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### Fuel From Rubbish.

Converting rubbish into fuel is cheaper than throwing it away, according to estimates made recently by an English engineer. His plan is to remove the tin cans, crush the refuse into powder, and then press it into little bricks which can be treated with tar oil or coal to aid ignition. He estimates the cost at $1.80 per ton, while the present disposal is $1.75 a ton.

### His Name.

"I can't accept this application—your name is omitted."

"Faith, an' you're wrong, sor! Me name is O'Flaherty!"

### Why Dogs Wag Their Tails.

Why does a dog wag his all? Not by accident. It is part of an ancient signal code, a veritable wig-wag with a white flag. For we must remember every dog that has any white on him at all has a white tip to his tail, at the least a few white hairs.

We know, too, that the wild ancestor of the dog also had a white tail tip. We know that this wild ancestor was a small yellowish animal with light spots over the eyes, that he was indeed a kind of jackal.

Suppose our wild dog jackal sees a strange animal coming. The first wise thing to do is hide and watch the stranger—that is, crouch in the grass. The stranger comes nearer. The crouching dog sees now that the newcomer is one of his own kind—and maybe even a friend, therefore not desirable food.

The stranger is now so near that concealment is no longer possible. So the first wild dog rises and walks stiffly and guardedly forward. Then, seeing no threats, the first dog raises his tail, so that the white flag it bears is above the level of his back, and waves it from side to side. The other, not desiring war, responds with the same wig-wag signal. They are now friends.

These things happened continually in the wilds long ago. To-day you may see them in our towns every day where there are roaming dogs.

No creature has any habit through freak or accident. There is a reason at the back of every established practice.

The wild dog, for instance, usually slept where bedtime found him. His blanket was on his back. He selected a dry, sheltered spot. Then he smoothed the grass or moved the sticks and pebbles by turning round two or three times. And his town-bred cousin does the very same to-day.

The wild dog had his bushy tail for a final wrap. His nose and his four paws, his only thinly-clad parts, he huddled together, and around them he curled his woolly warming tail. So do chow and mastiff yet. If the terrrier does not hide his nose with his wig-wag flag it is because his tail has been cut off.

Of all our domestic animals the cat has changed least. Its life to-day is virtually th same as that of its wild ancestor of the Upper Nile.

There is one singular habit of the cat that needs explanation. That is the eternal twisting of the tail tip when she is crawling after a bird or watching for a mouse. Her color blends her with the ground. Her actions are silent and perfectly timed.

But that tail tip keeps on twisting in a way that one might think would betray her.

Crawling through the grass she takes advantage of every scrap of cover. Any animal seeing her would see only a dim furry something at the most. Another cat comes along, sees the furry something as a possible meal, and proceeds to stalk it. But long before the second cat is near enough to spoil the first one's game that waving tail tip waves its signal, "Keep off! I am a cat like yourself."

Our horned cattle are descented from the wild cattle that at one time roamed the woods and plains of Europe. Their chief enemy was the wolf. When one of the herd was attacked the rest rallied to the defense, but when one of them was seriously wounded the herd turned upon it and drove it out to perish. Such a cripple would be an invitation for every dangerous beast of prey to follow the herd.

Minard's Liniment for Sore Feet.

### In the Garden Behind the Moon.

The Star Flower grows
In heavenly rows
In the garden behind the Moon,
And the angels at dusk
With delicate hands
Gather them lightly,
Rose, lily, and musk—
Star Flowers under the Moon.
—Caresse Crosby, in "Graven Images."

### Huge Aerial Masts.

So huge are the masts supporting the aerials of the new superpower radio station at Rugby, England, that there is an electrical elevator, having a capacity of three persons in each mast. The masts are 820 feet high. There are twelve of these masts carrying three miles of aerial.

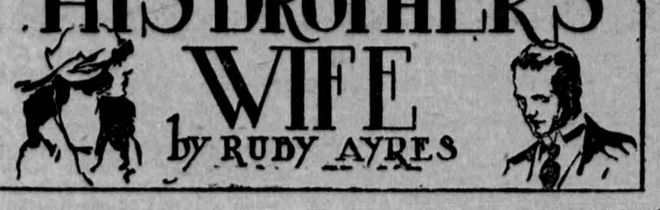
### Luck?

"My sister is awfully lucky," said one little boy to another.

"Why?"

"'Cause, she went to a party last night where they played a game where the man had to kiss a girl or give her a box of chocolates, and sis came home with thirteen boxes."

# HIS BROTHER'S WIFE



by RUDY AYRES

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

The marriage of Dolly and Nigel Bretherton proves an unhappy one. When war is declared Nigel is glad to enlist. He leaves Dolly under the care of Mary Furnival. Nigel is killed and Dolly marries an old sweetheart, Robert Durham.

