17 REPUBLIC PROFESSION OF

## THE ATHENS REPORTER JULY 5 1905



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STREET, ST



A REAL PROPERTY AND A REAL

"If I'd known Vane was going to come | travelling scarf of China silk, which lies "If I'd known Vane was going to come this trick," he says, ruefully, "I'd have got him out into the Nancy Bell, and drowned him; and that wouldn't have been any use, for he can swim like a dogfish." the world had come rowned him; and the can swim like a sunshade, and looking as if the end of the world had come. For a moment the lady does not appear to be conscious of Jeame's presence, but stands shaking her French grey if these sunshade, and looking as if the end of the end of the temption solution is the borse dead the world had come. For a moment the lady does not appear to be conscious of Jeame's presence, but stands shaking her French grey if these sunshade, and looking as if the end of the temption solution is the borse dead the sunshade and looking as if the end of the temption is the borse dead the sunshade and looking as if the end of the temption is the tempting temption is the temption is the temption is temption i

The horse replies to the query by struggling up and shaking himself. "It is both negligent and careless," she says. "Pray, let us go on!"

"It won't be long, Hal," she says, "and we shall come back and settle down within sight of the old house, and-

"But Vernon does not say so," says Hal, incredulously; "he says his plans are all uncertain. I believe, Jeanne, you "What Ins head. "What is the matter?" she asks. "Pole's broke off short, my lady," says the man, fumbling at the fragment. "Do you mean that we shall not be able to go on?" she asks. don't know anything about what you

are going to do." Jeanne flushes flushes slightly. It is quite true; she does not.

"Not yet," she says, dreamily. "But we shall come back—oh! yes; we shall come back. And, Hal—what time does And he the last train get in ?"

Hal grins. you ever think of anything else

but Vernon, Jen?" he says. "Did he say he would come back to night? Perhaps he'll lose the train," he suggests, wick-

Jeanne looks startled, then she pinches his ear.

to see a wheelwright's shop drop down from the sky. Her ladyship turns and apparently re-members Jeanne. "Oh," she says. "Did you help me out? Thanks, very much," Then, as Jeanne's quiet bow convinces her that she is a lady, her ladyship adds more 'graciously ,and with a sweeter tone: "Yes, he will come to-night," she says, looking toward the horizon, longingly, as if Vernon had been absent a year, instead of six hours; "he never breaks his word. And, Hal, don't you think we ought to go back?"

ought to go back?" "No, not yet," says the boy; "I can't stand all that cackle about the fal-lals, and to-morrow's feed. Let's go down the lane into the road, Jen."

And so, side by side, they go through the crimson flood of sunlight, Jeanne's face, in all its fresh loveliness, beneath her broad-brimmed gypsy hat, and her graceful figure clad in its plain muslin frock. That face and figure are haunt-ing Vernon Vane, even at this moment. an unexplored district. "Program and "This is Newton Regis," says Jeanne. "But I don't see a house," exclaims her ladyship, with indolent vexation. "Is there a village—a hotel—any place where one can get out of this dusty road? I suppose I shall have to remain in the carriage while they get another, or some-thing. I must ask you to be quick," she adds, turning to the servants. "There is a village in the yallow" care as he is dashing up Regent street in a hansom cab, and charing at the business which keeps him, even for an afternoon, from his girl-love. "I shouldn't be susprised," says Hal,

as the pause at the top of the lane lead-ing up the road which climbs the high cliff-like hill, "if Uncle John doesn't lose his head, with all the fass and confusion, and blow the house up, wedding-dress and all! Jeanne, there'll be nobody to pull the cotton-wool out of his hair, and brush the steel filings off his waistcoat to-morrow. Oh. hang fond of Vernon, but-Oh, hang it, Jen, I'm very "Dear Hal!" murmurs Jeanne, coaving

bis red and not too steady hand. "You'll before in her life. "But it is intruding, I for the steady hand. "You'll before in her life. "But it is intruding, "You'll be a good girl, Jeanne!" he re-

