SYNOPSIS.

Hall Bonistelle, artist-photographer, prepares for the day's work in his studio.
Flodde Flaher, his assistant, reminds him
of a party he is to give in the studio that
night, and that his business is in bad
financial shape. Mr. Doremus, attorney
and justice of the peace, calls and informs
Hall that his Uncle John's will has left
him \$4.00,000 on condition that he marry
before his twenty-eighth birthday, which
begins at midnight that night. Mrs. Rena
floyalton calls at the studio and Hall asks
her to marry him at once. She spars for
time, but finally agrees to give him an answer at the party that night. Miss Carethe agrees to give him an answer at the
party. Rosamund Gale, art model, calls.
Halls tries to rush her into an immediate
marriage.

CHAPTER V-Continued.

She sat bolt upright and stared at him with barder and more glittering eyes. "Today? What in the world do you mean, Hall Bonistelle?"

"Why, I'm in a hurry-aren't you?" She rose and smoothed down her "Why, you know, Hall, of akirts. course I've got to get ma's consent first, anyway. Naturally. 1 suppose she'll want to know whether you're able to support me, and all that. You don't really have to work, do you?" "I'm afraid I do." He looked at her

queerly. "Why?" "Oh, nothing, only-I don't knowma's funny, sometimes—it really doesn't matter, but—well, you know I'm crazy about you, in spite of anything, no matter what happens!"

"When can you find out?" he asked a little angrily. It was maddening, just as he had his millions within reach. For with her consent again the millions beckened.

"Oh, I don't see that there's any particular hurry. Of course I'd have a lot te do in any case. There's my clothes." Bother your clothes! I'll get you anything you want after we're married. I'll be well able to afford it."

"You will?" She eyed him shrewdly. "Oh, well, then, I'll go right home and speak to ma. Of course you want it settled. I understand. I tell you, I'll let you know tonight, when I come to the party."

"Fine! You will come, then?" "Of course I'll come! I say, Hall, if ma gives her consent, we'll announce our engagement tonight!" Her eyes sparkled, as she held out her hands and let herself be folded in his arms for a farewell kiss. In that caress his fears were forgotten. Then she freed

herself and walked to the office door. "Good-by, Hall, dear! Oh, I hope we can be happy! And say, won't those swells open their eyes, though, when they hear the news?" She hurried through the office without so much as a nod to Flodie.

Flodie jumped up. "Oh, your boa Miss Gale!" and handed it to her. "Oh, yes!" Rosamund took it, and emerged from her dream to look the



"I've Got to Get Ma's Consent First, Anyway."

little assistant over with scornful triumph. "Thanks." She threw it about her neck fauntily. "Oh, say, never mind those prints, Miss Fisher; I'll get them when I come tonight." Up "All right," said Plodie sweetly. "If

I have time to find them I will." "Time? I'd like to know what you're

"To wait upon-" Flodie paused for effect-"customers!" and brought it out with force.

"Well, you may not be here so very long, if you don't look out," said Rosamund. "But while you are, it wouldn't hurt to be a bit more polite, Miss

Flodie held herself in well, replying. "No, that's true. But everyone is so kind, usually, and Mr. Bonistelle is al-

pose I am spolled," "Oh!" Rosamund's eyes were pisage when he's affectionate, though, "Mr. Bonistelle in?"

isn't he! Why, he's mussed up my hair awfully. But he is sweet, isn't he, Miss Fisher?" She smiled wickedly and went out.

Into the studio Flodie shot, a bullet out of a gun. Hall was not in sight. She pounded at the door of the dark room, stopped and listened, pounded again. Bang! Bang! Bang! Hall emerged, scowling,

"What's the matter?" She grabbed him by the arm. "Mr. Bonistelle! Oh, Mr. Bonistelle,"

she cried, "you haven't gone and done it again, have you?" "Why, you see"-Hall began to stammer-"really I think she's the best of the three-don't you? It just came over me-she's so devilish pretty, Flo-

my answer tonight." "Oh, Mr. Bonistelle!" Flodie, despairing, dropped into a chair and stared at him glassily. Then she shook

die-and-well, she's going to give me

her head, and sighed. "Well," she said in a hard, dry voice. "I've heard of men who went out looking for trouble, but you are the

and order it delivered at the house!" CHAPTER VI.

