Fleas Spread Disease

Prepared by the U. S. Department of Agriculture

TO rid rid of fleas permanently the only remedy is to clean out their breeding places. It is, of course, important to destroy the adult fleas, but this should be accompanied by a thorough cleaning out of all places in which their eggs may be laid. Since it takes from two weeks to three months for the eggs of fleas to develop to adults there is always danger of a reinfestation unless the breeding places are thoroughly destroyed, says Bulletin No. 245 of the United States department of agriculture.

It is a well-known fact that certain kinds of fleas are responsible for the spread of the bubonic plague, and this alone would make their destruction a universal duty. They are, however, responsible for other diseases as well as the plague, and entirely apart from their share in spreading contagion they are a great nuisance to human beings and many annoy live stock to such an extent that they seriously injure the health of the animal. The flea can exist practically everywhere that man can, and if the conditions are permitted to be favorable it will multiply with great rapidity.

Of the approximately four hundred species of fleas known to exist the human flea, the dog flea, the cat flea, the rat flea—which carries the plague—and the stickfast flea are the varieties which most commonly affect human beings and domestic animals. The stickfast flea differs from the others in that when it has once attached itself to a host it remains with its mouth parts immovably imbedded in the flesh. Chickens suffer in particular from this pest, and for this reason it is sometimes called the chicken flea. It is frequently seen in dense masses also on the ears of dogs and cats. It is difficult to loosen it from its hold and its destruction therefore

The dog flea, a flea, is larva in one month, pupa in a week, mature flea in two weeks, and can live without food or water for a month. It is much smaller than the human flea, and is very active, so that it is difficult to catch it, e.g., more enlarged.

presents some difficulties. Fairly good results are obtained from the local application of kerosene and lard in the proportions of one part kerosene and three parts lard, but if used too freely this may injure pockets.

In the case of other species the insects hop about much more freely and may or may not, therefore, be found at any given time on their hosts. When dogs or cats, however, are found to be suffering a bath in a 5 per cent solution of creolin will probably be found to be effective, if sufficiently careful means of making such a solution is to add four tablespoonfuls of creolin to each gallon of water. Warm water should be used and the animal placed in a tub with the solution in it. A stiff brush should then be used to work the solution into the hair, particular care being taken to wet the fleas on the head of the animal. The bath should last five or ten minutes, after which the creolin should be rinsed off and the animal washed with warm water and soap. This treatment is designed to rats and will prevent the death of the most delicate animal from being injured. Other preparations have been worked into the fur of the cat are also useful. Powder naphthalene in the much balls drives the fleas out of the hair. The energy is a stupefied condition and can then easily be killed. Insect powder, sometimes called pyrethrum, buhach or Dalmatian insect powder, may be used on dogs and cats. Fresh, undenatured pyrethrum is necessary to secure satisfactory results.

The ground, the floors of outhouses and similar places where fleas are supposed to build should be sprayed with kerosene or crude petroleum sprinkled about. An inexpensive protective measure is the liberal use of salt scattered about the breeding places, and then wet down. Small freshly thrown wettings with water have been found to keep fleas out of poultry runs in Texas and salt water from the gulf is used extensively for this purpose along the coast.

Fumigation with sulphur fumes or hydrocyanic acid gas has been employed to rid dwellings of fleas. Both of these have the additional advantage of killing rats and mice as well as fleas, but sulphur is open to the objection that it corrodes metal and injures plants. Hydrocyanic acid gas is so deadly that its use except under expert direction is quite out of the question. If fumigating with sulphur four pounds to each 1,000 cubic feet of space should be used. The sulphur is piled up cone shaped in a pan, which is placed in a large pan or tub of water to avoid fire from the heat generated. A depression is made in the top of the cone of sulphur, a little kerosene poured into it, and a match applied. The room to be fumigated should be tightly closed beforehand and kept closed from ten to twelve hours. At the end of that time the doors and windows should be opened to allow the room to air thoroughly before it is entered.

Various methods of trapping fleas have been tried at one time or another, but none of these appear to be of much practical value as the methods already discussed. It is well to remember, however, that fleas cannot jump upward very farthan forties being the usual limit—and that the legs are protected a person is rarely bitten.

