# For Weal or for Woe;

## Or, A Dark Temptation

CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd)

A gleam of triumph broke over his dark-but-handsome face.

"You shall never rue it, Gay," he said, catching up one of her little ice-cold hands and covering it with passionate kisses. "Be ready when I return, we will not have an instant to lose, my love."

He quitted the room, hurrying noiselessly through the corridor, in the direction of the stables.

In his haste and excitement he had not observed the dark figure of a woman crouching just outside the door in the chick, dusk shadows—it was Lydia Moore.

Slowly she rose to her feet, shaking her clinched hand after Tremaine's retreating form.

"So that is your plan, is it, my false, perfidious lover," she hissed. "You lied when you told me you loved only me. Dupe, fool that I was to believe you. You would make her your bride within the hour. We shall see—when you return you shall behold what has befallen Gaynell Esterbrook, and behold a rival's glorious vengeance."

The woman crept away, through the long corridor, as silently and swiftly as a shadow, returning, ten minutes later, carrying a small tin box.

Under the door of Gay's apartment she noiselessly slipped the small, dark grains, also scattering them about through the corridor in a long, straight, narrow line.

Her jealous brain had concocted a most diabolical plot against the life and happiness of Gay—her beautiful, helpless rival.

The box contained gunpowder.

A moment later and she had applied a lighted match to the train, and in one swift breath of time the lone brick house by the river road was wrapped in a winding sheet of raging, devouring, lurid flame.

Great columns of smoke poured from every casement, followed by a volcano of starry sparks shooting heavenward through the midnight darkness, and the deafening sound of crashing timber.

"No one can ever save you now, my lovely Gay!" cried Lydia Moore, gazing on her fiendish work with a wild laugh, that rang weirdly over the fierce crackling of the flames. "When Harold returns he will find you the bride of Death. You brought it upon your own head when you came between me and my love."

CHAPTER XII.

For a moment after Harold Tremaine had left her, Gay stood in the centre of the spacious room lost in thought.

Glancing up, to her intense surprise and joy she saw that the door stood ajar; in Tremaine's excitement she knew that he had quite forgotten to take the usual precaution of securely fastening it.

Gay flew toward it with swift-winged feet, and tore it open, gazing fearfully down the long corridor; no one was in sight the stillness was unbroken save for her own tumultuous heart-throbs.

In an instant she had resolved what course to pursue. Catching up her cloak and hat, she sped from the room, closing the door after her, darting like a fawn through the long, winding halls and passages out of the house.

"Free!" she gasped, sinking down among the long grasses, and raising her now joyful face to the starlit sky. "Oh, Heaven! how thankful I am."

The sudden remembrance that Harold Tremaine would soon return and discover her flight and instantly institute a search for her, brought her to a realization that she must not linger there.

The thought lent wings to her feet as she sped along.

Gay had scarcely proceeded a dozen rods, however, ere a low, rumbling sound fell distinctly upon her ears; this was followed by a quick explosion, and in a second of time the night sky was illumined with a bright red glare of light, and, to her intense surprise and consternation, she saw that the isolated brick house, from which she had fled scarcely five minutes ago, was wrapped in flames.

"That would have been my fate if I had waited there for Harold Tremaine," she thought with a shudder.

Then a most natural solution of the cause of the terrible fire occurred to her. The men in the cavern had meant that she should die—die in the winding-sheet of flames that wrapped the old brick house, and with her would perish their guilty secret.

Gay pushed onward for long hours, scarcely realizing how exhausted she was, in her great desire to reach some place from which she could send a telegram to Percy.

The pretty wedding-ring he had taken from his own hand and placed upon hers that never-to-be-forgotten night when they stood together at the altar in the old stone-church, fell unnoticed and unheeded in the long grass.

Gay wandered on, until at last, when morning broke, bright and golden, she sank down exhausted among the blue-bells that grew at the foot of an old oak-tree.

The sunlight fell upon the white, upturned face, half veiled by the soft, curling, nut-brown hair that trailed over among the tender blossoms. Her hands were closely locked together; low moans issued from her pale lips.

A young man driving hurriedly to the station to catch the New York train, drew rein by the roadside, and gazed at her with a cry of surprise on his lips.

"A young and beautiful girl!" he exclaimed in astonishment, leaping lightly from the vehicle. "What can she be doing here, I wonder?"

