wrote out the required pre- "There is no answer."



THREW THE LONG COAT OVER THE PROSTRATE FORM

"I must ask you to report In her private sitting-room at the Let me nec you again." And hotel I found her; but she was not alone. I went forward eagerly.

"Is there something to be explained away?" I said. "Can you—"

the beginning. while now it was I who sufour friendship grew, and I thought of the battle she be wage with the world, for was not all flowers and incense leastly and histrionic talent. and told me not to hope," I jerked out.

"I know," and she held out her hand toward the young man, who seemed to wish to blot himself out in a corner of the apartment. "Come," she whispered to the stranger, "this is our friend", and then to me, "Do you care for me still?"

I lowed my head.

"Then," she cried earnestly, "surely only the better part of that feeling will be left to a man like you—deep friend-ship—when I tell you that this man is my affianced husband, and that, therefore, there was only one answer I could make to you."

"Your affianced husband!" I cried.

leave, and went back home feeling that work was the at though may be at times of toll is rather overdone.

bothing extraordinary. Some-police require my help, but as the door it was not to see these and a buil's eye lantern used looking man, trea doctor?"

is the visitor desired, and led is my consulting room, where up the light, to see that the tian shaven, one-time smart did indeed require aid.

waid

" roup"

" to matter. I'm going, and
the red lamp—its habit—I
and he sank into a chair with
a renner who is far spent.

" help was required. I was
it, for there was a tell-tale
presaging the end.

to be blotted out of the
the newcomer—"forgotten
linew it's near"; and he est
it is his chair. "I am quite
dobge"

e." I said. "That for a forced him to swallow and water. "Now......"
se. doctor."

She checked me with a glance.

"No, no. "You said farewell this afternoon, and told me not to hope," I jerked out. "I know." and she held out her hand

"He killed a man in a fight-not in

"He killed a man in a fight—not in self-defense, but in defense of a woman who was being ill-treated, and——"it was about like that." said the stranger; "but, sir," he went on, turning to me, "I did not want my own name, Dallas, in this. Well, well. I don't suppose I should have struggled to be free of it if it had not been for her."

"His enemies were ruthless," cried

"His enemies were ruthless," cried the girl. "It was not his fault, and he is my love. I have lived and worked to save him—he who would not help himself by declaring who he was."

"You are an actress, Miss Varnay. Tell me—you are not acting now—is this all true?"

"This man is no friend, Estelie." came in a husky voice, and the speaker, a youngish-looking, beardless, but strong man, muffled in a long cloak, took a step forward, and I noticed the well-cut, refined features. "We will manage without his aid."

"You will help us?" she pleaded.

"Yes, if I can," I replied.

"There." she cried, "I knew it! Lawrence, Dr. Raymond is our friend."

"I hope I am, Mr. Dallas," I said, and I held out my hand, which the other now eagerly grasped.

"You can help. Believe me, I shall endeavor to show my gratitude."

A sudden idea had struck me.

"There might be a way," I said.

"Oh, tell it to me!" she pleaded.

"I will. But we must leave here at ones, and so to my house."

The girl acquiesced at ones, and as the girl acquiesced at ones, and so to my house."

caused him to quit the world without a regret.

What could I do? Here was a man who wished to hide everything, to be a nameless victim; and he had selected my surgery in which to die, But here would be police inquiries. I believe, and selected my surgery in which to die, But there would be police inquiries. But have so much to do—so led me, could you recommend they was a quaint, appealing her voice.

If I'm not sure. It is only its minuted again—this time a District Messenger boy who handed me a note.

"Dear Dr. Raymond—Please come to bell again—this time a District Messenger boy who handed me a note.
"Dear Dr. Raymond—Please come to bell again—this time a District Messenger boy who handed me a note.
"Dear Dr. Raymond—Please come to bell again—this time a District Messenger boy who handed me a note.
"Dear Dr. Raymond—Please come to bell again—this time a District Messenger boy who handed me a note.
"Dear Dr. Raymond—Please come to bell again—this time at once.—I badly need your help, live the effect you wish. One will think perhaps that I have mot been fair to you; but I dared not been fair to you; but I dared not have proved yourself a friend.—Yours farer of the night who lay there dead, and now that all was well with him, he not been fair to you; but I dared not have proved yourself a friend.—Yours farer of the night who lay there dead, and now that all was well with him, he would, I doubted not, have cheerfully consented to aid the cause of these two friends—my friends.
"ESTELLE VARNAY."
"Very well," I said to the messenger.
"There is no answer."
"There is no answer."
"There out it method without the world without the relief.

