RICH MENS CHILDREN

By GERALDINE BONNER

Author of "THE PIONEER" "TOMORROW TANGLE" etc.

Illustrations by DOM J. LAVIN

Copyright 1916 by The BOBBS-MERRILL CO.

SYNOPSIS.

Hill Cannon, the bonanza king and his daughter, Rosa, had teamed up to further Rosa's ball at San Francisco to which Hill had invited Dominick Berry, a young lawyer, who was desirous of securing a ball invitation for his wife, and to whom Hill had taken a fancy. Dominick, in recognition for Hill's kindness, had given him a message from a mysterious person, which proved to be a request for money. They have frequent quarrels and Dominick is estranged from his wife. Berry is received coldly by the Cannons at the ball. Dominick's message is cut off by storm. Rosa Cannon is engaged to Alistair Ross, a young Scotsman. Berry discovers in the paper where husband is and writes letter to Hill Cannon, telling him of Ross' true character. Dominick's wife is a beautiful fellow; accustomed princess in total parties. Hill and Rosa leave for Buffalo, on professional business. Dominick's wife, Ellen, tries to persuade Dominick to allow Rosa to divorce him. Ellen loves Dominick but demands an explanation. Rosa and Hill arrive in Buffalo and Rosa is ill and is confined to her room. Hill Cannon expresses sympathy for Dominick and Ellen. Rosa's illness proves serious and Dominick sends Berry express message to please him, but he is indifferent. Cannon-Dominick have a further line of entanglements, marriage difficulties, and Cannon and Ellen Berry are married. Dominick and family, now Miss Cannon, have to bear and settle down to domestic life.

CHAPTER XIII—(Continued).

Yes, to Berry, with the basic prospect locked away, old color seemed rushed from it, to appeared pale and alien, its comfortable intimacy gone. He was like a stranger walking in a strange place, a fashion, remote land, where also felt miserable and homesick. The sense of being dazed was passing from her. Walking forward with short, jerky steps, she was slowly coming to the meaning of her discovery—pitying herself to it, recalling its significance. She had an unconscious sensation of not being able to control the muscles round her mouth, so that the smile to she would have had difficulty in answering, and would have been quite unable to smile.

An open carriage passed her, and she drew aside, then mechanically looked after it with relief forward. Though the music was still throbbing on the air, people were already leaving the floor, the lighted heads of the women and then move forward to the man who headed the column. He held by the hand a pretty, fair-haired child, who, leaving out from his restraining grasp, walked a little before him, looking back laughingly into his face. Mrs. Ryan's eyes, alighting on his back, became suddenly charged with a fierce flatty of attention. The carriage over

"I'll Lie Dead in My Coffin Before I'll Take Her Money."

LAVIN.

The Talk Lasted an Hour.

lauded him and before he looked up again she had moved and saw his profile, the brow marred by a frown, the child's gay, chattering prattle no response smile to break the brooding gravity that had laid its fearsome.

As he felt the vibration of the wheel the carriage moved he started aside and looked up. When he recognized his mother his face reddened, and, with a quick smile, he lifted his hat. Then returning salute was serious, almost formally somber. Then the victoria swept on, and he and the child, neither of them apparently speaking, looked after the bounced head that soared away from them with a wave, forward vibration, like a floating bird, the little pennon of stiff white lace on its pointed handle.

As Mrs. Ryan passed down the long park entrance she thought no more of the past. The sight of her son, hearing the ile of his wife's relations, his face set in an expression of hearty deference, scattered her dreams of retrospect with a shattering impact.

The old woman's face was dark with passion, her pale lips set into a tight line. Money! Money might make trouble and bring disappointment, but it would talk to those people. Money was all they were after. Well, they could have it!

She let three days go by before she made the move she had determined on ten minutes after she had passed Dominick. The Wednesday morning following that Sunday she put on her outdoor things and, dispensing with the carriage, went down early on the car to see Hill Cannon.