He touched the lovely little white hands gently; they were burning hot.

"It is clearly evident that I cannot leave her here," he mused, lifting the slight form into his carriage.

"By George!" he ejaculated, "I have hit upon a capital idea. I will take her to Leighton Villa; the old squire and his pretty daughters will give this unfortunate stranger a hospitable welcome, I feel sure. It was quite lucky I thought of it."

He turned his horse's head, and drove swiftly along the country road at a rapid pace.

Five miles' hard driving brought him in sight of a spacious mansion on the outskirts of Hackensack.

Two young girls were sitting on the side, sunlit porch. Both glanced up at the sound of rapidly approaching carriage wheels.

"Goodness gracious!" cried Ione Leighton, the elder and taller of the two, "I declare, it's Harry Chesleigh—I would know his horse as far off as I can see it—and my hair in curl papers, too. Oh, dear, oh dear, what in the world shall I do?" cried the beauty, all in a flutter.

Her saucy younger sister laughed maliciously.

"Take 'em down," she suggested.

"You know they'd be as straight as strings," flashed Ione, angrily; "I believe it's want of me to look like a perfect fright before him—you're always jealous because I am admired."

"Keep 'em up, my dear, by all means," returned Grace Leighton, serenely; "the Mikado style is all the rage now, and you look like a Japanese beauty."

Ione had no time to answer her provoking, tantalizing younger sister, but sped like a flash through the long French window and up to her own room to find a lace scarf, a garden hat—anything to hide those horrid curl-papers.

"Oh dear, oh, dear!" she famed, tossing the contents of her wardrobe about in the wildest confusion, "it's outrageous for a young man to call in the early morning before a girl is made up for the day. I have the greatest mind in the world to refuse to see him."

Meanwhile Harry Chesleigh had turned in at the broad entrance gate, and was dashing up the avenue at almost a gallop.

"Hello! here, Jake!" he called out to the groom, tossing him the reins, "make haste here, I want you."

"Oh, Harry, is this indeed you," called out Grace Leighton, coming down the broad marble portico two steps at a time to meet him; "it will be just the most delightful surprise in all the world to Ione to know you are here, she——"

The sentence ended in a sharp, shrill whistle of amazement that would have done credit to a man.

"Of all that is wonderful," she ejaculated in utter bewilderment, as he threw back the carriage top, and proceeded to lift the limp, unconscious figure out, "who in the world is that? What is the matter with her? Is she in a swoon? My goodness, I'm afraid she's dead."

Squire Leighton came out upon the porch just in time to hear this running fire of eager questions, which the young man was doing his best to answer, as he hastily bore his lovely burden toward the house. A very few words served to let both father and daughter know exactly how matters stood.

"I thought of Leighton Hall at once," Chesleigh went on. "I believe I know you well enough to know, sir, that you will think I have done right in bringing her here."

"Of course you have, my boy," declared the old squire heartily, as he led the way to the drawing-room. "I shall see that this pretty young creature has every possible attention immediately. I used to be a physician years ago, you know, and although I gave up practising long since, I have managed to keep my hand in."

"Isn't she pretty, papa? What lovely dark curling hair and long lashes!" exclaimed Grace admiringly.

"Hush your chatter, my dear," commanded the squire sharply. "Go and bring me my medicine-case in the right-hand corner of the bureau in my room, and summon the housekeeper."

When his daughter was out of the room the squire turned an anxious face toward the young man.

"We have a serious case of fever here," he said—"brain fever of the worst kind—but I declare I haven't the heart to turn the poor thing from my door and send her to the hospital. I shall see her through this."

Harry Chesleigh pressed the squire's hand warmly.

"That is a very noble resolve, sir; the young lady could have fallen into no better hands than yours. I shall have to make my excuses to the young ladies for not being able to remain half an hour or so; the fact is, I have an important engagement in the city this morning. A friend of mine, Mr. Percy Granville, is to be at the Fifth Avenue; I am to meet him, and have barely time to catch the train on account of this delay."

"Of course the girls will be sorry that you cannot stay, my boy; you must make up for it by coming again soon."

The young man flushed with pleasure as he thought how cordially the squire's dark-eyed daughter Ione would second that frank invitation.

"I shall be very pleased to do so," he answered. "I will call to-morrow afternoon if I may be permitted."

