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**MOTHER:**—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

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**At the Mouth of the Treacherous Pit**  
STORY OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND REVENGE

CHAPTER I.

"This white one is called 'Queen Marie,' she said, 'and the red one is 'Eria's Pride.' Which will you have, Sir Karl?"

Sir Karl had been piqued and hurt; he thought only of giving a passing thrill of vexation to the girl whom he really loved, but by one trivial act he decided her destiny and his own. Dolores watched him with wistful pain. If he took the white rose, she would know that he loved her best; if not—

Lola looked with great, shining eyes into his face.

"Take your choice," she said; and he took from her hand the deep-crimson rose, "Eria's Pride."

No one saw that the fair, young face grew deathly white, that the golden head drooped for a moment. Then Dolores raised it with proud, careless grace.

"I will sing now, Sir Karl," she said, "if you still wish it."

"Certainly I do," he replied offering her his arm.

CHAPTER V.

It was all over now, Dolores told herself. There was an end of her dream. Some one else had taken her place at the piano, and a beautiful voice was filling the room with melody. Just then she was hardly capable of a clear thought. She did not know that Sir Karl stood watching her with wistful eyes, eyes full of pain and wonder, that last "good-bye" ringing in his ears and stirring his heart. He could not help seeing that she had sung it with a purpose; and that purpose was to bid farewell to him. "Too late!" Ah! it was indeed too late! But if it would be for her happiness, he must be content.

"She does not look like a girl who would sell herself for money," he thought. "She has the face of one who could give her life for the man she loved."

"She might have said 'good-bye' quietly," he thought, "and not have sung it in words that must haunt me until I die. She sang them reproachfully, too, as though it were my fault that I am her last friend. I should have been her friend until death, but she is marrying for money and not for love."

The miserable night came to an end at last. Sir Karl went away first, and Dolores was driven home in madame's carriage. The girl was thankful to be alone, to be where she was not compelled to smile, and talk while her heart felt ready to break.

people. I am too young to have thought of such things. No one cares for me; believe me, papa."

If he had been more shrewd and worldly, he must have noticed that, although she repeated her statement that no one cared for her, she never once said that she cared for no one. The Squire went on.

"I was a coward yesterday, Dolores. The idea of poverty frightened me. I could have cried like a child then; but now that I look at you, Dolores, in the light of another day, I feel braver and stronger. In the course of nature I cannot live many years. What does it matter, if only you are happy, dear?"

There was a faint quiver on her lips; and then she said—

"I am quite happy, papa. In the years to come, when you think about this, and about my marriage, always remember that I was quite happy, that I had no regrets, and that I was most grateful to the generous man who rescued us."

He listened attentively.

"These are pleasant words, Dolores; but they have not the right ring."

"You may believe me," she said.

"You must always remember that I am perfectly happy. If ever you see a cloud on my face, tell me about it; if you find my spirits flag, then you may believe that I am not happy. Kiss me, papa, and tell me you believe me."

He kissed the sweet face and laid his hand caressingly on the golden head.

"I believe you, my darling, and I am quite happy too, in the belief."

Then she rose from her knees and busied herself in arranging his papers.

"I will write to Lord Rhysworth today," she said; "and perhaps he will come over. Papa, grant me this favor; if he comes, see him for me this once. I will see him to-morrow."

"This the old Squire promised to do."

"Dear Lord Rhysworth," Dolores wrote—"I have been thinking well over the question you asked me, and I have come to a decision. I thank you for your generous offer, and, in accepting it, assure you that it shall be the one endeavor of my life to make you a good and faithful wife."

"I am, dear Lord Rhysworth, yours very sincerely,

"DOLORES OLEIFDEN."

It was not a very enthusiastic love-letter, but honest and true.

She meant just what she wrote, that she would endeavor to be a true and good wife to him as long as he lived. In her own heart there was an unuttered prayer that her life might not be a very long one. She was not quite aware of it herself.

Lord Rhysworth received the letter, and was transported with delight after reading it. He went at once to White Cliffe, where the Squire received him with heartiest welcome. He did not see Dolores. She was fatigued, the Squire said, with her long evening at Beaulieu. If he would ride over on the morrow, Dolores would see him then.

Without having gained a glimpse of the fair face he loved so dearly, Lord Rhysworth went away. That same evening from Deeping Hurst came a magnificent bouquet for Dolores; and never a day passed afterward without presents of fruits and flowers finding their way to White Cliffe. The old Squire seemed to grow young and strong again under the new influence.

Next day Dolores saw Lord Rhysworth. He kissed her hands with old-fashioned gallantry.

"You have made me the happiest man on earth," he said, "and the devotion of my whole life shall repay you."

"I will do my best to make you happy," she answered.