"Now quick! Come!" I said.
"The a lift had been that the girl leave to the to have now the

Yes, yes. "Yes, yes."

"Then, quick, come with me!" And leaving the girl who had sunk into a chair, I led the ex-captive up to my dressing-room, through the hall, past the surgery door, which was alar, showing the light within. "Now you must change," I said.

The transformation did not occupy the long and when we retained him.

him long, and when we rejoined Miss Varnay he was a different looking in dividual, and might have walked the

streets with safety.

I felt eager for them to go.

"Good-by," I said; and the girl selzed

my hand.

"Will there be no—"

"Pursuit?" I cried. "No. Mr. Dallas will have no need to look around now. I promise you that."

"How can I thank you?" she said, wietfully

"By insuring the success of my plan. Farewell! Go!"
It was an hour later that the scheme

was completed, and then the cast-off garments of the ex-prisoner had an-other owner, and I wiped my streaming brow.

"There can be no mistake," I said to myself, and I took a turn up and down the room before throwing the long cloak Dallas had carried over the pros-trate form, "Now for it;" and giving one more glance around I selzed my hat and went out into the street, where I did not have to look long for what I sought—a constable, leisurely making his round.

"Officer!" I said.

He turned sharply. "Dr Raymond, sir!" he said. "What's

"A man is lying dead in my sur-gery—heart failure—and he is wearing convict clothing."

"'Dead, sir! I will come at once." Haif an hour later all that was mortal of a supposed captive who had fought his way to freedom was taken away. If doubts arose I never heard of them—in fact, the affair died away except in my mind.
She had told me that if matters had

been different I should not have asked in vain; but, ah, she loved that man as though he were a god. Heaven grant that he loves her as well. Well, it is not every man who loses that has that much to the credit side in the ledger of

of the family as the Irishman's pig. for one member of the family always sleeps in the stable to watch, and often the place is made a sort of family

sitting room.

The cow stable is generally a large building, paved with brick, upon which the cow lies, straw being scarce. There is a brick paved passage down the centre, at one end of which is a fireplace, and the windows are covered with white curtains as dainty as those used in the house proper.

Sometimes the entire family will gather in the stable in the evenings, enjoying the warmth of the fire and exchanging the talk of the day, while the cattle, always placed with their heads facing the central passage, chow their cuds and seem to thorough-



THE DUTCH BELTED COW

ly enjoy the human companionship.

These cows are seldom brown, most of them being either black or white or of the two colors mixed, and because of the fertility of their pasturage and the care taken in their keep they are capable of giving large yields of rich milk. In no place in the world are cows as a rule made as much of, and from the annual yield of butter it would seem that the care is not taken in vain.

Norway's Caution.

From the Detroit Free Press.
Having taken note of how things are going in Russia, it is not surprising that Norway should have displayed no reader hasis to accuring a rvier,

By C.R. FEMAL.

The me die," he said, in a faint state and you give where probably others would have failed, just became a lovely woman's wit is transcendent when dimenties are as medical man is like a priest so fair. He has recently given a demonstration of his own imperial will and severe judgment in such matters of art. He has recently given a demonstration of his own imperial will and severe judgment in such matters which come to his ears are concerned, but I should be sorry to be the reposition. Take it; it's gold it are it is the only thing I ask now, it is the only thing I ask now, it is the only thing I ask now, it is the only thing I ask now. Imperial will and severe judgment in such matters of art. He has recently given a demonstration of his own imperial will and severe judgment in such matters of art. He has recently given a demonstration of his own imperial will and severe judgment in such matters. Sometime ago the German Protestant community of Moscow solicited his all in building a church, to be named the limit should be sorry to be the reposition. The bag fell with a clinking sound to he floor, as I leaned over my visitor. There could be no doubt of that. Not a scrap of identification—not so much as a self, and a letter, a card, an initial on in the world his story, of how be came to be sent to work the story, of how be came to be sent to work a strain, and them—"She would be sorry to be the reposition of his world he and it was not severe judgment in such matters of art. He has recently given at the falled and severe judgment in such matters of art. He has recently given at the falled property has a first and the country, it is transcendent when dimentics are a first of art. He has recently given at the falled property has a first and the matters of the his when that the German Protestant of art. He has recently given at the falled property has a first of the story of many such serests. But just he came the his strain to the origin the matters of a first where probable to his earn are concerned

On his recent visit to Paris, the Shah of Persia was fanned night and day by relays of perspiring attend-



KAISER WILHELM

Little Prince Edward of Wales is already showing a delightful sturdiness of character. He has a profound dislike for arithmetic and shares in the axiom: "Multiplication is yexation."