"Come when you like," returned Squire Leighton; "don't stand on ceremony, you may always be sure of a hearty welcome."

A moment later Harry Chesleigh took his leave.

"A fine young fellow that," thought the squire, gazing after him. "No nonsense about him. I should never object to him for a son-in-law. I wonder who is the attraction that brings him here, Ione or Grace? Bless me! what an old idiot I am, to be sure!—of course it's Ione. My little madcap Grace is only a child; girls of sixteen trouble their pretty heads little enough with love or lovers."

At that moment the housekeeper entered with the medicine-chest, and the doctor set about restoring the lovely, unconscious young stranger with alacrity, dispatching the housekeeper in the meantime to see that a cool, airy chamber having a good, sunny southern exposure was gotten ready at once.

When Grace sent the medicine-chest to her father by the housekeeper, she flew like a whirlwind to Ione's boudoir; as usual, she was locked securely out.

"Ione, Ione!" she called lustily; "open the door, open the door—quick, I say!"

"Go away! you can't come in; run down and tell Mr. Chesleigh I'll be there directly."

"But I must come in," insisted Grace. "I have such wonderful news for you—such wonderful news!"

This time the door flew open instantaneously, and Ione peered out with her powder-puff in her hand.

Her sister burst into the room like a whirlwind.

"Never mind making such an elaborate toilet," she cried. "Mr. Chesleigh had no intention of coming to see you——"

"You impudent little wretch!" exclaimed Ione, furiously; "do you mean to insinuate that he has come to see a little bread-and-butter school-girl like you?"

"I thought't to tell you," flashed out Grace, angrily. "I ought to let you get dressed and powdered and come down only to find——"

Ione's jealous temper suddenly cooled down—her curiosity got the better of her.

"Do tell me what you mean, Gracie," she answered. "I really am sorry if I was hasty, you know."

"Well then—Mr. Chesleigh has just driven away again—don't fly into a rage until you know what brought him here," and she quickly told what had happened.

"A young girl!" exclaimed Ione, surprisedly, and like a flash she was down the broad corridor and was hurrying breathlessly toward the chamber to which they had carried Gay, followed by her sister Grace.

The housekeeper was bending over the dark head nestling among the white pillows when Ione approached.

"Let me see the girl Harry Chesleigh found fainting by the wayside," she said, pushing her impatiently aside.

For one moment she gazed on Gay's countenance, then she turned away with a hard, set face.

"Is she not beautiful?" cried Grace enthusiastically. "How I shall love to nurse her."

"You shall not have that opportunity," retorted her sister with a bitter laugh. "She shall not stay beneath this roof for another hour; papa must send her away at once, I say."

"Why, Ione, the poor girl is so ill she could not raise one of her little white hands. How cruel of you to ask papa to send her away."

"You are a fool," retorted Ione, sharply. "If she should stay here, Harry Chesleigh might ask to see her, he would fall in love with her pretty face. No, no, she must be sent off at once. I couldn't risk that."

"Jealousy is the bane of your life, Ione Leighton," cried Grace; "your lover has not even thought of this poor, helpless sick girl. If you sent her off and she should ever see him when she grew well, and he should fall in love with her and marry her, it would serve you just right, so there!"

Ah, if either of them con'd have but foreseen what the future was to bring forth.

CHAPTER XIII.

We will leave Gay tossing on her bed of pain, which she is destined not to leave for many long and weary weeks, in the elegant home of the Leightons, and return to Percy Granville and the thrilling events which were transpiring around him.

We will go back to the scene in the morning-room at Redstone Hall—to Evelyn St. Claire, standing in the sunshine in her blue plush riding-habit, watching with breathless intentness the white unopened envelope Percy held in his hand.

To her great disappointment, he did not break the seal.

He had concluded to wait until he was alone to read the contents of Harold Tremaine's letter.

The haughty heiress seemed in no hurry to take her departure, although from the lace-draped window she could see her white pony prancing and pawing impatiently under the restraining hand of the groom.

"I have heard strange news this morning, Percy," she said, tearing nervously at the cluster of white rosebuds she wore at her belt; "they tell me you are going away from Redstone Hall—to be gone long months, perhaps. Is it true?"

"Yes," he answered; "a matter of the greatest importance will need my attention for the present—I could not rest night or day until it is settled."

