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Jeanne of the Marshes

-----BY-----

E. P. OPPENHEIM

(Continued.)

CHAPTER II.

The Princess helped herself to a salted almond and took her first sip of champagne. The almonds were crisp and the champagne dry. She was wearing a new and most successful dinner-gown of black velvet, and she was quite sure that in the subdued light no one could tell that the pearls in the collar around her neck were imitation. Her afternoon's indisposition was quite forgotten. She nodded at her host approvingly.

"Cecil," she said, "it is really very good of you to take in my two friends like this. Major Forrest has just arrived from Ostend, and I was very anxious to hear about the people I know there, and the frocks, and all the rest of it. Lord Ronald always amuses me too. I suppose most people would call him foolish, but to me he only seems very, very young."

The young man who was host raised his glass and bowed towards the Princess.

"I can assure you," he said, "that it has given me a great deal of pleasure to make the acquaintance of Major Forrest and Lord Ronald, but it has given me more pleasure still to be able to do anything for you. You know that."

She looked at him quickly, and down at her plate. Such glances had become almost a habit with her, but they were still effectual. Cecil de la Borne leaned across towards Forrest.

"I hear that you have been to Ostend lately, Major Forrest," he said. "I thought of going over myself a little later in the season for a few days."

"I wouldn't if I were you," Forrest answered. "It is overrun just now with the wrong sort of people. There is nothing to do but gamble, which doesn't interest me particularly; or dress in a ridiculous costume and paddle about in a few feet of water, which appeals to me even less."

"You were a little early in that season," the Princess reminded him.

Major Forrest assented.

"A little later," he admitted, "it may be tolerable. On the whole, however, I was disappointed."

Lord Ronald spoke for the first time. He was very thin, very long, and very tall. He wore a somewhat unusually high collar, but he was very carefully, not to say exactly, dressed. His studs and links and waistcoat buttons were obviously fresh from the Rue de la Paix. The set of his tie was perfection. His features were not unintelligent, but his mouth was weak.

"One thing I have noticed about Ostend," he remarked, "they charge you a frightful price for everything. We never got a glass of champagne there like this."

"I a glad you like it," their host said. "From what you say I don't imagine that Ostend would attract me particularly. I am not rich enough to gamble, and as I have lived by the sea all my days, bathing does not attract me particularly. I think, I shall stay at home."

"By the by, where is your home, Mr. De la Borne?" the Princess asked. "You told me once, but I have forgotten. Some of your English names are so queer that I cannot even pronounce them, much more remember them."

"I live in a very little village in Norfolk, called Salthouse," Cecil de la Borne answered. "It is quite close to a small market-town called Wells, if you know where that is. I don't suppose you do, though," he added. "It is an out-of-the way corner of the world."

The Princess shook her head.

"I never heard of it," she said, "I am going to motor through Norfolk soon, though, and I think I shall call upon you."

Cecil de la Borne looked up eagerly.

"I wish you would," he begged, "and bring your step-daughter. You can't imagine," he added, with a glance at the girl who was sitting on his left hand, "how much pleasure it would give me. The roads are really not bad, and every one admits that the country is delightful."

"You had better be careful," the Princess said, "or we may take you at your word. I warn you, though, that it would be a regular invasion. Major Forrest and Lord Ronald are talking about coming with us."

"It's just an idea," Forrest remarked carelessly. "I wouldn't mind it myself, but I don't fancy we should get Engleton away from town before Goodwood."

"Well, I like that," Engleton remarked. "Forrest's a lot keener on these social functions than I am. As a matter of fact, I am for the tour, one one condition."

"And that?" the Princess asked.

"That you come in my car," Lord Ronald answered. "I haven't really had a chance to try it yet, but it's a sixty horse Mercedes, and it's fitted up for touring. Take the lot of us easy, luggage and evrything.

"I think it would be perfectly delightful," the Princess declared. Do you really mean it?"

"Of course I do," Lord Ronald answered. "It's too hot for town, and I'm rather great on rusticating myself."

"I think this is charming," the Princess declared. "Here we have one of our friends with a car and another with a house. But seriously, Cecil, we mustn't think of coming to you. There would be too many of us."