Yellowstone "Help"

When the Yellowstone park and camp men shipped their seasonal "help" to the park early in June it was ready for the rush of visitors, the tourists from the hundreds of the winter, and yet only to a half million dollars. It was the largest in the Pacific grape district, the warehouses and fermenting rooms covering seventeen acres. The cause of the fire is a mystery.—Advance

Panama Canal Tolls

The total receipts from use of the Panama canal during the month of July were the largest since the waterway has been in operation. The total was $172,756, as compared with the March total, $150,314, the previous record. The excess of earnings for the year ending July 31 were $125,811, the total earnings for the year being $1,211,835. The total operating expenses amounted to $1,112,535, leaving a net balance of $99,300, which was the interest on the capital invested, after allowing for depreciation, sinking fund and other like general items, nor about $100,000 which was deducted from the earnings on account of government vessels using the canal.

A CITY BIRD

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

Gardiner used to think, there were few neuras in New York, that a boarding house was the lonesomest hole man ever made land and life himself from the outer world. There didn't seem to be one congenial soul until Laura Edwards came.

She was about nineteen, he figured. Her hair was chestnut and caught the light in the sunshine like fire. Her eyes, too, were brown, and very friendly—shadow and light, and yet radely in their appeal, he thought—and he wanted to protect her, too.

He found out that she worked some place up town, probably in an office. Even Miss Mekoney knew no more than this. There was a certain point that even her curiosity could not get by in Miss Edwards' manner.

"I'm thinking she's from the middle West," Kinney, the little highlander with the sight out on the to-morrow, "She's spoken to me of Dayton, Ohio, very often. Tendrils, this son."

"She's a girl of the South about her at times," Hobart declared with a sigh. "Like a rose, like a rose."

Gardiner rose uneasily. He hated to be reminded of them. Still was so much apart, so wonderful to him. He lived her, and he longed to tell her so. That at least, was a man's right. Back home in Indiana there was a girl, and a good little farm where his mother lived. That was his home, if he cared to go. But he knew, somehow, Laura would never care for the country life. He was a city bird, born to green on stone pedestals and the wonder of them.

It was Saturday night. The front door banged and he heard Laura settee placed on the little grass plot under the elm outside. He could see sat out there talking in low voices, talking commonplaces, no doubt, with occasional glances and messages their lips belied and eyes betrayed. Of course, he knew.

"Well never be the same after to night, will we?"

She smiled up at him wistfully. "No."

Because we've found our. Aren't you sorry? I'm not. I'm glad for Gardiner's sake. I'm glad for myself. I'm glad for you, too. I'm glad for everybody. I'm glad for the world. I'm glad for the universe. I'm glad for everything."

She nodded her head.

"I was lonely, too," she said softly. "But I'm used to it. I've lived around the corners of life all my days. I've had to be quiet and keep out of the way. And it's horrid where I work. I'm a stenographer in a big office where I get the most work in a dark room by a lady who is blind in one eye. Dark. Some time I'm going to live outdoors right in the sunshine and laughing all the time."

"Where are your folks?" he asked. I thought you were just here for a little while."

"Dead mostly, I guess. I've got a married sister out in Dayton, Ohio. After my mother died I went to work here. I can make pretty good pay at it, but I hate it. I hate it. It's awful when you hate the work you have to do."

Gardiner sat nearer, his arm lying back of her chair. He had to do some way words came at last to himself. He had to do it, he would take to do to make life easier for her. She was a—a—he was thinking for longer—she was just a sweet, everyday mate and pal who might be wife some day to him.

They could get a little apartment—her income would be enough to start with! He had a couple of hundred saved up, and he could get more from the home next-egg. Perhaps some time he'd be able to buy a farm. It was near the town and the trolley line, and it was fertile and good.

"I'd love it," Laura said passionately. "I'd love it more than anything. Tom. That's your name, isn't it?"

"Yes, Laura. Call me Tom."

"Say it again," said Gardiner contentedly. "I like to hear you."

"Tom," she obeyed, smiling and Miss Mekoney peered out, saw who was there and withdrew.

"Have you the time, Mr. Gardiner?" she asked.

"Little past ten," answered Tom Kinney. He had been interrupted late than usual, Miss Mekoney. Hope it hasn't been a bore, important." "Oh, that's all right," the little old lady said with a smile. "Good night—kinder—cool, though. Hadn't you better have something around you, Miss Edwards?"

