

CHAPTER XXV .-- Continued. --19---

Why not?" Wilson demanded, balf ir-"The secret is out. Everybody ows who you are. And now, because boy who wouldn't have lived any-

fold you, have I, why I gave up be caught her to him.

Wilson was propped up in his bed. was walking restlessly about the room, as was his habit when troubled. "I've heard the gossip; that's all."

"You know what I always felt about the profession, Max. We went into that more than once in Berlin. Either one's best or nothing. I had done pretty well. When I left Lorch and built my own hospital, I hadn't a doubt myself. And because I was getting results I got a lot of advertising. Men began coming to the clinics. I found I was making enough out of the patients who could pay to add a few free wards. want to tell you now, Wilson, that the opening of those free wards was the greatest self-indulgence I ever pernitted myself. I'd seen so much careattention given the poor-well, never mind that. It was almost three years ago that things begun to go wrong. I lost a big case."

"I know. All this doesn't influence me, Edwardes." "Walt a moment. We had a system

in the operating room as perfect as I could devise it. I never finished an operation without having my first asistant verify the clip and sponge count. But that first case died because a sponge had been left in the operating field. You know how those things go; you can't always see them, and one tous by the count, after reasonable Max. Can't we talk things over when caution. Then I almost lost another you are stronger?" case in the same way-a free case,

tions had not been relaxed. I was do her to the window, so that the light fell ing from four to six cuses a day. After on her. the second one I atmost went crazy. I made up my mind, if there was ever another, I'd give up and go away." There was another?"

Whot for several months. When the ant case died, a free formed my own aut. h wed only my first assistant was almost as frenzien was the same thing age....

to take the blame himself, to say he elosed the incision. He tried to mka me think he was responsible. I better." "It's dneredible."

"Exactly; but it's true. The last patient was a laborer. He left a family. I've sent them money from time to time. I used to sit and think about the children he left, and what would ome of them. The tronic part of it was that, for all that had happened, I was buster all the time. Men were ending me cases from all over the intry. It was either stay and keep on working, with that chance, or quit,

"But if you had stayed, and taken stra precautions..." we'd taken every precaution we

Neither of the men spoke for a time

E. stood, his tall figure outlined against That's the worst, is it?" Max Wilon demanded at last.

"That's enough." It's extremely significant. You had

enemy somewhere on your staff tably. This profession of ones is a drione, but you know its jealoustes. Lot a man get his shoulders above the erough, and the pack is after him." He laughed a little. "Mixed figure, but you know what I mean." shook his head. He had had that

the of the big man everywhere, in very profession, of securing the loyalof his followers. He would have trusted every one of them with his life. ley of the shadow of death-You're going to do it, of course." Take up your work?"

Wilson's best man when she was the regreed it turned him cold. But he the would not do to irritate him.

Linst. And so the matter stood. neht books in the shabby bag-his chair. Burns, aithough he needed no nice the sick man would stir fretfully run the risk." demand more. It pleased the older

band when he had read to Max at hand on his shoulder. For once in the last dozen he needed him.

Rd, who had only stopped to picked up his book in a ered the invalid over it. ring. 'I'll read when I'm Tave you any idea what I'm

haven't. For ten minutes I've hed, and suddenly put out burt. with him that for a mothe red glow of the roses that had come

have to go out to the White Springs again and have supper."

That was all; but Ed understood. On the day when K, had told Max his reason for giving up his work, Sidney spent her hour with Max that evening as usual. His big chair had been That's not it," K. put in hastily. "I drawn close to a window, and she now all that. I guess I could do it found him there, looking out. She and get away with it as well as the kissed him. But instead of letting her everage. All that deters me-I've never draw away, he put out his arms and

> "Smile at me. You don't smile any more. You ought to smile; your

> "I am almost always tired; that's all, Max." She eyed him bravely.

> "Aren't you going to let me make love to you at all? You get away be-

> "I was looking for the paper to read A sudden suspicion flamed in his

"Sidney, you don't like me to touch

you any more. Come here where I can

The fear of agitating him brought her quickly. For a moment he was ap-

"That's more like it. How lovely you are, Sidney!" He lifted first one hand and then the other to his lips. "Are

you ever going to forgive me?" "If you mean about Carlotta, I forgave that long ugo."

