

**Sweetens the Stomach**

and, best of all, it makes you  
yourself feel sweet.

**Abbey's**  
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vescent Salt

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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STRENGTH  
VIGOR  
APPETITE  
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He tucked her hand under his arm  
in Lawrie's old way.

"But my train—my luggage!" she  
protested, hanging back.

He swung himself on the car by  
way of answer, and presently re-  
appeared with her little black valise.

"I recognised it!" he said, glee-  
fully.

"I must go!" she repeated mechani-  
cally.

"You can have a special to over-  
take the excursion later," he said.

"But they're waiting for you," she  
protested.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, suddenly be-  
thinking himself. Turning to the  
astonished conductor of the special,  
he said:

"I sha'n't go to-day, Walker.  
Please cancel the train order."

Mary felt herself being carried out  
to sea. She made one desperate at-  
tempt to reach terra firma. Quietly  
disengaging her hand, she said in a  
low tone:

"Really, Lawrie, you must not at-  
tempt to override me. I am going."

Instantly Lawrie shifted to the  
humorous appealing—obviously the  
years had not changed him; never  
would, thought Mary.

"Mary, Mary, don't turn me off in  
this way," he begged. "I'm not such  
a bloated plutocrat as you think. The  
railroad forces these distasteful  
luxuries on me"—with a wave to-  
wards the special train. "I've spent  
all my money. It's been a devil of a  
job; but it's all gone, every cent,  
honest! All I have to get along on  
are my salaries, and I reduce them  
regularly!"

What could Mary do? She put the  
best face on it she could muster, and  
said:

"I'll wait for the regular train, if  
you make the railroad take my ex-  
cursion ticket."

The ladies on the excursion train  
almost pushed their faces through  
the glass in endeavouring to see the  
last of the couple, as they ascended  
the steps. There was not one of  
them but knew who the gentleman  
was. At the door of the station  
Mary and Lawrie found a cab. They  
drove over the tracks as the excu-  
rsion train was pulling out under-  
neath, then over the bridge and up  
the long hill beyond. Neither said  
much. Mary was intensely grateful  
that Lawrie did not demand any de-  
tailed explanation of her trip to  
Miwasa.

"How did you know me?"

"Oh, Mary! as if I could mistake  
that back, or those shoulders, or the  
dimple on the boundary of your  
cheek!"

"I heard you were going to be mar-  
ried," she said hastily.

"I hope so," he said with a grave  
twinkle. "Nothing is settled."

"An orphan, people said."

"Of the desired sex and marriage-  
able age," he said. "I know but one  
orphan."

Mary made believe not to see the  
point. They had come to the figure  
of Miwasa on the Aspen Way; she  
leaned out of the window.

"Do you know, that figure attracts  
me strangely," she said, to divert the  
conversation into a safer channel.

To her astonishment Lawrie laugh-  
ed outright. He turned on the elec-  
tric light above their heads, and  
taking a little case from his pocket,  
snapped it open.

"I asked the sculptor to follow  
that," he said.

Mary looked and saw—herself!

"Do you know how to use a chafing  
dish?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Sirius Barker.  
"I have novel ideas on the subject."

"What are they?"

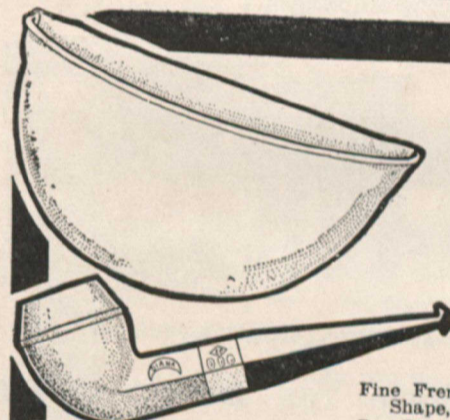
"The best way I know of to use a  
chafing dish is to punch a hole in the  
bottom of it, paint it green, and plant  
flowers in it."—*Washington Star.*

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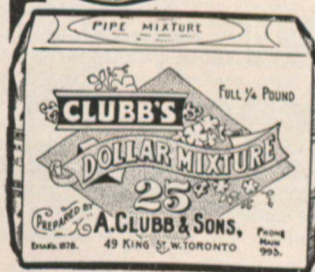
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