"She has, thanks," called up Tom, "I'm warm as a furnace, a grateful, happy silence. Presently Laura while a period.

"I love boarding houses, don't you, Tom?"

Tom smiled up at the brownstone front, at the little brown sign announcing "Rooms With or Without Board," at the familiar car boarding around the lilac bushes, and he felt a wave of sentimental tenderness and a sweep over him. It had brought them together, it had given them somehow, out of stream and jetsam of life's tides.

"You bet I do, honey girl," he replied.

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Get Their Share.

Seven communists in Paris during the 1848 revolution made an attack on the head of the Rothschild house there, reminding him that his wealth was to be divided and intimated that he better give them a share. The prince pulled out a pencil, divided his own wealth by the population of France, gave each of the communiqueur four francs and sent them off.

Determined Dissatisfaction.

"Is this train on time?" asked the passenger."

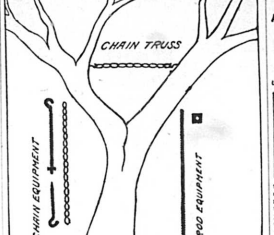
"Yes," replied the conductor. "We'll get you in, to the minute."

"That's too bad. This car is a lot more comfortable than the place I'm going to."

Wholesome From One Fish.

About half a ton of wholesome food in a mind that can embrace equally great things and small.—Johnson.

APPLE TREES DAMAGED BY SPLITTING



Chain Arranged to Support Weakened Tree.

One of the highest trades in orchardring is the failure to support mechanically weak trees. Annually many valuable apple trees are seriously damaged by splitting apart of the trunk. Lewis C. P. Hirp of New York in National Stockman and Farmer. Of these trees have reached the stage of incipient decay, their lives and usefulness could be prolonged for many years by means that are at once simple, inexpensive and efficient.

It should be understood that beyond a slight mechanical support the heart-wood of a tree is functionless and its decay does not affect its vegetative activity, nor its fruitfulness. Thus we justify providing artificial support for the disintegrated tree dontistry. Nor is the breaking apart of a trunk necessarily caused by decay, or by storms, but more often by a bad formation of its frame-work. A double trunk or two-pronged crotched tree is predestined to destruction for the simple reason that the strain is concentrated at a comparatively limited area—the point of union of the two trunks.

In many instances will be found of bad head formation in which an excessive number of frame-work limbs were permitted to persist. Between these limbs and the trunk at their basal union, one or more of them by overgrowth and pressure fill their respective crotches, where it creates a wedge-like pressure. This wedge pressure forces a splitting apart of the trunk, resulting in the loss of the tree.

A truss consisting of an iron rod or chain properly placed connecting the opposite limbs and anchor to the different limbs—as the case may be—will save the tree. Take a one-eighth inch rod of proper length amply threaded at each end for a nut, or a strip of board tacked transversely on the limbs in the forks in which the truss is to be placed will serve as a means of acquiring the proper length of rod. Of course, the rod must be bored. Holes should be bored with a three-quarter inch auger or bit, the size being larger than the rod will facilitate the pushing through of the rod. If the holes are counter-sunk where nuts are used to receive the rod, a chisel, it will make a better finish for the nut. Screwing cushions will prevent nut and cover work smoothly.

In using a chain instead of a rod, it is really the simpler method—a screwhook, such as is used for a horse hatrack, is turned into one limb from side facing opposite limb. A chain of proper length is then used for nut with a hook at other end is passed through drilled hole in opposite limb from near side and nut screwed on from outside of that limb. Then the chain, which is long enough to reach over these hooks when screwing up of nut gives double strength to the truss.

Two dollars' worth of time and material should suffice to apply such a truss and thus be the means of saving a tree worth from five to fifty dollars.

The metal may be painted with bridge paint to order to preserve and add to the appearance.

TILLAGE AND COVER CROPS IN ORCHARDS

Fruit Trees Are Often Injured by Root Freezing During Cold Months of Winter.

The effect of tillage and cover crops on the orchard are similar in some respects, but tillage adds nothing to the amount of plant food in the orchard, and it influences the fertility of the land so that more food is made available for the growing trees. A well-managed system of cover crops has the advantage of adding plant food and at the same time add to the store of the plant food that will be available for the trees.