"The more the better," Cecil said eagerly. "If you really want to attempt anything in the shape of a rest-cure, I can recommend my home thoroughly. I am afraid," he added, with a shrug of the shoulders, "that I cannot recommend it for anything else."

"A rest," the Princess declared, "is exactly what we want. Life here is becoming altogether too strenuous. We started the season a little early. I am perfectly certain that we could not possibly last till the end. Until I arrived in London with an heirhess under my charge I had no idea that I was such a popular person."

The girl who was sitting on the other side of their host spoke almost for the first time. She was evidently quite young, and her pale cheeks, dark, full eyes, and occasional gestures, indicated clearly enough something foreign in her nationality. She addressed no one in particular, but she looked toward Forrest.

"This is one of the things," she said, "which puzzles me. I do not understand it at all. It seems as though every one is liked or disliked, here in London at any rate, according to the amount of money they have."

"Upon my word, Miss Jeanne, it isn't so with every one," Lord Ronald interposed hastily.

She glanced at him indifferently.

"There may be exceptions," she said, "I am speaking of the great number."

"For Heaven's sake, child, don't be cynical!" the Princess remarked. "There is no worse pose for a child of your age."

"It is not a pose at all," Jeanne answered calmly. "I do not want to be cynical, and I do not want to have unkind thoughts. But tell me, Lord Ronald, honestly, do you think that every one would have been as kind to a girl just out of boarding-school as they have been to me if it were not that I have so much money."

"I cannot tell about others," Lord Ronald answered, "I can only answer for myself."

His last words were almost whispered in the girl's ears, but she only shrugged her shoulders and did not return his gaze. Their host, who had been watching them, frowned slightly. He was beginning to think that Engleton was scarcely as pleasant a fellow as he had thought him.

"Well," he said, "Miss Le Mesurier will find out in time who are really her friends."

"It is a safe plan," Major Forrest remarked, "and a pleasant one, to believe in everybody until they want something from you. Then is the time for distrust."

Jeanne sighed.

"And by that time, perhaps," she said "one's affections are hoplessly engaged. I thing that it is avery difficult world."

The Princess shrugged her shoulders.

"Three months," she remarked, "it not a long time. Wait, my dear child, until you have at least lived through a single season before you commit yourself to any final opinions."

Their host intervened. He was beginning to find the conversation dull. He was far more interested in another matter.

"Let us talk about that visit," he said to the Princess. "I do wish that you could make up your mind to come. Of course, I haven't any amusements to offer you, but you could rest as thoroughly as like. They say that the air is the finest in England. There is always bridge, you know, for the evenings, and if Miss Jeanne likes bathing, my gardens go down to the beach."

"It sounds delightful," the Princess said, "and exactly what we want. We have a god many invitations, but I have not cared to accept any of them, for I do not think that Jeanne would care much for the life of an ordinary country house. I myself," she continued, with perfect truth, "am not squeamish, but the last house-party I was at was certainly not the place for a very young girl."

"Make up your mind, then, and say yes," Cecil de la Borne pleaded.

"You shall hear from us within the next few days the Princess answered. "I really believe that we shall come."

The little party left the restaurant a few minutes later on their way into the foyer for coffee. The Princess contrived to pass out with Forrest as her companion.

"I think," she said under her breath, "that this is the best opportunity you could possibly have. We shall be quite alone down there, and perhaps it would be as well that you were out of London for a few weeks. If it does not come to anything we can easily make an excuse to get away."

Forrest nodded.

"But who is this young man De la Borne?" he asked. "I don't mean that. I know who he is of course, but why should he invite perfect strangers to stay with him?"

The Princess smiled faintly.

"Can't you see," she answered, "that he is simply a silly boy. He is only twenty-four years old, and I think that he cannot have seen much of the world. He told me that he had just been abroad for the first time. He fancies that he is a little in love with me, and he is dazzled, of course, by the idea of Jeanne's fortune. He wants to play the host to us. Let him. I should be glad enough to get away for a few weeks, if only to escape from these pestering letters. I do think that one's tradespeople might let one alone until the end of the season."

Forrest, who was feeling a good deal braver since dinner, on the whole favored the idea.

