CHAPTER XIV-Continued.

poor Alfred's shoulder. "It simply eight minutes past twelve, means that Alfred's true blue," she re-plied soberly. "He has the loyalty of I know, Jonas; but you see Flodie and a dog. It was awful of me to do it, I have decided to lose no more time. though. I don't know what you'll You can give her away, if you want think of me, Hall. But you haven't to." He sat down, laughing at his coutold him, yet, Alfred. Go on! And do sin's consternation.

hurry, please!" "Well, she asked me to go down to ed, pointing to the clock, ecity hall with her, for to get a mar"Oh, I know that! That proves it's the city hall with her, for to get a marriage license. This afternoon, it was, a love match, doesn't it?" and you know what I thought. Well, we went up to the desk and we got a me! Anyone would think you didn't application-a printed paper it was want to get married!" Flodie called tellin' all about what we was and how nervously. old, like, and we sat down to a table By this time the company had beand Miss Fisher, here, she took a pen gun to enter, and soon flooded the

"Hurry, Alfred, hurry!" cried Flodie with Hall. impatiently.

Well she went to work and wrote denly Alfred turned his head, and a little. It won't do to rush it." busied himself for a moment with his turned to his guests. "Ladies and handkerchief. He returned to his nar- gentlemen," he began, when Jonas rative almost choking. "I was just broke in again.
a-goin' to sign Alfred J. Smallish; "See here, I that's my name and what I always sign walked up to Mr. Doremus angrily. it, when she says to me, Miss Fisher did, 'You write down this here name what I tell you: Hall Cutler Boni do you take this woman, Flodie Fishstelle' she says. 'You asked me to ask er, to be your wedded wife?" you to do something hard for me, for to prove your love for me!' she says, and indeed I did, Mr. Bonistelle-and so I signed the paper, and we had it

Well, give me the paper, Alfred! Do hurry!" Flodie cried anxiously. Alfred drew from his pocket the document, and handed it over to Hall. it-

Flodie bent over it. "You see, Alall. He's the same color, you know-" | this-Hall looked up at Alfred, and smiled.

explained anxiously. "Yes, he certainly is rather white," ded husband?" Hall remarked and turned again to look at the document.

"Of course we did have to lie a little, that is, Alfred did-about your father and mother, you know. I didn't know what their names were, so we had to call them John and Mary-you don't mind, do you?" "Not at all."

"And you haven't any former wives, have you, living or dead?"

"Not one!" Hall was emphatic. Then it's a perfectly good license, and it fits you and there's your name and everything, and mine, too. You don't mind, do you, Hall, dear?" Flodie began to blush violently, and was very confused. "You see, I kind of thought you were going to ask me, I sort of felt it coming, and I knew you'd be too stupid to get one yourself!"

"Flodie-Fisher-Bonistelle!" he ex claimed, and threw up his hands, "you certainly are a business woman! ! don't see what chance I'll have after we're married! But I'm perfectly wil ling to let you manage me, Flo. certainly have botched things when ever I've tried to run them myself."

He turned to Alfred, who stood looking at his shoes. "And you committed perjury, Alfred, just for my sake?

Alfred drew himself up proudly 'Not at all, Mr. Bonistelle. It was for Miss Fisher I done it!"

"Then you did it for me. By jove, Alfred, let me shake your hand. A man can't be thanked for a service like that, and he can't be rewarded; but if there's anything I can do for you, you "There's only the one thing I want

now. Mr. Bonistelle. Would you leave me be your best man at the weddin'? There was once when I hoped I could be bridegroom myself, Mr. Bonistelle, but I see now that was foolish But it would be a satisfaction to see the last of Miss Fisher, if you don't mind."

Hall, laughing, slapped him on the back. "Sure, Alfred! You can be the chief mourner, Alfred-that is, if this license is all right. Let's call in Mr. Doremus: he'll tell us." He started for the door, but Flodie had already beckoned to the attorney, who now came in with her.

"Well, we're going to have a cere mony, after all!" said Hall, "I'm going to take you at your word and let you marry me.

Flodie interrupted his reply. "What is the shortest possible way you can do it, and have it legal, Mr. Doremus?" she asked, nudging him anxiously.

