

The Lady in the Case.

By Virginia Leila Wents, Copyright, 1905, by Virginia Leila Wents.

"I think you'll have to retain your knife and fork for several other courses," said the Hon. Joseph Brewster in a matter of fact way. It was during a table d'hôte dinner on a Rhine boat, and he addressed the stranger who at first glance shortly after they had steamed out of Cologne he had decided was a likable fellow.

"Yes, really?" answered the young man. "It's a bit difficult to be sure of one's etiquette on foreign shores."

"Oh, I felt sure you were an American!" cried the elder man delightedly. "And I spoke to you because I was rather homesick for the voice of one of my countrymen today."

Just here there twanged from across the table the voice of a Chicago butcher:

"Like 'em to see I mean business." He winked to nobody in particular and to everybody in general as he poured into the hand of the surprised waiter, interrupted in his duties, a quantity of small change.

The likable stranger looked at Judge Brewster and murmured humorously as he caught the elder man's smile:

"Well, there's another one of our countrymen. One gets a bit ashamed of the species though—eh?"

They went on deck together shortly after they left Cologne. The younger fellow, whose name was Gale, told stories of the Philippines, where he had been for five years. He had important business in Germany and had come home that way—for the United States was home to him. He had interesting tales of the Philippine Islands, of the great things that had been done during the American occupation and of the many things that were yet to do. He had something to say of the wealth of virgin material in the country; also he had something to say of the trials and desolation.

Obviously, the Judge concluded, this likable chap had experienced the tragedy as well as the comedy of life. It was true he had a good, honest laugh and a certain merry way of saying things, but, also, in repose there was a stern sadness about the mouth as of one who has suffered overmuch. The kindly Judge found himself wishing he knew more about him. Perhaps he was hunting for a leader when, as the twilight was coming on, he remarked:

"Strange a man who's as fond of the States as you are should have left them for five years—especially as you don't belong to the army."

"Perhaps 'twas for the comprehensive reason that ninety-nine men out of a hundred do nothing—a woman."

"Ah, there was a lady in the case?"

The young fellow's eyes were turned rather gravely toward the grim, gaunt, massive skeleton of departed prowess, heaped high above St. Gaur.

"That's Rheinfels," volunteered the Judge. But his companion seemed not to hear.

"You see," he breathed, half to himself, "I loved her too much to stay. I determined to bury myself somewhere. The Philippines were as good as any other place."

"So she was married, then—that's why you couldn't stay?"

"She was married to a drunken wretch who ought to have been horse-whipped all over the states. He gambled; he raced; he made her life unbearable."

"How hard that must have been for you! And she loved you?"

The Judge spoke with genuine sympathy. It was the sort of night which induces confidence—the peaceful river, the little sleepy village, the quiet gliding of the boat.

"Yes, she loved me. It was my knowledge of that which in the end gave me the pluck to tear myself away. Out there in the Philippines I don't suppose there's been an hour in all these five years that I've forgotten it. Why?—his firm, manly voice broke a little—"If I hadn't remembered that she was still loving me, praying for me, believing in me, life would not have been possible, that's all!"

"Where is she now?" asked the Judge at last, breaking a long silence.

"She's at Wiesbaden just at present. She's spending the season there—with her younger sister, who's been perfecting herself in music—in Munich. I could tell you tales that would make even a heart of stone love her—tales of her devotion to Rose (that's her little sister), of the sacrifices she has endured, the deprivations she has undergone, in order that Rose might have the very best musical education. Oh, I swear she's a woman in a million!"

The Judge noticed—he could not help but notice—that his young friend's deep chest was swelling deeply with unaffected pride, that his eyes were flashing and that a ruddy color had crept into the brown of his chin. "By Jove, he's a handsome chap!" he commented to himself.

Gale consulted his watch.

"Just think," he said as he slipped it into his pocket again, "in a few hours I shall see her! We're due at Bleibach at 8:30, and then Wiesbaden!" He was like a boy in his fresh gladness.

"Blt," said the Judge slowly, trying to get into the spirit of the thing, "you see, you didn't tell me. Her husband has died, has he, and it's all plain sailing at last?"

"Died?" All the boyishness went out of Gale. The stern sadness about his mouth was plainly perceptible. "No, he hasn't died, and she hasn't got a divorce, but we're going to play at the old, old game of 'pretending.' We're going to pretend that that confounded

rake is dead, and we're going to begin our lives afresh."

The Judge stroked his chin in a way that meant he was seriously troubled. All the clerks in his offices knew that sign, but it conveyed nothing whatever to Gale.

"Yes, and next month we're going back to the States together. We"—

"Is that quite fair to the woman, do you think?" broke in the Judge quietly. "I dare say she may love you enough to sacrifice herself, only—"

"Love me enough?" repeated Gale enthusiastically. And then more tenderly: "Why, she loves me enough to risk life with me! I, too, am willing now to risk it, although there was a time when I wasn't."

"Love isn't everything, my friend," pursued the Judge meditatively. "It isn't everything—not even from the world's point of view. Have you thought, when you're advising her to take this step with you, of what the world will say?"