Evelyn caught her breath with something very like a sob, her blonde face paling, her gauntleted hands tightening over the pearl-handled riding-whip she held.

"Surely, Percy," she exclaimed passionately, "you are not so mad as to search for that girl who left the village so hastily a week ago—that miserable little creature with the dusk, gypsyish face, over whom that duel that nearly cost you your life was fought?"

"Hush, Evelyn!" he commanded, "hush! your words pain me. I never knew until that night of the duel what Gay Esterbrook was to me."

"You love her, Percy?" she breathed huskily; "the horrible fear that swept across my heart is true—you are going to search for her?"

"You are right in both instances, Evelyn," he admitted, flushing to the very roots of his fair, curling hair.

"Is our past nothing to you, Percy?" she faltered, stung by the bitter pangs of jealousy. "Have you forgotten that you and I were betrothed lovers once? Oh, Percy, has your heart indeed turned from me, and from its old allegiance, and gone out to this Gay Esterbrook? I will not believe it!"

He took her hand in his, looking earnestly down in the beautiful white face, pitying her for her humiliating position.

"No real engagement has ever existed between you and me, Evelyn," he said. "Because our parents wished it, it does not necessarily follow that we should be of the same opinion. I never really knew what love was until I met Little Gay."

The words died away on his lips when he saw the marble-white face raised to his in the sunlight.

"Are you ill, Evelyn," he cried. "Great Heaven, what is wrong—what is the matter?"

"You have killed me, Percy, that is all—you have broken my heart."

"I am more grieved than words can express to hear you say that, Evelyn," he said gently, "but I must be frank with you, that no delusive hopes may be entertained—I love Little Gay, and Gay alone—with my whole heart."

A shrill laugh burst from the heiress' crimson lips—a laugh more pitiful to hear than the bitterest sobs could have been.

"Percy," she cried, "you and this Gay Esterbrook should not have one thought in common. If a pretty serpent sought to coil itself around you, you would fling it from you in horror and loathing. You have been drifting on toward a dangerous quicksand—draw back before it is too late," she panted.

"Evelyn—Miss St. Claire—for God's sake what do you mean?" he cried sharply, wheeling suddenly about and facing her. "In heaven's name explain the insinuations you are making or I shall go mad. If a man had uttered those words I would have——"

His bonny blue eyes fairly glowed with rage as he turned on his heel and strode rapidly up and down the morning-room.

"What a keen delight women seem to take in slandering one another," he cried impetuously; "but you might as well attempt to make me believe yonder smiling sun was treacherous and vile, as to attempt to make me think Little Gay was aught but sweet and pure—you could not force me to entertain the idea a single instant."

"None are so blind as those who will not see," murmured Evelyn.

"Little Gay is as pure as yonder fleecy clouds sailing across the blue of the heavens, and I love her better than my own soul," he cried hotly.

(To be continued.)

## FEATHERED GOURMETS.

### Gigantic Bill Footed Yearly By English Bird Fanciers.

One of the latest stories of the meanest man now going the rounds is to the effect that he sold a globe of goldfish presented to him by his fiancee on the ground that he "couldn't afford to keep them," writes a London (England) correspondent. If the gift had been a bird, instead, there might have been some excuse, for keeping a feathered pet is getting to be a more and more expensive business as time goes on, even so comparatively plebeian a comestible as canary-seed having doubled in price recently as a result of the Turko-Italian war.

The truth is that cage-birds are getting to be out-and-out gourmets, and as a result of the extravagant tastes of the songsters they keep, the bird-food bill of British fanciers is now a bit over $25,000,000 a year. No wonder, either, considering the costly delicacies, many of which have to be imported from distant lands, and the astonishing varieties of diet that have to be provided to tempt the jaded palates of the pampered birds of to-day. Many of these now turn up their beaks in lofty disdain at such fare as bird-seed worms and lumps of sugar, and on many of the cages at the show of the London Cage-Birds Association at the Horticultural Hall, where such legends as "Eats nothing but tropical fruits," "Diet limited to fresh eggs," "Takes only foreign meal worms," "Food is various insect cocoons," and so on.