He was almost boyishly relieved. What a wonder she was! So lovely, and so sane. Many a woman would have held that over him for years-not that he had done anything really wrong on that nightmare excursion. But so many women are exigent about prom-

"When are you going to marry me?" "We needn't discuss that tonight,

Her tone caught his attention, and "As well as I could tell, the precau- turned him a little white. He fuced

"What things? What do you mean?" He had forced her hand. She had meant to wait; but, with his keen eyes on her, she could not dissemble,

"I am going to make you very unu. I per huppy for a little while." "Welly"

. He T've had a lot of time to think. It It isn't that I am angry. I am not even " I jenlous, I was at first. It but that. told him I was going away, he oriered hard to make you understand. I think you care for me-"

"But, good heavens, Sidney, you do care for me, don't you?"

"I'm afraid I don't, Max; not enough."

She tried to explain, rather pitifully. After one look at his face, she spoke to the window,

"I'm so wretched about it. I thought I cared. To me you were the best and greatest man that ever fixed. I-when I said my prayers, I- But that doesn't matter. You were a sort of god to

He grouned under his breath. "No man could live up to that, Sid-

"No. I see that now, But that's the way I cured. It's just that I never loved the real you, because I never knew you."

an attempt to justify herself.

"I'd known very few men," she said. "I came into the hospital, and for a time life seemed very terrible. There were wickednesses I had never heard and start over again?" of, and somebody always paying for | He held out his hand, them. I was always asking. Why? Wky? Then you would come in, and a lot of them you cured and sent out. You gave them their chance, don't you always meant that to me. You were like K .- always helping."

ridor, the nurses were at prayers,

He silred restlessly. To stay on, to bitter. He said to himself savagely really a very great surgeon and had hear Sidney, perhaps to stand by that they would better have let him saved Dr. Max Wilson.

"You say you never loved me because time deciding whether to leave the old have tried everything to remedy my not give a decided negative. The you never knew me. I'm not a rotter, sidewalks or to put down cement ones, baldness, but without result. man was flushed and growing fret. Sidney. Isn't it possible that the man had one evening of mad excitement you cared about, who who did his over the matter of K, not the sidethe me another day on it," he said best by people and all that is the real walks-and then had accepted the new

Max's injury had been productive of | She gazed at him thoughtfully. He good, in one way. It had brought the missed something out of her eyes, the ing departure it mourned. The Street er is a watchmaker, and be tells me two brothers closer together. In the sort of luminous, wistful greatness, made a resolve to keep K., if possible, as a fact that steel makes the hairmornings Max was restless until Doc- Measured by this new glance, so clear. If he had shown any "high and mighti- spring! Ed arrived. When he came, he so appraising, he shrank back into his ness," as they called it, since the

"The man who did his best is quite him go without protest. But when a for that, the "Pickwick Papers," real. You have always done your best ananca "Lives of the Disciples." Very in your work; you always will. But newspapers give a column to his hav-

She took a step toward the door, ing for everyone, it demonstrates clearnative it reminded him of Max's hesitated, came back, and put a light ly, as the baritone put it, that "he's got

"I'm sorry, dear Max." She had kissed him lightly on the Street as he had that first day, heard What in blazes makes cheek before he knew what she intendevery five minutes?" Max pro- ed to do. So passionless was the little carese that, perhaps more than anything else, it typified the change in

> When the door closed behind her, he saw that she had left her ring on the arm of his chair. He picked it up. It was still warm from het finger. He held it to his lips with a quick gesture. In all his successful life he had never before felt the bitterness of failure. The very warmth of the little ring

Why hadn't they let him die? He didn't want to live he wouldn't live. Nobody cared for him! He would-His eyes, lifted from the ring, fell on they glowed with flery color. The ring was in his right hand, With

the left he settled his collar and soft silk tie.

last time. Katie brought vord to him, where he was helping Harriet close her trunk-she was on her way to Europe for the full styles-that he was wanted in the lower hall.

"A lady!" she said, closing the door behind her by way of caution, "And a good thing for her she's not from the alley. The way those people beg off you is a sin and a shame, and it's not at home you're going to be to them from now on."

So K, had put on his coat and, without so much as a glance in Harriet's mirror, had gone down the stairs, Carlotta stood under the chandelier, and he saw at once the ravages that trouble had made in her. She was a dead white, and she looked ten years older than her age.

"I came, you see, Doctor Edwardes." Evidently she found it hard to speak.

her, "to see if we couldn't plan something for you. Now, I think I've got it. You know, of course, that I closed my hospital. They are trying to persuade me to go back, and-I'm trying to persuade myself that I'm fit to go back. You see,"-his tone was determinedly left!" cheerful-"my faith in myself has been pretty nearly gone. When one loses that, there isn't much left."

"You had been very successful," She did not look up.

"Well, I had and I hadn't. I'm not going to worry you about that. My offer is this: We'll just try to forget about-about Schwitter's and all the rest, and if I go back I'll take you on in the operating room."