The Botanic King's office was on the "Hill" on one of the finest Montgomery street corners. With her approach to building for a recalling of rich stuffs and a subdued panting, she entered the office. She did not waste time beating about the bush, but came straight to her point an hour. Before the interview ended they had discussed to every aspect of the matter under discussion. There would be no lone ends or slighted details in any piece of work in which engaged the attention of this bold and energetic pair of conspirators.

Two days after this momentous consultation at the same enemies, Berry was sitting in the parlor of the flat, talking to Ellen. It was three o'clock in the afternoon and the last dressed herself for her daily jaunt down town.

She did not hear a foot ascending the stairs, till a tap on the door-post of the room made her look around. Barbara's startled "Come in!" The door that led from the parlor to the hall had been removed, and a bamboo portiere hung in the opening. A large masculine hand thrust apart the hanging strands, and Hill Cannon, hat in hand, confident and yet apologetic, entered the room.

She looked at him inquiringly with memories of wariness and distrust in her face.

She remembered him to be a friend of the Ryans, and she had arrived at the stage when any friend of the Ryans was an enemy, and she looked at the old man guardedly, ready for an attack and bracing herself to meet it.

"You'll pardon this intrusion, won't you?" he said in a deep, friendly voice as he came forward. He had a slight inclination of her hand as she said soon seemed to be shaking it.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Cannon?" she added.

"Now, let me make my apologies for coming. In the first place, I'm an old man. You've got a fine grievance to compensation for the loss of so much that's good. Don't look that, that's fair, Mrs. Ryan?"

Berry liked him. There was something so easy and affable in his manner, something that made her feel he would never censure her for her past, or, in fact, think about it at all.

"I'm sure I'm very glad you came," she said politely. "Any friend of Dominick's is welcome here."

"Until you let me speak frankly, Mrs. Ryan?"

"Yes," said Berry "Go right ahead."

"Mrs. Ryan will make you a rich woman, independent of any favor the money yours to do with as you like. If you'll consent to the few conditions she exacts."

"What are they?"

"That you will leave your husband for a year and at the end of that time ask him to give you your lib-

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
RICH IN CURATIVE QUALITIES
FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS and BLADDER
THERAPION
THERAPION
DAISY FLY KILLER
ABSORBINE
Will reduce Inflamed, Strained, Swollen Tendons, Ligaments, Muscles or Bruises. Stops the lameness and pain from a Splint, Spavin, Curb or Ringbone. Does not blister. Pleasant to use. $2.50 per bottle, delivered. Book 2 R free.
ABSORBINE, JR. The antiseptic liniment for mankind. Reduces Strained, Torn Ligaments, Muscles or Bruises. Heals Cuts, Sores, Ulcers, Allays pain. For Boils, Poisonous Bites or Stings, $1.00 a bottle. W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 310 Temple Street, Springfield, Mass.
ALBERTA
THE PRICE OF BEEF
IS RISING AND SO IS THE PRICE OF FARMS
Free Homestead
W. N. NETHERY,
403 Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.
PATENTS
W. N. U., CINCINNATI, NO. 25-1913.

And the love of evil is the root of a lot of money.

Water in mining is adulteration. Glass and cement are made by sand.—Puck.

Tuberculosis Is Spread.

Based on figures obtained from cases of tuberculosis reported in Chicago, Illinois and other cities where thorough registration of consumptives is being enforced, it is estimated that for every death from consumption in the United States, which there are on an average 200, or one hundred, there are nearly more than five living cases, making at least 500,000 in all. Of this million living cases, it is estimated that the health authorities have records of not more than 100,000 to 150,000, or one in every eight or five, and that for the great majority of cases reported to the health officials no supervisory care is provided. Practically nothing can be done to control the spread of tuberculosis in the unreported cases.

Abner's Preparation.

Abner, who worked for the summer resolute, told Mr. Burns one morning that he was going to get married. "Well, really, Abner," said Mr. Burns, "I'm glad to hear it! I suppose you've made all the preparations and got your wedding finery ready?"

Abner did not balk at the question, but he fettered sheepishly.

