

STOLEN JEWELS

Kitty Marchurst was at home, and the ears in business, as usual. sent a message to the detective that she would see him in a few minutes, s) Naball walked up and down the iong drawing-room with some impa-

'I she'll only tell the truth," he muttered restlessly; "but I'm getting to doubt her, so that I can't be sure. There's one thing, Keith Stewart's fate rests entirely with her now, so if he saved her child's life, as she EEJs he did, this is the time to prove her gratitude."

At this moment the door opened and Caprice entered. She looked pale and weary, for the trials of the last few months had not been endured without leaving some mark of their passage. Naball did not know whether this hagard-looking woman was guilty or innocent, but he could not help pitying her, so worn-out did she seem.

"You are not well," he said when she seated herself. Kitty sighed wearily, and pushed

the loose hair off her forehead. "No," she repifed listlessly. "I'm getting worn out over this trouble. It's no good my telling you anything, be-cause you don't believe me. What is the matter now? Have you got further proof of my guilt?" "I don't know," said Naball, coolly

producing the five-pound note; "unless you call this proof." "A five-pound note," she said contemotuously. "Well?"

"It is a five-pound note," explained Naball smoothly; "but not an ordinary one—in fact, it is one of the notes stolen from Lazarus's safe." "Oh, how do you know that?"

By a very curious thing. One of the notes placed in the safe on the night of the murder was endorsed by the office-boy with the words 'Back Flat-iron," and strange to say the endorsed note has turned up." "And that is it?"

"Exactly. New, do you understand?" Kitty shrugged her shoulders. "I understand that you have secured an excellent piece of evidence, nothing more. Where did you get the note?"

"From Miss Rainsford." "From Miss Rainsford!" repeated Kitty in surprise; "but you surely don't suspect-"

"No, I don't" interposed the detec-tive ; "because she was able to tell me where she got the note from." Well, I presume she got it from

"Yes," replied Naball, rather surprised at this cool admission. received it yesterday from you.

"Not if you can tell me where you got the note from." "Certainly I can-from Mortimerpaid to me the day before yesterday."

"Your salary?" 'Not exactly," answered Kitty; "if it had been, you'd never be able to trace the note further back. No: 1 was at the theatre in the morning and found myself short of money, ad I asked Mortimer for some. He gare me that five-pound note, and, as he took it from his watsteest pocket, I've no doubt he'll be able to recollect from whom he received it."

"Why?" "Because Mortimer doesn't carry fivers in his waistcoat poc-ket generally," said Caprice impatiently, "so he must have put that note there for some special You'd better go and ask him."

"Certainly," said Naball, and arose to his feet. 'I'm very much obliged to you. Then you don't think he guilty?

asked Kitty, with a smile. "Upon my word, I don't know what

to think," said the detective dismally. "The whole case seems mixed up. I'll tell you when I find the man who can't account for the possession of this

Kitty smiled, and then Nabail took his leave, going straight from Toorak to the Bon-Bon Theatre, where he found Mortimer in his sanctum, up to

HUSBAND SAVES WIFE

From Suffering by Getting Her Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Pittsburgh, Pa.-" For many months I was not able to do my work owing to caused backache



and headaches. A friend called my attention to one of vour newspaper dvertisements and immediately my husband bought three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me. After taking two bottles I felt fine

and my troubles caused by that weakness are a thing of the past. All women who suffer as I did should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."-Mrs. Jas. ROHRBERG, 620 Knapp St.,

N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. Women who suffer from any form of weakness, as indicated by displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, backache, headaches, nervousness or "the blues," should accept Mrs. Rohrberg's suggestion and give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

For over forty years it has been correcting such ailments. If you have mysterious complications write for advice to Lydia E. Finkham Medicina Co., Lynn, Mass. thorough trial.

"Well, Naball," said the manager, looking up sharply, "what's up? Look sharp, I'm awfully busy."

"I only want to know where you got this?" asked Naball, giving him the five-pound note. "How the duce should I know; I get so many. Why do you want to

"Oh, nothing. I just want to trace the note. Caprice said you gave it to her the day before yesterday."

"Eh! did I?" "Yes. You took it from your waistcoat pocket."

"Of course; to be sure, she wanted some money. Yes; I kept it apart because it was made money-won it off Malton at euchre.'

