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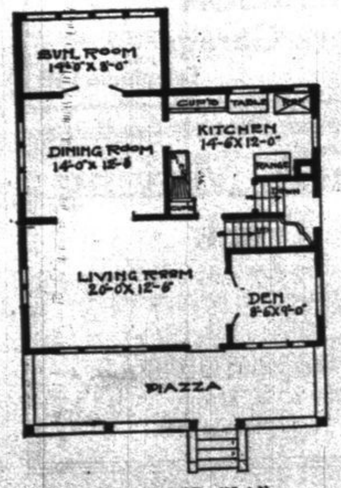
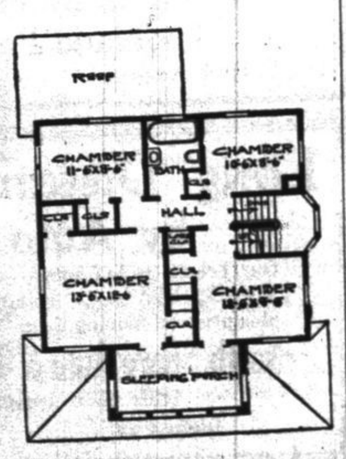
Design 609, by Glenn L. Saxton, Architect, Minneapolis, Minn.

PERSPECTIVE VIEW—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

This plan with the rear sun room, and also piazza in front convertible into a sun room, and the sashed-in sleeping porch in the second story makes an ideal home both in summer and winter. The piazza opens into an exceptionally fine living room. From this opens the dining room in the rear, stairs to second story and den at the end. A good sized and well appointed kitchen. Four chambers in second story, with big closets. This is an exceptionally good design for a suburban home. Full basement under entire house. First story, 9 feet; second story, 8 feet. Red oak, birch or red gum finish throughout first story, pine to paint in second story and birch floors throughout both stories. Cost to build, $3,400, exclusive of heating and plumbing.

Upon receipt of $1 the publisher of this paper will furnish a copy of Saxton's new 1914 book of plans, "American Dwellings." It contains 310 designs costing from $1,000 to $6,000; also a book of interiors, $1.50 per copy.

CASTLE OF DESPOND.

It Got Its Dismal Name From a Tragedy Born of Love.

One of the finest French renaissance buildings in France is the Castle of Despond, famous in the legendary lore of the Toulousian country in which it stands. Over the window of one of the inner courtyards is sculptured in the stone a head above the motto, "Plus d'Espoir." These were the last words of Rose de Martial, whose story has been sung by the poets of Toulouse.

Rose de Martial was the daughter of the house of Martial, to whom the castle belonged, and she was courted by the lord of Castelnat, whose manor she could see from her window. But, although she was beautiful and tender hearted, the lord jilted her, and she fell into a melancholy. She sat every day by the window, whence she could see the fickle lord of Castelnat's manor.

One morning he passed by in the valley below. She sang to him, but he never looked up. "Plus d'Espoir!" she cried and threw herself out of the window on to the flags below, where she was killed. The manor of Martial was known thenceforward as the Castle of Despond.

The fine building was falling to ruins when M. Fenaille bought it, and he had it completely and skillfully restored before making a gift of it to the nation.

DEEP SEA FISHES.

Some That Get Along With Only One Meal or So a Year.

There are more than 50,000,000 square miles covered by a depth of three miles of sea, but even at this great depth—where the pressure of the water above would instantly crush a man's body to pulp—there is a great world of life.

Many of the fish and other creatures of the deep are blind.

They are, however, able to see by means of the lights which they carry themselves.

The "lamps" are little organs dotted over the body, and with the light from them, which is made in much the same marvelous way as the glow worm's, they can use their bulging eyes to see what is going on about them.

But even with the ready made lighting apparatus and telescope eyes it is a difficult business finding a dinner, so the fish have jaws with an enormous gape and a stomach so elastic that they can accommodate a larger fish than these voracious eaters themselves.

When they have made such a capture they retire for something like a year's meditation to digest the meal, two or three of which are sufficient to last an average lifetime.—London Answers.

First Straw Hats.

The first hat of straw to be worn in the United States appeared in 1800. Straw had been used before to thatch houses, but not the heads of civilized citizens. It made comfortable bedding for cattle and was stuffed in sacks to increase the softness of the pine boards used by men and women to sleep on. But straw for the head? Never! It might do for the tropical savages, but not for the inhabitants of the great zone in which the progressive nations lived.

Previous to 1800 men had worn felt and cloth hats. And it was not till the time of Elizabeth that men began to wear hats at all, in distinction from caps and bonnets. The blossoming of literature in the Elizabethan period was contemporary with the building of brims on head coverings and their transmogrification into hats.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Prize Baby.

Little Minnie was having a birthday party, and some of the little guests were discussing the merits of the babies in their homes.