"I do not see," he remarked, "why it should not work out very well indeed. There will be nothing to do in the evenings except to play bridge, and no one to interfere."

"Besides which," the Princess remarked, "you will be out of London for a few weeks, and I dare say that if you keep away from the clubs for a time and lose a few rubbers when you get back your little trouble may blow over."

"I suppose," Forest remarked thoughtfully "this young De la Borne has no people living with him, guardians, or that sort of thing?"

"No one of any account," the Princess answered. "His father and mother are both dead. I am afraid, though, he will not be of any use to you, for from what I can hear he is quite poor. However, Engleton ought to be quiet enough if we can keep him in the humour for playing."

"Ask him a few more questions about the place," Forrest said. "If it seems all right, I should like to start as soon as possible."

They had their coffee at a little table in the foyer, which was already crowded with people. Their conversation was often interrupted by the salutations of passing acquaintances. Jeanne alone looked about her with any interest. To the others this sort of thing—the music of the red-coated band, the flowers, and the passing throngs of people, the handsomest and the weariest crowd in the world—were only part of the treadmill of life.

"By the by, Mr. De la Borne," the Princess asked, "how much longer are you going to stay in London?"

"I must go back tomorrow or the next day," the young man answered, a little gloomily. "I shan't mind it half so much if you people only make up your minds to pay me that visit."

The Princess motioned to him to draw his chair a little nearer to her.

"If we take this tour at all," she remarked, "I should like to be on the road the day after to-morrow. There is a perfecty hideous function on Thursday which I should so like to miss, and the stupidest dinner-party on earth at night. Should you be home by then, do you think?"

"If there were any chance of your coming at all," the young man answered eagerly, "I should leave by the first train tomorrow morning."

"I think," the Princess declared softly, "that we will come. Don't think me rude if I say that we could possibly be more bored than we are in London. I do not want to take Jeanne to any of the country house-parties we have been invited to. You know why. She really is such a child, and I am afraid that if she gets any wrong ideas about things she may want to go back to the convent. She has hinted at it more than once already."

"There will be nothing of that sort at Salthouse," Cecil de la Borne declared eagerly. "You see, I shan't have any guests at all except just yourselves. Don't you think that would be best?"

"I do, indeed," the Princess assented, "and mind, you are not to make any special preparation for us. For my part, I simply want a little rest before we go abroad again, and we really want to come to you feeling the same way that one leaves one's home for lodgings in a farmhouse. You will understand this, won't you, Cecil?" she added earnestly, laying her fingers upon his arm, "or we shall not come."

"It shall be just as you say," he answered. "As a matter of fact the Red Hall is little more than a large farmhouse, and there is very little preparation which I could make for you in a day or a day and a half. You shall come and see how a poor English countryman lives, whose lands and income have shrivelled up altogether. If you are dull you will not blame me, I know, for all that you have to do is to go away."

"The Princess rose and put out her hand.

(To be Continued.)

Love should be sipped slowly—not swallowed down like a glass of beer.

A FALL MODEL THAT THE HOME MILLINER MAY COPY.

There are so many ways of arranging feathers this year that the woman who is the lucky possessor of two or three really fine plumes should have no trouble in contriving a pretty hat. One of the new shapes should be obtained—for whatever the trimming the shape must be new—and on this wide-brimmed, rolling shape the plumes may be arranged like those in the illustration, rising from a cluster of shaded silk roses. It is important, however, that hat, feathers and flowers shall be in the same shade, or at least in two blending shades of the same color.

ENGLAND HAS TAKEN $2,000,000 7 P. C. PREFERRED

J. M. Robinson & Sons, bankers, Prince William street, speaking to The Telegraph last night said they had yesterday received word that parties in England had taken $2,000,000 worth of 7 per cent preferred stock of the Canadian Cement Company. This, the bankers feel, is a splendid indication and assures a wide market in England as well as in Canada. The Canadian Cement Company is the result of an amalgamation of practically all the cement interests in Canada. They own plants from east of the St. Lawrence to the Pacific coast, with an executive office in Montreal. Orders are shipped from the nearest plant, thus effecting a saving each year of $500,000 in freight alone. The Hull plant manufactures cement at 65 cents per barrel, and there is a protective tariff of 53 cents per barrel. The Company estimates that it will sell cement at $1.50 per barrel as an average price on an output of four million barrels. The estimate net earnings of the company is $1,900,000, and after paying interest on the bonds amounting to $309,000, providing $100,000 for a bond sinking fund and $735,000 for 7 per cent on preferred, it will have a surplus available for dividends on the common stock of $765,000.