The matter of a minute may be fraught with the greatest importance The old saying, "First come first served," holds good when sons of the served," holds good when sons of the British aristocracy make their entry into this world. In 1891 twin sons were born to the Countess of Clancarty, the elder of whom made his infantile bow to the world as Lord Kilconnel, a future double baron and viscount, an earl, a marquis of Holland and lord of 25,000 acres, while his younger brother had to content himself with the modest appellation of Master Power Francis La Power himself with the modest appellation of Master Power Francis Le Pour Trench, and the prospect of a young son's portion.

Mile. de Rosen, daughter; of the Russian Ambassador, when she makes her debut in society will receive from the Czarina the badge and the title of "Titular Maid of Honor to her Maj-esty."

The Canadian Government House at Ottawa, known as Rideau Hall, is a quaint, old-fashioned palace of gray stone, replete with queer chimmeys, and odd corners. It is on the east bank of the wild Rideau River, and in winter, when the trees are leafless, is in full view from the other bank. The Canadian Government House social functions during the "season," include a couple of dances at Christmas time, a state ball after Easter, musicale in the Lenten season skating and tologganing parties every Saturday in winter, several garden parties in the early summer and a never-ending round of dinners. Many of the cus-toms and courtesies traditional of the old monarchial days are faithfully

Pastoral scenes are proverbial for their quiet beauty and the spirit of contentment which they breed, but you must go to Holland to find the highest type of this idea.

In Holland cows Japan was the last nation to enter the circle of the world's powers but her Emperor's degree makes the pedigrees of other sovereigns look shabby. He is the 112th in unbroken, direct descent, the founder of the house being contemporary with Nebuchadnezzar, 666 B. C.

zar, 666 B. C.

Five thousand dollars is about the average cost of a dinner in the Turkish Sultan's palace. The meal comprises fifty or more dishes daily and the Sultan generally partakes of from five to six. Every dish, before it reaches the reyal table, is tasted in the kitchen by the royal Grand Vizier to guard against poison. It is then sealed and taken to the Sultan. The vast cost of these repasts comes from the fact that the guests and retainers who dine at the Sultan's expense daily number several thousand.

Van Onlava.

Swell London Attire.

The latest notes from London state that fashionable young men during the spring and summer seasons have been ideally clad in green. The outfit was as follows: Olive green Trilby hat, Lincoln green flannel suit (like Robin Hood's archers) with sea green stripes, emerald green tie, pea green stripes, emerald green tie, pea green striped flannel shirt with collar to match, and sage green socks relieved with pale sage green socks relieved with pale green spots. The boots were to be left to the taste of the wearer. A green whangee cane was considered the thing. An American contemporary remarks that in this country a shotgun would be the most effective.

A Tempest in a Watermelon.

Great caks from little acorns grow! So also has a law sult, in which \$10,000 damages are claimed, arisen out of a 35-cent watermelon. It appears that a groceryman, of Washington, D. C., had caused the arrest of one of his neighbors, charging her with the theft "of one watermelon, of the value of 35 cents," and that when the police court judge heard the testimony he solemnly declared her not guilty. The lady has felt very much hurt over the charges of her grocer, and so now has entered suit in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia for \$10,000 damages.

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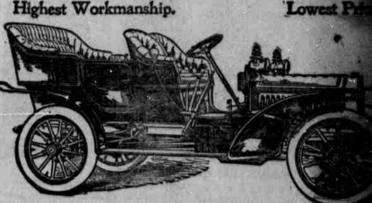
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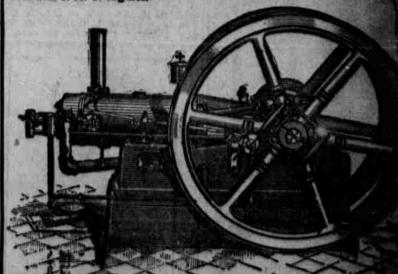


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