"Yep," he replied, "naw, she bound me a coat and put a new collar on, and I've had my shoes tapped."—Judge.

Parrot-Like.

Dasher—Podgers, the art critic, has roasted my picturesque outbreak. Don't mind what he said, fellow. He's no ideas of his own; he only repeats like a parrot what others say.

CLEARED AWAY

Proper Food Put the Troubles Away.

Our own troubles always seem more severe than any others. But when a man is unable to eat even a light breakfast, for years, without severe distress, he has trouble enough.

It is small wonder he likes to tell of how relief came and put the trouble away.

"I am glad of the opportunity to tell of the good Grape-Nuts has done for me," writes a N. H. man. "For many years I was unable to even eat a light breakfast without great, suffering.

"After eating I would suddenly be seized with an attack of colic and vomiting. This would be followed by headache and misery that would sometimes last a week or more, leaving me so weak I could hardly sit up or walk.

"Now I can eat Grape-Nuts and have been free from the old troubles. I eat Grape-Nuts one or more times a day, taking it at the beginning or end of a meal.

"Now I can eat almost anything I want without trouble.

"When I began to use Grape-Nuts I was way under my usual weight, now I weigh 20 pounds more than I ever weighed in my life, and I am glad to speak of the food that has worked the change." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "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.

Beginning of Big Industry.

The Pietermaritzburg (Natal) Corporation has given birth to a new enterprise which is being watched with keen interest by the municipalities of town lands in the Ewartsop direction have been shown to be well adapted for wattle tree growing. The annual rainfall of the district is ample, and turns this land to account, for which purpose they have already planted about 1,000 acres under cultivation, and from all accounts the young trees are doing splendidly. The wattle tree is principally grown in Natal for the bark, the tannic properties of which are very valuable. Of late years a very big industry has been created in connection with this tree, and if Pietermaritzburg experiment be successful it should result in a considerable reduction of the city rates.

She said nothing and suddenly his hand sought hers, clasped it tight on the table and the end of the sentence was a sob.

"Oh, Rose, if I could see you now and then—only for a moment like this!"

He felt her hand, small and cold, crush softly into his and almost immediately was conscious of her effort to withdraw it. He released his fingers, let hers slide from his grasp, and, rising, said:

"Good night," she said hurriedly, and, turning, left him turned and went up the steps.

It was a great morning for Cornelia, as she engaged. Two evenings before, Jack Duffy had been bowled in the round the subject for a month, and Cornelia had not slept above half the night.

The wind was not yet out in force. Its full, steady sweep would not be reached till the day was well advanced. It came now in gusts which fell upon Cornelia from the top of the steps and set her forward progress, throwing out her either side of her flaring skirt of skirt.

It was after midday when she found herself approaching that particular block in which Jack Duffy had been born, the flower-venders place their baskets and display their wares. The boys and girls, who had been loitering about, were now in a generous mood, collected together and, assuming the importance of their particular bizarness

Cornelia looked at them and was bewildered, looked at the faces and bewildered, looked at the faces and

Well, Cornelia, are you trying to get a job selling flowers?" she asked.

She wheeled swiftly and saw her friend.

"Dominick!" she exclaimed, "you're the last person I expected to see. I'm going to write to you. I've got lots to tell you."

"Come along then and take lunch with me," he said. "I'm on my way to Bertrand's when I saw you. They'll be glad to see you and lunch there and you can tell me all your news."

They walked up the street toward Bertrand's, the restaurant which for years had enjoyed the esteem of the city's gourmets.

In the restaurant they found a vacant table in the corner where they had to bottle up her good news while Dominick ordered the food. Her face. She was impatient and drummed on the table till the waiter left, and then her eyes roamed about the room.

The waiter was in the first stages of lunch appearing. Cornelia said as she looked at the tables, with attention.

"I told you how awfully anxious I was to see you, and how I was going to write to you, but I'm glad to see you, and how I was going to write to you, but I'm glad to see you, and how I was going to write to you, but I'm glad