Dolly and Robert sail for America and word comes of the sinking of their ship. When Nigel's brother, David, calls to see Nigel's widow, Mary is ashamed to tell him of Dolly's marriage. David mistakes Mary for his brother's wife and asks her to come to live at Red Grange with him and his aunt. Mary is given a hearty welcome to her new home by David and his aunt. David takes Mary for an auto ride and gives her a lesson in driving.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

Her eyes sparkled.

"Whenever you can spare the time. I should love another."

"To-morrow morning, then?"

"Yes, please."

There was something very childish in the answer. David laughed.

"Do you know that you remind me of a little girl at a party who has been told to be on her best behavior?" he said.

She colored faintly.

"Do I? I've never been to a party."

"Really?"

He looked amazed.

"Yes, really. You see, I've always been poor—always had to work for my living, until—"

"Until you married Nigel"—he finished for her.

She said nothing. During the last few minutes she had forgotten her deception, forgotten everything but the enjoyment of this ride. Now memory came surging back to her like an engulfing tide.

"I have often wished, since I came home, that I'd done more for him," David went on. "There was such a heap of money lying idle; I'm afraid I was mean with him."

"He used to say how generous you were. He always spoke as if he thought the world of you."

David sat in moody silence. He hardly spoke again till they were back once more at the Red Grange.

He got down from the wheel, and, turning, held his hand to Mary.

"You look all the better for your drive," he said. "There is quite a color in your cheeks. I've enjoyed it, too. It isn't often I feel like tea, but I must say I do to-day."

He followed her into the house.

"Have you got any tea for us, Aunt Florence?" David asked, putting his head round the drawing-room door. "We're as hungry as hunters."

He turned to look at Mary, but she had gone. He went quickly forward into the room.

"By the way," he said, with apparent carelessness, to Miss Varney, "don't write to Fisher just at present. We'll wait a while, till Mary has got more used to us. She won't be wanting strangers here yet."

"I've just written, David."

David frowned.

"Well, tear the letter up. I've changed my mind; we'll ask them later."

"Very well, dear."

Miss Varney answered resignedly, but her eyes, behind her glasses, looked anxiously once or twice at David.

There was a sort of youthfulness about him this afternoon that she could not remember having noticed before. She asked an apparently irrelevant question:

"And do you think you will like Mary being here?"

"Why?"

He did not look at her as he answered her query with the little monosyllable.

"I was only wondering," said Miss Varney. "It will make a great difference in our lives, you know, David. We've always been so quiet, just we two together."

David looked down into the heart of the fire.

"Yes," he said presently—almost wonderingly—"it certainly will make a great difference in our lives."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A PUZZLE.

Henry Evans thought a great deal about Mary during the days that followed that good-bye at her flat, and the more he thought of her, the more puzzled and interested he grew.

She had told him in the first place that her name was Mary Furnival, although with his own eyes he had afterwards seen that the label on her luggage was addressed "Mrs. Nigel Bretherton."

Young Evans had an exceedingly good memory, and he remembered perfectly well that Mrs. Nigel Bretherton was the name she had first given him by which to inquire at the shipping offices for the friend who had been drowned in the Mutane.

The whole thing was very perplexing.

When the opportunity arose he questioned Miss Adams, the typist, about the Brethertons. She had grown very friendly with him lately; sometimes he walked part of the way home with her after office hours, and once he had taken her out to tea.

"The Brethertons are quite big pots, you know," she said one day, when Evans had skilfully guided the conversation round to them. "They've got a fine place down in the country called the Red Grange. Mr. Fisher often goes there. He and David Bretherton—that's the eldest son—are great chums; they do say that some day Miss Fisher will be Mrs. David."

As a matter of fact she had never heard such a thing suggested, but she had put two and two together out of the little she had seen in the office, and had made a very shrewd four out of it.

"There's no heir, now Mr. Nigel is dead," she explained, with the air of one who is entrusted with family secrets. "He never had any children, you know. I wonder how she likes living down at the Red Grange, by the way?"

"Who?"

"Why, Mrs. Nigel. She's gone to live there, you know. I saw the letters Mr. Fisher wrote about settlements; that's how I know. A bit of a change for her, I should think."

Evans opened his lips, and then closed them again determinedly.

"Didn't you say she was very pretty?" he asked presently.

"Yes— auburn hair. I just love auburn hair."

"Auburn hair!" Evans echoed in amazement. "Why —" He broke off.

"Thank you, no; I'll look in again this afternoon."

"I don't care about auburn hair," he finished, lamely.

Miss Adams sniffed.

"You've got no taste then."