first one I ever knew actually to go

It was two o'clock in the afternoon Flodie was crying. Seated at her desk. her bills littered, her account books in disorder, her head was down on her arms, in an attitude of dismal aban-She did not weep, she cried. Hall Bonistelle married—and not to her! Married to whom? Ah, that was the worst of it. If Flodie had known the identity of her rival her sorrow might have, before now, been transmuted into anger. Would Mrs. Royalton, or Carolyn Dallys become Mrs Bonistelle? Or, worst of all, would the wedding ring be worn by Rosamund Gale? Flodle didn't know, Hall didn't know. Even Rosamund didn't know herself. Hence Flodie's tears, wet and heavy, splashing, trickling, soaking the dark blue blotter of Flodie's desk.

At two-ten sundry sounds, translat ed by Flodie's intimate knowledge of Hall Bonistelle's ways, indicated his approach. She sat hastily down at the typewriter and began to print off this interesting message:

"Quiz Jack; thy frowns vex G. D Plumb."

Interesting mainly because, a concoction of Flodle's debutante days at the typewriter, it contained every known letter of the alphabet. Now it served to focus her mind on her fingers, and hide her face from scrutiny. When Hall came in, she had copied

the statement nine times, and seemed too busy for speech. "Say, I'm going out, Flo!" he an-

nounced, and tapped with his stick on the floor thoughtfully.

vex G. D. Plumb." But love and curlosity won against embarrassment. She wheeled round in her chair. "What are going to do, Mr. Bonistelle? There's work for you to do, I should think-

oday, but I've finished Mrs. Royalton's plates, Carry Dallys', too; some of her poses are not half bad. She's almost pretty, did you know it? I didn't have time to develop Rosamund. She can wait; I expect I'll have plenty of time for her later."

At the inflection Flodie turned to him again with a heartbroken look. "Oh, Mr. Boulstelle! Have you-really -made up your mind that she-Flodie couldn't finish. She choked.

Hall laughed. "Lord, made up my mind! What good would that do? It's up to them, now. Well, I'm on the way to buy the ring-and I ought to get a suit of clothes to go away in-I haven't anything at all to wear."

Flodie bit her lip hard "Oh. Mr. Bonistelle!-" was she going to break down, after all? In despair, her fingers flew to the keys of her machine. thy frowns vex G. D. Plumb. Quiz Jack--"

He tapped her playfully with the tip of his stick. "Well, I'm off, Flo. See you tonight. Be here early!" Flodie turned a wretched face to

him. Her eyes were wet. "But I don't know how you want afraid, I ain't goin' to hurt ye. I'm a the rooms decorated, Mr. Bonistelle!" "Oh, I don't care—use your own ye can trust me. Mebbe you think taste. It'll be all right. You can do I'm stickin' my nose into what's none

it. So long, Flo!" And he was off. of my business, but, land! I'm his Flodie went to the washstand be cousin, and I guess I got a good right hind the screen and dabbed her eyes to know his plans on the subject o' in cold water, then inspected herself matrimony." He gazed at her cruelly. mercilessly in the mirror. A sigh. "And I expect you know why. Now, She made a face at herself and re- don't ye?" turned listlessly to work.

But mental occupation was imposon the desk for support. sible; Flodie had too much on her mind aiready. Manual exercise was to let on," he continued. "I wa'n't what she needed to keep her from giving up to her misery. There were the freshly developed plates—she went women, if I be a bachelor. Up in into the dark room to get them.

Taking the rack full of glass negaways so nice and dear to me. I sup- tives, she emerged and walked into the office. Busy with melancholy

Chinese Dentist Goes Half Way Across Continent and Back to Procure Flowers.