"Oh, I'll fix that," said the lawyer. "It won't take two minutes." "What's goin' on?" came a harsh

voice at the door. Jonas Hassingbury was looking in. "Come in, Jonas, come in and be

'among those present.' It's my merry marriage morn!" cried Hall gayly. Flodie whispered to Alfred. "Run Alfred, bring everybody in, quick!" Alfred disappeared into the office

and could be heard announcing the in-Jonas, however, had begun to bristle. He strode up to his cousin belligerent-

"Why, it ain't no use to git married now, Hall, you know that! Don't

and Value of Agriculture is Be-

yond Criticism.

Xenophon's work on agriculture

and the patient, comprehensive re-

"Hurry, Mr. Doremus, hurry!" Flo die was growing frantic. She pointed Flodie laid an affectionate hand on to the clock. It indicated twenty-

Hall, however, was in no haste, "Oh,

"But it's past twelve!" Jonas insist-

"Come here, Hall, and stand up by

studio, laughing, wondering, joking "Go ahead!" cried Flodie. "We're ready, Mr. Doremus, quick!" She

'yesses' and 'noes' on the lines. And then she signed her name, Miss Fisher did, and she handed me the pen." Sudposed, "we want this thing arranged to the pen." Sudposed, "we want this thing arranged to the pen."

"See here, I object to this!" He Mr. Doremus, however, had already begun to thunder out, "Hall Bonistelle,

"Just wait a minute!" cried Jonas, looking at his watch. "We're off!" came in a chorus from

the excited guests. "I do!" replied Hall. "See here, million foot-pounds superior to the Jonas, you mustn't interrupt the game, best triple-expansion high-duty unit you know. Sit down and be quiet!" "But I got something to say about

"Flodie Fisher do you take-be fred had to pretend he was you, that's | quiet, Mr. Hassingbury, I'm running

"It's a scheme! It's a fraud!" "Well, I mean he's white," Flodie Jonas appealed wildly to the company. "-this man to be your lawful wed-

"Oh, you old scamp, you, you've sold



Alfred Drew From His Pocket the Document.

bride and was pulled furiously back by Alfred.

"I do!" Flodie screamed. "I never. Mr. Hassingbury! I only promised to prevent his marrying the others! never said-

"Put on the ring! Put on the ring!" the company screamed laughingly to Hall. He obeyed. "Then I pronounce you man an

"I never said I wouldn't get him my self!" Flodie's words were smothered

in Hall's kiss.

Immediately she was surrounded by the gentlemen of the company, who passed her from lip to lip, protesting, laughing, struggling to speak.

Mr. Doremus pressed Hall's hand. I congratulate you, Mr. Bonistelle! he cried enthusiastically. "Thank you, sir!" Hall answered

T've got a fortune in Flodie." "I think you have! Two!" was Mr. Doremus' reply. "Mr. Hassingbury, would you mind telling me what time

it is? Jonas turned white, and started hur riedly to leave without a word. Flodie, alert, caught him as he turned and snatched out his watch as deftly as a pickpocket. She held it up to the company. "We've won! Eleven fiftynine!" she shouted.

The company took it up, and shouted, too. Watches were brought out from a dozen pockets, compared and the time corroborated.

"It's a lie!" Jonas protested, "why, look at the clock! It's half past twelve! He's too late I tell you! The money's mine!"

"Why, that's right!" said Hall, amazed by the sudden confusion. set that clock myself!"

OLD GREEK HAD RIGHT IDEA that has gone down in life!

"Occonomics."

Xenophon traced the rule of farm on rather general lines; he Kenophon's Conception of the Dignity started from the principle that, in the main, agriculture is made up of common sense and diligence.

To critics who blame him as unlacks the divine afflatus of the Georgics scientific let it be said that in southern farming, at least, these two qualisearch of Varro's "De Re Rustica;" ties will carry the cultivator further its more modest scope is shown by than the most beautiful steam plow. The standpoint from which he

or, as Etienne de La Boetie rendered viewed the agriculturist was not withtt, "La Mesnagerie"-s capital word, out elevation though it did not strike

ut I told you what time to set it!" Flodie fairly yelled now. "And I told you half an hour ahead on purpose!"