"Malton;" repeated Naball in amazement; "are you sure?"

"Yes, quite. You know I'm generally unlucky at cards, and this is about the first fiver I've made, so I kept it just to bring me luck; but Caprice wanted money, so I handed over my luck to her. There's nothing wrong,

"Oh, dear, no," replied Naball; "not the slightest-only some prefessional business.

"Because I shouldn't like to get any poor devil into a row," said Mortimer. 'Now, be off with you, I'm busy. Good-day." "Good-day, good-day."

Napall departed, curiously perplexed in his feelings. He had never thought of Malton in the light of a possible criminal, and yet it was very strange that this note should have been traced back to him. Then he remembered the conversation had overheard between Mrs. Malton and Kitty concerning the embezzle-ment, with Kitty denied that she had

paid the money. "By Jove!" said Naball, a sudden thought striking him, "he was present at that supper, and was in a regular hole for want of money. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he stole those diamonds to replace the money, and his wife's thanking Caprice was all a blind: and then this note humph!things look rather fishy, my friend."

When he arrived at the Never-saydie Insurance Company Office, he sent in his card to the assistant manager, and in a few minutes was shown into

Keen Your Health Minard's Liniment

for that Cold and Tired Feeling. Get Well, Keep Well Kill Spanish Flu by using the OLD RELIABLE

Malton's room, where that individual received him with visible unaginess. "Weil, Naball, and what brings you here?" he asked, watching the detec-

MINARD' LINIMENT CO., Ltd.,

Yarmouth, N. S.

tive's face stealthily. "Only a little business, in which I want your help," said Nabali, taking the note out of his pocket-hook. "Can You tell me where you got that?" Malton's pink-and-white complexion grow a little pale, but he laughed in a

forced manner as he gianced at the "Got this?" he said. "I can't tell You. Was it ever in thy possession?"
"It was," asserted Nabell. "You gave

it to Mortimer the day before yester-Oh, yes, I remember now,"

Malton, quickly. "He won it off me at "Exactly. Where did you get

Malton shifted uneasily in his seat, and his nether hip twitthed uneasily "I'm afraid I can hardly remember," he murmared, pushing back his chair. Naball's suspicions were now rapidly ripening to certainties. If Maiton were innocent. why these signs of ag-itation? He wriggled and twisted about like an eel, yet never once met

the keen eye of the detective. "You'd better remember," said Naball mercilessly, "or it will be the worse for you."
"Why?" asked Malton, trying to ap-

pear composed. "Because," explained Naball, in a low voice, "that note is one of those

stolen by the man who murdered Jacob Lazarus." Malton, with a smothered exclamation, started to his feet, and then, shaking in every limb, set down again

"No, no," he sammered, "that's absurd. It can't be I tell you, it can't "Oh, but it can be, and it is. I tell

you, the note is endorsed Back Flatiron,' which was done by the officeboy a few moments before the notes were put in the safe by Stewart. They were gone after the murder, so there is no doubt they were taken by the man who committed the crime. I got this note from Miss Rainsford, who received it from Caprice; she, in her turn, got it from Mertimer, and he has referred us to you. Now, where did you get it?"

Malton drummed nervously on the table. "I can't tell you," he said in a tremulcus voice.

"You must." "It's impossible."

"I tell you what, sir," said Naball, coolly, "if you don't tell, it means trouble for you and the other man." 'What other man?" asked Malton shakily.

"The man you got this note from." Malton thought for a moment, and then apparently made up his mind. "You saw I was taken aback?" he asked Naball curiously.

The detective nodded.
"It's because I'm sorry for what I

Kept Awake at Night Itching So Intense Healed by Cuticura

"A nesty patch appeared on the right side of my face, caused by chaving with a dull mast. I drew-blood with my fingers, the fatching was so intense. The patch was red-and intense.

using me to keep swake at night. "Seeing Cutieum Sosp and Oint-ent advertised I sent for a free cam-After using I noticed quite a nge so I bought a box of Caticura Ointment and two cakes of Cuticura Sosp, and I did not finish the whole box of Cuticura Otoliment when I was healed permanently." (Signed) Ewen MacDonald, Marion Bridge, N. S., tember 30, 1917.

