SERIAL STORY

When a Man Marries

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Author of The Circular Staircase, The Man in Lower Ten, Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

James Wilson or Jimmy as he is called by his friends. Jimmy was round and looked shorter than he really was. His ambition in life was to be taken seriously, but people steadily refused to do so. Art is considered a huge joke, except to himself, if he asked people to dinner everyone expected a frolic. Jimmy marries Bella Knowles; they live together a year and are divorced. Jimmy's friends arrange to celebrate the first anniversary of his divorce. The party is in full swing when Jimmy receives a telegram from his Aunt Selina, who will arrive in four hours to visit him and his wife. He neglects to tell her of his divorce. Jimmy takes Kit into his confidence, he tries to devise some way so that his aunt will not learn that he has no longer a wife. He suggests that Kit play the hostess for one night, be Mrs. Wilson pro tem. Aunt Selina arrives and the deception works out as planned. Jim's Jap servant is taken ill. Bella, Jimmy's divorced wife, enters the house and asks Kit who is being taken away in the ambulance? Bella insists it is Jim. Kit tells her Jim is well and is in the house. Harbison steps out on the porch and observes a man tacking a card on the door. He demands an explanation. The man points to the placard and Harbison sees the word "Smallpox" printed on it. He tells him the guests cannot leave the house until the quarantine is lifted. The guests suddenly realize their predicament, the women shed tears, the men consider it a good joke. The all important question arises as to who is to prepare the meals and perform the other household duties. Harbison finally solves the matter. After the lifting of the quarantine several letters are found in the mail box undelivered, one is addressed to Henry Llewellyn, Iquique, Chile, which was written by Harbison. He describes minutely of their heartrending ghost of his infatuation for Mrs. Wilson. Aunt Selina is taken ill with la grippe. Betty acts as nurse. Harbison finds Kit sulking on the roof. She tells him that Jim has been treating her outrageously. Harbison fully believing that she is Mrs. Wilson, tells her that she doesn't know the things she is saying about her husband. Kit starts downstairs, when suddenly she is grasped in the arms of a man who kisses her several times. She believes that Harbison did it and is humiliated. Aunt Selina tells Jimmy that her rumee bracelets and other articles of jewelry have been stolen. She accuses Betty of the theft. The following morning Jimmy was in a rage. The papers printed a story about the incredible orgies of the party, and that one of the guests had attempted to escape by means of having a board thrown across to the adjoining house, but was frustrated by a detective who fired a revolver at him.

CHAPTER XII. (Continued.)

"I wish you would all go out," I said wearily. "If every man in the house says he didn't try to get over to the next roof last night, well and good. But you might look and see if the board is still lying where it fell."

There was an instantaneous rush for the window, and a second's pause. Then Jimmy's voice, incredulous, awed:

"Well, I'll be—blessed! There's the board!"

I stayed in my room all that day. My head really ached and then, too, I did not care to meet Mr. Harbison. I would have to come; I realized that a meeting was inevitable, but I wanted time to think how I would meet him. It would be impossible to cut him, without rousing the curiosity of the others to fever pitch; and it was equally impossible to ignore the disgraceful episode on the stairs. As it happened, however, I need not have worried. I went down to dinner, languidly, when every one was seated, and found Max at my right, and Mr. Harbison moved over beside Bella. Every one was talking at once, for Flannigan, ambling around the table as airily as he walked his beat, had presented Bella with her bracelet on a salad plate, garnished with romaine. He had found it in the furnace room, he said, where she must have dropped it. And he looked at me stealthily, to approve his mendacity!