"My little sister is only five months old," remarked Annie, "and she has two teeth."

"My little sister," said Nellie, "is only six months old and she has three."

Minnie was silent for a moment, then she burst forth:

"My little sister hasn't got any teeth yet, but when she does have some they're going to be gold ones!"—New York Times.

His Mother's Son.

At the annual prize day of a certain school the head boy rose to give his recitation:

"Friends, Romans, countrymen," he vociferated, "lend me your ears!"

"There," commented the mother of a defeated pupil sneeringly, "that's Mrs. Jones' boy! He wouldn't be his mother's son if he didn't want to borrow something."—Kansas City Star.

Brooklyn Navy Yard.

The Brooklyn navy yard was established Feb. 23, 1801, when the first land, twenty-three acres, was bought from one John Jackson for $40,000. The yard now comprises 144 acres and has a waterfront of nearly three miles, protected by a sea wall of granite.—New York American.

How He Got His Clothes.

Mrs. Oldfam—Do you belong to many clubs, Mr. Clymer? Mr. Clymer—Only a suit club, Mrs. Oldfam, but we call it a "coterie."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Lien on a Tower.

Church—What do you suppose made the Tower of Pisa lean so? Gotham—Why, it was probably the heavy mortgage on it.—Yonkers Statesman.

The best way to get along with some people is to get along without them.—Chicago Journal.

Dr. Edmonds' Patient

A Tale of a Haunted House.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

A severe thunderstorm was raging when the telephone bell tinkled softly. Dr. Edmonds' man, Josiah, roused himself from slumber on the office sofa and reached apprehensively for the receiver.

"I don't like techin' telephones noways when de lightning's kyooting around," muttered Josiah. "Hello, dar!" he called timidly. "Ya-as, sah, dis am de doctor's—ya-as, sah. He'll come right away."

Josiah hung up the receiver and went up to the doctor's bedroom on the second floor. The doctor came out—a tall, lithe, red bearded man, rubbing his eyes sleepily.

"What is it, Josiah?" he yawned. "Mr. Dixon got another bad spell?"

Josiah's eyes rolled affrightedly.

"No, sah; it was a call from de Gedney place."

"Gedney place! You've made a mistake. It's been unoccupied for years."

"Dat's what he said. 'Tell de doctor he's needed at once at de Gedney place on de Hollow road.'"

"Humph!" muttered the physician. "Well, you better go out and harness Daisy and get out my raincoat."

It was a dreary ride to the Gedney place.

Josiah, huddled in one corner of the buggy, was shaking with fear of the approaching ordeal. Dr. Edmonds was puzzling over the strange summons. To his knowledge the Gedney place had been unoccupied for the past ten years. As a family the Gedneys had died out, all save one son, the black sheep of his generation. William Gedney was serving a life sentence in prison, convicted of killing a man in a quarrel. The plea was self defense, and Gedney had escaped with his life.

The village people had gossiped ever since the last funeral at the place ten years ago. It was said that the spirit of the murdered man, Tom Collins, haunted the rooms of the fine old mansion on the Hollow road. Lights had flickered there at midnight, and men straggling home between midnight and dawn had declared that a man's dim form restlessly paced the pine grove that was growing up around the neglected house. But little credence was given to such tales.

"Here we am, doctor," quavered Josiah. "I'll jest git out and open de gate."

The long unused gate creaked open, and the doctor turned into it, trusting more to Daisy's instinct than to anything he could see. Josiah did not return to the buggy. He tramped beside the doctor, muttering charms under his breath.

They were in the protection of the front porch now. Dr. Edmonds brought out his electric torch and found the doorbell. He pulled it vigorously, and a resonant peal rang through the house.

There was no answer.

Again and again the doctor rang, and at last he impatiently turned the doorknob. To his amazement it responded to his pressure.

The door was unlocked!

They entered complete darkness.

"Hello, there!" shouted the doctor, standing at the foot of the great staircase that wound up into darkness. "Anybody here?"

In the silence that followed they distinctly heard the distant striking of the town clock in the valley below.

It struck the hour of midnight, and on the heels of the last stroke there came a sound in the Gedney house.

It was a cry, a moaning cry, that sent a shudder through the doctor's strong frame.

Josiah almost sank to the floor.

"De ghos'!" he gibbered.

Dr. Edmonds recovered his nerve, poked Josiah in the ribs with the automatic pistol he always carried at night and brought the darky to his senses.

"Some one is upstairs," he said sternly. "Some one who is hurt and needs me. Understand! Take my bag and follow me. If you try to run away, remember, I'm a dead shot!"

Josiah mutely fell into step behind the doctor as they mounted the stairs. He would have been more terrified than ever if he had remotely guessed why the doctor had handed him the medicine case. It was that both his own hands might be free to grapple with any danger that menaced them in the deserted house.