Messrs. Robinson yesterday learned that some common stock had changed hands in Montreal at $30 to $30.50 a share.

J. M. Robinson & Sons, who are receiving subscriptions have done much of the underwriting.

PLEA FOR UNITED ANGLO-SAXON FRONT

St. Catharines, Sept. 19—Replying to an address of welcome to Ontario by Hon. Mr. Duff, minister of agriculture, to the members of the American Pomological Society, in session here, Col. C. L. Watrous, of Des Moines, Ia., strongly advocated Anglo-Saxon union.

"We are all of one blood—cousins," said he, "and we should stand together. It may be necessary some day for the Anglo-Saxon race to stand together to repel an invasion of perhaps some yellow race. I read the other day a speech by the German Emperor, in which he said that the German race, if they stood together, can dominate the world. The Anglo-Saxons can do this much more advantageously to the world.

Politician—Our ticket will sweep the city at the next election.

Citizen—I'll vote for it, then. The city certainly needs sweeping.

YOUR BACKACHE WILL YIELD

To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Rockland, Maine.—"I was troubled for a long time with pains in my back and side, and was miserable in every way. I doctored until I was discouraged, and thought I should never get well. I read a testimonial about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and thought I would try it. After taking three bottles I was cured, and never felt so well in all my life. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all my friends." — Mrs. W. E. Young, 6 Columbia Avenue, Rockland, Me.

Backache is a symptom of female weakness or derangement. If you have backache, don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Nothing we know of will do this so safely and surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Cure the cause of these distressing aches and pains and you will become well and strong.

The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has restored health to thousands of women.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge.

CONFESSES ROBBERY FOR WHICH ANOTHER LINGERS IN PRISON

New York, Sept. 19—Tortured by the knowledge that Louis Goldberg is innocent of the crime for which he is now serving a life sentence in Sing Sing, Henry Greenberg, now serving a sentence of twenty years for burglary, has confessed that he committed the robbery for which Goldberg is now paying the penalty.

Greenberg, who is convict "No. 8,441," in Dannemora prison, declared he had read the story of Goldberg in the papers and was anxious to establish his innocence, even at the risk of having more years added to his own stay in prison.

Louis Goldberg, alias Samuel Goodman, was given a life sentence in prison by Judge Mulqueen in the Court of General Sessions last February. Assemblyman Aaron J. Levy, a lawyer, of No. 65 Park row, has gone to Dannemora prison to obtain the affidavit of Greenberg, now firm in the belief that his story will be substantiated.

Goldberg, who is only twenty-five years old and a wayward member of a respectable family, was the first man to be sentenced to a life term for burglary from New York county under the recently enacted law which makes such a sentence possible. He was convicted of burglary in the first degree, as a second offender, and as the law is mandatory Judge Mulqueen had no alternative but to remove him from society for all time.

Along with its verdict of guilty the jury in Goldberg's case had recommended mercy and Judge Mulqueen was greatly perplexed in passing sentence, finding it impossible to entertain the recommendattions of the jury.

Greenburg Makes Confession

Greenberg, according to Mr. Levy, sent for Warden Cole and confessed first to him.

Following this interview he wrote a letter to Samuel Goldberg, a wealthy cloak manufacturer at No. 38 West Twenty-first street, a brother of the prisoner. In the most convincing manner he repeated his confession."

Samuel Goldberg felt that his brother Louis had dishonored the family name by his conduct and did not go to his assistance when he was arrested. Louis Goldberg had served one term in prison for burglary, and when he evinced no desire to avoid bad companions and evil ways his family decided to let him go his way.

When he got into trouble they did not pay any attention to his calls for help, but Greenberg's letter was so convincing that his brother decided to investigate the remarkable story.