"Oh, likely enough, the world will call her a fool. But let the world go hang! When two people love each other as much as she and I do I tell you there isn't much else that counts. We are very serious, aren't we? Chance acquaintances should enjoy the feeling moment. What a lot of people are going to get off at Bingen?"

The meditative look had not left the Judge's eyes while Gale had been talking. When he ceased he recalled himself with an effort.

"Beg pardon? Oh, yes, all the Bae-deker people."

The kindly Judge had taken such a fancy to Gale that he hated to see him go wrong, and as the dusk deepened thickly he made one final plea.

"I can't forget what you've been telling me about—the lady in the case," said he solemnly. "You see, I am so much older than you are, he went on in a lower tone of voice, "that you can't surely take offense. No! Then I may speak? It's like this: If the woman you love runs off with you, the world isn't going to say she's braving it. Do you realize what a thing you suggest means to a nice woman—that the people she likes won't speak to her; that her friends must be among a set of people who really are what she is only called, and that she's thrown away everything but love for a man?"

"Oh, you don't understand," interrupted Gale.

"—who didn't have love big enough for her to keep her from ruining her life," finished the Judge calmly. "Now, of course, if this lady's husband is a brute or doesn't support her, or anything like that, she can leave him and get a divorce in regular order. I'm not in for divorces myself, though perhaps that's a matter of taste. But if she leaves him and runs away with another man?"

"Another man?" echoed Gale amazedly. Then an expression of understanding dawned in his eyes and he burst into a happy, boyish laugh.

The Judge stared at him for a moment. This likable chap was incomprehensible after all.

"Don't you see?" Gale began, grasping his arm heartily. "She's not going to run off with any one but her husband, the reformed rake. The lady in the case has been my wife all the time."

A Mistake Somewhere.

The young man who professed that he could read character from handwriting looked attentively at the scrap of a letter which had been given him by a friend and shook his head.

"The woman who wrote that," he said in his most judicial tone, "is undoubtedly possessed of personal attractions and unfortunately too well aware of them, but her character, sir, is weak as water. She lacks determination, consistency, ambition of a high order and originality. Am I not correct in my synopsis so far as you know?"

"M-m, well, you may be," said the other, "for I've never seen the writer. She's the widow of my cousin Jim, in Iowa. When I knew Jim he was an agreeable scapegrace who never stayed in one position or place for more than six months and was always in debt. He married her twelve years ago, settled in a small city, built up a fine business, became mayor last year, just before he died, and has left a life insurance of \$40,000 and an excellent income besides to his widow and four children."

"Some way," he added thoughtfully, as the reader of handwriting sat looking at the scrap of paper with a dazed expression, "I had imagined she might have considerable character, but I dare say you're right."—Youth's Companion

Intelligence of a Gander.

"There is a neighbor of mine," says one of our readers, "who keeps a big flock of geese, and I recently discussed with him the degree of intelligence possessed by these birds. As an illustration, he told me the following story: 'That old gander came home alone one morning in a great hurry. He was evidently in great trouble about something. He rushed up to me and bowed several times; then he said something which I could not understand and, wheeling round, waddled off down the path by which he had just arrived. Presently he stopped to see if I was following, and finding I was not, he came back and repeated the performance. This time I followed, to his manifest satisfaction, and he led me

to the pond. On the bank all his geese were squatting around the grand-mother goose of the family, and she had a rat trap securely gripping her left leg. My appearance was hailed by shrieks of delight from the whole party, and when I liberated the old lady (not much hurt) there was a grand chorus of thanks. The old gander followed me some distance homeward, bowing his acknowledgments all the way.'—Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

A HELP TOWARD SUCCESS.

Just "Hol' Up Yo' Haid, Honey, an' Step Out Sassy."

For generations the Randolph Jeffersons had been celebrated for the beauty and charm of their women. Betty Jefferson had been declared the most beautiful woman at the governor's ball, and Betty's daughter had been the belle of three counties, and Betty's granddaughters—three of them, at least—claimed the family reputation as a matter of course. The fourth one, Virginia, was different. She was plain and shy and awkward. The Jeffersons always looked puzzled when they thought of her, a homely Jefferson was such a strange misfit.

So Virginia lived her shy, lonely life, an alien among her own people. Yet she was not quite alone either. One friend she had, old Aunt Charlotte, who fought desperately to make the girl conquer her fate instead of yielding to it.

"Tain't yo' 'pearance, Miss Vaginy," she urged day in and day out. "Hil's jes' 'cause yo' 'lows things ter tromple on yo'. Hol' up yo' haid, honey, an' step out sassy. Dat'll fetch 'em ev'ry time."

While Virginia was still a young girl the war swept over the south. For a few years the family contrived to keep together, but at last it was necessary for them to separate, and Virginia went to cousins in Philadelphia, who were confident that they could help her to music pupils. The weeks that followed were crowded with agony for the homesick girl. If she had been shy at home, she was a thousand times worse facing strangers. It was not strange that only failure followed her efforts.

One day she went to see a Mrs. Denmore, who had three little daughters, for whom she wanted a music teacher. For various reasons Virginia really hoped for success there, but the result was the usual polite regret. The girl's eyes filled with tears, and she bowed silently; then suddenly, to the lady's surprise, she began to laugh nervously.