 Jeanne, "but our house is much nearer, "but with?" A sudden flush of crimson dyes Jean ne's face, and she feels half inclined to age."
 "You are really very kind," says her solved a thirty arched with ettriosity, "are delicously reposeful and self; "I don't flirt with anyone," she says, her drooping '" "and it is not very far."
 "You had better remain here, while James is leigh Court from here;" she asks, as le follows Jeannes any "Yas," and its leigh Court from here;" she asks, as
 "Well, thanks, I will stay. You, Wilson, you had better remain here, while James is leigh Court from here;" she asks, as
 "Jeanne saves "Yas," and the diry oil tubes and turpentine! Yes, the diry solves for search or so also the protect fravelers on the road. The mean-bad every two should be careful to see any the allows for a box. If you wish you can at last.
 "Mell, thanks, I will stay. You, Wilson, you had better remain here, while James is leigh Court from here;" she asks, as
 "Beanne says "Yas," and the diry oil tubes and turpentine! Yes, Leigh Court from here? is Leigh Court from here?" She asks, as she follows Jeanne up the slope. "How' far, Hal?" asks Jeanne, but Hal, alarmed by the apparition of the fashionable beauty, has made his escape immediately after the upraising of the. she asks, as orse. "I think it is eighten or twenty miles,"

"There is a village in the valley," says

mptuous scorn. "Of course. This is ot a French road. Is the horse dead?"

says. "Pray, let us go on!" The man touches his hat and shakes

"Afraid not, my lady, till we get this

And he looks around as if he expected

o see a wheelwright's shop drop down

work-basket, the great china bowl of<br/>June roses, which fill the house with<br/>their perfume, and, lastly, a portfolio<br/>of sketches yawning on a distant table.<br/>Jeanne is some time gone; to tell the<br/>truth, she is hunting high and low for<br/>Aunt Jane, who is at this moment in the<br/>ladyship listlessly sits herself near the<br/>portfolio and opens it.<br/>As she does so, before she has turned<br/>lowed by Mary, carrying refreshment.<br/>"I am sorry to find that my sunt is<br/>out," says Jeanne; "Will you come up toquite well now. Don't think any more<br/>of it. I am used to these little at-<br/>tacks. And you are an artist."<br/>"But I am not," says Jeanne. "I have<br/>been trying to explain. Those sketches<br/>are not mine—they were not painted by<br/>"Really !" says Lady Lucelle, with<br/>well-feigned surprise; "are they not ?<br/>And whose are they—your trother's ?"<br/>"No," says Jeanne; "they are Mr.<br/>"Vane's."<br/>"No," says Jeanne; "they are Mr.<br/>"Vane's ! What, Vernon Vane's, the<br/>great artist, whose pictures they are all<br/>talking about ?"<br/>"Yoa" are Jeanne softly with a thrill

lowed by Mary, carrying refreshment. "I am sorry to find that my aunt is out," says Jeanne; "will you come up to my room and take off your things?" "No, thanks," says her ladyship, and as she speaks she looks up at Jeanne has thrown off her hat, and her loveli-nes is fully revealed . Her ladyship stares from her face to her hands as they pour out a glass of wine; they are small and well shaped, if not as white as her ladyship's own. "And this girl can be happy buried down here! Then there must be a man in the case," she thinks, but she says in-stead: "What a sweet little room this is, and those roses. May I take once" Jeanne jumps up and chooses a Marshal and offering it. "That is the prettiest, I think," she says shaking the water from the stem, and offering it. "There is a prettier one than this," says her ladyship, with a smile. asys her ladyship, with a smile. asys her ladyship, with a smile. asys her ladyship, with a smile. and offering it. "There is a prettier one than this," took at the glass," says her ladyship, with a smile. "There is as met ladyship, with a smile. "There is a met ladyship, with a smile. took at the glass," says her ladyship, with a smile. "There is as met ladyship, with a smile. "There is an prettier one than this," took at the glass," says her ladyship, with a smile. "There is a mile. "There is a mettice one than this," tand flering it. "There is an prettier one than this," tand offering it. "There is an prettier one than this," tand offering it. "There is an prettier one than this," tand offering it. "There is an prettier one than this," tand the glass," says her ladyship, with a smile. There is a mile. "There is an prettier one than this," tand the glass," says her ladyship, with a smile. tand the glass," says her ladyship, with a smile. There is a mettice is the glass," says her ladyship, with a smile. the same is the glass," says her ladyship. the there is a mandel the the tang the the glass," says her ladyship.