Every one was famished, and as they ate they discussed the board in the area-way, and prorupted to decide it as a clever bit of press work, to revive a dying sensation. No one was deceived; Anne's pearls and the attempt at escape, coming just after, pointed only to one thing. I looked around the table, dazed. Flannigan, almost the only unknown quantity, might have tried to escape the night before, but he would not have been in dress clothes. Besides, he must be eliminated as far as the pearls were concerned, having been locked in the furnace room the night they were stolen. There was no one among the girls to suspect. The Mercer girls had stunning pearls, and could secure all they wanted legitimately; and Bella disliked them. Oh, there was no question about it, I decided: Dallas and Anne had taken a wolf to their bosom—or is it a viper?—and the Harbison man was the creature. Although I must say that looking over the table, at Jimmy's breadth and not very imposing personality, at Max's lean length, sallow skin and bold dark eyes, at Dallas, blond, growing bald and florid, and then at the Harbison boy, tall, muscular, clear-eyed, and sunburned, one would have taken Max at first choice as the villain, with Dallas next, Jim third, and the Harbison boy not in the running.

It was just after dinner that the surprise was sprung on me. Mr. Harbison came around to me gravely, and asked me if I felt able to go up on the roof. On the roof, after last night! I had to gather myself together; luckily, the others were pushing back their chairs, showing Flannigan the liqueur glasses to take up, and lighting cigars.

"I do not care to go," I said icily.

"The others are coming," he persisted, "and I—I could give you an arm up the stairs."

"I believe you are good at that," I said, looking at him steadily. "Max, will you help me to the roof?"

Mr. Harbison really turned rather white. Then he bowed ceremoniously and left me.

Max got me a wrap, and every one except Mr. Harbison and Bella, who was taking a mass of indigestibles to Aunt Selina, went to the roof.

"Where is Tom?" Anne asked, as we reached the foot of the stairs. "Gone ahead to fix things," was the answer. But he was not there. At the top of the last flight I stopped, dumb with amazement; the roof had been transformed, enchanted. It was a fairy-land of lights and foliage and colors. I had to stop and rub my eyes. From the bleakness of a tin roof in February to the brightness and greenery of a July roof garden!

"You were the immediate inspiration," Dallas said. "Harbison thought your headache might come from lack of exercise and fresh air, and he has worked us like nailers all day. I've a blister on my right palm, and Harbison got shocked while he was wiring the place, and nearly fell over the parapet. We bought out two full-sized florists by telephone."

It was the most amazing transformation. At each corner a pole had been erected, and wire crossed the roof diagonally, hung with red and amber bulbs. Around the chimneys had been massed evergreen trees in tubs, hiding their brick-and-mortar ugliness, and among the trees tiny lights were strung. Along the parapet were rows of geometrical boxwood plants in bright red crocks, and the flaps of a crimson and white tent had been thrown open, showing lights within, and rugs, wicker chairs, and cushions.

Max raised a glass of benedictine and posed for a moment, melodramatically.

"To the Wilson roof garden!" he said. "To Kit, who inspired; to the creators, who perspired; and to Takahiro—may he not have expired."

Every one was very gay; I think the knowledge that tomorrow Aunt Selina might be with them urged them to make the most of this last night of freedom. I tried to be jolly, and succeeded in being feverish. Mr. Harbison did not come up to enjoy what he had wrought. Jim brought up his

"Lord! the cook next door—"

guitar and sang love songs in a beautiful tenor, looking at Bella all the time. And Bella sat in a steamer chair, with a rug over her and a spangled veil on her head, looking at the boats on the river—about as soft and as chastened as an acetylene head light.

And after Max had told the most improbable tale, which Leila advised him to sprinkle salt on, and Dallas had done a clog dance, Bella said it was time for her complexion sleep and went downstairs, and broke up the party.

"If she only gave half as much care to her immortal soul," Anne said when she had gone, "as she does to her skin, she would let that nice Harbison boy alone. She must have been brutal to him tonight, for he went to bed at nine o'clock. At least, I suppose he went to bed, for he shut himself in the studio, and when I knocked he advised me not to come in."