Spotless white canaries, with pink eyes, which had been raised on cod liver oil, grapes and apples, were one of the features of this show, and there also were various kinds of sun-birds, zosterops and sugar-birds whose sole food is a synthetic nectar that has been produced as a substitute for the sweet secretions which native birds plunder from tropical flowers. The main ingredients of this, as detailed to the writer by Allen Silver, one of the judges at the London Cage-Birds Association show, are—condensed milk, sponge cake, honey, sugar, patent invalid's food, fruit juice.

The expert declared that birds of plainer tastes are often satisfied with a mixture of only two or three of these ingredients, but that others demanded the whole lot with subtle and exotic additions, before their palates were satisfied.

"Other bird-foods," said Silver, "are dried ants' eggs, dried water flies, tangerine oranges, silk-worm pupae and special brands of crackers. As a result of the demand for the first two of these, large and profitable dried-fly and ant-egg industries have developed in South America. The water-flies, by a special device, are scooped off their native surface by the thousand. They are packed in sacks and are often found mixed with tiny fish which have accidentally shared in the flies' tragedy. The fish are left in to give the fly-eating birds a more home-like feeling.

"For these and other foods," he added, "bird fanciers in this country now foot an annual bill of over 5,000,000 pounds or a bit in excess of $25,000,000."

### A Sop to Her Conscience.

Hub (after a night out)—I feel like a two-spot. I wish you'd telephone to the office that I'm in bed with the grip.

Wife—That would be a lie.

Hub—How particular you women are! Fetch over that grip and lay it on the bed near my feet. There! Now will you telephone?

### Feminine Finance.

"Well, dear," said the young husband to his bride, "I'll make out the deposit slip in your name and all you have to do is to take it to the bank."

"Yes," she responded, "but suppose I want to draw out some money some day, how will they know which is my money?"

### Try This.

Laugh at old Trouble and you'll see
That he'll go at your bidding;
For Trouble is a grouch, and he
Will never stand for kidding.


A GOOD HABIT
Tea when you are tired, particularly if it's
LIPTON'S TEA
Goes farthest for the money


# HOME

### The Lunch Basket.

Pity the woman who must put up a daily lunch for her school boy or girl or for the husband or son who is at noon a hungry workingman. That pity is deserved, but far more of it should go to the average victim of those baskets.

No one will deny that the lunch basket is a perplexing problem, but it need not be half the bugbear it has become if women cultivate a little daintiness and imagination.

To some packers the sole idea of a lunch is two or three coarse sandwiches, an indigestible piece of pie, stale cake and cold coffee. And that lunch will be handed out six days a week 52 weeks a year.

Why not variety? It costs no more than monotony, if it does take more thought and, perhaps, a little more time. If you have a basket to pack, sit down and write out a menu for it for just one week. Have that basket different each day, and see if husband and children are not grateful.

Tumblers with screw lids are invaluable for the lunch basket. Into them the woman of imagination puts meat and vegetable left-overs dressed as an appetizing salad, pudding, gelatine custard and other desserts, stewed fruit, prunes and other delicacies.

**Eggs for a Change.**—Deviled eggs take little longer to prepare than hard-boiled ones; the oil or butter used in mixing them is nourishing and they make a nice change. Sometimes the contents of a box of sardines may be freed from oil and put in one of these glasses with a slice of lemon on top.

If meat there must be, why serve it in unappetizing hunks between thick slices of bread? Cold meats run through a chopper and mixed with a little cream, salt and pepper, then spread thickly on bread, daintily cut and spread with sweet butter, make a nourishing sandwich that tempts even a jaded palate.

Cold tongue, roast beef, corned beef, lamb, bologna can all be cut neatly in thin slices and carry well in a wrapping of paprika paper, even when spread thinly with mustard.

Of sandwiches there is such variety that not to test them is sheer laziness. Why give the same old sandwiches every day when delicious fillings can be made from remnants of meats, vegetables, fish, eggs, jellies, nuts, onions, peanuts and other tissue-building foods that are found in most households at all times.

Cut the bread thin—for children the crust may be removed, and even workingmen like the daintiness of it, if a slice across the loaf is used. Wrap the sandwiches in paraffin paper. The club sandwich made from bread cooked in butter as a crouton instead of toasted and spread with a slice of cold meat or fowl on mayonnaised lettuce between two of the sections of lettuce, bacon and mayonnaise in the other is enough for a lunch for a hungry man.