And that was all the wooing that ever passed between them. It was enough, perhaps, for reason and common sense; but, alas, for the girlish dream of love and romance! How would it end?

(To be continued.)

**Treasures of Humble Plants**  
UNLOCKED BY NEGRO SCIENTIST.

TUSKINGEE, Ala., June 14 (A.P.)—With magic touch Dr. George W. Carver, negro scientist who for the past 30 years has been a member of the faculty of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute here, has opened a treasure trove of nature, hidden for centuries.

Concealed under the guise of a sweet potato, a peanut and a pecan, nature had hidden a myriad of useful products, and these have been disclosed by Dr. Carver, who was born in a slave home on a Missouri farm.

The record of this scientist-to-day stands: More than 100 commercial products from the sweet potato, 200 from the peanut, and more than 60 from the pecan.

Not stopping with that, Dr. Carver has transformed a lump of southern clay into beautiful colors, one of which is the Egyptian blue, the secret of which was believed to have died and been lost to the world with the ancients of the Nile valley.

This worker with the soil also has been given a Fellowship in the Royal Society of Great Britain, and in 1923 was awarded the Spingard medal which each year is given to the man or woman of African descent and American citizenship who shall have made the highest achievement in any field of human endeavor.

**Uncommon Sense**  
By JOHN BLAKE.

**OVERSTOCKED.**  
It is as useful to know what to forget as what to remember.

People with phenomenal memories are rarely phenomenal thinkers.

On the other hand, many gentlemen who have great difficulty in remembering where they left their hats or how much they paid for the last umbrellas they bought are very often of great intellectual capacity.

Recently a young man has astonished beholders in some of the big cities in Europe and America by reading over pages of logarithms—which are long strings of figures—and repeating them all accurately a little later.

One would as soon expect keen, analytical thought from this youth as to expect to find the junk stored away in an attic lumber room to be all docketed with a card index system.

There are many things that we need to remember—among them being the words of a foreign language we happen to be learning, or the vital and needful facts concerning our particular business.

There are other things which are not worth remembering at all.

We know of a young man who spent hours every day learning in alphabetical order the names of every county in every State in the United States.

Had he been a sales manager, with agents in all these States, the knowledge he thus acquired might have been useful.

But he was a bookkeeper in a small store, and consequently the strain he put on his memory did him no good whatever.

Anything that can be found easily in reference books which are close to hand, is not worth storing away in the brain, if that storing away requires special effort.

Observation will train the memory sufficiently for all purposes if it is actively employed while acquiring knowledge.

The student who thinks about the book he is reading, the man who listens attentively to the words of a lecturer, will take away all the knowledge he needs to take away.

The most tiresome people in the world are those who remember every detail of every event that ever happened to them, making no distinction between the important and unimportant, and thereafter insist on repeating their stories to any one who will listen.

Treat your memory as you would treat your body. Keep it active and alert and ready.

But don't overload it. Half the things it now retains will never be of any possible use to you on this earth.

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**English Experts Labor**  
TO IMPROVE ALUMINUM.

London, May 28.—In the confident belief that aluminum is to be the metal of the future, a big staff of research chemists is investigating the metal at the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington-on-Thames. Several valuable discoveries have already been made. One of the chemists, J. D. Grogan, had this to say to a reporter:

"We have found how to make this metal, hitherto a somewhat poor conductor of electricity, of good conductivity. Aluminum has been slowly replacing copper in electrical undertakings, particularly for high-tension cables, and our discovery will help it to replace it much quicker. This alloy is both cheaper and of higher conductivity than copper, weight for weight."

West End Taxi—Office Morris Building—Phone 2016.—June 17, 24

**Art Collection of Hungarian Noble**  
TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION.

PRAGUE, May 27 (A.P.)—A part of the famous art collection of the Hungarian magnate, Count Palfy, who died in 1908, will be sold by auction this summer. The treasures which are stored in the four Palfy castles are valued at \$2,000,000.

Among the articles to be put on sale in June are Napoleon's bed, the furnishings of Maria Theresa's drawing room, two Rubens, a series of old Dutch masters and the famous "Head of Christ" by Guido Reni.

The second sale will occur in the autumn and will consist largely of porcelains.

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**Life After Death**

Dr. Rhoda Erdmann, a woman lecturer at Berlin University has created a sensation by a paper which she read before the Anatomy Congress at Halle.

She stated that she had succeeded in cultivating animal tissue outside the body, and exhibited a spinal cord, heart, and other matter from embryos and grown-up guinea-pigs, which had grown for some weeks in a salt solution.

Dr. Erdmann's work is described as an advance on that accomplished in America by Professor Carrel, who kept the heart of a chicken alive for twelve years in a similar solution.

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