"That is the pretiest, 1 think," sne says, shaking the water from the stem, and offering it. "There is a pretier one than this," says her ladyship, with a smile. Jeanne looks at the vase critically. "Look at the glass," says her ladyship, with a smile. "Yes," says Jeanne, the warm color dyeing her face and neck. Lady Lucelle's own color fluctuates

"Ah," she says, "your face tells tales too readily, my dear Jeanne-may I call you so ?-it is such a sweet name. Your Mr. Vane is votre tres ami, is he not ?" Jeanne blushes. "Why, one would think you were un-

"Why, one would think you were un-used to compliments," says her lady-ship, "to blush at one from a woman! Forgive me if I am anxious to know such a rare flower. My name is Lucelle Stan-ford; and yours?" "Jeanne — Jeanne Bertram," says Jeanne Vane is votre tres ami, is he not ?" Jeanne looks bravely

'I am engaged to Mr. Vane," she says, in a lov (To be continued.)

## WHAT WOMEN SUFFER.

## At All Ages They Need Rich, Pur Blood to Secure Health and Happiness.

"I am unmarried," she says, with a A woman needs medicine more than man. Her organism is more complex, her system more delicate. Her health is dis-turbed regularly in the course of nature.

"And I—worse, or better, luck," says her ladyship, with a smile and a little shrug. "I am going to Leigh Court—it is not very far away, you say; perhaps we shall meet again. May I drive over and thank you again?" "Aunt will be very glad," says Jeanne, hesitatingly. "I—I am afraid I shall not be here." "You are going away." says her lady-

<sup>158</sup> "Oh," she says. "Did you help me out? Thanks, very much,"
<sup>159</sup> Wit? Thanks, very much,"
<sup>161</sup> Then, as Jeanne's quiet bow convinces more 'graciously , and with a sweeter ' Th really was very kind of you. I
<sup>171</sup> Wonder you were not afraid. One's own people seem to Icse their senses in acci-dents of this kind."
<sup>171</sup> The hill is very sorry," says Jeanne.
<sup>171</sup> Which my people do not," says the has left civilization and plunged into an unexplored district.
<sup>172</sup> "But I don't see a hows?" says Jeanne.
<sup>173</sup> Wonder an unexplored district.
<sup>174</sup> "But I don't see a hows?" says Jeanne.
<sup>175</sup> We and adage of a data set of a person who
<sup>175</sup> Which my people district.
<sup>175</sup> "But I don't see a hows?" says Jeanne.
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<sup>170</sup> "But I don't see a hows?" says Jeanne.
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<sup>170</sup> "But I don't see a hows?" says Jeanne.
<sup>170</sup> "But I don't see a hows?" says Jeanne, smiling, and great-bred audacity of the heautiful effect or the hoge.
<sup>171</sup> "But I don't see a hows?" says Jeanne.
<sup>172</sup> "But I don't see a hows?" says Jeanne.
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<sup>175</sup> "But I don't see a hows?" says Jeanne.
<sup>175</sup> "But I don't see a hows?" says Jeanne scarcely go about; at times I suffered very much and felt that life was a bur-den. Thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I can now say I am enjoying better health than I ever expected to have again and I can most heartily recommand these ly amused and interested by the high-bred audacity of the beautiful aristo-

and I can most heartily recommend these pills to other suffering women." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mrs. crat. "No? You paint, then? No? What bere?" Jeanne looks puzzlea." "A garrison! No." Her ladyship smiles. "Do you really mean to intimate that "ou don't understand me? Who do you



Since the public learned that Tiffany's front door latch so arranged that it

theft as to insure economy. For when the workman hands back For when the workman hands back his completed piece it is weighed, to-gether with the filings and scraps. A very slight allowance is made for waste, and with this allowance the weights must tally or the workman is called down

down. From the time the material is handed From the time the material is handed over to the workman until the time when he hands it in, a completed piece, he has plenty of opportunity to steal it all and skip. The workman may have his mater-ial out for two weeks; any night of that period, he might hand in an empty box and skip with the material —but he nev-er does.

and skip with the inaterial — but he is a er does. "You see, we handle gold and precious stones like cordwood," said the head of a beg jewelry factory. 'We cease to think of their value. That has something to do of their value. Inat has something to do with it. Then we are very careful about our employees. No man who has not a first class record can get a job in a jewel factory. It is a well paid trade, too. My hands get from \$20 to \$40 a week. Fancy

branches run even higher. "I've been in the business twenty-five years. All I've ever lost was one small piece, and to this day I'm not sure whe-ther it was lost in the office or the factory—or whether some outsider didn't take it."