Fruit trees are often injured by root freezing during cold months. In the northern latitudes this is one of the most serious problems in keeping the soil covered in the winter. The roots from fruit trees in very important. On soil that is rolling or on hillsides it will be found almost impossible to maintain any degree of fertility in the orchard without the use of cover crops. It will not only prevent the soil from washing away but will also hold the fertilizers from being washed away. Cover leaves from blowing away.

The saving of plant food is also an important function of a cover crop. When the soil weather around the growth of trees there is considerable nitrogen plant food that may be wasted on account of the trees not being able to consume it at that time. This may be saved by the cover crop and hold until such a time as it is desired to have it give it up or when the cover crop decays in the following spring.

The ideal system of managing orchard lands is the members of the apple states is perhaps most nearly approached when the soil is stirred in the early spring, as early as practicable and as deep as it can be and not injure the roots; cultivate in this manner until the trees are budded, then seeded with a cover crop which will grow until autumn and be turned under the following spring, and the same method practiced again.

In some sections of the apple country a cover crop is used the year that the trees are due to produce a large crop, so as to form a bed for the apples to drop on and keep them clean and free from mud.

The next year, when the trees are not expected to produce a large crop, the orchard is fertilized and fertilized and kept clean and free from weeds until fall, and rye sowed or a cover crop, and the the following spring it is plowed and reseeded to a cover crop that is left on the ground until the next spring.

This plan has found many friends among the large commercial orchards and is one of the most sensible that we are acquainted with.

There is always a good demand for good fruit.

PLANTING, PRUNING AND CARE OF TREES

Cut Off All Dead Wood or Imperfect Growth—Have Branches Eight Inches Long.

Do not have the trees come until you are ready to put them in the ground. When they arrive, soak the roots a little while in cold water, then examine carefully and cut off every damaged root. All dead wood or imperfect growth should be cut off just before the first outbranching rooster. Put from the under side in a slanting direction, so that the exposed surface will come in contact with the ground.

In trimming the tree, do not leave any branch more than eight inches long. The practice of cutting back to within two or three feet, particularly on very young trees, is growing and usually gives satisfactory results.

In western Washington, where fruit growing now has become a great industry, yearling trees are planted more than any other. They are cut down to about one-third of their growth and are very year trimmed to grow lowspreading branches. Most of the apples in that country are picked by hand, some of the ground—laddered and seldom being necessary.

Professor Lewis says that vigorous pruning does not injure the growth of the tree. Of course this does not include indiscriminating slashing of roots or top but pruning made with care and good judgment. If the weak roots and branches are cut off, more strength goes to the sound ones, and better results are obtained.

Probably best results come from pruning the orchard rather vigorously when it is young, and then let it use an not expert at pruning and cutting season the right sort of job, but leave the trees alone until they can be properly pruned, even if this can be done only once every three or four years.

Be Kind to the Horse.

Remember, always, that your commonwealth is itself to your horse. Be gentle, cheerful and patient in your master toward him and allow him to derive as much comfort as possible from the drive, as you yourself expect it.

May Save Tree's Life.

A wheelbarrow load of manure spread around the roots of a tree may be the means of saving its life.

Sharp Hoe Is Best.

A dull hoe never kills as many weeds as a sharp one and is harder to use. Two sharpened weeds will file or emery wheel will do wonders toward keeping the weeds in the pole to patch.

Make Good Butter.

Butter is one of the oldest articles of food. Do you eat good bitter or poor butter? Good butter is easy to make when you know how and will always sell well. Poor butter is hard to sell.

FARMER'S WIFE TOO ILL TO WORK

A Weak, Nervous Sufferer Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Kanota, Minn.—"I am glad to say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me more than anything else, and I had the best physician here. I was so weak and nervous that I could not do my work and suffered with pains low down in my right side for a year or more. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now I feel like a different person. I do not have nothing like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weak women and young girls, and I would be glad if I could influence women to try the medicine, for I know it will do all and much more than it is claimed to do."—Mrs. CLARA FRANZ, R. F. D. No. 1, Mapleleaf Farm, Kanota, Minn.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should profit by the advice of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health by using this genuine and truthful testimonials we are constantly publishing in newspapers.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will do you good, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (Confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. It will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

VIOLINS IN BANK VAULTS

Maker Says 20 Instruments Will Be Worth $100 Each in Future.