Cuticum Seep and Olntmentare not only most valuable for the treatment of pimples, dendruff and trritated scalps, but their great mission is to prevent such conditions. Cutieurs Soap used exclusively for the toilet, and Cuticurs Ointment, as useded, keep the skin and scalp clean, clear and healthy.

For Pres Sample Risch by Mail address post-card: "Cutieurs, Dept. A. Boston, U. S. A." Sold everywhere. s, dandruff and trritated scalps,

have to tell you—the man I got the note from was Ezra Lazarus. Naball jumped to his feet with

"The dead man's son?" he said. "Yes, the dead man's soi," replied Malton, slowly.

Naball stood for a few moments then putting the note in his pocketbook, once more took up his hat, and moved to the door.

"Where are you going?" asked Malton, rising. "To see Mr. Ezra Lazarus', said Naball, pausing a moment. "In the

meantime, till I have certain proof of his guilt, you hold your tongue." And he walked out, leaving Malton standing at his desk as if turned into stone. Naball, on his way to the newspaper office, rapidly ran over in his own mind all the details or the case against

Ezra. "His father wouldn't give him any money, and he wanted to get married to that girl; father and son had a quarrel on the day preceding the murder; he was at the Bon-Bon on that night and took Caprice downstairs to her carriage; she gave, him Stewart's coat to take back to him again; in that coat was the knife found by Villiers under the window; she left the theatre long before Stewart-where did he go? to his office, or -good heavens! if it should turn out to be true-

Ezra received him, looking rather knocked up, but his face, though pale, was quite placed, and Naball, wondered how a man guilty of such a terrible crime as parricide could be so calm. "You look tired." he said, taking a

"I am tired," admitted Ezra, wear-"I've been busy with my father's affairs." "Humph!" thought Naball, "count-

ing his gains, I suppose." "Any fresh development of case?" asked Ezra. "Yes," said Naball, solemnly. received this note to-day and traced it

back to Malton; he said it was given to him by you." Ezra examined the note with great

interest, and or turning it over saw the fatal words endorsed. He looked up quickly to Naball. This is one of the notes that were stolen?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Naball; "and Malton said it was given to him by you." "By me!" repeated Ezra, in amaze-"How on earth could I come ment. across this note?"

"That's what I want to find out." said Naball. Ezra looked at him for a moment, then the whole situation seemed to barst on him, and with a stifled groan the unhappy young man fell back in-

to his chair, burying his face in his "Good God!" he cried, "you don't suspect me of willing my father?"

"If you are innocent, you can explain where you got the note." "I cannot," cried Ezra eleverishly. "I had to pay some money to Malton, and did so last week. There were some five-pound notes among that money, but I cannot tell where this particular one came from."

"Where did you get the money?" asked Nevall, "From the Hibernian Rank "Oh, but if you had to pay Malton money, why did you not do so by

cheque?"

A Pimple Remover That Never Fails

Dr. Hamilton Stands Behind His Formula

Bad blood is always responsible for pimples, blackheads and humors. Pimples, eczema and boils are the common result.

I contend that to cure these ills, the liver, kidneys, and bowels must receive attention. My remedy, known as Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, in-

variably reaches the trouble. For putting life into sleepy organs, for forcing out every kind of waste and foreign matter, for making health-sustaining blood, where can you find such efficiency as in Dr. Hamilton's Pille? In a thousand cases I have demon-

strated that Dr. Hamilton's Pills cure facial blemishes and skin diseases. I look upon these pills as the best blood purifier and system builder of the age, and guarantee they will cure every complaint having its origin in a weak or debilitated blood supply. If Dr. Hamilton's Pills will not cure that tired, rundown condition, if they

will not change lack of force into energy and vim, then nothing will. By creating an abundant supply of rich nourishing blood they maintain that standard of health so much desired by those participating in

strenuous life we live to-day. Get. Dr. Hamilton's Pills and prove their merit to-day, 25c per box.

"Because I wanted some money myself, and did not care about drawing two cheques, so I drew one, covering what I owed to him and a little

"Humph!" Naball thought a moment. "You are sure of this?" "Yes; it's the only way I can account for having the note. Whoever killed my father, must have paid it into the bank, and it came round to me by some fatality." "Where were you on the night of

the murder?" "At the Bon-Bon Theatre." "Afterwards?" "At this office."