Manufacturers fear small thefts gold filings more than big robberies. The dust, sweepings and refuse of such a factory are of course valuable. To this to the last grain the system is as elaborate as in the United States mint. The workmen must change their clothes at the door of the factory. Their work clothes never leave the room until, old leaving at night the men wash their faces, hands and heads. The waste water is saved, to be reduced. The sweepings, the sediment of the waste water and the old clothes are sold every month to firms which make a business of handling such refuse. The return from this source may run in a big factory from \$200 to \$500 month.

years ago several dishonest jewelers were caught powdering a long, oily head of hair with rich dust.

Since the public learned that Tiffany's had lost \$35,000 in diamonds from their workshop the public has wondered much how the manufacturers of jewels guard themselves against thievery by workmen and a good deal has been said about the system by which it is done. The fact is, say the manufacturers, that they have no system at all. It is a curious fact about the business that while the employees have every oppor-tunity to steal, they rarely do so. curious fact about the business that while the employees have every oppor-tunity to steal, they rarely do so. The foreman is boss of stores in a jewel factory. He has a little, grated cage, surrounding a strong safe. From this, when any piece of work is assigned, he issues the materials to the worker. These are all carefully weighed, and the workman gives a receipt for them. This is done not so much to guard against theft as to insure economy. device is invisible unless one is looking for it, and the force of a thrown brick, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, will smash only the outer window. The bottoms and sides of show windows are often lined with iron to beat the window the worker. These are all carefully weighed, and the workman gives a receipt for them. This is done not so much to guard against theft as to insure economy. Many stores now arrange their rings

haul in one grab. Many stores now arrange their rings Many stores now arrange their rings in a patent tray, so made that only one ring can be taken out at a time. This cuts off the sneak who smuggles rings from a tray into a handkerchief or um-brella. It is the custom to show larger articles only one at a time, leaving the trays inside the showcase. The jewelers have never found any satisfactory way of heating the "neury-

satisfactory way of beating the "penny-weighters," those sneaks who visit the store in rush hours and substitut store in rush nours and substitute a worthless imitation for a genuine article. Eternal vigilance is the only way of dealing with them. About Maiden lane there is a con-

quarters detectives and several private watchmen are in the district all day.

watchmen are in the district all day. Of course, the larger stores all have their regular store detectives. Against thieving employees the big stores have no real protection, except careful choosing. Sometimes clerks and heads of departments are placed under bonds. In establishments of moderate size every article is counted. catalogued bonds. In establishments of moderate size every article is counted, catalogued and checked off when the stock is put into the safe at night. This method is too cumbersome for the great establish-ments. There the owners must always take more or less risk. Yet they say at the offices of the two indemnity companies that thefts by em-ployees in retail store are surprisingly uncommon.—N. Y. Sun.

too carefully during the hot weather. Dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera infantum, and disorders of the stomach are alarmclothes never leave the room untri, one and disorders of the stomach are alarmingly frequent during the summer months, and unless the mother has at months, and unless the mother has at hand an efficient remedy to check and cure the trouble a little life may go al-most before you realize the case is seri-ous. At the first sign of any of these ail-ments the wise mother will give her little one Baby's Own Tablets, which promptly cure all hot weather ailments. Mrs. John Lancaster, North Portal N W T Lancaster, North Portal, N. W. T., says:

a month. From time to time workmen have been caught in small tricks on this refuse. For example, a jewcler with oily hair had better keep it short if he doesn't want to be regarded with suspicion. A few years ago several dishonest jewelers medicine a little one needs." Other wise mothers will follow Mrs. Lancaster's ex-

X

BABY'S DANGER. A mother cannot watch her little ones

torts, his mood changing. "What, going to give me a lecture, size a mother when she says good-by at school. Why, then, you're only a child yourself, and will have to put on your best behavior. I say, look there," he breaks off, nodding the high road; "they're coming down the hill at a pretty good pace, anyhow. Jeanne leans around the stile and looks; coming down the hill there is c stile and

looks: coming down the null there is a carriage, drawn by a pair of spirited horse, who evidently don't know the road; and don't like it. "That isn't any of he Marly post-thorses, I'll bet," says Hal, resting his chin on his hands, and watching the prancing and restless pair with all a hor's enjoyment. oy's enjoyment.