In the vaults of the Mercantile Trust and Deposit company, where thousands of dollars' worth of securities and other valuables have been placed for safe keeping, twenty or more violins of the Stradivarius type have been placed carefully away by their owner in the hope that some day they will mean hundredpenny rich, a Baltimore dispatch to the Philadelphia Record states.

The owner is Frank Della Torre of the North Calvert avenue commission merchant. The instruments do not represent much value now, but ten years hence, the owner says, there isn't an instrument among them that will bring less than $4,000 or $5,000.

Della Torre now is in England. About eight months ago he was called to Europe on business, and has been there ever since. But for months before he called he occupied his time in collecting all kinds of violins and remaking them. In this sort of work he is remarkably skilful. But it is the old violin that produces the tone which appeals to the trained ear of the musician and commands high prices. Twenty years hence, it is believed, violins of Della Torre will be classed with the best instruments to be found in America.

Tragedy.

"Do you mean to accuse Charles of cruel and inhuman conduct" said the young woman's mother.

"Yes, I do," sobbed Elsie, "it's the injustice of it! Everybody knows that Aunt Lydia when she says that the old heirloom, the diamond and pearl ring, was to be mine on my wedding day. Since Uncle Forrester has got so crazy and cross I don't hear of it. He says he never promised it to anybody, but I know he did, for he says so. Aunt Lydia said it would bring up all kinds of good fortune. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

Then her lover led her away trying to console her, his arm around her waist and her bonny golden head upon his shoulder.

"Hm—ennnnn! Say, it's quite touching," commented the Fool Forrested. That girl's mother treated me like a gentleman. Suppose I return the compliment? Forrester is evidently the sucker for the tale of sleeskicks. I've got to keep my hand in at my trade, and this is the easiest way. Hm—ennnnn! Say, I'm a sucker myself for the tale of lost daily friend, and the old family heirloom, and even less complicated than the tale of his cash. A window fastener noiselessly pried out, a piece of lock daftly forced, and the silver and philanthropist, [illegible] crossed the threshold of the room. As readily as if an invited guest, Tip sank into a chair at the side of the desk. His shadow fell across it, and he looked up at the man who stood.

"How—where—what do you want?" stammered forth the old man, startled.

"This," retorted Tip tersely, and one hand shot out from a hair-trigger hand cash. "Whoa!" and his other revealed a leaden pipe, which he swung toward back. "Go slow, old man. A cry or a move and you get lead for your gold." and Tip thrust the fadful of plunder into his pocket. "Now, then, out with your jewelry."

"Jewelry? Me! I've got no jewelry."

"Oh, you you have," disputed Tip. "You've got a ring set with diamonds and pearls, an old family heirloom. I know all about it. Produce!" and the weapon shied emingly.

The old man was fairly paralyzed with terror. He groaned, his hands trembled as he unlocked a drawer in the desk and took out an old tin box, and from it produced an ancient circlet set with a large diamond and some exquisite pearls. There were some other minor trinkets, but to them Tip said no attention.

"Do not make of me a pauper!" breathed the old man, clasping his hands in desperation. "The few thousand in money and securities are all I have."

"Old man," spoke Tip coolly, "I've got your wallet and zero to keep it, unless—"

"Yes! yes unless!" gasped Forrester eagerly.

"Unless you do just as I say. This can all be between us and you get your bonds back, or if I capture, and you are beggared. Listen," and Tip recited his direction to secure the ring which the daughter of his kind almoner rightly owned. "You will enclose it in a box directed to Miss Dale. You will write to her, here, now, a letter, saying that you send to her on her wedding day her rightful property.

"Yes, yes—and then?"

"At the end of a week, if I find you have not tried to get it back and act decent, I will write to you, I will return to you the money and bonds."

"Oh, will you, surely return the money?" pleaded the distracted Forrester.

"You have the word of an honest side man," reviewed Tip sternly, and relapsing into his blue-nose drawl as in his erratic life.

Early the next morning a little box and a letter was left at the Dale mansion. The Elsie was greatly will over the covered trinket and the convoyed letter. Of both she was estranged from her family for few years. Tip's cash bonds blessed nearer and Forrester sat on thorns and not over comfortable on the hot coals. There was one glad gleam of new hope, that Tip would not dare to come to thank him for the ring, a reconciliation had taken place and the Elsie was overjoyed at the happy issue.