**Packing Hot Liquids.**—Liquids are the worst problem. A hot drink is such a bracer that it pays to get a pint bottle or jar that keeps liquids at an even temperature for 24 hours. Into it can go coffee, chocolate or hot soup for cold days and iced drinks in summer.

Every baking day add fresh rolls, a tartlet or other unexpected treat. Fruit is healthful and not hard to pack; an orange or a banana will often take the place of dessert. So will figs, dates or a package of sweet chocolate.

By careful buying and utilizing leftovers, the appetizing lunchbox need cost no more than the unappetizing, unhygienic one. And if it should, the child who lunches well each day will more quickly increase his studying power than one who cannot eat because his mother is too indifferent to struggle with the lunch basket problem.

### Useful Hints.

For a damp cupboard, which is liable to cause mildew, place a sauceful of quicklime into it, which will not only absorb all dampness, but sweeten and disinfect the space.

To remove broken glass from window frame cover the putty all around the glass with soft soap, and leave it for several hours. You will then find that the soap has softened the putty wonderfully, and the broken glass can be removed without further trouble.

To polish kitchen knives mix a little bicarbonate of soda with the brick dust, and rub them thoroughly.

Pickles served with fish give a relish liked by many.

When boiling molasses or sugar candy rub the dish in which it is being boiled with butter all around about an inch from the top and it will not boil over.

When mending broken china, also place it to set in a large box of sawdust. By this means it is easy to stand the article in any desired position, so that its own weight holds the piece in place. When the cement is hardening.

A very good substitute for egg and bread crumbs is a fairly thick paste of flour and water. Dip the fish or cutlet to be fried in this paste and sprinkle thickly with finely crumbled bread. When fried, it will be a beautiful brown color.

When making "thickening" for sauces, gravies, etc., use half flour and half corn-starch. Much better.

Before cooking a ham take off a thin "shaving," also the rind, and see how much nicer flavored your ham will be.

To keep milk sweet put a teaspoonful of horseradish in a pan of milk. This will keep it sweet several hours longer than without it.

To remove stains from polished wood, trays or tables, caused by heated dishes, a thin paste made from salad oil and salt is very good. Spread it over the marked place and leave for an hour or more; then rub off with a soft cloth.

Try tacking cheesecloth on the pantry window. This admits air that is sifted free of smoke and soot before it comes into the pantry.

Try whipping the cream in the upper part of a double boiler, with fine ice or cold water placed in the lower part. The cream will not spatter so much and will be kept cool and will whip much more quickly.

To prevent eggs from sticking to the pan or breaking add a spoonful of flour to the grease in which they are fried.

To clean white and delicately colored plumes not badly soiled, rub them gently in a pan of equal parts of salt and flour.

Potato balls which are sauted in butter after being boiled are delicious. They should be served with a generous sprinkling of minced parsley.

An attractive garnish for salads is mayonnaise jelly. Melted gelatin is added to the mayonnaise, and then the dressing is allowed to harden. Cut into cubes as one would apple jelly.

One ounce of coarse salt dropped in the sink will prevent the drain pipe from freezing over night.

A tablespoonful of washing soda and a cup of vinegar poured down the sink will clean out the most stubborn of clogged pipes.

When finishing off a machine seam, turn the material and stitch back for an inch, this does away with the necessity of tieing the thread, which, if forgotten often causes trouble in the finished article.

LLOYD GEORGE.

In his great speech at Aberdeen Lloyd George said that the care of the aged, the sick, and the infirm by the State added a new dignity and glory to the British Empire.

### His Choice.

"You said when you proposed that you'd rather live in eternal torment with me than in bliss by yourself."

"Well, I've had my wish."

### Cattish.

"Do you think Oscar proposed to me merely on account of my money?"

"Well, my dear, you know he must have some reason."

### A Good Fellow.

A good fellow is usually a man who can pay 90 cents a round for drinks because his wife does her washing and makes her own waists.


The Evening Luxury
"SALADA"
CEYLON TEA
Anticipated with delight by all who use it
LEAD PACKETS ONLY. BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN.
AT ALL GROCERS.
HIGHEST AWARD—ST. LOUIS. 1904.