"You can prove an alibi?" "I'm afraid I can't I was all alone." "Look here, Mr. Lazarus," said Nahall in a kind tone, "I must say things look black against you; but I'm not satisfied yet about the real criminal. To-day is Saturday, so I'll go to the bank the first thing on Monday, and find out what I can. There's so many suspected of this business, that one more or less don't

matter." Ezra groaned. "You don't think I'm guilty?" he asked imploringly. Naball looked keenly at him. "No; I believe you innocent," he

replied abruptly.

CHAPTER XXVII. The next day was Sunday, and Caprice, quite worn-out with the excitement of the week and the strain of the performances of "Fauet Upset," was lying in bed. The burlesque had become a great success, but the papers, with their usual kindly generosity toward authors, declared that it was due, not so much to the intrinsic merit of the work, as to the wonderfully clever acting of Caprice. Last night, however, she had acted badly, going through her part with mechanical precision, but without that dash which usually characterized her performance. The worry of this murder case, anxiety for future of her child. pity for the unfortunate young man now in prison, had all wrought on her nerves, so that she felt overcome with extreme lassitude, and lay supinely in bed, with half-closed eyes,

incapable of the slightest exertion. From this state of tranquillity she was aroused by the entrance of Eugenie, who was also looking pale and worn. She had learned all about the tracing of the five-pound note to Ezra, and had now come to tell Kitty about it.

The room was in a kind of semidarkness, as all the blinds had been pulled down to keep out the dazzling sunlight, and the atmosphere was permested by the smeil of some pungent scent which Kitty had been using to bethe her aching head. Eugente came straight to the bed, and bent over it. on which Kitty opened her eyes and smiled faintly.

"Oh, is it you, Miss Rainsford?" she said drowsily. "I did not expect you to-day. "Not" replied Eugenie. "I came to tell you all about that five-pound

note; but I'm sorry to find you so "I'm worn-out," said Kitty fret-"All the worry and trouble of my earlier years are beginning to tell on me, and the anxiety of this case is the climax. I believe I'll die soon, and I don't much care, for I

have your promise about the shild." "You have!-my solemn promise. "Thank you. I don't mind when I die. My life has been a very unhappy one. I've had more than my share of sorrow, and now I would like to go to sleep, and slumber on-on for ever. She finished the sentence in a sleepy tone, then suddenly recollect-ting why Eugenie had come

down, she opened her eyes wide, and spoke briskly. "Well, what about this five-pound note? To whom did it originally be-

long?" "To better go through the whole history," said Eugenie slowly. "I received it from you."

"Exactly," interrupted Caprice, raising herself on her elbow; "and I got it from Mortimer. Who gave it to him?" "Mr. Malton, for a gambling debt." "Malton," repeated Kitty vivacious-

"Why, is he-did they-" Suspect him of the murder. No: because he says he got the note from Ezra Lazarus, and he cannot tell from whom he received it." Kitty was wide awake by this time,

and sitting up in bed, pushed the fair curls off her forehead. "But, my dear," she said rapidly, 'surely they don't suspect that poor young man of murdering his father? "Not exactly suspect him," observed Eugenie; "but, you see, Mr. Lazarus cannot account for the possession of

that particular note, so that makes things look bad against him." "I don't see why," said Caprice impatiently. "I'm sure I couldn't account for every individual five-pound note I receive it's absurd; -is that

all the case they have against him?" "I think so; but Mr. Naball says-"Says!" interrupted Kitty impatiently; "Naball's a fool. I often heard what a clever detective he was, but I'm afraid I can't see it. He's mismanaged the whole of this case shame fully. Why he suspects everyone all round on the slightest suspicion; first he thought it was me, because was at 'Lazarus' place on that night; then he swore it was Villiers, because he found the knife Meg gave Mr. Stewart; then poor Mr. Stewart is arrested simply because he cannot prove an alibi. I daresay, when he found Malton had the note, he suspected him, and now, I'll be bound. he has firmly settled in his own mind that Ezra Lazarus killed his own father pish! My dear, I tell you again Naball's a fool."

(To be continued.)

Editorial Weakness.

