

Ezra Dalton's Will.

WRITTEN FOR THE ADVERTISER
BY ELLIOTT FLOWER.

[Copyright, 1902, by S. S. McClure Co.]

When Kittle Wingram married Ezra Dalton it was generally understood to be a financial transaction of the kind customary in the polite world. Kittle was young and pretty, while Ezra was old and rich. But Kittle was not one of these unbusinesslike girls who leave everything to chance. No, indeed; she was a thoughtful and worldly maiden, who knew how to look out for herself and her future. She insisted that his will must be made out in her favor in the way that she should decree, and left in her charge.

"Everything must be left to me," she said, "and the will must be absolutely in my keeping. Too many girls in our set have been fooled by codicils and other changes."

To this she agreed, and the day after the wedding she demanded the fulfillment of his promise.

"I will have the new will drawn up and executed today," he said, "and tonight I will give it to you. I regret to have to cut off one or two relatives who have been kind to me, but you shall have everything."

"It is because I know you will regret that," she replied, "that I shall not be satisfied with any will that I cannot have always with me. No safe-deposit box would give me the sense of security that I need in order to rest easy."

"Surely you cannot be in earnest," he protested. "You cannot carry it about with you. It would be lost or stolen."

"The way that I intend to carry it," she answered, "will preclude the possibility of loss or theft, and, furthermore, will make it impossible for you to get hold of it and change it. I shall have it tattooed on my arm."

She laughed in a triumphant way as she said this, while Ezra gasped. She was not unmindful of the fact that he still might make a new will, but she thought the circumstance would deter him, especially as the destruction of the other would be impossible.

"On your arm?" he repeated, as soon as his astonishment would let him speak.

"On my arm," she said, with determination.

"You are prepared, then, to give up the wearing of short sleeved gowns?" he suggested, whereat she grew suddenly pale.

"Good heavens!" she cried, "I never thought of that."

"You have a beautiful arm," he went on insinuating.

"True," she admitted, "and its beauty must be preserved. I have no right to deprive society of so fair an arm. I will have the will tattooed on my shoulder."

"Would your ball gowns conceal it?" he asked, solicitously.

Again she was startled by the suggestion, for in truth there was very little of the shoulder that a ball gown would conceal. This, of course, was due to the fact that she belonged to the world of fashion, and in consequence it would be manifestly absurd and provocative of comment to withdraw the shoulders from exhibition.

"Well," she said, after a thoughtful pause, "perhaps it would be better to have the will tattooed where I am vaccinated."

New she thought the matter settled, but this was because she was unacquainted with the legal requirements in such affairs. He looked at her and smiled in a way she did not like.

"As you please," he returned, disinterestedly, and then he added, as if it were a matter of slight importance, "I presume you do not forget that the will must be signed by two witnesses and attested by a notary."

Her perturbation was great, but in a minute or two she recovered her composure.

"In that case," she asserted, "I shall have the will tattooed just beneath the shoulder blade, and the notary and witnesses shall be women. Thank heaven, that women have invaded some departments of the business world."

From this decision it was impossible to move her. She wanted all, and she lacked confidence in him. She knew that it was human nature to dislike to pay for goods that have been a long time in one's possession, and she feared that with the passing years he might try to scale down the price. So she secured the tattooed will—a will that could not be destroyed, changed, lost or taken from her—and the only thing that seriously disturbed her during the operation was the question of the notarial seal. Ezra suggested that a large seal that could

make a proper impression upon her should be specially made, but she repaid him for that later. It was finally tattooed on her from an imprint that seemed shivering cold when it was made. Still, she was not entirely happy. She had hoped to have the will where she could always see it, just to reconcile her to her bargain, but she found it necessary to inspect it as she did her back hair, by using two mirrors, and it was so difficult to read it that it took her three days to make sure that the terms were in accordance with her instructions. Still, there was satisfaction in knowing it was there, for when she became disheartened and dissatisfied (as is frequently the case with modern wives of ancient husbands), she had only to remove her waist and arrange the mirrors to experience a feeling of placid contentment.

But soon she became an enigma to her friends. She did such strange things and made such extraordinary remarks. For instance, she gave up the use of rocking chairs entirely.

"I have noticed," she said, "that no matter how gently one rocks, the motion results in a sort of rubbing of one's back by the back of the chair."

"What of it?" asked the friend to whom this remark was made.

"Don't you wish you knew?" she retorted.