I had pleaded my headache as an excuse for avoiding Aunt Selina all day, and she had not sent for me. Bella was really quite extraordinary. She was never in the habit of putting herself out for any one, and she always declared that the very odor of a sick-room drove her to Scotch and soda. But here she was, rubbing Aunt Selina's back with chloroform liniment—and you know how that smells—getting her up in a chair, dressed in one of Bella's wadded silk robes, with pillows under her feet, and then doing her hair in elaborate puffs—braiding her gray switch and bringing it, coronet-fashion, around the top of her head. She even put rice powder on Aunt Selina's nose and dabbed violet water behind her ears, and said she couldn't understand why she (Aunt Selina) had never married, but, of course, she probably would some day!

The result was, naturally, that the old lady wouldn't let Bella out of her sight, except to go to the kitchen for something to eat for her. That very day Bella got the doctor to order ale for Aunt Selina (oh, yes; the doctor could come in; Dal said "it was all in coming in, and nothing going out!") and she had three pints of Bass, and learned to eat anchovies and caviare—all in one day.

Bella's conduct to Jim was disgraceful. She snubbed him, ignored him, tramped on him, and Jim was growing positively flabby. He spent most of his time writing letters to the board of health and playing solitaire. He was a pathetic figure.

Well, we went to bed fairly early. Bella had massaged Aunt Selina's face and rubbed in cold cream, Anne and Dallas had compromised on which window should be open in their bedroom, and the men had matched to see who should look at the furnace. I did not expect to sleep, but the cold night air had done its work, and I was asleep almost immediately.

Some time during the early part of the night I wakened, and, after turning and twisting uneasily, I realized that I was cold. The couch in Bella's dressing room was comfortable enough, but narrow and low. I remember distinctly (that was what was so maddening: Everybody thought I dreamed it)—I remember getting an elderdown comfort that was folded at my feet, and pulling it up around me. In the luxury of its warmth I snuggled down and went to sleep almost instantly. It seemed to me I had slept for hours, but it was probably an hour or less, when something roused me. The room was perfectly dark, and there was not a sound save the faint ticking of the clock, but I was wide awake.

And then came the incident that in its ghastly, horrible absurdity made the rest of the people shout with laughter the next day. It was not funny then. For suddenly the elderdown comfort began to slip. I heard no footstep, not the slightest sound approaching me, but the comfort moved; from my chin, inch by inch, it slipped to my shoulders; awfully, inevitably, hair-raisingly it moved. I could feel my blood gather around my heart, leaving me cold and nerveless. As it passed my hands I gave an involuntary clutch for it, to feel it slip away from my fingers. Then the full horror of the situation took hold of me; as the comfort slid past my feet I sat up and screamed at the top of my voice.

Of course, people came running in in all sorts of things. I was still sitting up, declaring I had seen a ghost and that the house was haunted. Dallas was struggling for the second armhole of his dressing gown, and Bella had already turned on the lights. They said I had had a nightmare, and not to sleep on my back, and perhaps I was taking grippe.

And just then we heard Jimmy run down the stairs, and fall over something, almost breaking his wrist. It was the elderdown comfort, half-way up the studio staircase!

CHAPTER XIII.

He Does Not Deny It.

Aunt Selina got up the next morning and Jim told her the strange things that had been happening. She fixed on Flannigan, of course, although she still suspected Betty of her watch and other valuables. The incident of the comfort she called nervous indigestion and bad hours.

She spent the entire day going through the storeroom and linen closets, and running her fingers over things for dust. Whenever she found any she looked at me, drew a long breath, and said, "Poor James!" It was maddening. And when she went through his clothes and found some buttons off (Jim didn't keep a man, and Takahiro had stopped at his boots) she looked at me quite awfully.

"His mother was a perfect housekeeper," she said. "James was brought up in clothes with the buttons on, put on clean shelves."