"You sent me away once!" "Well, I can ask you to come back. can't I?" He smiled at her encour-

"Are you sure you understand about Max Wilson and myself?"

"Everyone makes mistakes now and then, and loying women have made mis takes since the world began, Most people live in glass houses, Miss Harrison. And don't make any mistake about this: People can always come back. No depth is too low. All they quite dead. need is the will power." He smiled down at her. She had

come armed with confession. But the



"I'm Sorry, Dear Max." offer meant relustatement, another When he remained silent, she made chance. She would work her fingerends off for him. She would make it up to him in other wats. But she could

"Come," he said. "Shall we go back how to go about his fresh Joh,

not tell him and lose everything.

CHAPTER XXVI.

nurses' parlor, a few feet down the cor- the strange case of Mr. Le Moyne had through the safety valve. "Yea, though I walk through the val- the gas office, making out statements matter, ran to the boss, and said; that were absolutely ridiculous. And "Boss, if you don't be coming to The man in the chair stirred. He the next there was the news that Mr. this boiler, the boiler will be coming had come through the valley of the Le Moyne had been only taking a holi- to you." shadow, and for what? He was very day in the gas office and that he was

The Street, which was busy at the head of bair as you have. I have

But over the news of K.'s approachchange in his estate, it would have let man is the real thing-so that the Buren street

no swelled head on him; that's sure." A little later, K., coming up the bottle. the baritone singing:

Home is the hunter, home from the bill And the sailor, home from the sea."

Home! Why, this was home. The Street seemed to stretch out its arms to him. The allanthus tree waved in he sunlight before the little house. Tree and house were old; September had touched them. Christine sat sewing on the balcony. A boy with a piece of chalk was writing something on the new cement under the tree. He stood back, head on one side, when he had finished, and inspected his work. K. read in chalk on the smooth street:

Max Wilson. Sidney Page.

that morning. Even in the half light, now it was "I'm twenty-one, and she's eighteen." The light was gone from K.'s face again. After all, the Street meant for him not so much home as it meant Sidney. And now, before very K. saw Carlotta that evening for the long, that book of his life, like others, would have to be closed.

He turned and went heavily into the

little house. Christine called to him from her lit-

tle balcony: "I thought I heard your step outside. Have you time to come in?"

K. went through the purior and stood in the long window. His steady eyes looked down at her. "I see very little of you now," she

complained. And, when he did not reply immediately: "Have you made any definite plans, K.?" able to take hold again. After that-"

"You will go away?" back there-they want me. But It "You were to come," K. encouraged | seems so futile, Christine, to leave as I did, because I felt that I had no right to go on as things were; and now to crawl back on the strength of having had my hand forced, and to take up things again, not knowing that I've a bit more right to do it than when I

> "I went to see Max yesterday. You know what he thinks about all that." He took an uneasy turn up and down the balcony.

"But who?" he demanded. "Who would do such a thing? I tell you,

Christine, it is impossible." She did not pursue the subject. Her thoughts had flown ahead to the little house without K., to days without his steps on the stairs or the heavy creak of his big chair overhead as he dropped

But perhaps it would be better if he went. She had her own life to live. She had no expectation of happiness, but, somehow or other, she must build on the shaky foundation of her marriage a house of life, with resignation serving for content, perhaps with fear lurking always. That she knew. But with no active misery. Misery implied affection, and her love for Palmer was

"Sidney will be here this afternoon." "Good." His tone was noncommit-

"Has it occurred to you, K., that Sidney is not very happy?" He stopped in front of her.

"She's had a great anxiety." "She has no anxiety now. Max is doing well."

"Then what is it?" "I'm not quite sure, but I think ! know. She's lost faith in Max, and she's not like me. I-I knew about l'almer before I married him. It's all But Sidney has more character than I

have. Max isn't what she thought he

was, and I doubt whether she'll marry K, glanced toward the street where Sidney's name and Max's lay open to the sun and to the smiles of the Street. Christine might be right, but that did | here, not alter things for him.

was going away-went back with an iche to the night K, had tuken ber in his arms and then put her away. How wrong things were! What a mess life

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Paddy's Earnest Warning Seems to Have Been Justifled by the Facts of the Case.

TIME FOR BOSS TO GET BUSY

Paddy was out of work, and passing ! a works he saw a notice which said a stoker was wanted.