The cry had come down from the upper regions of the house. They searched the second floor and found it untenanted save by spiders and scuttling mice. Here, as in the lower rooms, the furniture was covered with dust.

Now the moaning cry was repeated. It came from the third story under the mansard roof.

They reached the narrow upper hall, went down its carpeted length to the southwest chamber. The door was ajar. The doctor pushed it open and raked it with the light of his torch.

The light revealed several startling facts.

There was a narrow cot on the carpeted floor, a pine bureau littered with bottles and dishes and crusts of bread, and a battered tin coffeepot stood on an oil stove. There were heavy blankets hung before the three windows, and besides one or two rocking chairs there was a pile of books from the library downstairs and a man's blackened pipe on the deal table.

Like lightning the doctor's keen eye searched the room and then went back to the space in front of the cot. A man's body lay there inert.

"Hold this torch," commanded the doctor, and, bending down, he lifted the man's emaciated form to the cot. The ragged coat fell back, revealing a glimpse of a broadly striped garment underneath.

It did not need this betraying glimpse of the convict stripes for the physician to recognize in the man William Gedney!

The room revealed that it had long been the habitation of some recluse. Who was it? Harry Gedney, for he was still in prison.

The doctor made a brief examination and found that the man had been stabbed in the right shoulder. An ugly wound, but not necessarily dangerous.

Josiah, relieved at this practical laying of the Gedney ghost, waited upon his master with unusual intelligence. He heated water on the oil stove, found a lamp and lighted it and held it, together with the torch, while the doctor skillfully washed and dressed the wound. When it was bound and a pillow placed under the injured man's back the doctor administered a strong stimulant and presently William Gedney opened his wild, dark eyes and searched the physician's countenance.

"Edmonds!" he gasped. "You? How did you come here?"

"A telephone message," said the doctor quickly. "And you, William, you have escaped?"

Gedney nodded wearily. "Sit down, and I will tell you all," he said.

His story was brief and to the point. He declared that he had been innocent of the crime charged against him. Although there had been a fight and a shot had been fired, he swore that he had not held the weapon. His companions had scattered, leaving him with the body of Tom Collins—to be the scapegoat.

Circumstantial evidence was against him, and to save his client Gedney's lawyer had pleaded self defense; hence the life sentence.

"I've always intended to escape," muttered Gedney, "and at last came the opportunity. I grasped it. My first thought was to come home here. I arrived this evening at dusk. The place was home to me, although there remained none of my dear ones to welcome me, the black sheep of the family. Doctor, I may have been wild and foolish, but my hands are innocent of blood.

"I came afoot—I had traveled by night—and at last I reached here, gained an entrance through the pantry window and went up to my mother's room. I—I was going to pray there and ask their forgiveness—you understand," he ended brokenly.

"I had reached the upper hall when I met a man; it was Tom Collins' brother! He was carrying a candle, and he looked old and ragged and unkempt. When he saw me he gave chase, screaming madly that he would kill me. I was unarmed, and I was weak from lack of food. He pursued me up the attic stairs to this room, and there he stabbed me, leaving me for dead on the floor. It was a welcome sound indeed to hear your ring at the door! I suppose I must go back to prison, but I think I have solved the mystery. Jim Collins killed his brother. That is why he has hidden away here, a prey to his own guilty conscience. He must have lived a hermit life for several years. A fellow prisoner told me that Jim had disappeared from his usual haunts. I hope—I pray that he has left a confession of some kind that will clear my name!"

Leaving Josiah in care of the sick man, Dr. Edmonds went back to his horse and drove rapidly in the direction of the railroad station. He suspected that the fleeing Collins had in a moment of contrition telephoned from some pay station to the doctor's house so that Gedney's wound might be attended to.

Dr. Edmonds found a strange situation at the little railroad station.

A strange man had found shelter there during the thunderstorm. He was a ragged looking tramp. He had entered the wire cage where the public telephone was placed and had used the telephone. As he finished speaking there came a crackling hiss, and a bolt of lightning ruined the instrument and sent the man senseless to the floor.

The station agent had vainly tried to reach Dr. Edmonds, and his appearance now was taken as a matter of fact.

There was little he could do for Jim Collins save to take his dying statement and confession that he was his brother's murderer. He had heard that the Gedney place was deserted, and he resolved to conceal himself there with his gnawing remorse. By night he stole out and bought food and tobacco, tramping many miles to the next village.

When the sun rose over the rain swept mountains Jim Collins breathed his last.

Dr. Edmonds went back to the man in the Gedney house with freedom in his hands.

William Gedney, exonerated of the charge, took possession of his property and in the course of time married. Children play around the pleasant lawns, for the pine grove has been cut down, and sunshine enters every nook and cranny of the old house and grounds.

But nothing can give back to William Gedney the lost years spent behind prison bars.

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