## ABOUT EARLY FUMIGATION

### MOSES KNEW SECRET OF KILLING DISEASE GERMS.

### The Ancient Egyptians Had Taught the Method of Disinfecting to Him.

Moses knew the secret of killing the germs in the air. This is made clear by the account of the staying of the plague as recorded in the Book of Numbers. In the sixteenth chapter of that book is the story of the awful plague that attacked the Israelites then in the wilderness, and the story, too, of the method by which its ravages were stopped. In verses 46 to 49 of that chapter is the tale, as follows:

46. And Moses said unto Aaron, 'Take a censer and put fire therein from the altar, and put on incense, and go quickly unto the congregation, and make an atonement for them; for there is wrath gone out from the Lord; the plague is begun.'

47. And Aaron took as Moses commanded, and ran into the midst of the congregation; and, behold, the plague was begun among the people, and he put on incense, and made an atonement for the people.

48. And he stood between the dead and the living; and the plague was stayed.

49. Now, they that died in the plague were 14,700, besides them that died about the matter of Korah.

From the plain account of the text it appears that Aaron separated the men and women suffering with the plague from those not yet attacked, and then he piled the censer with incense and

**Swung It Between the Hosts,**

so that not a germ in the air could pass over from the plague-stricken to those not yet attacked by the disease.

It is probable, from the character of the attack, as recorded in the Bible, that this plague was something like the plagues which have appeared of late years in Europe, and later in China, that hasty cholera which seizes upon its victims and slays them within a day.

The disinfecting of the air and separating of the sick from the well was dictated by Moses, who had learned in Egypt all the science of his day, and the Egyptian priests were masters of many secrets which we have had to learn over again. It would have been surprising indeed if they had not known all about infection from germs of disease in the air, and as they had taught this to their princely pupil, Moses, he employed this principle when his people were attacked by the plague in the wilderness.

It is well known among modern chemists that the essential oils are powerful antiseptics, and these oils were freely used in the making of the incense with which the censers were filled. One of the most modern and approved methods of disinfecting a room is to burn a sulphur candle in it, the fumes of the sulphur destroying the germs in the walls and crevices. The ancient Egyptians had taught the method of disinfecting to Moses and he hastened to instruct Aaron, probably suggesting to him precisely what drugs to put into the censers, so as to make the fumes

**Absolute Germicides.**

This explains what often has been considered a miracle, but need be nothing more than the employment of scientific means for stopping the plague.

It is now believed that the burning of incense in many of the extremely ancient temples and other places of worship, like those of India, while made part of the ceremony, was really instituted by the very wise priests of those ancient days, who understood the dangers of infection.

Especially before such shrines and in such temples as it was customary for the ancients to make annual pilgrimages to, the priests realized that the thousands and thousands of pilgrims had come from various provinces and from all sorts of conditions of living, and that the burning of the incense was in reality a precaution quite necessary for the preservation of the health of the crowds.

Doubtless a form of incense was burned in China and in what is now India many centuries before Christ, probably even before the time of Moses and Aaron. It may be that the wise men of those ancient days had learned through long years of experience that there was less illness when quantities of incense were burned than when none was used. Whether they believed this was because of some divine token of approval or really understood the disinfective qualities of the incense is not known.

### Too Late Now.

"Mother, did my ears stick out from my head when I was a baby as they do now?"

"Yes, Tommy; they did."

"And you let them stay that way! Oh, mother, mother!"

### Solicitous.

Elderly Aunt—My dear, I have just put you down in my will for $10,000.

Her Niece—Oh, Auntie, what can I say to thank you? How are you feeling to-day?

### He's Suspicious.

It's no easy task to convince a farmer that city people ever get up early enough to do an honest day's work.

It is more blessed to give useful gifts than to receive.

Marks—When I got home to supper last night I found my wife had been crying. Parks—What was the trouble? Marks—She wouldn't tell me. I don't know whether it was something that happened at home or in a novel she was reading.


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It's the "Best Ever"
Send Post Card today for particulars.
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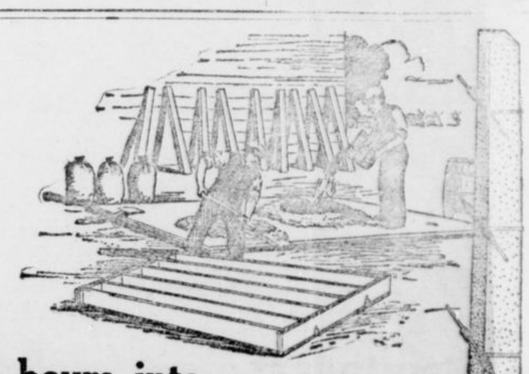

Turn idle hours into concrete fence posts

EVERY farmer finds himself now and then with a few idle hours in which both himself and his help must look for "odd jobs" to keep them busy. Use these hours to make concrete fence posts. You can make a few at a time, storing them until needed. Then when you want a fence in the new field, your posts everlasting, concrete posts—are all ready to use. The making of fence posts is only one of scores of every-day uses for concrete on the farm described in the book,

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Do You Feel Moody, Irritable, Depressed?

