I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has now been sometime since I took the Compound and I have had no return of my old complaints. I always praise your remedies to weak women."—Mrs. HENRY HEAVILIN, R. F. D. No. 5, Cadiz, Ohio.

From Mrs. EDWARD B. HILBERT, Fleetwood, Pa.

Fleetwood, Pa.—"During the Change of Life I was hardly able to be around at all. I always had a headache and I was so dizzy and nervous that I had no rest at night. The flashes of heat were so bad sometimes that I did not know what to do.

"One day a friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made me a strong, well woman. I am very thankful that I followed my friend's advice, and I shall recommend it as long as I live. Before I took the Compound I was always sickly and now I have not had medicine from a doctor for years. You may publish my letter."—Mrs. EDWARD B. HILBERT, Fleetwood, Pa.

From Mrs. F. P. MULLENDORE, Munford, Ala.

Munford, Ala.—"I was so weak and nervous while passing through the Change of Life that I could hardly live. My husband had to nail rubber on all the gates for I could not stand to have a gate slam.

"I also had backache and a fullness in my stomach. I noticed that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was advertised for such cases and I sent and got a bottle. It did me so much good that I kept on taking it and found it to be all you claim. I recommend it to all women afflicted as I was."—Mrs. F. P. MULLENDORE, Munford, Ala.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM

W. L. DOUGLAS

$3.00 $3.50 $4.00 $4.50 AND $5.00 SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

BEST BOYS SHOES in the WORLD $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00.

The largest makers of Men's $3.50 and $4.00 shoes in the world.

Ask your dealer to show you W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $4.50 shoes. Just as good in style, fit and wear as other makes costing $6.00 to $7.00—the only difference is the price. Shoes in all leathers, styles and shapes to suit everybody. If you could visit W. L. Douglas large factories at Brockton, Mass., and see for yourself how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they are warranted to fit better, look better, hold their shape and wear longer than any other make for the price.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE

W. L. DOUGLAS - - Brockton, Mass.

The Kind.

"I wonder if people in Mars have dogs."

"If they do, they must be moon-dogs."

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 DOSES—35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food and ...

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Saskatchewan

Your Opportunity is NOW in the Province of Saskatchewan, Western Canada

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

NEW DISTRICTS

Free Homesteading

W. S. NETHERY, 412 Gardner Bldg., Toledo, Ohio, Canadian Government Agent, or address Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

SPECIAL TO WOMEN

Do you realize the fact that thousands of women are now using

Paxtine

A Soluble Antiseptic Powder

as a remedy for mucous membrane affections, such as sore throat, nasal or pelvic catarrh, inflammation or ulceration, caused by female ills? Women who have been cured say "it is worth its weight in gold." Dissolve in water and apply locally. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women.

For all hygienic and toilet uses it has no equal. Only 50c a large box at Druggists or sent postpaid on receipt of price. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.