"What a splendid carriage, Jeanne," he says. "If they don't put the brake on they'll come to grief directly the drop just here is the stiffest on the read. What a dust!"

What a dust!" As he speaks the carriage has descend-ed almost to a level with them, and they can see still more plainly than before that the heavy charlot is forcing and ending the heavy borses almost beyond endurance, and that the coachman is pulling his hardest and looking apprehensively down the steep incline below

"The brake-the brake!" says Hal. "Why doesn't the idiot-holloa!" he breaks off, and jumps off the stile as. with a slip and a tumble, the near hor: plunges on to his knees and rolls over. Hal runs down to the bank and is on

the road almost before the coachman has got down, and Jeanne, following, is in Her companion raises her eyes lantime to see a face at the window, and hear a voice, crying: "Open the door-what has happened?"

"A romanic spot, she says, it is like the first scene in a modern comedy-opera. And this is Rawton Megis?" "Newton Regis," corects Jeanne, "Will you come in and rests?" she adds, and her ladyship follows her into the cozy drawing from "Open the door—what has happenelt?" Hal is already on his knees beside the fallen horse, and takes not the slightest notice, but Jeanno runs forward, and lays her band on the handle of the door: at the same moment another hand touches it. Both hands meet, and Jeanne. drawing roo drawing-room. "If you will excuse me? says Jeanne, "I'll go and find my aunt." Her.ladyship hows gracefully, but with the most cool indifference, and Jeanne, half-annised, half-irritated, wholly interlooking up as the door opens, sees the fair face of a woman looking affrightedly

For a moment Jeanne is too startled to speak. It is not the beauty of th face, with its delicate tints and exquis-itely curved features, and fair golder Ber ladyship, left alone, goes-as moth to the candle, or a stream to sea-to the looking glass, and, slow hair that positively glitters in the sun-light, but the whole figure. In short, it is Johnne's first experience of that last marvel of our high-pressured civilization peeling of one glove, smooths, with he lace handkerchief, a few flecks of silke yellow hair, and then looks with langui -a fashiouable beauty. And to Jeanne it is nothing more or

euriosity around the room. Aunt Jane having caused the Holland covers which usually incase the furniture to be removed, in honor of the coming less than a maryel; woman-like, she takes it all in-the graceful, trained figmorrow, the dainty little room looks at ure, dressed to perfection, from the Par-isian boot to the delicate grey travelling dat: from the exclusively firting closes Her ladyship takes in everything-the

"Why, child, you are an artist!" she exclaims, looking up, "Oh, don't shake your head, and talk about flattery, and all that I'm source to are I hearth savs Jeanne Her ladyship sighs. all that. I'm sorry to say I know what I am talking about when I pronounce upon a picture; I've listened to too much "Quite out of the world! And do you "Quite out of the world! And do you ive here?" she asks, looking at Jeanne, is if she wondered how any human being irt jargon not to know something about exist so far out of the world. Besides, I really do understand, and "Yes," says Jeanne, "and am very hese are more than good—they are al-nost masculine, too!" "But—" says Jeanne, hastening to This quaint addendum is like Jeanne

and is almost defiant. The indolent blue eyes rest with lan-guid interest upon the fresh young epudiate. pudiate. "But I say they are!" says her lady-

ship—"they are really beautiful! 'New-ton Regis'—'The Church.' Yes, sketches am glad to hear it," she says; "I of the place, of course. And here's a de-licious little bit of seascape and a boat lidn't think it could have Jidn't think it could have been possi-ble. I assure you that every inch of the road has only added to my regret at travelling it. I have but just left Paris Chat's it called-the Nancy Bell. Very pretty. My dear child, I can under why you're happy-you're art mad, and

with a smile.

Jeanne

married

"A garrison!

flush.

"Jeannel- It is a pretty name; Norman, too! Our meeting is quite roman-tic. Still more so if one of us had been a man instead of both being women. Un-

There is a question in the last word,

"And I-worse, or better, luck."

Jeanne smiled, and blushed faintly. What makes her ladyship suddenly start as if something had reached a hand from the portfolio and struck at her fair, And I am just going!" she thought -and am quite exhausted. It only "-and am quite exhausted. It only needs this to put a climax to my suf-ferings. Did you say your house was not very far?" "That is it." says Jeanne, as they came in sight of the familiar red bricks. dainty face?