Man .even in his highest state of intellectual development, has his little human weaknesses and we notice that as soon as the editor manages by hook or crook to save up enough to get an automobile, ringing editorials begin to crop out in the paper pretty frequently fearlessly demanding better roads for the farmers.

Hoex-What a mournful looking

increases Your Weight Restores Lost Strength. Prevents liness

Every day come new converts to that great army of men and women who rejoice in new-found health that came to them through the use of that wonderful blood-renewing preparation-called "FERROZONE." Very sim-Very simple how it acts. All you have to do is take two small chocolate-coated tablets with a sip of water at the close of each meal.

Ferrozone is a marvel. It contains just what thin blood lacks-lots of iron, but mark you, the kind of iron your blood is able to absorb. Ferrozone puts life and vim into the blood. Makes it rich, red and nourishing. Naturally the body is better fed and grows stronger day by their ground for months but for the

Of course digestion must be improved, and probably the stemach will require aid as well. Ferrozone serves the purpose admirably. Those who use it, enjoy appetite and digestive powers far beyond the ordinary.

That tired feeling is replaced by the buoyant, joyous sensation of health and vigor. Day by day as your strength increases, you feel new energy surging through your veins, and know that a great tonic of great

merit is at work. No remedy more nourishing or uplifting, no treatment so sure to bring lasting health, good spirits and contentment. Ferrozone contains just what run-down folks need; ft cures because it supplies more nutriment than you can get in any other way. 50c per box or six for \$2.50 at all dealers, or by mail from The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

A PIECE OF LUCK.

How German Were Captured by the Fijian Police.

The man who declares there is no such thing as luck had best not be too emphatic in proclaiming his belief when Captain Harold Tantram, late Deputy Chief of the Fijian Constabulary, is within ear range. The captain, who has been travelling through Canada, holds a directly contra opinion, and has apropos ex-

perience to cite in proof of the soundness of his position. His story is that of the capture of Count van Luckner and seven of his compatriots, part of the crew of the infamous German raider Seeadler, which some months ago terrorized the southern seas. These, armed to the teeth, amply provisioned and munitioned, and mounting a first-class modern machine-gun on a strategic point on one of the smaller islands of the Fijian group, were not long ago made ters to be written in this contest. abetted by undisguised and indisput-

able luck. "Beware of the wooden horse," the Trojans once were told. A device even simpler, nothing more than a small drove of cattle accidentally lined up mayon the deck of a police boat, resulted in the taking of the eight Germans without bloodshed and without so much as a pretence of resistance on

their part. The others of the Seeadler's complement of officers and men have disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened to swallow them. Although many vessels have unprofitable hunted them through the hundred archipelagoes of the Southern Pacific. they may even yet survive in some coral-ringed islet up to date unexplor-

The first news of the presence of Count von Luckner and uta companions among the islands received by the Philans police reached them by word of mouth of a half-caste who came into Suva with the story of a strange party of men who wore some sort of uniform, and whose movements had quite mystified the native inhabitants of one of the islands quite off the

track of even coasting craft. eventually was ordered. Through some inexplicable folly the force went out unarmed probably anticipating only a pleasant excursion—as they had investigated native reports many a | scribe. time before, only to catalogue them later of fairy -ales. The bright idea struck someone

One More Added To The Great Army

shortly before the sailing nour that ad-

WHO ARE SHOUTING THE PRAIS-ES OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Saskatchewan Man's Kidney Trouble Developed Into Diabetes-Story of

His Complete Cure. Strong Pine, Sask., Jan. 27.-Special)-Sore back, which developed into diabetes, had made life a burden to Maxim F. Capusten, a farmer of this place. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him, not approve of shoes, but you've got and he is added to that great army of to have them just the same. The Canadians who glory in telling their | French authorities have an ingenious neighbors that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one sure remedy for all kidney

ills. "For nearly five years I suffered from sore back and headache," Mr. Capusten says, in giving his experi- forcibly prevents him from expressing ence. I had a bad taste in my mouth in the mornings, and I was always tired. My muscles would cramp, and I was nervous, and the least exertion would make me perspire freely.

At last diabetes developed. "I finally came to the conclusion that my kidneys were the cause of my trouble, and decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I got half a dozen to one's hind hoofs in arguments later boxes, and before I had finished taking them I was completely cured.