"Didn't they put them on him?" I asked, almost hysterically. It had been a bad morning, after a worse night. Every one had found fault with the breakfast, and they straggled down one at a time until noon. Then Flannigan had talked at me about the pearls, and Mr. Harbison had said, "Good morning," very stiffly, and nearly rattled the inside of the furnace out.

Early in the morning, too, I overheard a scrap of conversation between the policeman and our gentleman adventurer from South America. Something had gone wrong with the telephone and Mr. Harbison was fussing over it with a screw driver and a pair of scissors—all the tools he could find. Flannigan was lifting rugs to shake them on the roof—Bella's order.

"Wash the table linen!" he was grumbling. "I'll do what I can that's necessary. Grub has to be cooked, and dishes has to be washed—I'll admit that. If you're particular, make up your bed every day; I don't object. But don't tell me we have to use 23 table napkins a day. What did folks do before napkins was invented? Tell me that!"—triumphantly.

"What's the answer?" Mr. Harbison inquired absently, evidently with the screw-driver in his mouth.

"Used their pocket handkerchiefs! Wash clothes I will not."

"Well, don't worry, Mrs. Wilson about it," the other voice said. Flannigan straightened himself with a grunt.

"Mrs. Wilson!" he said. "A lot she would worry. She's been a disappointment to me, Mr. Harbison, me thinking that now she'd come back to him, after leavin' him the way she did, they'd be like two turtle doves. Lord! the cook next door—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INTERVENTION UP TO CONGRESS

MEXICAN REBELS KILL AND WOUND 200 FEDERALS DURING A BATTLE ON MONDAY.

FEDERALS ATTACK AGUA PRIETA, BUT ARE DRIVEN BACK AFTER 4 HOURS' BATTLE.

HAIL OF MACHINE GUN BULLETS FELL WITHIN THE CONFINES DOUGLAS, ARIZ.

United States Troops Guard Border and Hold American Spectators Back While Battle is in Progress.

The long expected attack of the Mexican federal troops on Agua Prieta opened in dealy earnest at 6:30. The firing was fast and furious on both sides. The rattle of musketry was continuous.

The hail of bullets from the federal machine guns fell far within the confines of the city of Douglas.

It was evident from the outset that the battle was to be decisive. Both sides exhibited desperate courage.

The federals began by massing themselves to the southeast of the town and moved slowly within rifle range of the rebel position.

The insurrectos facing in three directions, lay low in the trenches or flat on the open ground. The federals' fire raked over them and into both Agua Prieta and Douglas. It was evident from the heavy firing that the casualties on both sides were destined to be very heavy.

Douglas Riddled With Bullets.

The steel and leaden missles from the federal guns carried far over the international line and plowed their way into the buildings facing along Second and Third streets, and dug up the ground here and there over the wide southern end of the city.

The federals in moving in had advanced from the camp which they established at Sulphur Springs, a water hole five miles south of Agua Prieta. They marched slowly to a point southeast of Agua Prieta, with an evident intention of gaining the border in order to attack the rebel position along the international line, but before they were able to gain this coveted position they encountered the rebel cavalry, which had galloped out to intercept them and there was a rattle from the repeating rifles as the two advancing forces came into firing range.

The cavalry dropped back slowly and the federals next came within range of the deep entrenchments thrown up by the rebels during Sunday night, which were filled with insurrecto sharpshooters.

Federals Stand Galling Fire.

With the first galling fire from the rebel entrenchments the federals were seen to waver momentarily, but the movement was quickly checked.

For fully 15 minutes the two armies held their respective positions while the deadly fire continued. Thirty minutes after the battle opened the rebels were seen to abandon their outlying positions and fall back to the breastworks toward Agua Prieta. The federal advance was slow and in open order, with almost continuous firing. The rebels with great stubbornness contended every inch of the way.

While the rebel riflemen were falling back to the second row of entrenchments they fought boldly in the open. They were seen to stop and take deliberate aim at the advancing federal line and fire round after round.

The backward movement of the rebels toward Agua Prieta, however, was steady. Many had fallen on both sides.