But Evans did not answer. He felt a little thrill of excitement. Mary had not had auburn hair; he remembered every detail of her sweet face and coloring, and, much as he admired her, he did not think that the description of "very pretty" in the least described her. He sat silent for a moment frowning.

Miss Adams watched him with faint wonderment.

"Why are you so awfully interested in the Brethertons?" she asked, with abrupt suddenness. "You never knew any of them, did you?"

"No—how could I? Only as one was killed at the Front it makes them rather interesting, and—"he stopped. Someone had opened the outer office door, and walked into the room.

Miss Adams glanced round; Evans rose to his feet. A tall man stood in the doorway, looking from one to the other inquiringly.

"Is Mr. Fisher in? Oh, good-morning, Miss Adams."

Miss Adams smiled and simpered; she was pleased to be so recognized in front of Evans; she thought it might impress him with her importance.

"Good morning!" she said. She scraped her chair back along the floor, and rose.

"Mr. Fisher is out just at present, but he'll be in shortly." She glanced at a watch-bracelet on her wrist. "In about half an hour, I should think. Will you wait?"

The tall man shook his head.

"Thank you, no; I'll look in again this afternoon. You might tell him I called?"

He went away, shutting the door after him.

Evans swung round on his stool.

"Who's that?" he asked.

Miss Adams answered with a fine show of unconcern:

"That? Oh, I forgot you didn't know; that's David Bretherton."

"Really!"

Evans looked deeply interested.

"I say, what a fine-looking man, isn't he?"

Miss Adams tossed her head.

"Think so? He's too lanky for my taste; I like broad shoulders."

She glanced at Evans coquettishly, but the inference was wasted on him.

"He often comes up here," she added. "I know him quite well."

She waited, but there was no comment forthcoming, and she fell to clicking the keys of the typewriter rather irascibly.

So that was David Bretherton!

Evans wished he had had a better chance of looking at him; it seemed strange that Mary was living under that man's roof. Mary, who filled his thoughts waking and sleeping; Mary, whom—in a wild moment before he knew who she was—he had dared to love in his young dreams.

A poor clerk in love with David Bretherton's sister-in-law! He stifled a sigh, and went on copying letters half-heartedly; things were very unfairly divided in life, he thought, with a faint sense of resentment.

CHAPTER XXX.

DORA'S PLAN.

Evans managed to be in the office when Bretherton called again; it was he who showed him into Mr. Fisher's room. He wondered, with a touch of humor, what this tall, aristocratic-looking man would say were he to dare to pluck up courage and ask after Mary? He could imagine the way he would be withered and snubbed, and yet—he had once been a real friend to her in her distress, and who knew but that the chance might come again?

He wondered what the two men were talking about behind that fast shut baize door; the incongruous thought flashed through his mind that perhaps some day there might be an attachment between Mary and Mr. Fisher. It was surprising how that thought hurt him; he tried to dismiss it as being ridiculous.

But in Mr. Fisher's private room he and David Bretherton were speaking of Mary at that very moment.

"And how do you find the arrangement works?" Monty Fisher was asking David interestedly.

(To be continued.)

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### Pardonable.

His wife had gone to visit her mother and had telephoned that she would not be returning until the morning.

When she got back she said to her husband: "You managed to find something to eat last night, didn't you, dear?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, cheerily. "I had the steak that was in the pantry and fried it with some onions I found in the cellar."

"Onions!" she gasped. "Darling, you've eaten my bulbs!"


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### In Tree-Top Town.

The hush that heralds the sunset,
As it swings the round of the world,
Gives place to fairy-small breezes
Like the breath of a cloud unfurled;
Then a whisper is heard ere the dark comes down,
"'Tis visiting time in Tree-Top Town."

Then eyes that are open to magic
Gaze aloft to the long azure street,
Where the leaf-people trip from each doorway,
Other eager leaf-people to meet.
They wave sprightly greeting with never a frown
To their numerous neighbors of Tree-Top Town.

Milady is wearing a scalloped pelisse,
Her lord is in emerald green,
Their silks all a-glistening tremble,
While elfin feet twinkle between;
And musical murmuring voices drift down,
For 'tis visiting time in Tree-Top Town.

They've never a care, I am certain,
They dwell in their bowers content.
In daintiest fluttering duties
The hours of the daytime are spent.
They ask not for riches, nor seek they renown,
These friendly leaf-people of Tree-Top Town.

—Alice Councilman.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

### Skylight.

I love a window that is skyed
Because it must be single eyed.

It cannot look upon the earth,
But it has legacies from birth.

Of gentle rain to wash its face,
Of sun and moon to lend it grace;

Of banked clouds to give it form,
And rainbow scarfs to keep it warm;

Of bird wings hovering to bless
And thank it for its steadfastness.

And when the night is dark and wide
It has a single star for guide.

—Fanny de Groot Hastings.


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