CHAPTER XIII.

"A romantic spot," she says, "it is like

and the siner courses to the process eld-rasmaned plano, the latte satis lined new expression in her blue eyes, "I am give up the ghost.

Jeanne says "Yes," and rises to assist her with the portfolio. Lady Lucelle spoils her remaining of cars, but these people are becoming glove in a moment with the dust, but is too much struck with sketch number one to remark the destruction. "Why, child, you are an artist!" the heroes of the olden times," said C. T. Bruce ,of Roanoke, Va., to a Milwaukee Sentinel reporter.

"A few weks ago, however, it was my fortune to notice the actions of a grown man who had never seen a train or heard the whistle of an engine or steamboat. It was in a little village in Kentucky, near the wild, mountainous districts inhabited by moonshiners, and this man had been arrested by the revenue He was being taken to a place for trial and at the village where I encountered the party his first trip on the cars was

to begin "Suddenly the train whistled, not more "Suddenly the train winsteen, not more than a quarter of a mile away. The moonshiner jumped nearly three feet and stood like an animal at bay, his head up and his nostrils quivering with astonishment. And in a few minutes the train the terminal.

ment. And in a few minutes the train rolled in. The man from the mountains as the train passed the platform became as one bereft of reason. Down to his knees he dropped, and with his manacled hands extended in a gesture of supplica-tion and with Eightly closed eyes, he broke into a tearful prayer to be seven roke into a tearful prayer to be saved.

Jeanne stops abruptly in the attempt to arrest her mistake about the pictures, and stares instead at the suidealte wild

fund all losses by trunk and valise thefts fund all losses by trunk and valise thefts are made good. At the end of every two years the money remaining in the trea-sury is divided and returned to the sub-scribers. There is also a detection agency to which the members pay \$25 a year. Jewelry salesmen on the road must ob-serve certain rules. They must personally check their trunks and valises and see them aboard the baggage car. At every stop the train makes they must get out and watch the baggage car until the concheck their trunks and valises and see them aboard the baggage car. At every stop the train makes they must get out and watch the baggage car until the con-ductor yells "all aboard." Arrived at his first stop, the salesman goes imme-duately to the baggage room, presents his check and rides with the trunk or valise to his hotel. There, if the goods are in small compass. he must shem in the the door whe will cease to show anxiety immediately by whining and will show pleasure only by the wagging of his tail. "In order to get a man's temper one must watch his eyes, but for a dog's how have to watch his tail. The dog is hkewise incapable of deceit, and hence he is nothing of a politician. He deceives are in small compass, he puts them in the

The precaution of watching the bag-gage car at every station arises from an old game of western crooks. The thief bought a ticket and accompanied the or angered it is the same way "His oneness and fidelity under all cir-

salesman on a "short stop" trip. For baggage he would check a trunk or valise him utterly cumstances simply make looking just like the salesman's. At a station along the line he would slip into the baggage car and shift the incapable of baseness and loyalty simultaneously in appearance. If he loves you e loves you, and everything about him checks, receiving the salesman trunk at ndicates it, but if he hates

other co-operative organization. It looks out for the safes of retail stores, insur-

ing their contents and running down safe robbers. It keeps track of crooks

The Jewelers' Security Alliance is an-blar concerning argument is an-Houston Post. The Sign of Age.

When you begin to think that it isn't worth while to dress for the chance man and makes a business of informing the worth while to dress for the chance man trade about any new dodges of jewel caller and to prefer sending down word

CHAPTER XIII.
Jeanne stops abruptly in the attempt to arrest hout the picture and stares instead at the suddenly white the end of the world had commission a questioning, bewildered fashion, a gathered that a stare sinstead at the suddenly white the end of the world had commission a questioning, bewildered fashion, and there must fail to the bar for mother the the startled eyes, staring in a questioning, bewildered fashion, and there must fail to the bar for mother the total for mother the startled eyes, staring to fail discuss of Abereorn, by the direct discuss of Abereorn, by the direct discuss of the bar for mother the bar for mother the total for mother total for the total for mother the total for mother the total for the mother total for the total for the total for the total for mother total for the total for the total for mother total for the total for mother total for the total for the total for mother total for the total for the total for the total for the total for total for the total for total for the total for the total for t