"I advise anyone suffering as I did! to use Dodd's Kidney Pills." All Mr. Capusten's troubles came from diseased ladneys. They speedchap your friend, the dentist, is. Joax ity ceased when he commenced to use -Oh, he's always looking down in the the one sure help for diseased kidneys Dodd's Kidney Pills.

vantage might be taken of the oper-tunity to deliver a lost of eastle to one of the neighbor islands, and so the asi-mals were got on board and liked up

on the deck In a little bay described by the halfcaste news-bearer, they located German party, who promptly enga in a parley, for the count spoke excellent English. Surrender was demand ed, and the party capitulated.

It was later disclosed that the Garmans were fully convinced the cattle masked a battery of machine guns. Had they not read all about such camouflage in the manual of arms. Thus, instead of being very prom

ly blown to pieces the police heroes returned to Suva with their prinons The Germans were found to be in possession of accurate maps, charts and photographs of the Islands. They were abudantly provisioned and well armed. They had selected an admirable position for either defensive or offengive movements, and might have held acidental location of their camp by the half-caste and the accidental cooperation of luck and that drove of

Uses of Perversity.

Abstractedly, I disapprove of fishing; hunting I think barbarous; "he who wantonly treads on a worm is no friend of mine," and yet I fish, I do not merely carry rod and reel; I use them. I suppose it is like smoking: that seems to me a feeble-minded habit and yet I smoke. Working, too, seems cometimes as foolish, and yet I work. Some pessimists have convinced themselves that living is a waste of time, and yet, so far as I have observed, they continue to live. Sweet are the uses of perversity .-Robert M. Gay, in the Atlantic.

\$25.00 FOR A LETTER CAN YOU WRITE ONE?

THIRTEEN PRIZES TO BE AWARD-ED IN A LETTER WRITING COMPETITION.

Some years ago the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., offered a series of prizes to residents of Ontario for the best letters describing cures wrought by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Hundreds of letters were submitted in this competition, and yet there must have been thousands of other users of the pills who did not avail themselves of the opportunity to win a prize. To ail these another letter writing competition is offered. Thousands of cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have never been reported. These will furnish the material for the letcaptive by the colony police, aided and There is no demand upon the imagination; every letter must deal with

nd facts only THE PRIZES: The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., will award a prize of \$25.00 for the best letter received on or before the 20th day of February, 1919, from residents of Ontario, on the subject: "Why I Recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pilla." A prize of \$10.00 will be awarded for the second best letter received; a prize of \$5.00 for the third best letter, and then prizes for \$2.00 each for the next best

ten letters.

THE CONDITIONS. The cure or benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills described in the letter may be in the writer's own case, or one that has come under his

or her personal observation. More than one cure may be described in the letter, but every statement must be literally and absolutely true Every letter must be signed by the full name and correct address of the person sending it. If it describes the cure of some person other than the writer of the letter, it must also be signed by the person whose cure is described as a guarantee of the truth

of the statement made. The writer of each letter must state An investigating police expedition the name and date of the paper in which he or she saw this announce-

Fine writing will not win the prize unless you have a good case to de-The strength of the recommendation and not the style of the letter will be the basis of the award. It is understood that The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. shall have the right to publish any letter entered in this contest if they desire to do so where it wins a prize or not. The contest will close on February

20th, 1919, and the prizes will be

awarded as soon as possible thereafter. Do not delay. If you know of

a cure write your letter NOW. Ob-

serve the above conditions carefully or your letter may be thrown out. Address all letters as follows: The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont. Letter Contest Department.

Army Horses Good-Tempered.

It's a weary, wicked world if you are an army horse. You may or may contrivance which so pinions a horse that he has absolutely nothing to say in the matter. It holds his head, and holds his feet and holds his body, and an opinion, or choosing his shoes, or making a protest in any way. If they would only let a fellow get in just one real horse-size kick one could—but what's the use? In the meantime the farrier gets in his fine work, and then it is too late. Yes, it's a hard, cold, cruel world, so it is. Still, shoes are not so bad and they give a handy heft on in the camps.

Summer Skirts.

Novelty pockets. Sashes of Georgette. Simple, undraped lines. Yoke effects of time pin tucks. Crochette buttons used as tribe