C. Kew, a Chinese dentist of Shanghai, who is in Seattle on his way home, doesn't care about distance or obstacles once he makes up his the excellence of his carnations. mind he wants something. Mr. Kew arrived on the Pacific coast from Shanghal in search of health. He visited the various cities along the add their part to his flower garden.

week ago.

he found that he had several days to carnations," said Mr. Kew. "However, walt, and, remembering that he had I am a lover of flowers and wanted tied a string on his finger to remind this especial kind, so I guess my trip himself to bring home some carna- was not wasted. I saw a lot of intertion plants, took the first train for Chicago and sought a florist noted for which, by the way, was most extraor-

He just has returned from Chicago the Portland Oregonian, with his carnation plants and will sail Tuesday for Shanghal, where they will

4,000 MILES FOR CARNATIONS | Pacific slope and came to Seattle at "It never occurred to me until now After booking his passage for China travel to Chicago and back for a few esting country and Chicago itself, dinarily dirty."-Seattle Dispatch to

Bulgaria's population is now estimated at 4.500,000.

He was a fall, gaunt, stoop-shouldered man, with a long upper lip. Deep lines, sharp as saw cuts, ran down his cheeks, and from the ends

of his gashlike mouth. His neck was flabby, the cords showing like the ribs

of a fan. Rusty provincial garments

soft, felt, prehistoric hat. He was not

senweed.

little blue eyes.

ment

all. Bookkeeper, sort of."

stelle's cousin Jonas?"

once removed."

"Ain't going to marry him, be ye?"

not help showing a little of her dis-

tress. The color began to rise on her

missed you. But I'm afraid he won't

"Won't, eh? Wall, now, that's too

be back till late this afternoon."

he has a room in there."

Jonas demanded boldly.

In darkest Harlem."

sweet on him, be ve?"

with a bony finger,

Flodie stammered.

he's not. Why?"

Ain't that so?"

Flodie rose in wrath. What right

the truth! It was torture for her.

trembling. "If you'll excuse me, Mr.

"I'm sorry, but I'm awfully busy,"

Connecticut, and miss prayer meetin

That's what I want to know."

night at that just for the fun of it

religious man and a church member;

before, and I know somethin' about

Branford they call me weather-wise.

Wall, the signs on a woman's face is

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

print." She started to enter.

His Greatest Success Came to hung loosely upon him, draping his bony body, and in his hands he held a Him in the Midst of Failure.

By MAY C. RINGWALT.

at all a city person; one almost smelt salt marshes at low tide, and clams. "I'm tired and sick of it," sighed His ill-cut hair, too, suggested wet Letitia, her complaining voice rasping upon Digby's nerves like the rough Flodie, at another time, would have touch of rand paper. "Housework from had trouble in restraining her smile. morning till night. Cooking a meal Now her heart was too heavy; her eating a meal, washing dishes after a

sense of the ridiculous inhibited. She meal—that's all I have in my life."
merely looked him over carelessly. Instinctively Dirby looked about Instinctively Digby looked about the added him up as some sort of drum- cozy living room with the bright flames mer person, and replied that her em in the open fireplace, the bright flowers from the home garden that Letitia "Ain't in, eh?" He looked her over had so artistically arranged in their inquisitively. "What be you, anyway, pretty vases—with Mildred's new his wife?" He pierced her with his piece of music on the open piano, Tom's violin case in the corner, Pink's The words stung her to the quick; reversible doll sprawling on the sofa,

her nerves were all exposed. She the black Dinah head uppermost. managed her face, however, and replied, "No, I'm his assistant, that's as to you, Digby," his wife went on querulously. "Sitting there like a He was still watching her shrewdly. graven image staring into space and

smiling-actually smiling!" "I wasn't conscious of smiling, Flodie, sensitive as she was, could pleasant here-so homey and com cheeks. In her embarrassment she fortable."

"Yes, very pleasant and comfortbridled. "Is that any business of yours?" she answered in meek resent. able," she repeated sarcastically, "when all you have to do is to sit down "Yep," he said, "considerable, as it and take your ease."

happens. Hassingbury's my name. Again Digby found it impossible to Jonas B. Ain't never heerd o' me, be put his thoughts into words, but as the sense of weariness that he had shaken off as he contentedly seated himself Flodie gasped. "Oh! Not Mr. Boniin his arm chair swept over him once He nodded solemnly. "Fust cousin- more, his mind turned back to the long, hard day's work in his orange "Oh." she exclaimed, "Mr. Bonts- grove,

"The crop won't be as large as last telle will be awfully sorry to have spring," he said with exasperating irrelevance, "but I never saw finer valncias than we have this year.' Letitia's lips curled.

