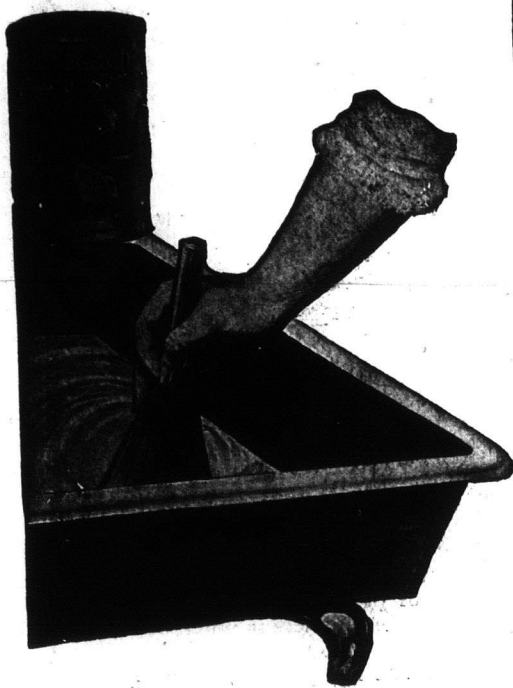


Just WHY



You Can
ALWAYS
Have a
Clean Sink

If You
Use

Old Dutch Cleanser

Because no dirt, grease or grime can withstand its wonderful action. The thick scum which often gathers on the sides and bottom of the sink and defies soap-cleaning, disappears like magic when Old Dutch Cleanser is used.

Sprinkle Cleanser into sink; rub briskly with scouring brush around sides and bottom. Then wash off with clean water. No hard scrubbing or scraping required.

Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 10c

unmaidenly, almost disgraceful. I should have felt that by so doing I was incurring the awful curse of which I have spoken, the superstitious terrors of which had been impressed upon me from infancy up. I should also, I believed, inevitably cause the death of my father and mother. Accordingly, I decided to wait for a year or two, hoping that something would meanwhile occur to solve the problem.

"Harold vigorously combatted this, my determination, urging that my constancy would be put to sore trial amidst the environments in which I found myself. He particularly suggested that artifices which I would be unable to see through might be employed by my parents to prejudice me against him and separate us. But I assured him that I did not think that they were capable of doing this. However, I now know that either they were, or else, as an alternative to this, my dearly loved betrothed was one of the most despicable persons I have ever known.

"For a long time I believed that the latter was the case; the evidence seemed conclusive. But, later reflection has caused me to suspect, at least to hope, that I have been deceived; for much more willingly would I believe that my now deceased father and mother had through religious fanaticism stooped to what they believed righteous deception, than that the only man I ever loved was the most unprincipled of villains. And after the coming of the Rev. Mr. McNeil to our village, I can readily see that my parents were so obsessed with the desire to bring about my marriage with him, that they were lost to every other consideration.

"The respect and reverence felt for the ministry by old-fashioned persons of the type of my father and mother were so excessive that I fear I can hardly make you fully understand their attitude when the Rev. Mr. McNeil fell in love with me and proclaimed himself a suitor for my hand. Amongst the older generation of farmers about my native place the greatest earthly ambition was to raise up a son who should become a minister, the next highest was to have a daughter who should achieve the distinction of becoming a preacher's wife. You can guess, then, the anxiety my parents felt to have me forget my 'infidel' lover, as they termed him, and to safeguard my soul's salvation, as well as shed lustre on the family name, by becoming Mrs. McNeil.

"Now for this honor I had, of course, not the slightest inclination. Leaving out of account the fact that my heart was given to Harold, I do not think that it would have been possible for me to have found on earth a man to whom I should have been less attracted than to this sickly and fanatical preacher.

"He was a wizened, sallow-faced, unhealthy-looking young man, with bashful and awkward manners, but boundless self-esteem due to his firm faith in his own abilities, and the importance of the service he was rendering mankind. My parents accepted him at his own valuation, but I did not; for I soon discovered that the most of his alleged profound learning was mere pedantry, and I despised him as a person without true culture and essentially a weakling, a mollycoddle who in any of the active pursuits of life would have been a mere child in competition with strong men. And yet I did not actively dislike him. Pity would better have expressed my feeling towards him—the victim, the self-deceived dupe of the system under which he had been brought up. As I afterwards found out, he was essentially kindly, humane, even self-sacrificing in a way.