Then she evinced a strong repugnance to massage, which she previously had held to be conducive to beauty and health. Indeed, when the subject was mentioned she shuddered, and once exclaimed, "Heavens, it might run out!"

In a crowd, too, she exhibited great distress. If anyone brushed roughly by her so as to touch her right shoulder, she became perceptibly pale, and promptly endeavored to back into some corner where she would be reasonably safe. Naturally there was speculation and then gossip.

"That old brute of a husband beats her," someone suggested.

"Why, of course," another exclaimed. "That explains everything, doesn't it? Her back is probably a mass of bruises."

Just as this was satisfactorily settled by the gossips and everyone was wondering how long her pride would keep her out of the divorce court, she still further puzzled them by a remark of an entirely different nature. Something was said about the value of a beautiful skin to a woman, a particularly fair debutante being under discussion.

"It is priceless," one of the party asserted. "It cannot be put in figures."

"Oh, I don't know," returned Mrs. Ezra Dalton, in a dreamy way. "A few square inches of mine is worth \$3,750,000."

On another occasion she asked if she walked straight.

"Certainly," was the reply. "Why?"

"I feared I might sag a little on the right side," she answered. "I am carrying a fortune there, you know."

She also told a gallant young man who had said that woman was worth her weight in gold, that if she cared to do it, she could demonstrate that she was worth a good deal more than that. But she instantly regretted it, for he demanded the proof, and her confusion was such that the gossips were more excited than ever.

The time came, however, when curiosity was satisfied, for old Ezra Dalton died. No will was filed for probate, but application was made direct to the judge to settle the estate.

"Is there a will?" he demanded.

"There is," replied Mrs. Dalton's attorney, "but—"

"Has it been filed?" asked the judge.

"Filed?" ejaculated Mrs. Dalton, with a shudder. "Why, it would be barbarous to file it. Think how it would hurt."

"It has not, your honor," answered the attorney. "You see—"

"Then file it," broke in the judge, "and notify all the parties in interest."

"There are no parties in interest, except my client," explained the lawyer. "It leaves everything to her."

"Well, the will must be filed, just the same," said the judge, irritably. "When the clerk of the court notifies me that it is in his possession I will set a date for the hearing."

"The circumstances are such that my client cannot very well part with the document."

"Can't part with it?" exclaimed the judge, feeling that a serious affront had been put on the court. "If guess she'll part with it quick enough if this court so decrees. 'I'll see to that.'"

"No, no! Oh, no!" cried Mrs. Dalton, hastily backing toward the door.

The judge was now thoroughly aroused.

"Officer, stop that woman!" he ordered. "There's some mystery or some trickery here, and I intend to have the matter cleared up. Now, madam," he went on, as she approached under escort of the policeman, "I want to know if you have the will with you?"

"It's very much with her," said the lawyer, quickly, "but—"

"I'll look into this matter, sir, without any further help from you," said the judge, sharply. Then, turning to Mrs. Dalton, he again demanded to know if she had the will.

"Yes, sir," she answered, faintly. "Let me see it."

She looked at him pleadingly, but he was stern and unyielding.

"I—I can tell you every word of it," she urged.

"Don't do," he said.

"And—and the witnesses and the notary can tell you just what it says. It's very short."

"Madam," he announced, harshly, "there must be no more trifling with the dignity of this court. The mystery must be cleared."

"Bared!" she repeated, with a shudder.

"Bared!"

"Show me the will," he ordered.

Her attorney tried to speak, but was again silenced. She hesitated, but finally her womanly indignation came to her relief.

"I won't!" she cried, defiantly.

"Committed for contempt of court," said the judge. "Take her into custody, and keep her until she is prepared to permit that will to be delivered into my hands."

"I'd rather be filed with the clerk of the court," she pleaded, and then, as the officer approached, "Don't you touch me, sir! How can I be sure that some of it may not yet rub off?"

The judge looked at her blankly, and then beckoned to the lawyer.

"Why didn't you tell me she was crazy?" he whispered, when the latter had reached his side.

The lawyer leaned over and replied in a very confidential tone.

"No?" said the judge, when the lawyer had finished.

"Fact," said the lawyer.

The judge scratched his head thoughtfully and then laughed.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked.

"Don't know," answered the lawyer. "We can't well file the will."



Good for all Babies; Try Them for Your Baby.