"And what good will it do us?" she cried, adroitly using the turn in the conversation for a new angle of faultinding. "You'll simply put in more trees. Spend the money in new irrigating ditches-new piping. I'll have othing to show for it."

"Letitia." he asked with a puzzled pucker in his forehead, "what are you driving at?" "I'm driving at being poked away

on a stupid ranch year in and year out town like other people!" He understood at last-their next-

door neighbors' proposed flitting to Los Angeles was responsible for Letitia's sudden discontent.
"My dear," he blundered, pleased at

having so reasonable an argument to lids. A deep-drawn sigh. offer, "Jim Morton's position is very different from mine. He married a rich wife, and-' "And you only a penniless orphan!"

titia's cheeks and her black eyes "But I can tell you right now. Digby Hollister, if I was only a country school teacher when you married me, I had more money then to spend on myself than I've ever had since. More good times. More-everything. And if I'd known-if only I'd known what an endless grind married life bad. I did want to have a little dish was, I'd have remained single to my me such a fright! I thought you were Abraham Lincoln tree is 270 feet high o' gossip with Hall. But, come to dying day!"

think of it I dunno but perhaps you'll "Letitia, do you mean that?" "Yes, I mean that—and a great MADE FROM VEGETABLE OILS with a diameter of 28 feet. do just as well." Again he inspected the room. "Nice place he's got here, many other things that wouldn't be pleasant for you to hear!" And dashing down the magazine

Flodie pointed into the studio. "Yes, whose leaves she had been cutting, Letitia took flight in a tempest of "And where do you live, miss?" anger and tears. His tone was offensive, and Flodie's

One day followed another, and blush deepened. She managed to be polite. "Oh, quite a way from here. strangely enough the world went on as though nothing had happened. But to Digby the sweetness had suddenly "H'm!" Jonas' eyes were fastened gone out of the meadow lark's liquid on her keenly, watching every change music. No longer was there warmth and color and beauty in the cloudless in Flodie's expressive face. "Ain't sky, in the deepening gold of the oranges on his trees. house, while Letitia talked to him as had be-why should he stumble so on usual, perhaps a little more than usual, while Pink still perched on his She walked toward the stockroom knee, Tom discussed football with the same enthusiasm, and Mildred Hassingbury, I've got some pictures to dimpled and coquetted in her woman child way, there was a deep gulf fixed "Hold on a minute, miss, I want to between the old happiness and the talk to ye!" said Jonas, beckoning present benumbing sense of discouragement and failure.

Digby had other worries besides the quarrel with his wife. A high wind "Wall," he remarked "so be I. This blowing and buffeting through the oris important, though. I guess you can chard had kept him on tenterhooks spare me five minutes or so. I didn't for twenty-four hours and left him come up all the way from Branford, anxious. Few oranges had fallen They were too heavy, had too firm a grip upon the tree. But the wind had See here: Is Hall married, or not? stripped off leaves, broken some of the weaker branches. Left here, there, Still Flodie's color mounted. "No, everywhere, patches of fruit exposed to frost should a cold man set in. "See here, miss!" Jonas beckoned again. "Set ye down; you needn't be

And it was an unusual year in southern California. The rainfall below the average. The weather unseasonable changeable, so that no one knew what to expect next.

There was a nervous tension throughout the community. An eager comparing of notes in regard to "off" years. A heated discussion of prob abilities among the weatherwise. During all this trying time of wait

ing and watching. Digby was very si-"No," said Flodie faintly, leaning ent-"glum," Letitia called it, quietly esentful that he did not talk over his "I see ye know more'n you're willin' anxietics. But to Digby talking things over born yesterday, miss, nor yet the day

with his wife was no longer possible.