"And finally I married him. Why I did so not all the explanations that could be made on earth will ever make clear. If there is, indeed, a book kept by the Recording Angel, in which each human thought, word and action is clearly set down, perhaps by mature study of this I may in some future state understand it all; but I shall never here below arrive at a satisfactory analysis of the motives that swayed me.

"But amongst them came first of all, I am sure, out and out despair and disgust with life and all that it had left to offer. Harold was untrue to me! The only man I ever did love had treated me with unparalleled contempt had spurned my love like a thing of naught. Only a week before the time of which I speak, I had unknown to my parents,

received a letter from him that was filled with protestations of his undying affection for me, with exhortations to faithfulness on my part, with hopeful plans for our future when the shadows should have passed away. And then came the blow. My father showed me the New York paper in which was announced the marriage of Mr. Harold Duval and Miss Eloise Fauntleroy!

"I might have wondered then and I did afterwards ask why my father should so promptly have received a copy of this paper. His explanation was that a college friend of the Rev. Mr. McNeil's in New York, who knew about the latter's infatuation for me and my love for this Harold Duval, had seen the item and sent it to him. But, in any case, it was abundantly clear that here was no case of mistaken identity. My betrothed was clearly designated as a young lawyer, a graduate of the '05 in his college, which I well knew, and as a football player of note. If I required any further evidence of what had taken place, I found it in the fact that his secret letters to me forthwith ceased. And, of course, from that day on I never wrote to him.

"The rest of this sad tragedy I pass over with a few words. Finally, as I have said, I married the Rev. Peter McNeil. If I can give any one reason for this, I did so because my heart was broken, every earthly ambition of mine disappointed, and I felt that nothing in this wide world made any real difference. I determined that if this match, upon which their hearts were set, could make my old parents any happier—smoothe their final path from the acclivity of life I should just as lief gratify them; for it all seemed of little consequence to me. I only sought some shelter where I might hide my broken heart for the few short years that I felt certain were left me on earth.

"But strange are the ways of providence. Within a year after our marriage my husband, who proved to be a consumptive, was dead. Scarcely as much more time had elapsed when both my parents also reposed in the old graveyard amongst the West Virginia hills and I was left alone, without a near relative in all the world, without an ambition, without a desire, save to pass away and be at rest with those who had gone before.

"My husband and parents left me a modest property, the income of which amply sufficed for my needs. For a year after their decease I lived almost a recluse in the family home; but now, by the advice of friends, I have determined to try for a while the life of a teacher. I have just accepted a position in a church school at Salt Lake, that an old college classmate asked me to take, and am on my way thither, faintly hoping that new scenes and environments may give me some interest in life and possibly arouse me to action."

The company was silent as the so-called Miss Parsons ended her tale. Sympathy, pity, were manifest upon all faces; but it was evident that no one knew just what to say. Mrs. Jones was at last about to make some remark, when a noise was heard in the smoking compartment at the end of the car, next to which we were huddled. A large, handsome, athletic-looking man suddenly emerged, and addressed us:

"I am an eavesdropper," he exclaimed, half quizzically and half defiantly, yet in an excited manner that he evidently tried in vain to control. "I was an unwitting one at first, I protest; for I dropped into your smoking room from the sleeper back, in search of a match. None of you noticed me, and thus it chanced that I heard the first part of Miss—Miss Parsons' tale. After I had caught the first sentence that fell from her lips, I dishonorably remained to hear the very last word of it. But does she, do you, ladies and gentlemen, blame me? I am the man she calls Harold Duval."

If a bomb-shell had at that moment exploded in our midst the effect could not have been more startling. This statement applies to all of us who were there present, but as for Miss Parsons in particular, it is impossible to describe the transformation wrought in her by the man's sudden appearance. She sat for an instant as one altogether stunned by a heavy blow, and yet as one upon

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