

CHAPTER IV. young, and I knew many a story of the I happened to be sitting in my den. sea-gulls. Miss Graham was a flattering writing, the following afternoon, when sea-gulls. Miss Graham was a flattering

glancing out of the big window that looks alight with interest. up the beach, I caught sight of a woman "You must be hungry," I said at last, walking near the water. I picked up my "lunch at noon, no supper until 8. I binoculars and focussed them on her. It should like to offer you my cottage's hosproved to be Miss Graham, dressed in a pitality."

riding-habit, and with a broad felt hat I was looking for the flush that I on her head. She was walking in a knew would come, and was not disapsomewhat almless fashion, skirting the pointed waves as though she were playing with "Thank you," she answered, "but, you

"Splendid !' she cried, and, jumping up,

On the smooth sand some distance

"It's like the Arabian Nights !" she ex-

"You may serve the tea, Charles,""

He brought forth the tea-pot, and was

about to pour the tea into our cups when

Miss Graham expostulated. "It's the

woman's place to do that !" she exclaim-

ed, and Charles surrendered the tea-pot

"Will you have lemon or cream?"

There were both ; I thanked, my stars that

I received my tea-cup and a moment

'And such pretty cups ! I don't believe

claimed. "The whole thing seems to

have sprung out of the sand."

I seated her at the table.

rdered.

into her care.

"Two."

"Lemon."

ostess to a guest.

Charles was so thoughtful.

them. I saw her glance once at the Ship see-what would people think if they and once in the direction of my house. looked in your dining-room window and I put down the glasses and laid my saw me taking tea alone with you?" papers aside. When 1 went down-stairs "People don't look in my dining-room I routed Charles out of a sound sleep in window," I answered.

the kitchen. She shook her head so decisively that "Do you remember how to make tea- I knew she meant it. "At least, we will have a cup of tea good tea?" I asked him.

"Yes, Mr. Felix. Aren't you feeling on the beach," I said, "out of doors-oh, well, sir?" a dozen yards from the cottage, where

"Quite well. Please make some tea all the world may see us if they choose." that shall be ready to serve in about an "Splendid !' she cried, and, jumpin hour, and get out a box of those salty led the way down from the heights. biscuits. Set the small table in the dining-room out in front of the door, with from my door Charles had placed the lit-two chairs, and be ready to serve a lady the table. Two chairs faced each other and myself." plates, napkins, and a center-piece of

"Yes, Mr. Felix." Charles showed no peach-marshmallows were the decorations, surprise, though he had never received and my man, as straight and rigid as an such an order since we had been at Alas-Egyptian idol, stood a short distance off tair. Miss Graham gave a little cry of pleaspicked up a cap, and left the house.

As I did so I noticed that Miss Graham had stopped walking and was gathering Half way to her, and she was shells. still absorbed in the shells, which are quite unusually beautiful here; threequarters of the way, and she was still playing with them. I had almost reached her, and was raising my cap to speak. before she turned and saw me. A flush of surprise rose to her cheeks.

"Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Hermit, Am I poaching on your preserves?' "Not in the least . I make you free

"How many lumps of sugar?" she asked, with the delicate superority of a of the city." There was a light in her blue eyes which I discovered that I remembered.

but a found her riding-habit new and wonderfully prepossessing. I was taking stock of it when she interrupted me. "I left my horse tied back in the

woods. Haven't you ever seen a ridinglater had the satisfaction of hearing Miss Graham say that the brew was delicious. habit before?" "Yes. I beg your pardon, but it's so

very becoming. Again the quick flush, and an instant's look at the sand. Then she laughed and

say a thing like that, but I expect other things from you. That's one of the penalties of your position : you must be different. I look for the flavor of romance and adventure at Alastair." She laughed at my puzzled face. "Shall I go back home again?"

"No. I will try to remember. Did you come to see the sunget from the cliff?" "Yes. My aunt has a headache and waiter to save me a little supper and send it up to my room at 8 o'clock, so, you see. I'm free of the club and din-

at the club.

pines.

brilliant,

to get my guest. We couldn't have sat "Good morning, sir," said the tall man in the suit of faded black, openre drinking tea all night." "No, of course not, sir, of course not. I turned to do indoors. "By the way, ing his vallse. "My name is Glasspy. Charles, that tea was splendid; you did I am the inventor of a little device

yourself proud. By the time supper was finished I was still thinking about the Penguin Club, which was a very singular thing, because ordinarily I had no use for the place. (To be continued.)