For it was the truth behind Letitia's angry words that cut to the quick. When he married he had expected such a different future for himself just as easy, sometimes. Now see than the one he had been able to realhere-" he hitched his chair nearer ize. He had hoped, though, that other thoughts of Hall Bonistelle, a shock to Flodie. "You don't want Hall Bonithings that he had not banked on then tols. "Yes, he is a dear!" Sha gave awaited her. There was a stranger a glance in the mirror. "He's a sav- in the room.

There was a stranger in the mirror. "He's a sav- in the room.

There was a stranger in the mirror. "He's a sav- in the room. that he had boylshly dreamed to lay at the feet of the woman he loved with dred." an old-fashioned knightliness of heart -happy little surprises of their daily how odd it must seem to anyone to comradeship that had flowered their cohill path of toll and struggle; the joy and pride that they had taken in heir children; their pleasant neigh borhood interests and intimacies. But now that he knew that the purple and co coupons." fine linen of life were necessary to Letitla's happiness, that she had bitterly felt their lack, every mishap suddenly seemed part and parcel of his failure to satisfy her, and humiliated he hid his fears deep down in the depths of his sensitive, hurt soul.

air that swept down from the snowcovered mountains-fitfully the mercury fell and rose again-fell and

The smudging pots were put in readiness. An extra supply of crude oil laid in. A dozen times a night Digby was up, his head out the window. Then with the unexpectedness of

the long expected the blow came. In an hour's time, the mercury dropped ten degrees. And the sun was still shining a pale, sickly shine, "A killing frost tonight," was the

bulletin of warning read in dumb silence throughout that fruit-growing world. But it was a brave world. No

thought of supinely giving up until driven to the last ditch. War had been declared. That was all. The fight was on. In the darkness of night and the death grapple Digby's garden of gold-

en beauty and promise was suddenly transformed into a hell of ghoulish ugliness lurid with leaping flames, belching forth black clouds of smut-His face a dull, blank white, a hunt ed look in his eyes, hour after hour,

the master of the garden worked like a demon possessed-and knew that all apologized Digby, "but it seems so his labor, all his expense, was in vain. At last, just as the mocking brightiess of dawn was flushing the darkness of the eastern sky, Digby, leaving the fires in charge of his hired man. staggered back to the house and, stealing in like a thief in the night, dropped exhausted upon the living-

> At the sound of the stealthily-open ing front door, Letitia, who had spent deepless hours lying dressed on the foot of the bed, sprang eagerly up and lighted her candle.

Then suddenly a strange, sickening sensation went through her entire benething-someone had fallen.

She ran into the hall, and, holding out her candle, peered into the black depths below.

articulate. She had no recollection of going down the stairs, but an instant later in print that it possesses beauty as she found herself in the living room, great as all others combined. her shaking candle held over the un-

conscious form at her feet. The pale light from the candle acinstead of spending our winters in of soot that gave it a weird uncanni-"Digby!" she cried, frantically shak-

ing him by the arm. "Digby!" There was an answering tremor in ment. Slow lifting of the heavy eye-

water-a glass of wine. Kneeling by west. his side, she gently forced her arm un- The Sequola National park, howder his shoulders, raising him into a ever, which lies many miles south of The red danger signals flared in Le sitting posture, his head pillowed Yosemite, was created to preserve. against her breast.

gone."

Material Used in Manufacturing Margarine, the Substitute for Butter.

butter, is made now principally from vegetable oils. These are cocoanut oil, palm oil and cottonseed oil. A certain amount of butter is generally the quantity of this is restricted by

These oils are carefully refined by complex chemical processes and height and nix feet less in diameter blended in proportions that will make them imitate butter as nearly as possible. They must melt readily at the temperature of the human body, otherwise they cannot be digested.

These fats, although possessing the same nutritive value as butter, do not contain the vitamines that are so essential to maintain normal growth and health, while butter and olive oil do contain them, says an exchange So anyone who uses these substitutes should be careful that the rest of his dietary makes up for this deficiency. For example, a diet of bread made from bleached flour with margarine instead of butter would not maintain health and would need to be supplemented by plenty of milk, fresh vegetables and eggs.

According to a recent dispatch from source of material for margarine.