Do not allow an inexperienced nurse girl or any other person to give your children medicines that you know nothing about. No one but the mother is competent to administer medicine to babies, as others are too likely to choose one of the many medicines containing opiates so that the child will go to sleep quickly and be less trouble.

It doesn't help a sick baby to give it soothing drugs. On the contrary, it lessens its chance of recovery.

Baby's Own Tablets are purely vegetable and absolutely harmless.

At the same time they are the most effective medicine known to science.

For Preventing Croup

curing fevers, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, sour stomach, irritation when teething, nervousness and sleeplessness these tablets have no superior.

No matter whether the baby is sick or well these tablets should always be in the house.

They not only cure infantile disorders, but they prevent them and should be used whenever the baby shows the slightest sign of illness.

This remedy has the most remarkable record of any medicine of the kind and dissolved in water will be taken without objection by the smallest or most sickly infant.

They are sweet, little lozenges, free from all objections which are generally raised against children's medicines.

They can be found at druggists or be sent direct by us, if desired, prepaid upon the receipt of the price, 25 cents per box.

The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

THE BAG HABIT AMONG WOMEN

It Has Spread Like an Epidemic, Says a New York Writer.

A Description of Some of the Elaborate and Pretty Conceits in Reticules.

The bag habit used to be the special characteristic of Boston women, and the ugly, but serviceable, little device of cloth and leather, that could stretch to hold all sorts of small belongings, from a volume of Ibsen to a safety hairpin, was celebrated as the Boston bag from Maine to California. Today the bag habit has seized on womankind and spread like an epidemic, says a writer in the New York Sun.

No shopper or caller or traveler ventures beyond the shelter of her own home unless a bag is hung to her belt or swings from her fingers, and nine-tenths of the feminine population carry two bags at a time and comfortably boast of possessing half a dozen others at home.

To enumerate a few of the variously shaped reticules now considered essential to womanly convenience is to mention at least the side bag, carriage bag, railway bag, wrist bag, handkerchief bag, theater bag and shopping bag. These are made of everything from alligator skin, with pewter mounts, to the finest gold network, in the mesh of which dozens of tiny diamonds or turquoise beads are meshed. These last are so very delicate and so very costly that they will only carry the owner's cologne, pocket-handkerchief, while their price, if both metal and stones are real, mounts justifiably into the thousands.

The bag in which the majority find the greatest joy and convenience is the stout capacious safety shopping bag of glazed baby alligator skin, lined with suede, fastened not only with a snap lock, but a satchel clip on the side, and adjusted by strap and buckle to one of its outer sides is an ample purse with change and bill pockets.

Within, the bag is divided, along its leather walls, into compartments, and in gill letters are stamped "samples," "hairpins," "cards," "fountain pen," "pencil," "shopping list," "mirror," "comb," and "smelling salts." The center of the bag is left free to hold parcels, and as the bottom of the bag pulls out like a bellows, a most amazing number of small things can be put in without overtaxing its capacity. This sort of bag can be bought all fitted, or the purchaser can put her own things into its compartments, though the manufacturer with great forethought mounts the bag itself, mirror, comb, pen, pencil and salts bottle in aluminum.

The leather traveling bag is equally complete, though some women have taken kindly to a basket design, in France, and called the Bon Marche, in honor of the great Parisian shop of that name. French peasant women weave these baskets, which are always provided with pretty leather straps and handles and are exceedingly fashionable as work bags at the modish sewing classes and Dorcas circles.

Silver and gold and gun metal side bags have not had their popularity injured in the least by the appearance of the exquisite brocaded satin and beaded silk side bags, mounted with metal tops and chains, and the wrist bag is in as high favor as ever.

The exceedingly smart wrist bag is made no longer of suede, but of sweet morocco, perfumed Russia leather, or velvet calfskin. If you want to pay the top price for a wrist bag, ask for an imported one of sea cow skin, mounted in gun metal and powdered with diamond sparks.

Women who mislay their purses and suffer from that gentilest form of aberration called absence of mind, are adopting joyfully the English expedi-

ent of having their bags chained to their wrists. At the shop where fine leather goods are sold broad lizard skin, morocco or Russia leather bracelets may be bought to buckle or lock on the left wrist.

From the bracelet depends a short silver or gun metal chain that can be adjusted to any bag, and effectually prevents any tricks of errant memory or of pickpockets and shoplifters. The leather bracelets are made to hold watches, but the most fashionable ones merely show the owner's initials burnt or carved on the skin, and the same lettering is repeated on the bag that the chain and bracelet guard.