Mr. Doremus held up his hand. "Silengel" he thundered. "Mr. Hassing-bury," he declared solemnly, "there Aunt Emily Saw Things in a Difare witnesses enough present to prove that Mr. Bonistelle was married be fore midnight. As you are aware, I seldom take sides in any controversy, but in this case, my little friend here, Ready to Kill Driver Who Had Almost Flodie-Bonistelle-completely won me over. There's no possible doubt that Mr. Bonistelle will inherit his uncle's fortune."

Hall burst out of his trance with a whoop. "Hurrah!" he screamed, "I've won four millions of dollars!" Flodie stretched up on tiptoe and pulled down his dramatically extended

it myself!" THE END.

Working of the Human Body Makes Any Invention of Man Seem Like Plaything.

The most complicated manufacturing plant that ever existed is the human body as controlled under the scientific management of the brain and nervous system. No factory ever boast- her: ed a more efficient producer plant for converting fuel into energy. No plant ever had so well-designed a pumping system, nor one so perfect for the disposal of waste and sewage. Talk of up-to-date heating and ventilating, or interdepartment telephone! The best that our modern science can put into our shops is crude indeed as compared with that furnished by the yer rock."

Great Designer. Suppose that you "Look! went to a pump manufacturer with the

following specification:
Wanted, a pump with capacity of one-quarter gallon a minute, to handle warm salty fluid, to work for seventy years night and day without a shutdown, at the rate of seventy strokes per minute. Must be guaranteed to operate for the full period of time without repairs or adjustments, to require no attention; must have automatic control and contain its own motive power, and must have a duty per ever made.

Do you think the manufacturer would bid for the job? If he were a timid man he would probably agree with you and tell you to come around next week, meanwhile edging you toward the door before your insanity took a violent form. Or if he were not afraid of lunatics he would say: "You poor bug, such a pump as you speak of never existed nor ever will except in the brain of a perpetual-metion freak such as I see before me!" Which shows how much he knows about it, for both you and he carry just such a pump around with you, and each of you thinks too much of your possession to sell it for any money,-John H. Van Deventer, in the Engineering Magazine.

## SAVED MASTER FROM DEATH

Small Dog Is Petted as a Here in the Paris Hospitals, as Reward for Falthfulness.

In one of the Paris hospitals lives a dog, a brown-and-white setter, named Fend l'Air (cleave the air), her cheeks. who is a real hero of the war. His master, a sergeant of zouaves, is a patient in the hospital, and he owes his urbs. The way was clear and he let frail hold on life to the devotion and out a few links in the engine and the intelligence of Fend l'Air. When the engine hummed like a bee and sr ed regiment left Algeria for France the down the path like a bird. Auntie dog was left behind, but the faithful little creature leaped into the water and swam along behind the ship until grand delight, and by the time she the captain, taking pity on him, had had gone ten miles she was singing him taken on board. From that time he has never left his master.

During the fighting at Rochincourt near Arras, an exploding bomb buried the sergeant and seven other men with earth. They were badly injured, and so deeply covered that no man had the strength to fight his way out. But, luckily, Fend l'Air escaped the omb. He at once began to scratch, and he scratched and scratched until he had reached his master and dragged him out to safety. The seven

other men died. The wounded sergeant and his dog were sent from one relief station to another until they found permanent care in this Paris hospital Good nursing has saved the man, but too much attention almost killed the dog; for the nurses and orderlies fed him so lavishly that promiseuous feeding had to be forbidden.

Now Fend l'Air lives in the hospital kitchen, where he has assumed the duty of guard, and growls savagely at anyone who enters the kitchenunless they belong there. Every day a nurse takes him to the wards to visit his master, and Fend l'Air puts his nose on the sergeant's shoulder and stands contented as long as he is permitted to remain. The great affection that exists between the sergeant and his dog is very charming. -Youth's Companion.

A Strenuous Finale. "When Professor Scrapeso plays the violin his very soul seems on fire," exclaimed Mrs. Prebson after the con-

"Umph!" replied Mr. Prebson whose favorite amusement is baseball. "I don't know about his soul, but when he was finishing up that last piece I expected at any moment to see his fiddle strings smoking."

Would Be a Boon.

Any guy who would invent something effective to take the cut out of the cutworm would be sure of everlasting fame.—Boston Globe.