In addition to getting a sworn statement from Greenberg, Levy expects to bring back an affidavit from Warden Cole. Armed with these affidavits, Levy will go before Judge Mulqueen and will ask that Goldberg be given a new trial.

Goldberg was arrested on November 10, 1908, by two policemen connected with the Harlem branch of the Detective Bureau. A flash lamp was found in his pocket and he was held on the charge of carrying burglars' tools. A few days later the police confronted him with a woman who positively identified him as the man who had robbed her apartments.

"There is no doubt in my mind that Goldberg is innocent," said Mr. Levy yesterday. I am devoting all my attention to the case and you can look for some interesting developments."

Greenburg's Letter

Greenberg's letter to Goldberg's brother, which follows, proves him to be a man of good education:—

"Out of sympathy for your unfortunate and innocent brother, as well as to ease my own conscience, I deem it my duty to deprive my own people of their monthly letter from me in order that I may address it to you in behalf of your brother.

"Believe me, therefore, my dear sir, when I say that your brother, who is now serving a life sentence in State's prison, is as innocent of the crime for which he was thus sentenced as a newly born babe. It was I, and I alone, who committed this crime, and for which I am now serving a twenty years' sentence.

"Now you can readily understand that twenty years behind prison bars is by no means pleasant, but the thought that an innocent man is suffering for my sins is enough to drive me insane. When I first read of the case, in February, 1909, I at once procured an interview with the warden of the prison and explained to him how an innocent man was sentenced to life imprisonment for a crime that I committed.

"Now, I do not know your attitude toward your brother, nor do I know in what circumstances you are, but whatever these might be, it is your duty as a man and as a brother, to procure justice for an innocent brother. And that your brother is innocent I swear by the freshly covered grave of my beloved mother."

TO PRESERVE OLD FORT CUMBERLAND

Amherst, Sept. 19—Some time ago Hon. Messrs. Josiah Wood and H. R. Emmerson and W. C. Millner obtained a special charter from the New municipal legislature to incorporate the Chignecto Historical Society. The first meeting of the society will be at the council chamber in this town on the evening of the 17th, to organize.

The object of the society is to secure the conveyance to itself of Fort Cumberland for the purpose of preserving what remains of the ancient works. Preliminary arrangements to secure it have already been made with the dominion government. The memebrs will be asked to procure funds to repair the old powder magazine. It will also take steps to return such of the old guns as still exist and mount them on the ramparts.

It has been suggested that a small building to be erected in the parade and a collection of historic relic be made covering the Micmac, Acadian and early English periods, to include arms, accoutrements, clothing, furniture, etc. These will be of much value hereafter and every year diminishes the chances of securing them.

EDITOR MACDONALD TURNS POLICEMAN

(Toronto World.)

Rev. J. A. Macdonald, editor of The Globe, and F. B. Carey, acted as policemen in the arrest of Andrew Marcicano, 24 years, 58 Homewood avenue, whom they turned over to Policeman McDonald, a little after midnight last night.

The man is charged with aggravated assault on Robt. Campbell, 20 years, West Wellington street, in King, just west of Bay street.

Campbell was taken to Grace Hospital. His face is severely cut and his left arm broken.

ROSEBERRY RESIGNS CLUB

London, Sept. 18—Lord Rosebery has resigned his membership in the Scottish Liberal Club.

Rev. Father Morriscy

Take Father Morriscy's "No. 10" (Lung Tonic) And Be Sure

that it will cure your cough, cold or lung troubles. It is the very same medicine which the priest-physician himself prescribed so often and so successfully during his lifetime, and thousands are the cases it has cured.

Take it—or give it to the children—with confidence, because it is absolutely free from opium, morphine or any other harmful drug. Many cough medicines are loaded with these dangerous ingredients, but Father Morriscy would not use anything that was not perfectly safe even for a baby.

"No. 10" contains nothing but Nature's own remedies—Herbs, Roots and Balsams—combined as only Father Morriscy knew how to combine them. Keep a bottle in the house as a safeguard against all troubles of throat and lungs.

Trial size 25c. per bottle. Regular size 50c.