When That Languid, Lazy, Easily-Tired Feeling Comes, Your Liver is Slow.

Tells How to Cure Quickly.

"Even when I was young I was not robust and healthy like other girls. I suffered from headaches, and had sort of blue feelings that deprived me of the joyful spirits and pleasures other girls seemed to get. After I married I found I could not throw worries off like other women, and these full feelings of despondency and weariness made me very unhappy. There was no cause to feel so, and my doctor said my liver was sluggish, and this accounted for my poor color, my tiredness, langour and despair. The pills the doctor gave me were too purgative, made me weaker because they were too active for my constitution. Dozens of my friends recommended Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and they were so mild and helpful. Well, I never used a pill that acted so quietly as Dr. Hamilton's. They were so comfortable to use, I was afraid they might not help. But in a week I knew they had been actively engaged in cleaning up my system. They did the work of a tonic and blood medicine combined. I improved to a marvelous degree with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and I now maintain the most perfect kind of health by using them just once or twice a week."

It is Mrs. E. V. Erlanger, well known at Gloucester, who relates the above experience. She proved that you and all others, men and women, can prove—that Dr. Hamilton's Pills are best for restoring health and best for keeping the system in perfect running order. Don't be misled into using anything but Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. a box, five for $1.00, at all druggists and storekeepers, or postpaid by the Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.


## CHINA ADVANCING RAPIDLY.

### Missionary Thinks Republic Will Be Perpetuated.

"There is no reason to believe that the Chinese Republic will not be perpetuated," said the Rev. Dr. James Smith, a missionary lately returned from China.

"There are a great many able men among the Chinese and the people are becoming more widely educated. They have never accepted with good grace the rule of the Tartars. There are from 300,000,000 to 400,000,000 people in China proper, including Manchuria and Mongolia. Of these about 10,000,000 are Manchus or Tatars. These 10,000,000, however, controlled the Government until the uprising which resulted in the overthrow of the dynasty.

"Under the old regime none of the people were allowed to use for their own families much of the money they earned. The system of government was for those in authority to squeeze from all classes of industrial and other workers the money they earned. This money was distributed among the officeholders, commencing with the Toti or Governor, of the province, and going down the line to the humblest of those in the Government employ. For seventy-five years at least there was a well defined and more or less well directed effort among the Chinese people to get rid of the Manchu dynasty and restore the Government to the Chinese.

"The Chinese ordinarily are not a warlike race. They are docile, intelligent and industrious. For 300 years there was no incentive for the ordinary Chinaman to endeavor to better his condition, because if by his efforts he made more money it was taken away from him for the support of the officers of the Government who ruled him.

"As to industrial ability, which the Chinese confessedly possess, China is about one-third larger in area than the United States. It is one of the richest nations on earth. It has more coal than any other; it has iron and other minerals and acres of timber land and agricultural land undeveloped in any part of the world. The plains of Mongolia are peculiarly adapted for grading, and the resources of the country, if peace and the intelligence of the people and with a stable government China will soon rank with the greatest of nations.

### He Admitted It.

"English as she is Japped" is the title of an article in a recent number of the Oriental Review.

Oriental capacity for using another tongue with strange effects of unconscious humor is well known, but few examples are equal to a delicious sign on a Japanese shop.

Rockefeller, Biggest Loafer in Ohio.


AND FOOT CALLOUSES REMOVED QUICKLY

Anything on your feet that shouldn't be there—whether corns, callouses or lumps—they can all be removed in short order by Putnam's Corn Extractor. Think of the pain you are saved when that sore corn goes. It is foolish to experiment with untried remedies—better use Putnam's Extractor and the work will be done painlessly and without pain. Putnam's costs 25c. per bottle, sold and recommended by druggists.


spots on the sun, yet expect a small boy to


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