The Young Patient. A clever nurse has an original way of inducing a young patient to take a certain amount of milk the doctor ordered. The child rebelled against it, until she poured it over freshly popped corn, and, after allowing it to stand for a short time, strained it carefully and carried it to the patient, After he was persuaded to "just taste It." and did so with a contemptuous sip, he finished it with a relish, and there was no more trouble as long as the milk diet lasted.

A Professional Adviser. Brown-It was too bad about Doc or Smithson's death. He was only thirty-five.

Jones-Yes; but in a way his work was finished. He had just completed his book, "How to Live to Be a Hun-Various Substitutes.

happiness?

cumulating soap wrappers and tobac

Small Haul. "Well, what's the catch today?" asked the commanding officer.

"Thirty prisoners, excellency." "Bah! I never take home a string of less than 30,000. Throw 'em all back.'



HE Sequola National park is | years of age, of three that were over twenty-four years old, yet, 3,000, and of one that was 3,150. east of the Rockies, it is scarcely known. Yellowstone of the exodus of the Hebrews from and Yosemite are the only Egypt this oldest tree was a sturdy two names which the enormous masapling, with stiff, prickly foliage like jority of easterners think of when nathat of a cedar, but far more comtional parks are mentioned. Never- pressed. It was doubtless a graceful, sharply conical tree, 20 or 30 feet theless, Sequoia is, perhaps, in point of average beauty, the superior of all. high, with dense, horizontal branches, It was dear to the heart of John the lower ones of which swept the Muir, father of National parks, and ground. Like the young trees of to-"Digby!" she tried to call out, but Chief Geographer R. B. Marshall, her throat closed and she could not who knows them all as no other man knows them, having surveyed or traversed them in person, has declared

It is par excellence the camping-out park, as some day will be discovered. Perhaps the most potent reason for centuated the white haggardness of its lack of celebrity is that this is the her husband's face, the black smudges | Big Tree park, and the general public associates the Big Trees of California with Yosemite. The Mariposa grove, within easy reach of the Yosemite valley, contains several enormous sequoia trees. In fact the Yosemite Nathe crumpled body. A stir of move- tional park contains three groves of these giants, the two others being the Merced and Tuolumne groves, which She set down the candle and ran for lie within easy reach to the north-

strangely attractive, approachable for the use and pleasure of the people "Another failure, Letitia," he fal of the United States, by far the greattered at last. "All-our oranges-are est groves of the oldest, the biggest, and the most remarkable trees living "What difference does it make about in this world. They number 1,165,800. the old oranges!" she cried joyously, Of these, 12,000 exceed 10 feet in tears streaming her cheeks. "What diameter. The General Sherman tree. difference about anything, so we still most celebrated of all, is 279.9 feet have each other! Oh, Digby you gave high with a diameter of 36.5 feet. The with a diameter of 31 feet. The William McKinley tree is 291 feet high

Of Mighty Dimensions The General Grant National park is usually mentioned with Sequola because, though separated by six miles of mountain and forest, the two are Margarine, the cheap substitute for practically the same national park. It contains only 2,536 acres and was created only for the protection of the General Grant tree, a monster sequoia 264 feet high and 35 feet in contained in it, but in most countries diameter. But General Grant shares his domain with distinguished neighbors, notably the George Washington tree, which is only nine feet less in

The sequoias are the oldest living things in this world. "They are the connecting link," writes Ellsworth Huntington, "between the ancient East and the modern West.

"Three thousand fence posts, suffi cient to support a wire fence around 8,000 or 9,000 acres, have been made from one of these giants, and that was only the first step toward using its huge carcass. Six hundred and tains. Some of the best trout fishing fifty thousand shingles, enough to in the world is found here. The park formed the second item of its prod net Finally there still remained hundreds of cords of firewood which no one could use because of the prohibitive expense of hauling the wood pleasure spots on the continent. It is out of the mountains.

"Huge as the sequoias are, their winters is only in full maturity; and or 18 centuries.

Growing Before Excdus. "How old the oldest trees may be is not yet certain, but I have counted the rings of 79 that were over 2,000 \$1,500,000 a year.