OUR MOTTO: "Accuracy, Care and Attention."

Our continued success in business is the best proof that we enjoy the unbounded confidence of the public. We dispense drugs with the greatest possible accuracy, care and attention. Our stock of toilet preparations is always up to date, and our perfumes the finest and cheapest.

ALL RANKS AND CONDITIONS of our people are now using Paine's Celery Compound, the great health restorer. No other medicine in the world has such a record of cures to its credit. It makes new, fresh blood, corrects digestion, gives energy to body, nerves and brain. If you feel unwell, give Paine's Celery Compound a trial.

J. CALLARD, Druggist, London, Ont.

He Caught the Car.

Considering the worth or worthlessness of objects many of us pursue most wildly, there is something of the force of a parable in the Chicago Tribune's word-picture of the man who "dashed down the street after the retreating State street car." The verbal painting is done in style which suggests that the artist had been studying Victor Hugo.

Every muscle is strained, his breath comes in quick gasps, the beads of moisture stand out upon his forehead. His feet are working like the pedals on a bicycle. He touches the ground only in the more altitudinous places. "It's—catch—that—street-car," he gasps, "or die!"

"Faster goes the street car. Faster goes the man. He overturns fruit-stands and aged blind men in his wild career. He knocks down children and tramples upon them. But onward he rushes. He collides with a baby carriage. The baby is knocked out into the street. The mother of the child picks it up. She points a finger at the disappearing form of the man, 'Murderer!' she hisses through her clenched teeth.

"He draws nearer to the car. Nearer yet.

"He reaches out his hand. "He touches the rail on the rear platform.

"He gives one last convulsive start. "He is on the car.

"He sinks breathless into a seat and mops his brow. The conductor touches him on the shoulder.

"Get off here," he says. "We're a-going to the barn. No more cars to-night."

A DOUBLE TEAM.

A man who was bicycling in Southern France was pushing his machine up a steep hill when he overtook a peasant with a donkey. The peasant beast was making but little progress, although he was going his best.

The benevolent cyclist, putting his left hand against the back of the cart and guiding his machine with the other hand, pushed so hard that the donkey, taking fresh courage, pulled his load successfully up to the top.

When the summit was reached the peasant burst into thanks to his benefactor.

"It was good of you, indeed, mon-sieur," he protested. "I should never in the world have got up the hill with only one donkey."

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COLD. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

RICH WOMEN'S COSTLY GEMS

Jewels of Thirty-Two Americans Worth \$22,250,000.

Mrs. William Astor Leads the Long List With \$1,500,000 in Her Possession.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor third, frequently wore \$750,000 worth of jewels at an ordinary reception, and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt fully \$500,000 at a mere garden party. Pearl necklaces alone worth \$75,000 to \$100,000 are not uncommon, one that cost \$200,000 being occasionally seen, and more than one woman has \$1,000,000 in gems from which to choose. Let me tabulate the value of the jewelry owned by comparatively a small number of New York's society women:

Total \$22,250,000

Here are the names of only 34 women, chosen almost at random, whose precious stones and jewelry are valued at \$22,250,000. It can easily be shown that the figures are not unreasonable. The average annual importation of precious stones into the United States has for a long time been about \$15,000,000. Thus, during only the past ten years we have received \$150,000,000 in gems. Mr. Leopold Stern, the diamond importer, informed by dealers throughout the country and that of the remainder fully two-thirds have been sold to families and individuals in New York. This means that in the past ten years New Yorkers have bought \$50,000,000 worth of precious stones, this sum not including the cost of their setting. Mr. George F. Kunz, the gem expert of the Tiffany Company, says that in the entire country the diamonds alone are valued at \$50,000,000, and that of this amount \$170,000,000 worth are owned in New York.—Ainslee's Magazine.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOILET SOAP

BEST FOR THE SKIN and COMPLEXION.

Antiseptic, Emollient, Refreshing.

Sold by Chemists, Stores, &c.

F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

FITS STOPPED FREE. Permanently Cured by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Positive cure for all Nervous Diseases, viz. Epilepsy, Spasms and St. Vitus' Dance. No Fit of Nervousness after first day's use. TREATISE AND 20 TRIAL BOXES sent through Canadian Agencies FREE to FIT patients, they paying express charges only when received. Write to Dr. Kline, Limited, 831 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