Kill Machine Gun Men.

At 7 o'clock a motor car carrying U. S. Marshal Overcoat, U. S. Secret Service Agent Thomjson, and the Associated Press correspondent, passed through the guard line on the American side to the international line. The hail of bullets at this moment drove the party to the shelter of the U. S. customs house, but the building was in direct line with the heavy firing from the southeast.

One bullet struck the motor car. Others dug up the ground on all sides and there was a continuous whizz of the leaden missles overhead. It was considered too dangerous a post and the observing party retired across the line to Fourth street.

Suddenly, saw for some unexplained reason, the federal machine guns were silenced. The rifle fire, however, kept up without intermission. It was apparent that the rebel sharpshooters were concentrating fire on the machine gun operators and were slowly picking them off. Time and again the guns appeared to be unmanned.

Federals Driven Back.

The fire from the rebel trenches had its effect on the right wing of the federal force and these nationals were driven back. In falling back, however, they swung around to the east and north far enough to come into contact with the rebels lying in the trenches which had been dug to prevent a left flank movement.

Here a heavy body of rebels was posted to prevent the federals gaining the American line. As the fire belched from these entrenchments the rebel bullets speed across the line into the southeast section of Douglas and into two school buildings.

As the federals fell back, "Red" Lopez, the rebel commander-in-chief, pushed forward his men and, with others coming up to support them, continued to engage the retiring federal right wing. The firing grew fainter as the federals retired on this quarter.

NINE KILLED IN STORM

St. Louis, Mo., Hard Hit by Hail and Wind; 100 Hurt.

Nine persons were killed and nearly 100 injured by the destructive wind and hailstorm which swept over eastern Missouri. Three are dead and property valued at between $3,500,000 and $2,000,000 was destroyed. Two of the dead are women who died of fright.

There was a remarkable precipitation of hailstones. Some of these are reported as being three inches in diameter. Hail caused the greatest damage.

The worst property damage was the blowing into the Mississippi river of an eight-story grain elevator, valued at $700,000, located in the extreme northern end of the city on the Burlington tracks. The Bryan Hill public school, also in the north end, collapsed during the storm.

897,000 Y. M. C. A. Men.

The returns made annually to the world's committee of the Y. M. C. A. from all nations show that there are now 8,340 associations, with a membership of 897,000. There was an increase of 300 associations during the year. The American branches have $60,000,000 of a total of $77,000,000 of property and 2,900 of 3,500 salaried officers.

Germany has the largest number of associations, 2,300; America ranks second with 2,000. The German membership, however, is only 128,000, while the American branches show 496,300 names; Great Britain is in second place, with a membership of 147,000. America leads in its extension work in foreign lands, for which it spends $200,000 and maintains 100 secretaries.

Practically the entire business district of Iditarod City, Alaska, the scene of the recent gold strikes, has been destroyed by fire.

Major General Grenville Dodge, president of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, and last surviving corps commander of the civil war, celebrated his eightieth birthday in Council Bluffs, Neb.

A resolution favoring the calling of a constitutional convention to frame an amendment to the federal constitution providing for the direct election of United States senators was adopted by the Massachusetts house by a vote of 166 to 33.

THE MARKETS

DETROIT—Cattle—Market dull and 10@15c lower than last week's range. Best steers and heifers, $5; good to choice steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,300 lbs., $5.50@5.75; fair to good butcher steers and heifers, 700 to 900 lbs., $4.75@5.25; mixed butchers' cattle, $2.50@4.25; canners, $2.50@3; common bulls, $4@4.75, good shippers' bulls, $5.

Veal calves—Market steady; best grades, $7.50@7.75; others, $4@7; milch cows and springers, $25@75.

Sheep and lambs—Market dull and 25c lower than last week's range; best lambs, $6@6.25; fair to good lambs, $5.50@5.75; light to common lambs, $3@5.25; choice yearling lambs, $4.75@5.25; fair to good butcher sheep, $4@4.50; culls and common, $2@3.75.