The landed proprietor was the pillar of society and agriculture the lifeblood of the state; the fields grew more than corn-they grew men. This was his point of view .- New York Tel-

egram. It's easier for a young man to raise

ferent Light.

Run Her Down, But Had No Mercy When She Was in the Auto.

In a street in Richmond stood Aunt Emily, with her hat askew upon her woolly old white head, and a large and vicious-looking cobblestone in one hand. She had every appearance of a hand. "No, sir," she announced, "I won staid colored mammy of th. antebellum strain, who had determined to break somebody's jaw and was about to begin the assault. Amid wagons MOST PERFECT OF PLANTS taxicabs, traffic of all sorts dashing madly at auntie from all sides, she held her ground valiantly, evidently determined not to fire that rock until she saw the whites of her enemies

> While thus engaged, and while the fire shot from her outraged eyes, a gentleman drew up to the curb in a finelyequipped roadster and called out to

"What in the name of common sense are you doing there, auntie?" To which the belligerent one re

"Lawsie Mistah John, one o' these ver autovillains come 'long jes' now and lak to knock me down. An' Ah jes' gwine stay hyeh tell he come back, and Ah spects to brek he haid wif dis

"Look here," said the man, "Miss Lou is waiting for you to come home



A Large and Vicious-Looking Cobble stone in One Hand.

and get luncheon ready. Step into this car and I'll drive you home. Auntie pondered for a moment be fore replying:

"Ah nevah road in one dose contrap-"I'll take care of you. Hurry up

now. So auntie gathered her voluminous skirts, and with many evident misgivings took her seat in a racing road car that could touch ninety miles an hour and never feel the strain. She clung to the seat tightly as the car started off, and hung on for dear life as it swung a corner. She grabbed "Mistah John" by the arm in her fright and begged him to let her out as they threaded neatly through the crowded Richmond thoroughfares.

She was in utter and abject misery from fear and the tears rolled down

But Mistah John took to the straight began to feel like she was flying, and her fear gave way to a sensation of softly to herself and settled back on the seat like an oldtime racer.

"Ratch-atch-atch atch" went the raucous born (Notice they don't say honk honk" any more).

"What you do dat fo' Mistah John?" sked auntie. "I wanted to warn the colored boy

to get out of the way." And then auntie replied. "Shucks, Mistah John, Jes' vo' run

ovah dat fool niggah. What right he got in de way nohow?" Which goes to show, as Winfield Larner says, that practically everything depends on the point of view.

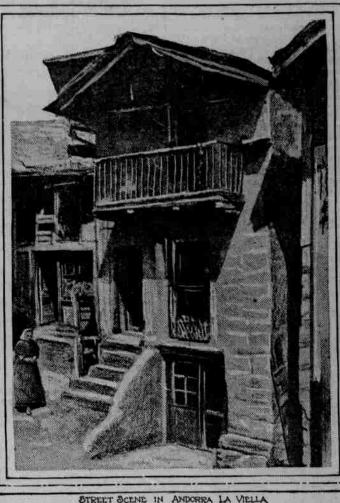
Apples and Onlone

An Illinois exchange congratulates the people of its county for raising large crops of apples and onions, a combination that is perfectly glorious and which furnishes a guarantee of the future health and lov of the people of the county. Apples and onions are both healthy in their own right. and when they go together they are the invincible foes of ill health. erybody praises the apple, and it is universally regarded as the promoter of a sound mind in a sound body. And so is the onion, but some people affect to underrate it, because of its very positive virtue. It should not be. The onion is a brain sparkler, a stomach rejuvenator, a nerve sharpener, and likewise a guide of old Somnos to the happy land of dreams. Whoever affects to despise the onlon is mollycoddle, male or female, as the case may be. Onion is the only thing in the wide, wide world that can make a hash divine.-Ohio State Journal.

Remarkable Dental Work. A dental achievement of a most re markable nature was recently described at a lecture in London. was stated that during the battle of Neuve Chapelle a young officer, a lieutenant in a Highland regiment, had his face half-turned upward, when a piece of shell struck the left side of his face and blew away most of the lower jaw. Incredible though it may seem, the doctor put a new floor to him, as it struck Virgil, that the husthe man's mouth, actually induced two inches of bone to grow on the lower bandman was a sort of high priest. jaw, fixed complete artificial teeth, But neither did he regard him as the and healed the remains of the lips, mere servant of private and seifish with the result that now the man is as normal as ever, and the only result of his mishap is a slight scar on the mouth.