Of course, he could use a spade, se he applied and got the job. It seems the man who held the job before was sacked because he lost time, and naturally his mates wouldn't tell Paddy

The best told him to watch the pressure gauge, and if he wanted to know anything he was to go and ask the

For a while all went well. Paddy Late September had come. The shoveled the coal on, and the gauge see? Until I knew about Carlotta, you. Street had been furiously lusy for a registered full pressure; and he month. The cubblestones had gone, worked away until the safety valve and from curb to curb stretched smooth | started blowing off. Still be worked The room was very silent. In the asphalt. To this general excitement away, and the steam still escaped

added its quota. One day he was in | Paddy, not knowing what was the

Simply Logical. Customer-I wish I had as good a

Barber-Have you ever tried rub-

bing your head with steel? Customer-Certainly not. That seems

ridiculous. Barber - Why ridiculous? My broth-

"Poor Jim." They tell it of a place on Van

"Here," said the proprietor, "Is a Max would doze off; but at the the other is a part of you too. Max. ing been in the city almost two years- little gift for you and Jim. Each botetton of Doctor Ed's sonerous Even if I cared, I would not dare to and still goes about in the sime shabby the is finest old whisky. You drop in clothes, with the same friendly greet. Int Jim's on your way and give him this, will you?"

> "Certainly," cried the grateful one, On his way he fell and broke one "Poor Jim!" he muttered, picking himself up.-Chicago Herald.

> > The Reason.

Pat-I saw you crying bitterly at Kelly's funeral. Mike-Yes. Whilst I was apprais-

Sound Advice. man calls me a liar? a man he is and how big a liar he dusky blonde. calls you.

Aviators attached to the signal corps station at San Diego obtain weather The baritone was still singing; but reports.



year's commencement gowns of net is summer hats for motor wear is now betheir all-round usefulness after the fore us and the pretty tale is told. "I shall do Max's work until he is great day of their first appearance has There is nothing sensational in it, and passed. The net frock is a daytime or nothing unusual; because motorcars an evening frock, serving two purposes are about as universally used as cook "I think so. I am getting a good equally well, Its daintiness is a charm stoves, and dress for motor wear as many letters, one way and another. I inherent in the material. It is youth varied as for the street. Any small, suppose, now I'm back in harness, I'll ful and chic and moderately priced. | flexible, close-fitting hat of braid or stay. My old place is closed. I'd go and it arrives at distinction when the fabric, or of both combined, is all right

One of the nicest things about this | The last chapter in the story of



COMMENCEMENT GOWN OF WHITE NET

rather blacous-I needn't go into it. designer brings successful invention in | for the car, and it may or may not | ending, in its making.

Just an unexpected touch gives a meshed silk net.

low in the neck in front, where lace is merely as a street but,

Here that it accepts the vegue for hat close to the head

small vell, either of chillon or course-

pretty net frock the place of honor in . The logical list for the car is said satisfactory than men in work that is a girl's summer wardrobe, and just fitting and provided with a small brim. such a touch puts the halfmark of respectively should the eyes and gives befinement on the pretty frock pictured coming hors about the face. A veil, post heavy enough to shield the eyes The skirt is moderately full, gathe from dust is also a graceful as well as Christine's thoughts went back in- ered in at the waistine and finished useful adjunct to the motor but. The evitably to herself; to Palmer, who with a deep hem. About one-fourth of most successful but for the cur is a was doing better just now; to K., who its length from the bottom a band of two-in-one affair that answers the purfine lace is set in. The bodice is made; poses of the traveler by rail as well much like a "baby" waist, but is cut as those of the motorist, and looks well

set in and finished with small crochet. The three buts pictured are of brable balls. A fine lace collar completes it, and fabries combined, it wille without Sherves are a little more than elbow being floopy, and baying enough suplength and are gathered up so that port in the effects to be shapely. They they form a hanging puff about the are designs of specialists in motor bats and each is provided with a small discovered by a Cincinnati chemist. It The girdle is of pick and blue tafe relastic hand, and the back, let in at feta and we have every reason to be the base of the crown, that holds the

resettes at the back instead of a low | Gray tan easter and blue in medium or sash ends. But in this matter let shades are favorite colors for motor each individual suit herself as well as tweat. There is a fad for vivid velto that of color. The gown, as phase llows in crowns, combined with dark



LAST CHAPTER IN STORY OF MOTOR HATS

graphed, has a girdle in pink and blue blue braids, and emerald green contaffeta encircling the waist at the nat- tinnes to flourish is straw brims with ural waistline. Little crochet balls white or tan silk crawns. Emerald and hang from the lace set in at the front purple vells are smart. In the new and an adorably frivolous little pocket showings appear some dignified motor of net, just big enough for a handker- thats made entirely of taffeta silk. The chief and perhaps a dancing card, is choice of silk for crowns lies between syspended from under the girdle by taffeta, and poplia, and wool or silk