Hogs—Market dull and 40c lower than last week's range. Quotations are: Light to good butchers, $6.80; pigs, $6.90; light workers, $6.60; heavy and mixed hogs, $6@6.40; stags, one-third off.

EAST BUFFALO, N. Y.—Cattle dull. Hogs—Slow; heavy, $6.25@6.40; yorkers, $6.50@6.60; pigs, $6.80. Sheep—Lower; wool lambs, $6.40@6.60; clipped lambs, $4.25@5.50; yearlings, $5@5.25; wethers, $4.75@5.25; ewes, $4.50@4.75. Calves, $4.50@8.50.

Grains, Etc.

DETROIT—Wheat—Cash No. 2 red, $7.12-3c. May opened without change at $8.56c, advanced to $8.7-4c and declined to $8.1-4c; July and September opened at $8c, advanced to $8.1-4c and declined to $7c; No. 1 white, $8.3-4c.

Corn—Cash No. 3, 49 1-2c; No. 2 yellow, 5 cars at 51 1-2c, closing bid.

Oats—Standard, 4 cars at 56c; No. 3 white, 53 1-2c.

Rye—Cash No. 1, 82c; No. 2, 82c.

Beans—Cash, $1.95; May, $1.88.

Cloverseed—Prime spot, $8.10; April, $8.60; sample, 16 bags at $8.25, 25 at $7.75, 2 at $8; prime alsike, $8.75; sample alsike, 6 bags at $8.

Timothy seed—Prime spot, 20 bags at $4.25.

Feed—In 100-lb. sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, $27; coarse middlings, $28; fine middlings, $28; cracked corn and coarse cornmeal, $32; corn and oat chop, $29 per ton.

Flour—Best Michigan patent, $4.80; ordinary patent, $4.20; straight, $4.45; clear, $4.25; rye, $4.65; spring patent, $5.65 per bbl in wood.

Farm Produce.

Honey—Choice to fancy comb, 15@17c per lb.

Potatoes—Michigan, car lots, 45c; store lots, 55@60c per bu.

New maple sugar—Pure, 11@12c per lb.; syrup, 75@80c per gal.

Dressed calves—Fancy, 10c; choice, 9@9 1-2c; ordinary, 7@8c per lb.

Nuts—Walnuts, 90@65c per bu.; butternuts, 50@60c per bu.; shellbark hickory nuts, $2@2.25 per bu.

Live poultry—Spring chickens, 15@18 1-2c; hens, 15@16 1-2c; old roosters, 10@11c; turkeys, 15@18c; geese, 12@12c; ducks, 15@16c per lb.

Dressed poultry—Turkeys, 17@20c; chickens, 16@18c; hens, 16@17c; old roosters and stags, 11@12c; ducks, 17@18c; geese, 12@14c per lb.

Cheese—Michigan, old, 15@16c; late made, 13@14c; York state, old, 16@17c; late made, 14@15c; Lenawee, early, 14@15c; September, 16@17c; domestic Swiss, 18@20c; imported Swiss, 28@30c; cream brick, 18@19c.

Eggs—Current receipts, cases included, 17@18c per doz. Butter—Extra creamery, tubs, first to fancy, 13c; dairy, 14c; packing, 13c per lb.

Vegetables.

Beets, 50c per bu.; carrots, 50c per bu.; cauliflower, $1.50 per hamper; cucumbers, hothouse, $1.50@1.75 per doz.; celery, 10@35c per doz.; Florida celery, $2.25@2.50 per case; eggplant, $12@12 per doz.; green onions, 40@75c per doz.; green peppers, 50c per basket; head lettuce, $2.50@3 per case; mint, 35c per doz.; parsley, 20@25c per doz.; radishes, hothouse, 25@35c per doz.; turnips, 60c per bu.; watercress, 25@30c per doz.