"I—I beg your pardon," she stammered, meeting the look in the other's face. "I was just thinking of the advice of my old mammy at home—'Hol' up yo' haid an' step out sassy.' I suppose I ought to have thought of that at first."

To Virginia's amazement, Mrs. Denmore turned and motioned her back to her seat.

"If you don't mind, Miss Jefferson," she said, "we will talk this over a little more. To tell you the truth, it was your evident lack of self confidence that made me distrust your ability to teach, but if you can 'step out sassy'—and ten minutes later Virginia left with her first pupils secured.

Many years after she told the story and declared it the turning point of her life. "I learned," she said, "that the first step toward success is to learn to 'hol' up yo' haid.'—Youth's Companion.

Trying an Insanity Test.

A writer in Leslie's Magazine, discussing the question, "Who is Insane?" relates a story of a student who asked the French alienist Esquirol if there were any sure tests by which to tell the sane from the insane. "Please dine with me tomorrow at 6 o'clock," was the answer of the savant. Two other guests were present, one of whom was elegantly dressed and apparently highly educated, while the other was rather uncouth, noisy and extremely conceited. After dinner the pupil rose to take leave, and as he shook hands with his teacher he remarked: "The problem is very simple after all. The quiet, well dressed gentleman is certainly distinguished in some lines, but the other is as certainly a lunatic and ought at once to be locked up." "You are wrong, my friend," replied Esquirol, with a smile. "That quiet, well dressed man who talks so rationally has for years labored under the delusion that he is God the Father, whereas the other man, whose exuberance and self conceit have surprised you, is M. Honoré de Balzac, the greatest French writer of the day."

Squirrels Hid the Nuts.

In the North woods one season there were two parties camping a little distance apart. One party carried into the woods a bag filled with filberts, almonds and other nuts. He hung the bag up where he thought it would be safe and the next day visited my friend and his associates in the other camp, being absent from his own camp two or three days. When he returned my friend went back with him and on the way was told of the treat in store for him in the shape of nuts. Upon reaching the camp, however, a hole was found in the top of the bag and every nut gone. It was supposed the squirrels had carried them off to their homes in the woods, and nothing more was thought of it till the next day, when my friend went to put on a pair of rubber boots hanging up in another part of the camp, and in these boots were all the nuts nicely stored away by the squirrels for winter use.

Mrs. Tilda Anderson, massage. 1470 Grand Avenue. Given either at home or will call.

SUMMER RHEUMATISM



Every season has its own diseases, but Rheumatism belongs to all, for when it gets well entrenched in the system, and joints and muscles are saturated with the poison, the aches and pains are coming and going all the time, and it becomes an all-the-year-round disease; an attack coming as quickly from sudden chilling of the body when overheated, a fit of indigestion or exposure to the damp, Easterly winds of Summer as from the keen, cutting winds, freezing atmosphere and bitter cold of Winter.

Rheumatism never comes by accident. It is in the blood and system before a pain is felt. Some inherit a strong predisposition or tendency; it is born in them; but whether heredity is back of it or it comes from imprudent and careless ways of living, it is the same always and at all seasons. The real cause of Rheumatism is a polluted, sour and acid condition of the blood, and as it flows through the body deposits a gritty, irritating substance or sediment in the muscles, joints and nerves, and it is these that produce the terrible pains, inflammation and swelling and the misery and torture of Rheumatism. No other disease causes such pain, such wide-spread suffering. It deforms and cripples its thousands, leaving them helpless invalids and nervous wrecks.

When neglected or improperly treated, Rheumatism becomes chronic, the pains are wandering or shifting from one place to another, sometimes sharp and cutting, again dull and aggravating. The muscles of the neck, shoulders and back, the joints of the knees, ankles and wrists, are most often the seat of pain. Countless liniments and plasters are applied to get relief, but such things do not reach the poisoned blood; their effect is only temporary; they are neither curative nor preventive. The blood must be purified, and all irritating matter removed from the circulation before permanent relief and a thorough cure is effected, and no remedy does this so certainly and so quickly as S. S. S. It contains not only purifying and tonic properties, but solvent qualities as well, all these being necessary in eradicating the poison and making a complete and lasting cure of Rheumatism. S. S. S. cleanses the

blood of all irritating matter and the acid particles are dissolved and filtered out of the system, thus relieving the muscles and joints and removing all danger of future attacks. Under its tonic effect the nervous system regains its normal tone and the appetite and digestion improve, resulting in the upbuilding of the general health. S. S. S. contains no Potash or minerals of any description, but is guaranteed purely vegetable. Old people will find it not only the best blood purifier, but a most invigorating tonic—just such a remedy as they need to enrich the blood and quicken the circulation.

Whether you have Rheumatism in the acute or chronic stage, the treatment must be internal, deep and thorough in order to be lasting. Never be satisfied with anything less than an absolutely perfect cure. This you can get by the use of S. S. S., the oldest and best purifier and greatest of all tonics.

Write us fully and freely about your case, and medical advice will be given without charge, and our special book on Rheumatism will be mailed free to all desiring it.

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