One afternoon he was seated in his garden conversing with Elsie and her husband, when a footman to see him, when a voice called his name. "Hi! Forrester! Hi! Tip! Hi! Bo! I intended a package to the old man.

"There's a package for you there," he said simply. "I say, my friend, there's a gentleman on my side of the world. You've been the worst kind of a specimen."

"Hi! Hi! Hi!" stammered Forrester.

"Yes, stealing happiness from your own life and from the lives of others the love of money. It looks, though, as if you had a chance to make it up. As an humble instrument of bringing your happiness to pass, a good deed, I'm half inclined to reform myself. Good-by."

And Tip Farrell swung jaunty down the street, and went out of the life of the charming young bride, who never knew that a spoiled wedding cake had done for her.

"How—Where—What Do You Want?"

He knew that the pair were Elsie Dale and the bridegroom-to-be.

Elsie was crying pretty and her companion was kissing her tears away and stirring up fresh ones.

"Don't mind, dearest," he was saying soothingly. "I hope to be able to come to boy you, and I know you are pearls you want."

"I tried that," sobbed Elsie, "it's the injustice of it! Everybody knows that Aunt Lydia when she says that the old heirloom, the diamond and pearl ring, was to be mine on my wedding day. Since Uncle Forrester has got so crazy and cross I don't hear of it. He says he never promised it to anybody, but I know he did, for he says so. Aunt Lydia said it would bring up all kinds of good fortune. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

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Spoiled Wedding Cake

By Mary Gertrude Sheridan

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

"Hungary, are you?" asked Mrs. Dale, "Jump downstairs and get a collect cook."

"Most starved, mum," answered Tip Farrell dreamily.

Now this was a Dickensian and uncalled for. Tip Farrell had no excuse for an attack of hunger, being a prevaricator he was as well a thief, and to mask his real intentions he setting a view of the house and its interior he had played the role of the ravenous tramp.

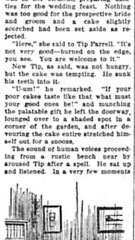
Mrs. Dale was smiling, happy, in love with all the world at that particular moment of her life, for the next day was to see her daughter, Elsie, wedded to the man of her choice. She was in her present, preparing for the wedding feast. Nothing was too good for the prospective bride and groom and a cake slightly scorched had been set aside as rejected.

"Hove," she said to Tip Parrell. "Its not very scorched—burned on the top you see. You are welcome to it."

Now Tip, as said, was not hungry, but the cake was tempting. He sunk his teeth into it.

"U-um!" he remarked. "If your poor cakes taste this bad what must your good ones be!" and munching the palatable gift he turned from Mrs. Dale, lounged over to a shaded spot in a corner of the kitchen garden, and sat moving the cake entire stretched himself out for a snooze.

The sound of human voices proceeding from a rustic bench near by aroused Tip from a sleep. He opened and listened. In a very few moments



"How—Where—What Do You Want?"

he knew that the pair were Elsie Dale and the bridegroom-to-be.

Elsie was crying prettily and her companion was kissing her tears away and stirring up fresh ones.

"Don't mind, dearest," he was saying soothingly. "I hope to be able to come to boy you, and I know you are pearls you want."

"I tried that," sobbed Elsie, "it's the injustice of it! Everybody knows that Aunt Lydia when she says that the old heirloom, the diamond and pearl ring, was to be mine on my wedding day. Since Uncle Forrester has got so crazy and cross I don't hear of it. He says he never promised it to anybody, but I know he did, for he says so. Aunt Lydia said it would bring up all kinds of good fortune. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

Then her lover led her away trying to console her, his arm around her waist and her bonny golden head upon his shoulder.

"Hm—ennnnn! Say, It's quite touching," commented the Fool Forrested. That girl's mother treated me like a gentleman. Suppose I return the compliment? Forrester is evidently the sucker for the tale of sleeskicks. I've got to keep my hand in at my trade, and this is the easiest way. Hm—ennnnn! Say, I'm a sucker myself for the tale of lost daily friend, and the old family heirloom, and even less complicated than the tale of his cash. A window fastener noiselessly pried out, a piece of lock daftly forced, and the silver and philanthropist, [illegible] crossed the threshold of the room. As readily as if an invited guest, Tip sank into a chair at the side of the desk. His shadow fell across it, and he looked up at the man who stood.