At your dealer's. 24

Father Morriscy Medicine Co. Ltd. - Chatham, N.B.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS, CHATTY NEWS OF THE GREEN ROOM

Hattie Williams is to play a season in Australia.

Grace Hazard is appearing as a vaudeville star in "A Parisian Model."

Henry Folker has come home from Australia to appear in a new play by Eugene Walter.

Anna Held will begin her season in "Miss Innocence" early in October in Boston.

Ida Conquist will be the leading woman for Charles Richman in his play, "The Revellers."

Mabel Barrison will take a short temporary rest before resuming he tour in "The Blue Mouse."

De Wolf Hopper is soon to appear in "A Matinee Idol" under the management of Daniel V. Arthur.

Mrs. Alexander Salvini, the widow of the actor, may soon return to the stage in a play written by herself.

Robert Hilliard has written a play in collaboration with the mayor of Syracuse, N. Y., entitled "The Swimming Master."

The title of Maxine Elliott's new play is "Deborah of Tods." It will be produced in New York early in the present season.

Mme. Kalich will appear for the first time under the direction of the Shuberts in a new play especially written for her.

Planquette's operetta, "The Paradise of Mahomet," will be produced soon at the Casino in New York with Adele Ritchie in the company.

"The Lottery" is the name of a new three-act comedy by Mrs. Rida Johnson Young, the author of "Brown of Harvard." It will be produced this season.

Miss Minnie Dupree, who has been acting in "The Road to Yesterday" for two or three seasons, has gone into vaudeville, playing a sketch called "Wanted, a Cook."

Messrs. Charles E. Evans and Charles H. Hopper are soon to appear as co-stars in a musical version of George Arliss' farce, entitled "There and Back," seen last season.

"The Servant in the House" is being acted in Denmark, Norway and Sweden, and will soon be produced in London. Tyrone Power wil tour this country in Mr. Kennedy's play this season.

The company to support Kyrle Bellew in Alfred Sutro's play, "The Builder of Bridges," will include Eugene O'Brien, Frank Connor, De Witt C. Jennings, Mrs. Thos Whiffen and Miss Jane May. They will open on October 4.

Channing Pollock has been engaged by Klaw & Erlanger and Joseph Brooks to dramatize the novel. "The Inner Shrine," which will be produced this winter. The authorship is to remain a secret so far as the public is concerned.

Messrs. Reginald De Koven and Joseph Herbert, as composer and librettist, have collaborated on a new musical comedy called "The Train of Pleasure," which is to be produced by the Shuberts this season. The scene of the play is in France and there are two acts.

The new theatre, built in New York at a cost of 3,000,000 by representative citizens, will be opened on November 8, with Shakespeare's "Anthony and Cleopatra," to be followed during the season by The Cottage in The Air, The Nigger(Strife, and Sheridan's School for Scandal. These plays will be presented by the New Theatre Company, composing forty leading actors and actresses. Among the members of the company are Edward H. Sothern, Henry Stanford, Charles Cartwright, Master John Tausey, Miss Julia Marlowe, Miss Rose Coghlan, Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson and Miss Jessie Busley.

Henry B. Harris made his third metropolitan production of the season at the the Hudson Theatre this month in Keller Chamber's delightful comedy An American Widow. Grace Filkins in the title role, handled the part admirably and the play has been pronounced a distinct success.

Another of Henry B. Harris' enterprises is Channing Pollock's latest effort Such A Little Queen, and it scored a great hit at the Hacket Theatre in New York when it opened last month.

In the Noble Spaniard, in Hollis street threatre, Boston, Robert Edison in the title role, made the biggest hit of his career, and added another victory to his credit.

Edmund Breese is appearing in Charles Klein's play The Third Degree. He will star in October in Henry B. Harris' production of The Earth, by J. B. Fagen. Mr. Breese is a keen golf enthusiast, and has written several articles dealing with the game.

Charles Klein has written a new play, to be called the Net of Kin, which will be produced in November.

Harry Davenport, who is playing in On the Eve, in New Haven, made his debut at the age of five as Damon in Damon and Pythias, in his father's company.

