





"Madam," said the sauve agent, I have here a book that will tell you how to live twenty-tour hours a day."
"I haven't any use for it." said the hard-faced matron. "With a no-achard-faced matron. "With a no-ac-count husband and six children to sup-port by running a boarding house, I'm already living twenty-four hours a day. What I need is a season pass to a movie house and a chance to use

CLIENT "SPILLED THE BEANS" Altogether Too Truthful in Answering Question Put to Him by His Own Attorney.

"Were I giving advice to a young lawyer," said an attorney, the other day, "I would advise him to be careful about placing his client on the stand. It is at least as well to know what he is likely to answer to his attorney's leading questions. Some time ago," continued the lawyer," a cuse was tried in which the plaintiff's actorney certainly situated any continued the lawyer, a cuse was tried in which the plaintiff's actorney certainly situated current of break, rolls and each that was upset. A baker's wuron had been hit by a train in spite of the 'Stop, Look, Listen' sign, and the driver sued. On the stand he was asked how he conducted himself when ne came to the crossing, and he replied: 'I just trotted gently across, looking the other way and thinking about nothing in particular.' The attorney threw up the case on the spot, but it was really a lack of creskipt on his part," continued the narratio.

Amundsen's Ultimate Object.

narrator.

Amundsen's Ultimate Object.
Captala Amundsen's plan is to make his base at Cape Barrow. From theace he proposes' to cover by the air route the 1,275 miles to the North pole. His ultimate goal is Cape Columbia another 485 miles distant, inniking a total distance of 1,760 miles. As he will doubtless be compelled to deviate from the straight course, this estimate's than the will cover approximately 2,000 miles. Just how he will recognize the actual pole is not quite ceta, as it is not distinguished by any particular physical features. He will, however, he able to discover what chances there are for carrying out his projected drift in a vessel across the polar basin, which is his main purpose of figing over the top of the earth.

New Methoda.

Calling upon a friend, the visitor found another visitor there in the person of the small granddaughter, Mary, Seated in her dun rocker, playing with her doll, the little firl was apparently utterly oblivious of their conversation until it touched upon the death of a mutual acquaintance and the details of her burial, when suddenly the small volce piped up with, "Grammure, when you die I ain't goin' to bury you nor nothin'. I'm goin' to have you stuffed."

Evidence of Title.

Mrs. Pester—They're going to cut out the question. "Who giveth this woman in martiage?" from the cere-

mony.

Her Husband—So I hear. They'll probably require the bridegroom to show a bill of sale instead.



BELL-ANS

ALWAYS TIRED NO AMBITION

Nervous and Dizzy, Every-thing Seemed to Worry Me. How I Got Well.



reither in a Veget vertice of the property of

Long, R. R. S. Box 7, Larwil, somann. Many women keep about their work when it is a great effort. They are always tired out, aid have no ambition. When you are in this condition give it prompt attention.

Take liyids E. Pinkiam's Vegetable Compound, for it is especially adapted to correct such troubles, as it did for Mra. Long.

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W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 33-1922

"Hello, bld than I see you have at electric fan." "Yes; I thought I'd blow myself."

Happy the man without irritabili

MYSTERY by H.Bedford Jones Illustrations by Irwin Myers Copyright by Doubleday Page and Company blazing star sapphires. Beside it the TAKES NO CHANCES ON, diamonds that bejeweled Mrs. Mail-lard's ample front looked cold and

The

lard's ample front looked cold and lifeless.
"That?" queried Lucle, innocently, producing a scrap of chamols and dabbing at her nose. "Oh, that's very interesting: It was made for Queen Bortenses—so was this scarf that keeps my ranged hair from topping out." They were present—only this moraling." The lady's over was harsh. "A present? From whom, if you please?" "Oh! I grounded not to this he's owner." Synonsis—
the New Orleans
Jachin Fell, wealthy tho
what mysterious clitzen
Ansley, are discussing f
robberies by an individ
at the Midnight Masque
attired as an a
colice: Je

CHAPTER I-Continued.