"How—where—what do you want?" stammered forth the old man, startled.

"This," retorted Tip tersely, and one hand shot out from a hair-trigger hand cash. "Whoa!" and his other revealed a leaden pipe, which he swung toward back. "Go slow, old man. A cry or a move and you get lead for your gold." and Tip thrust the fadful of plunder into his pocket. "Now, then, out with your jewelry."

"Jewelry? Me! I've got no jewelry."

"Oh, you you have," disputed Tip. "You've got a ring set with diamonds and pearls, an old family heirloom. I know all about it. Produce!" and the weapon shied emingly.

The old man was fairly paralyzed with terror. He groaned, his hands trembled as he unlocked a drawer in the desk and took out an old tin box, and from it produced an ancient circlet set with a large diamond and some exquisite pearls. There were some other minor trinkets, but to them Tip said no attention.

"Do not make of me a pauper!" breathed the old man, clasping his hands in desperation. "The few thousand in money and securities are all I have."

"Old man," spoke Tip coolly, "I've got your wallet and zero to keep it, unless—"

"Yes! yes unless!" gasped Forrester eagerly.

"Unless you do just as I say. This can all be between us and you get your bonds back, or if I capture, and you are beggared. Listen," and Tip recited his direction to secure the ring which the daughter of his kind almoner rightly owned. "You will enclose it in a box directed to Miss Dale. You will write to her, here, now, a letter, saying that you send to her on her wedding day her rightful property.

"Yes, yes—and then?"

"At the end of a week, if I find you have not tried to get it back and act decent, I will write to you, I will return to you the money and bonds."

"Oh, will you, surely return the money?" pleaded the distracted Forrester.

"You have the word of an honest side man," reviewed Tip sternly, and relapsing into his blue-nose drawl as in his erratic life.

Early the next morning a little box and a letter was left at the Dale mansion. The Elsie was greatly will over the covered trinket and the convoyed letter. Of both she was estranged from her family for few years. Tip's cash bonds blessed nearer and Forrester sat on thorns and not over comfortable on the hot coals. There was one glad gleam of new hope, that Tip would not dare to come to thank him for the ring, a reconciliation had taken place and the Elsie was overjoyed at the happy issue.

One afternoon he was seated in his garden conversing with Elsie and her husband, when a footman to see him, when a voice called his name. "Hi! Forrester! Hi! Tip! Hi! Bo! I intended a package to the old man.

"There's a package for you there," he said simply. "I say, my friend, there's a gentleman on my side of the world. You've been the worst kind of a specimen."

"Hi! Hi! Hi!" stammered Forrester.

"Yes, stealing happiness from your own life and from the lives of others the love of money. It looks, though, as if you had a chance to make it up. As an humble instrument of bringing your happiness to pass, a good deed, I'm half inclined to reform myself. Good-by."

And Tip Farrell swung jaunty down the street, and went out of the life of the charming young bride, who never knew that a spoiled wedding cake had done for her.

Building Master Men

Potash, sodium, lime and iron are some of the vital mineral salts necessary to proper nourishment of muscle, brain and nerves, but are not found in sufficient quantities in white bread and many other foods.

Grape-Nuts

—made from whole wheat and malted barley, these supplies these needed mineral elements and is a delicious food served with cream or rich milk.

Grape-Nuts food is splendid for brain workers, and for those who find coffee Being partially pre-digested, it is quickly absorbed by the system—giving directly the up-building of sinews, brain and nerves without overloading the stomach.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers.

Suiting Oneself the Rule for Coiffures

Just go on and wear your hair as it will, is say way your becoming to you, for the goddess of fashion will not bestow her approval on anything. For some months this capricious deity has referred to be interested in hair-dressing styles. She did sit up and take notice when the bobbed head made its debut. It was so novel and so different, so one could pretty well imagine. It is a lovely style for youthful faces.

A few young women were willing to go the length of cutting off—bobbing—the hair at the sides for the sake of the style, but many were not. Times very sensible one addressed a hairdress with the bobbed effect by bringing the hair out over the cheeks and turning the ends under. The back hair was dressed in a flat coil low on the crown, and all held in place by pins ending and by bands of narrow velvet ribbon.