Good Fellow on the Saving Proposition

Mr. R. A. Good Fellow slowly drew his checkbook from his pocket, took the cap from his fountain pen, and wrote a check. It had been the fourth time he had made the same movements that morning, and he was just about ready for the unfortunate collector, who happened to be the listener.

"Say, I wonder what you fellows think I am — a First National Bank, with a capital of about a million dollars? All I've done this morning has been to write checks for this and for that. I don't any more than get some money in the bank till a bunch of lowbrow collectors come in and take every cent of it. I tell you it's pretty hard for a single man to save any money, let alone a fellow who is tied up with a wife and a half-dozen children.

"Say, do you see these gray hairs in my head. Well, I got them from the saving habit. Yes, I began to save quite young, started with the pennies and all that dope, and here I am, almost in the autumn of life, as the novels say. and I haven't got enough to keep me a week if I didn't appear at the office each day. What do you think of that?

"When I was a kid, they predicted a great future for me. I was to be a second John D., or something of the sort. I had the knack of making money andt hen saving it where the other kids didn't. And you bet I thought I would go back home some day and buy up the town. Well, the day came when there wasn't enough money for me in the littlet town, and so I left. Packed my little trunk, as it were and departed to the city, where, I understood there was money lying around every place. I don't have to tell you what I found in the city, you know. I went to work in an office as a kid messenger, and, of course, I rose. It took me 25 years to get the job I now hold.

"Of course, I had a bank account; but every time I had saved up $25 winter came, and I had to have a new suit of clothes. Then in the spring I had $25 saved up, and I had to have a summer suit. See how it was? Pretty tough, huh?

"And here I am now in a pretty comfortable position, yet every time I sit down in my office a bunch of you ginks come in and shove a bill in my face. That's what eats up the bank account, if it wasn't for having to pay bills I would be as rich as they used to think I would be back home. Pretty tough, ain't it?

"While we are talking about this thing I'll tell you about the time I saved up a thousand dollars. Then all that money made me want to get rich quick, so I speculated—that is, I took a splendid tip from an alleged good friend of mine. It was a fine tip, all right, and when I came out of the hole I was just one thousand plunks loser. Wheat dropped, instead of taking a jump as my friend said it would, and I lasted just about two hours.

"Of course, I had to begin all over again then, but in the future the soothing ticker tape will have no effect on yours truly. Oh, yes, you're my friend, all right. The bill collectors are the best friends I have, for they come in and see me each week without fail. They surely are devoted to me."

A Queer People and Their Ways

Probably the queerest and most peculiar people in America are the Amish, who are located in certain portions of Alabama, Ohio, Indiana and Oregon. The men wear long black beards, wide brimmed black hats and black clothes having no buttons. They number several thousand in America, and form little settlements where they locate. They came originally from Switzerland and Germany, driven out by religious persecution. They scorn education yet are very devout.

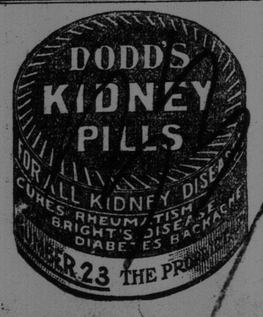
In their settlements they construct large churches and there they congregate each Sunday morning, taking their dinners with them. They remain at church during the entire day. The Amish are of the opinion that the earth is not round on account of a paragraph in the Bible where the four corners of the earth are mentioned.

The Amish wedding is very interesting. The young couple are seated together and the minister stands before them. He tells them all about the ways of living of the Amish people and gives them a good sound lecture on the way they should live.

The Amish do not believe in fire insurance, or, in fact, in any kind of insurance. If a barn or house burns down, it is claimed to be the will of God and they think it against his wish that they should collect the money for it. The language they speak is neither German nor English, but is sort of a mixture of the two. They are a strong and sturdy people and often become quite wealthy on account of their constant attention to farm work and their art of saving money, although they do not believe in banks.

LOSS OF APPETITE is commo gradual; one dish after another is set as It is one of the first indications that system is running down, and there is no ing else so good for it as Hood's Sarsap illa—the best of all tonics.

WASN'T CAST DOWN.

Mrs. Askitt—And after you rejec him?

Miss Kidder—He married twice.