"And Malliard would of the paying."
Fell's dry chuckle held ... ance of bitterness, "Let him. Who cares? Look
at his house, there, blaniag with lights.
Why pays for those lights? The people
his financial tentacles have closed their
sucker-like grip upon," His wife's jewels have been purchal with the coin
of oppression and inj, stick. His son's
life is one of rogue y and drunken
wildness—"
"Man, are you mat.?" Anslev Indi-

wildness—" Man, are you man,?" Ansier indi-cated the Columbine between them.
"We're not alone here—you must not talk that way—"
Jachin Fell only chuckled again. Col-umbine's laugh broke in with renewed galety:

CHAPTER II.

"Oh, I promised not to tell; he's a particular friend of mine. Aren't the stones pretty?"

particular friend of nine. Aren't the stones pretty:

Mrs. Maillard was speechiess. She compressed her firm lips and watched Lucle projace the asphilire collar wither the stone of the sto

hour 60b Maillard would be informed that she had accepted gifts of jewels from other men, with all the accompanying implications and additions that imagination could furnish. For, although Bob Maillard wanted very much dueded to marry her, his mother had no intention of sanctioning such a union.

union. "Neither has Uncle Joseph," she re-flected, smiling to herself, "and neither, have 11. So we're all agreed, except Boh." "Columbine!" A hand fell upon her wrist. "Columbine! Turn and concess thy sins!"

She had come to the foot of the wide, old-fashioned stairway that led to the floors above, and beside her had



You Frighten Mc, Holy Man!" She Cried, Gayly, "Confess to You, In-deed! Not I."

Cried, Gayly, "Contess to You, Indeed! Not I."
suddenly appeared a Franciscan monk, covied and gowned in sober brown from head to foot.
"You frightened me, holy man!" she cried, gally, "Confess to you, Indeed!
Not I."
"Never a better chance, butterfly of the world. Haste not to the dance, fair sistem—tarry a while and invite the soul in speech of import! Having passed the dragon at the gate, tarry a moment with this man of yows—"
"Shrive me quickly, then," she said, laughfig.
"Now, without confession? Would you have me read your thoughts and give penanco?"
"If you can do that, holy man, I may confess; so prove it quickly!"
The Frangiscan leaned forward. His voice came low, distinct, clear-cut, and he spoke in the French which Lucle understood as another mother-tongue, as do most of the older families of New Orleans.
"See how I read them, medemol."

An old colored servant bobbed her head in greeing to Lucie, who removed her cloat. As she did so, ahe saw that Mrs. Meillard's eye were green throat.

"Isn't it pretty, auntie?" she asked, smilingly.

"My goodness gracious!" The stern eyes hardened. "Where—where on eyes hardened. "Where—where or eyes hardened. "Where—who are you!" and he's an engineer and a geologist, sonderly Lucie had shrunk away breathed, with a gasp that was almost breathed, with a gasp that was almost breathed, with a gasp that was almost timplication of the words formed little sea than an insuit.

Quietly she put one hand to he horded. "She list one of hope; it is trypified by a darkly white hardened in the strength of the standard of the words formed little sea than an insuit.

Quietly she put one hand to he horded. "She list one of hope; it is trypified by what others any about them, but you have mede some grave error, monaleur," she said. Her wrought gold studded with try recall which said she was almost throat and removed the-collar, dropping it into the hand of Mrs. Mafillard.

Lucie furned away from him quickly. "Tell-Tais Traits.

You cannot rightly lugge people by what they asy about them, but you want they asy and they are an engineer and a geologist, and he's in the swim." Next week—the Midnight benefit to the many the said and he's in the swim." Tell-Tais Traits.

You cannot rightly adog people by what they asy about them, but you want they asy and the said. Her

MARDI GRAS

and offended dignity. "I pray you, excuse me."

Not waiting any response, she hastilly ran up the stairs, After her, for a moment, gazed the Franciscan, then shrugged his wide shoulders and plunged into the crowd.

While she danged, while she chaired and laughed and entered into the mad galety of the evening, Luckel. The chair ominous Franciscan. The re fund the have known? How could be have known? State of the could be have known? There was no proof, of course; the very breath of suspicion seemed a calumny against an upright mail.