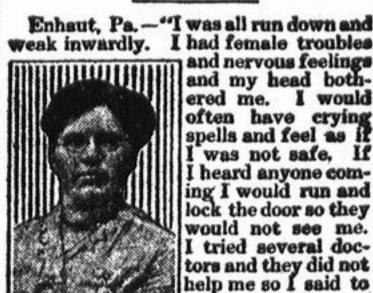
These frocks are worn over organdic slips and a little variety may be provided by means of colored slips in light blue or pink or yellow.

warm suds and ammonia water, then, At many of the smart weddings the las a protection against moths, go over ing the furniture a fat woman sat on bridesmaids have worn leghorn hats; the inner surface with a paint brush finted to match their frocks. There is dipped in turpentine. White paper one of a strong burnt orange wreathed makes the best lining. To remedy the in plump green gooseberries and faced drawer that sticks or refractory doors Levitsky-What should I do if a with shell pink crepe. Odd as all this or windows, it is well to rub a bar of may sound the hat is really very love- hard soap over the edge where trouble Cohenstein-It depends on how big ly and would be most becoming to a lies, then, if necessary, rub with sand-

During a recent discussion in the Ne-Cleaning Bureau Drawers. Bureau drawers should be cleansed braska legislature one member at it least once in three months with tempted to throw another cownstairs.

## CRYING SPELLS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



weak inwardly. I had female troubles and nervous feelings and my head bothered me. I would often have crying spells and feel as i was not safe. If I heard anyone coming I would run and lock the door so they would not see me. I tried several doctors and they did not

help me so I said to my mother I guess I will have to die as there is no help for She got me one of your little books and my husband said I should try one bottle. I stopped the doctor's medicine and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It soon made a change in me and now I am strong and do all my work."-Mrs. Augustus BAUGHMAN, Box 86, Enhaut, Pa. Why will women continue to suffer

half-hearted existence, missing threefourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? If you would like free confidential advice address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicina

day in and day out and drag out a sickly,

Co., Lynn, Mass. Is not recommended for SWAMPeverything; but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it may druggists in fifty-cent and dollar sizes, You may receive a sample size bottle of so pamphlet telling about it. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents, also men-

Woman's Opportunity.

tion this paper.

The complexion of Wall street's big organization that works from nine to five is slowly changing as man after man drops out to take up military service. The inroads which have already been made in staffs of the big banking institutions are not serious, but the prospect of losing many more employees in the next few weeks or months is being discussed by employers, and it is the general view that most of the vacancles must be filled by women, says a New York news letter. One of the largest national banks has lost 50 men to Platisburg and Madison, has 75 more who are in milltia organizations, and who will soon leave, and has 400 who are liable to conscription. A prominent trust company has best upward of 100 men; including the senior vice president, and expects the total to be more than 300 style, or details of finishing, to a happy have a veil. As a rule, it does have a before the end of the year. Plans are being made to fill many departments with girls, who have been found more much the same day after day,

## PAIN? NOT A BIT I LIFT YOUR CORNS OR CALLUSES OFF

No humbug! Apply few drops then just lift them away with fingers.

This new drug is an ether compound is called freezone, and can now be obtained in tiny bottles as here shown at very little cost from any drug store. Just ask for freezone. Apply a drop or two directly upon a tender corn or callus and instant ly the soreness disappears. Shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that

> you can lift it off, root and all, with the fingers. Not a twinge of pain, soreness or irritation; not even the slightest smartng, either when applying freezone or afterwards.

This drug doesn't cut up he corn or callus, but shrivels them so they loosen and come right out. It is no hambug! It works like a charm. For a few onts con can get rid of ev-

ery hard corn, soft corn or corn between the toes, as well as painful calluses on bottom of tour feet. It never disappoints and never burns, bites or inflames. If your druggist hasn't any freezone yet, tell him to get a little battle for you from his wholesale house,-adv. . .

Exactly.

more bothed shirts, as they nam to

sere stand."

"I so the British am't west and

"I suppose they need it to stiffen their defenses." American beef costs \$1 a pound in

## Paris but just think how much a pound of Paris hat costs in America.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES Allen's Foot - Ease, the antiseptle powder to be shaken into the shore and sprinkled in the footbath. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting feet and taked the sting out of corns and bunions. Seed by the British and French troops at the front. Allen's Foots Ease is a certain relief for

"Yep; also words. He is a probate

Doubly Efficient.

"He is a man of deeds. I under-

tired, aching feet. Sold everywhere-Adv.

Incurable. "Daughter's voice has been a great

"And can't anything be done for nt?"

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mark of genius in yourself.

go after the joys of today.

What is eccentricity in others is a