RAISE CHILDREN OR TOIL. Economist Says That One Thing or

the Other Must Be Done by Wive. In the way of practical plans for the amelioration of conditions leading up to unhappy matrimony, two interesting suggestions have been forthcoming in recent weeks, says the New York Her-

ald. One of them happens to be only a new variation of the old proposition of taxing the unmarried, but the other, by Prof. Patten of the University of Pennsylvania, adopts an entirely different attitude in advising that in all families where there are no children the women should be bread earners. The two news items in the matter fol-

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fouch and Go.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Glasspy," interrupted the man in the door

way. "My name is Washabaugh. I

have the sole right in this county to

take subscriptions for a new and co-

piously illustrated edition of the works

"Good day."-Chicago Tribune.

Discordant Note.

an should receive a man's pay when she does a man's work?"

"Mr. Meekun, don't you think a wom-

"Why-er-look at the other side of

the question a moment, will you? Think

how many men are doing women's work

One Distinction.

the difference between this sort of

thing, in principle, and a horse race?

Stranger (at Crown Point)-What's

Automobile Enthusiast-Great Scott.

ook at the possibilities, man! You

and not getting a cent for it !"

it .- Chicago Tribune.

"Good day, sir."

That wives should be largely self-"This circular describing the Mount supporting is the view taken by Dr. ingvue says you can sit at the dinner Simon Nelson Patten of the chair of table and see the beautiful mountain economics of the University of Penn- peaks," said the man who contemplatsylvania. He came here last week to ed going.

tell the League for Political Education "That is true," replied the one who had been; "and that's just about all of his ideas and returned to Philadeiphia, where he is at present the center you can see."-Yonkers Statesman.

of a storm of criticism. The doctor, whom I saw yesterday, "How long will eggs keep, anyhow?" still maintains that his wife should go said the casual customer at the lunch

out to do a day's work, as her husband counter. "I have met some in my career." does, so that by the joint income the answered the dark, gloomy man with family revenues may be kept at a fig-

the deep, tragic voice who sat next to ure large enough to insure a good him, "that I am willing to swear had home and the proper care and educabeen kept for not less than two years, tion of the children. He finds that woby Jupiter!"-Chicago Tribune. men of all ranks of life are entering a leisure class, to the diminution of the The sweet girl graduate is gone,

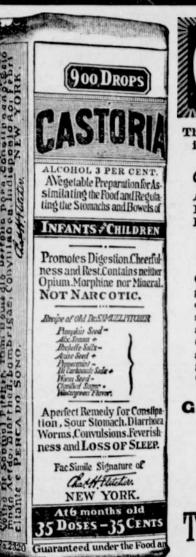
birth rate, the degeneration of society and the peril of the state. "It all resolves to this," said he, "that woman is ceasing to become a producer in an industrial way. Her

In other generations she worked. With the introduction of machinery and of the department stores much of her vo-

house. Once she made clothes and nonville, Canada, between Toronio and

who milked. A woman always did "Sir," he said, "that is the only thing that. I have traveled extensively that the Almighty does not know."through the farming districts of the New York Press.

Division of Labor.



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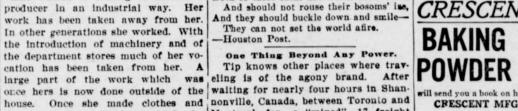


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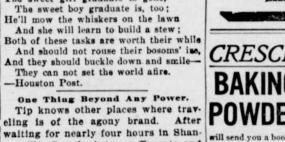
West without ever having seen a farmer's wife milk a cow.

"Formerly the woman was the man's lawyer, "and never has been. To keep



even wove the cloth from which she Montreal, for a "mixed"-17 freight fashioned garments. She went into the cars and one coach-I asked an impagarden and raised vegetables; she tient clergyman if he had been able mliked the cows. There was a time to learn when the train would arrive. when the farmers sneered at the man He eyed me up and down with pity.

The Point of View. "This man is not insane," said the



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