Joseph Maillard had sold that Terrebonne land six months before any gas or, oil had been discovered there, and eight months before Lucle had come into the managenight of her own affairs. He had not known shout the wiss now a shareholder and officer in the Bayou oil company, the concern which had bought that strip of land. Lucle strove anarily to banish the dark thoughts from her mind. Why, Maillard was a rich unan, a banker, an a honorable gentleman! To doubt his hanor, although he was a harsh and a stern man, was impossible. Lucle know the leve—

"May I crave pardon for my error?"

a stern man, was impossible, Ludel knew him better than most, and could not helleve—
"May I crave pardon for my error?" came a voice at her eibow. She turned, to see the Franciscon again beside her. "With a thousand apologies for impertinence, mademoiselle: I am very sorry for my faults. Will not that admission obtain for me one little dance, one hint of forgiveness from fair Columbiae."

Something in his voice spelt sincerity: Lucle, smilling, held out her hand.
"You are pardoned, holy man. If you can dance in that friar's robe, then try it?"

Could he dance, indeed! Who could not dance with Columbine for partner? So saying, the monk proved his word by the deed and proved the will. Nor did he again hint that he had recognized her; until, as they parted, he once more left her astonished and perturbed. As he bowed he manumere!
"Beware, sweet Columbine! Beware

perturbed. As he bowed he unrured:
"Beware, sweet Columbine! Beware of the gny Aramis! Beware of his proposals!"
He was gone upon the word.
Aramis? Why, that must be the Musketeer, of course—Bob Maillard!
The name, with its implications, was a clever hit. But who was this brown monk, who seemed to know so much, who danced so dirachy, whose French was like music? A fague saspicion was the grift's mind, but she had no proof.
Half an bour after this Bob Maillard!

in the girl's mind, but she had no proof.

If an bour after this Bob Maillard amade he had not a discussion of the discussion of the had not he her. It know you now, Lucle!" he murmured. "I must see you at once—in the conservatory."

She was minded to refuse, but assented briefly. The words of the mon histories which such that had the man guessed? If Bob were judeed about to propose, she would this time cut off his hopes for good. But—was it that sort of a proposal?

As she manifed to rid herself of her admirers, and descended to the conservatory, she was highly resed with herself and the Franciscan, and so came to her appointment in no equable frame of mind. She found Mailiard waiting "in the old-fashioned conservatory; he had animasked, and was puffing a cigarette.

"By gad, Lucle, you're beaufiful to night. Where did you, get that collar of Jewels?"

"Aren't you one of the family? "Aren't you one of the family?"

"Aren't you one of the family? I—n it—Lucle! Don't you know that I want to marry you—"

"My dear Robert, I certainly do not

It—n it—Lucie! Don't you know that I want to marry you—"
"My dear Robert, I certainly do not what to marry any man who swears to my face-you least of all!" she coldly infervened. "I have already retused you three times; let this be tha fourth and last. Now, kindly inform me why you wished me to meet you

here."
"I have a chance to make some money for you in a hurry," he said.
"Your father left you a good deal of land up Bayou Terrebonne way—"
"Your father sold some of it," she

land up Bayou Terrebonne way—
"Your father sold some of it," she put io, idly. His eyes filckered to the thrust.
"Yes; but you've plenty left, near Faradis. It's away from the gas field, but I'm interested in an oil company. We've plenty of money, and we're going to go strong after the liquid gold. That land of yours is good for nothing else, and if you want to make some money out of it I'll awing the company into leasing at a good figure and diffilling there."
"You think there's oil on the land?"
"No." He made a swift, energetic gesture of dissent. "To be frank, I short. But I'd like to throw a bit of luck your way, Lucie. That fellow Gramont—the prince, you know him—he's an engineer and a geologist, and he's in the swim."

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CHAPTER II:

Masquera

Joseph Maillard might have hopefully considered the note from the Midnight Masquer to be a hoax perpetrated by some of his friends, but he took no chances. Two detectives were postellated by some of his friends, but he took no chances. Two detectives were postellated by some of his friends, but he took no chances. Two detectives were postellated by some of his friends of