Germany, an attempt is now making age. A tree that has lived 500 years the sequolas the largest, oldest, tallthere to utilize sunflower seeds as a is still in its early youth; one that est, and most valuable forest trees are has rounded out 1,000 summers and found here. There are forests of pine, fir, cedar, and many deciduous trees old age, the three score years and ten that are fairly royal. There are many of the sequoins, does not come for 17 shrubs, wild flowers, ferns and mosses of wonderful luxurlance and beauty. it is a park of birds.

"He has such sinister symptoms and follow honour to the realme, and great so many of them that he is firmly and ample vent of our clothes." convinced that he is being hurried to was instructed to "have knowledge of the tomb by a serious malady, but all the materials that may be used in just what it is he don't know. You dyeing, be they hearbs, weeds, barks, see, he got hold of a patent medicine gummes, earths, or what els soever. almanac giving a long list of symptoms which he at once recognized as be found in Persia, acquainte yourbeing the very ones that he himself self with him, and learne what you was entertaining, although he wouldn't may of him. Set downe in writing have known he had 'em if he hadn't | whatsoever you shall learne from day read it there in uncompromising black to day, lest you forget or lest God and white. And then he found to his should call you; that come life or horror that the next page, giving the death, your country may enjoy the "Do you think money is essential to name of the awful disease which thing that you go for." caused those symptoms was torn out. Not absolutely. I know several So now he knows beyond the peradwomen who are perfectly happy ac venture of a doubt that there is some

Elizabethan Dyes.

So far back as the days of Elizaland. In 1759 a dyer named Morgan while no person will worry who has Hubblethorne was sent to Persia, "to sound digestion and a clean colon.

day, the ancient sequola and the clump of trees of similar age which grew close to it must have been a charming adornment of the landscape By the time of Marathon the trees had lost the hard, sharp lines of youth, and were thoroughly mature. The lower branches had disappeared, up to a height of a hundred feet or more; the glant trunks were disclosed as bare, reddish columns covered with soft bark six inches or a foot in thickness; the upper branches had acquired a slightly drooping aspect; and the spiny foliage, far removed from the ground, had assumed a graceful rounded appearance. Then for centuries, through the days of Rome, the Dark Ages and all the period of the growth of European civilization, the ancient giants preserved the same appearance, strong and solid, but with a

"In the days of the Trojan war and

quality The Sequolas are found scattered all over the park, which has an area of 161,597 acres, but the greater trees are gathered in 13 groups of many acres each, where they grow close to

gether. The following is a list of a few of the principal trees, with their names, height, and diameter:

Giant Forest Grove. General Sherman, height, 279.9 feet; diameter, 36.5 feet. Abraham Lincoln, height, 270 feet; diameter, 31 feet.

William McKinley, height, 291 feet; diameter, 28 feet. Muir Grove. Dalton, height, 292 feet; diameter,

27 feet. California, height, 250 feet; diameter, 30 feet.

General Grant Grove General Grant, height, 264 feet; diameter, 35 feet. George Washington, height, 255

feet; diameter, 29 feet. The General Sherman tree was dis covered by James Wolverton, a hunter and trapper, on August 7, 1879, at which time he named the tree in honor of General Sherman, under whom he had served during the war. Home of the Golden Trout.

The general country is one of the most beautiful in America, abounding in splendid streams, noble valleys, striking ridges, and towering mouncover the roofs of 70 or 80 houses, is the home of the celebrated golden trout, which is found nowhere else in such perfection of color.

These mountains and valleys form literally one of the most available easily traveled and abounds in fine camping grounds. The water is drinksize is scarcely so wonderful as their able in all the streams. Aside from

Iowa's bee industry has a value of

the end that the arte of dyeing may "My Uncle Festus is in a deplorable be brought into the realme in the ondition," related Maudlin Morose, greatest excellency, for thereof will

Competent physicians are said to thing terrible the matter with him, be agreed that most of the dyspepsia but can't determine what it is."

be agreed that most of the dyspepsia so prevalent today is due to nothing but worry. As in other cases, "competent physicians" confuse the cause with the effect. Dyspepsia is not due both concerted measures were taken to worry, but worry is due to dyspepto improve the dyes employed in Eng- sia. All chronic dyspeptics worry,