Older women have remained faithful to waved hair combed in a small pompadour and dressed with a knot, or puffs on the back. Some of the youthful faces, have been most successful with hair swayed but pinned into becoming lines about the face. It is drawn back and twisted into a knot which supports large ornamental hair pins. An example of this style. For some months this capricious deity has referred to be interested in hair-dressing styles. She did sit up and take notice when the bobbed head made its debut. It was so novel and so different, so one could pretty well imagine. It is a lovely style for youthful faces.

Use Jersey Cloth.

Jersey cloth is used for the middle quarter of silk or other fabric. This is the only sweater now used that slips on and off over the head. It has white satin collar and cuffs, and is slipped through four or five holes at the front with silk cord. It especially attract for very young girls.

Shawl Coats.

There are some interesting imported coats made of big shawls or steamer rugs, with fringe around the bottom and about the cape section. Bright colors are the sleeves, or something offering the wide collar instead.

Pretty Undermuslins of Sheer Materials

Embroideries for women's undergarments are in great vogue this day. The yard—have grown more and more sheer until now one must look twice to discover whether some of them are of silk chiffon or of swiss. The swiss in voile have proven to be practical as a background for dainty embroidery patterns to be used in underwear because their wearing qualities are equal to those of the materials used in the body of the garments. In fact a good quality of sheer cotton voile embroidery will outwear the nainsook or swiss which it trims.

Speaking of sheer materials in undergarments, it is not to be overlooked that chiffon and fine crepes come in for much consideration in the more expensive and less practical creations that are so enticingly pretty. Petticoats to be worn with negligees, underdress for wear with thin blouses, and even less complicated garments are made of these materials.

But enticingly pretty garments are also made of fine cotton that even from the tub ab good as new. The savvage chemise shown in the picture given here bears witness to this. It is made in the simple way that the simplest thing to put together does not mean—"easy" waist is merely a turning stripe of val insertion and seam embroidery, with edge whipped together. Under the arms the embroidery stripe are omitted because at this point at least wear the lace is more desirable.

The short waist is finished at the bottom with a narrow open beading which joins it to the skirt portion of the chemise. The neck and armholes are edged with val lace, as are about the neck with a very narrow beading. Lingerie ribbon is run in the beading. It is to be tied in full bows when the garment is adjusted.

The bottom of the chemise is lengthened at the back, cut into a point and finished with a deep hem. Two buttonholes are worked in the tab and button over small flat pearl buttons that are sewed to the front. This allows of an adjustable fullness at the back.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

I know not why, but I am sure
Of one thing—that I endure
If some great future to endure
Past time and raw
My travails will be—
—Helen Hunt Jackson

SOME SAVORY TOASTS.

There are always pieces of bread that may be utilized in making appetizing dishes. A most tasty snack with for supper is thin toast bread in thin slices, spread with butter and on a thin slice of cheese, cover with another slice of bread and fry in a little hot butter until the bread is brown.

Cheese Toast—This is another way of serving toast with cheese. Mix a cupful of grated cheese, with a dash of salt, pepper, a teaspoonful of mustard, a tablespoonful of butter and a pinch of cayenne. Heat carefully to a smooth paste and spread on toast. Place the toast in the oven to get thoroughly hot. Serve hot.

Cinnamon toast is liked by the children. Toast bread, butter it, and sprinkle with a mixture of sugar and cinnamon.

Cream Toast.—This old fashioned dish is so well known that it hardly needs mention. Melt in a double boiler two tablespoonfuls of butter, add the same amount of flour, and when bubbling fine add to it half a cupful of milk. Season with salt and stir until well cooked. This sauce will make a more delicious sauce. Toast the bread, dip the edges of the slices to soften, spread with butter and pour the white sauce. Serve in a deep dish and have hot water poured well around top toast.

Salmon Toast—Cut some smoked salmon or halibut or any rich smoked fish in thin slices, arrange on a square of toast and sprinkle with pepper. Put this under the broiler, cover with greased paper to keep from burning. Serve hot.

Buttered bread toasted in the oven and cut in small squares is a good accompaniment to soup or cut in points and used as a garnish for many dishes.

Tea Toast—Make a pot of tea. Narrow strips of toast an inch wide are kept in the constant use for the Patients, Wind Colic, all