Malicious Insinuation "Miss Primmer tells me that her hair turned gray in a single night." "That must have been the night she forgot to put the bleach on.

# FLE 25 NO ANIMOSITY NOW CHANGED HER VIEWS



THEN the president of Andorra sent a message to American was compelled to | teous, some quiet and some loquacious. hunt up on the map the location of the tiny republic in the Pyrenees. "Who has ever been in Andorra?"

asked the Chicago Evening Post, and in reply Marion H. Drake wrote: "In the summer of 1913 I tried to reach this quaint, ancient and hidden republic from the Spanish side, but could gain no assurance from any tourist office in Madrid that it was accessible, so I went the long way around, via Barcelona, Perpignan, Carcas-sonne, Toulouse, Foix and Ax-les-Thermes, in France. Here I was warned that the trip was dangerous, that there were smugglers and brigands and terrible mountain storms, and that a woman who took this trip might not return alive. This only whetted my traveler's spirit, and I packed a knapsack, strapped a camera gaged as guide an Andorran boy, dressed in brown corduroy, who was holiday. working at the dirty little inn, hired

embroidered sheets and pillow slips The people were kindly, interested in President Wilson, many an the news of the outside world, cour-

"I was now in the valley of the Valira river, which flows south into Spain and over the rocky road from Canillo and Encamp I passed churches built of the brownish gray stones of the country, with Catalan bell towers. At Andorra la Viella, the capital, they were celebrating their day of liberty. and their flags of yellow, blue and red—the blended colors of Spain the spiritual and France the temporal mother-were flying in summer sunshine. I walked into Las Escaldas late in the afternoon, passing bubbling sulphur springs, and was greeted hospi. the relics of the peninsula campaign. tably by Doctor Pla, the cultured proprietor of a first-class hostelry. little guide left me to return to the dirty, muddy town of L'Hospitalet. I peninsula campaign, and "deposited" in the museum by his valet. On every bade him farewell in French, and he side are guns taken from the French, bought a pair of hemp-soled shoes, replied in Catalan, the Andorran tongue. At Las Escaldas hotel I found over my shoulder and went by post-chaise to L'Hospitalet, where I en-gaged as guide an Andorran boy, baths, as well as numerous Andaluhandsome, respectful and neatly slans, up in the cool Pyrenees for their

Andorra has six countles, about



THE CASA DE LA VALL

pressed excitement started out over the rocky pathway back of the rude little church of this far-south town of France.

"I walked and rode over loose stones, on narrow and fearsome ledges, at times above and often below cascades, over hard, sharp, cutting, slippery slate, past quaint stone shrines with iron crosses, tiny terraced fields of vegetables and tobacco, perpendicular hayfields amid the wonderful stillness of the lofty Pyrenees and the noisy, rushing torrents I waded through trickling, cool brooks where rivers were born, and stopped the first night at Solden, where I napkins and slept in a room with a rough stone floor, on a good bed, with regarded as a legitimate trade.

inhabitants The capital, Andorra la Viella, has population of 500 and contains the

Casa de la Vall, or house of representatives. This is a large sixteenth-cen tury building at the extremity of the town, overlooking the valley toward Spain. It is parliament house, town hall, school, palace of justice and hotel for the councilors all in one. is also used as a temporary prison in the rare cases when a prison is necessary. Crime in Andorra is practically unknown. The only Andorrans suf fering imprisonment are the smug glers of tobacco caught by the French or Spanish customs officers, and these found good food, white tablecloth and are not looked upon as malefactors by their fellow citizens. Smuggling is

### WOULD EXTEND GOATKEEPNG | purposes and makes excellent cheese."

English Head or Club Advocates Expansion in the Raising of These Uzeful Animals. Goatkeeping by the small holder

has increased considerably since the war, and suburban residents, too. have found the ownership of a goat or two less troublesome and more profitable than pigeons, rabbits, or even poultry, remarks the London Times. In view, however, of Rev. A. C. Atkins, founder of the new National Utility Goat club, the keeping more largely extended, and with this aim he is taking a census of all the goals in the country. "There are thousands of goats kept for utility purposes in the country," he says "and everybody who has had one knows their value. They are little trouble; all you have to do is to keep them clean and provide them with a shelter, as they do not like wet. For a triffing expense and a little attention you can 'grow' your own milk, which is delicious for all culinary many of them died."