In deference to a protest against executing a man on Good Friday, Gov. Pennewill, of Delaware, reprieved Riese Roberts, a negro, until May 12. Roberts murdered Robert Casey, a storekeeper, and his wife, near Clayton, last August.

The wool and mohair growers are petitioning their representatives in Washington to oppose a reduction in the tariff on wool and mohair. The business has assumed large proportions and any material reduction would result in destroying the industry, it is claimed.

A Kidney Cure You Can Bank On

Prove the Treatment Before You Pay for It. Your Druggist Has a Free Sample Package for You.

Kidney diseases justly produce intense fear in the hearts of those afflicted with it, for unless treated promptly by the right method they usually end fatally.

Every sufferer from kidney or bladder trouble may thank science for the new treatment, Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills.

Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills are remarkable. They straighten up lame backs every time and right off. Every man and woman can prove it without cost. No matter how badly or despondent you feel about your case, if you have back pains, bladder pains, Bright's disease, diabetes, or rheumatism in any form, do not worry an instant longer. Go to your druggist and get a package of Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills—25 and 50 cents, or direct from Derby Medicine Co., Dalton Rapids, Mich.

If you want to prove first that all these statements are true, tell your druggist to give you a free sample package. Try them and be convinced.

WELL POSTED.

Rhodie—Say, Joe, dere's one of de best places dat I'se got on me route.

Joe—You don't say!

Rhodie—Yep, dem people' always buys dere wood sawed and split.

THE ALARMING PREVALENCE OF ECZEMA

Finds Victims Among Every Race, Age and Condition.

Of all the diseases of the skin and scalp which torture and disfigure mankind, three-fourths are eczematous. Millions are born with eczema, and it is the only thing other millions have left when they die. Neglect in infancy and childhood, irritating conditions affecting the skin, ignorance of its real nature, improper remedies and many other causes that might be mentioned have created an eczema which, with varying severity, has afflicted countless numbers during their entire lives. Eczema is a skin disease. It is not regarded as hereditary, nor contagious, and is impartially distributed among the rich and poor, the high and low. The agonizing itching and burning of the skin, causing loss of sleep, is usually the most distressing symptom and is caused by the bursting of little vesicles filled with an acrid fluid, which burns as with fire the denuded skin. New vesicles form, fill and burst, scales form upon scales, and crusts upon crusts until disfigurement is added to torture.

One of the most successful treatments for eczema, whether applied to the youngest infant or the oldest person, is hot baths with Cuticura Soap and gentle anointings of Cuticura ointment. For more than a generation, these pure, sweet and gentle emollients have proved the most efficient agents in the speedy and permanent relief of all forms of eczemas, rashes, itchings and irritations of the skin and scalp. Although Cuticura soap and ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, in order that those who have suffered long and hopelessly and who have lost faith in everything may make trial of them without charge, a liberal sample of each will be mailed free to any address, together with a 32-page pamphlet, giving a description and treatment of the various forms of eczema, as well as other affections of the skin, scalp, hair and hands—send to "Cuticura," Dept. W, Boston.

Character Tells in Greeting.

Joseph Simms, M. D., in "Physiognomy Illustrated," says: "The man who gives you a warm, cordial, hearty grasp, looks you straight in the face, with a pleasant, open smile, and shakes your hand up and down, withdrawing his after a second earnest gentle pressure, is always without an exception an honest, earnest and true friend. The man who gives you the waggling, horizontal, mill hopper shake, and lets slip your hand as if it were greasy or oily, will almost certainly be found to be a selfish, cunning and deceitful man, ready to sell you the moment he can realize a dollar."

The errors of a great mind are more edifying than the truths of a little.—Borne.

Constipation slowly impairs the general health—Carfield Tea corrects constipation and benefits the entire system.

Ignorance of one's misfortune is clear gain.—Euripides.