Mr. Atkins, in recommending goatkeeping on economic grounds, speaks from experience. At his home at Uckfield, Sussex, he keeps two goats, which save him \$100 a year! The in dustrious pair provide plenty of milk for a household of six.

Mulled Cider.

This is an excellent bedtime drink when one feels that he has taken cold or just after coming in from a wetting in the storm. Pound half an ounce of stick cinnamon and ten or twelve cloves until bruised. Put into a sauce of goats for utility purposes should pan with half a grated nutmeg, cover with a half pint of boiling water and infuse on the back of the stove for 15 minute. Strain, add sugar to taste and stir into a pint of hot cider.

Sympathetic.

"I'm sorry you don't admire Mr. jumpins," said the tactful woman. "H's ancestors were very distinguished

and estimable people."
"Yes,' replied Miss Cayenne. "What a misfortune for his family that so

Century Has Wrought Change in Feelings.

French Soldiers View Mementoes of the Downfall of Napoleon, Exhibited in British Capital, Without Expression of Emotion.

Every American visitor to London, probably, makes a call at the threestoried building opposite the Horse Guard, the former banqueting ball of the palace of Whitehall, from a window on the second floor of which King Charles I stepped onto the exe-cution platform and, after addressing the gathered throng, bravely met his tragic fate, remarks the London

The building is now called the Royal United Service Museum, and in the main hall, contrasting strangely with the richly figured ceilings by Peter Paul Rubens, are thousands of relics recalling the almost numberiess wars in which the manhood of this country has engaged.

Yesterday the writer followed through the turnstile of the museum two French infantry soldiers, on leave from the front, fresh from months of fighting, side by side with Tommy Atkins, against a common foe. In the great hall, in enormous show cases, are models setting out the exact positions at the battles of Trafalgar and Waterloo, those historic combats on land and on sea which did so much to mar the fortunes of Napoleon and to shatter the predominant position of France.

In one case, little patches of makebelieve smoke trace the two lines, the allies and the French, while clusters of tiny red brick houses mark the po-sitions of villages of Belgium familiar even to every follower of the present

world struggle. In the second case the fleet of Nelson is shown at the critical moment when, led by the Victory and the Fighting Temeraire, it pierced the lines of the French and Spanish fleeis. Indeed, it seemed to the writer as be hung over the showcases and studied the positions, that Nelson used the "phalanx" as effectively as did Von Mackensen in Galicia, and as French and Joffre are trying to do in France

and Belgium now But, beside these two cases, there are more immediate links with the French and English past. Nearby is the skeleton of Napoleon's favorite charger. In another case is the curved sword worn by Wellington at most of his famous engagements. Many are Here is the uniform, cape and hat

while overhead are battle flags bearing the scars of honorable warfare. And the two French soldiers viewed

worn by Wellington during the whole

## it all without enmity or unpleasant PROTECTION FOR THE RACER

Novel Armored Sult That It Thought Would Save Lift in Event of Accident.

A pneumatic armor has been patented for the purpose of saving the lives of motor-cycle riders, and particularly racers, who, with this pro-



tective garb, may smash into each other or dive into a fence without the least regard for the consequences. The armor consists of a one-piece suit of stout material into which the wearor is laced.

Attached to the exterior of the suit is a long tube curled back and forth until the entire person of the wearer is protected by a cushion of air. The latter is pumped into the tube in the same manner as a tire is inflated, and when it is desired to pack the suit the air may be allowed to escape so that the outfit will take up as little space as possible. The inflation and deflation is done through the means of the check valves at the sleeves and at the trousers' top.

Perpetual Restraint.

"When I was a boy," said Mr. Cum-rox, "my father used to reprove me for reading dime novels."

"It was meant for the best." "But a person ought to get beyond that sort of discipline sometime. Now my daughters reprove me for wanting to see all the moving pictures."

The Masculine View. His Wife-Isn't my new gown quite Her Husband—Sure thing. And I suppose the bill for it will soon be coming to me.