

triangular affair, was between Sam Ruggles and Gwen Harper, and from the time Ruggles began to assume the air of superiority, Gwen began to be troubled.

"I think it will storm tomorrow or next day," was the reply. "Why, I see no indications of it."

"Perhaps if you watch the incoming trains you'll see a thunder cloud coming."

"You speak in riddles."

He could no longer keep his secret. It came out in spite of him—that is, a part of it.

"When the storm breaks it will strike this man whom you have honored with your favorable consideration."

"How? When? Where?"

"You shall see."

"Won't you tell me?"

"Nothing is to be gained by my telling you. I prefer that you should see for yourself."

And Mr. Ruggles with cold politeness lifted his hat and passed on.

Miss Harper went straight to her mother with the information or, rather, the insinuation. Mrs. Harper had been a bit worried lest she had lifted her daughter out of the frying pan to drop her into the fire. Her object now was to take advantage of what Ruggles had said to discredit both the rivals.

"My dear," she said, "in the first place, it is very mean of Sam to cast a slur upon this Mr. Caton. It shows a very contemptible disposition on Sam's part. But we must remember that we know nothing about Caton. He may be a gentleman and he may not be. Likely he is some young man who has got hold of a little money and is spending it in the only outing of his life."

"That can't be, mamma. He has the manner of one accustomed to the very best society. As for Sam, if he knows anything about Mr. Caton it would be very wicked of him not to warn me."

"Then why doesn't he tell you the whole story and have done with it?"

Mrs. Harper was not considering the inexperience of youth or the deflection of judgment occasioned by jealousy. It was enough for her to get her daughter out of the toils of a man worth only \$5,000 a year and make sure that Gwen should not become too far interested in one who for all that was known about him was not worth a cent.

It was a few days after this conversation between mother and daughter, at which Gwen promised to drop Mr. Caton at once, that the storm Ruggles had predicted broke. A woman with angular features was driven from the railroad station to the hotel, who, instead of placing her name on the register, held a private conference with the landlord and was excused from doing so.

She arrived in the morning about an hour after a party of gentlemen, including Caton, had gone out on the water for a day's fishing. It was not long after the lady arrived before there began to be whispers about her among the hotel guests. They leaked out that she had come after a fugitive husband, and lastly Mrs. Harper was filled with consternation by a report that Edward Caton had been contemplating bigamy with her daughter.

When the fishing party returned the guests of the hotel were drawn up on the veranda to see the fun between Mr. and Mrs. Caton. The gentleman came up with the others entirely unconscious of what was in store for him. The woman was ready to pounce on him. But the storm didn't break. Caton went up to his room to make his toilet for dinner, and the woman who had come after him said that her husband was not among the men who entered. She was very wroth with her anonymous informant and vowed that if she could discover him she would give him a piece of her mind.

The clouds of the storm that had passed without striking were still whirling about when a young man drove up to the hotel from the station and, seeing Caton on the porch, cried out:

"Hello, Bob! Where did you come from?"

"Bob" exclaimed several guests sitting about, in a breath. "I thought his name was Ned."

"Who's your friend?" asked one of these persons, following the newly arrived man into the house.

"That? Why, that's Bob Carrington."

When Mrs. Harper was informed that the supposed Edward Caton was none other than Robert Carrington, the multimillionaire, and her daughter not two days ago had given him the cold shoulder she was not only dumfounded, but chagrined. She had lost the opportunity of a lifetime. With some \$10,000,000 a year at her command Gwen might have gone to London and taken a position in society there. But the luck had been against her and she was inconsolable.

Since his identity had been given away Mr. Robert Carrington did not attempt to pass further under a name that he had assumed in order to secure temporary immunity from a notoriety brought upon him by his immense wealth. However, he rejoiced at having enjoyed a week of freedom from curiosity and especially from society reporters who telegraphed his presence wherever he went.

After the sensation was over Sam Ruggles and Gwen Harper met in the drawing room of the hotel.

"Well," said Sam, "you just missed snaring a multimillionaire. I'm sorry for you."

"And you missed seeing the multi-

## How Hookworm Disease Is Contracted

Infected Dirt, Coming In Contact With the Skin, Starts the Trouble, and In a Few Weeks the Victim's Health Is Failing

A SMALL portion of ordinary dirt may be applied to some part of the body. If it is clean dirt nothing unusual results. If the dirt has been polluted by the excrement of a person having hookworm disease, then a queer thing happens. Where the pollution is applied an eruption will appear within a few hours' time. After a few days the eruption may heal, but the trouble has not ended. Only eight or ten weeks will have to pass before the person may find on examination that his intestines are inhabited by bloodsucking hook-

To know how to prevent getting hookworm disease is of vital importance to every one. By understanding how the disease spreads we may better know how to prevent infection. Every person who has hookworm disease is casting from the body each day between 1,000,000 and 4,000,000 hookworm eggs. These eggs require only two or three days to hatch into infecting larvae, or very, very small worms, which will live for months in the soil, awaiting an opportunity to enter the system of a human being. They gain entrance through the skin of the feet or by the



AN EXTREMELY BAD CASE.

This is a picture of Selma Ellis, who was heavily infected with hookworms. Sixteen years old, weight sixty-two and a half pounds, anaemic ulcer on leg; had been sick for eight years or half of his young life. This picture was made when his case first came up for treatment. Seven weeks later he was up and walking about, his weight had increased to seventy-nine pounds, all the hookworms were gone and the count of red corpuscles in his blood had increased from 1,050,000 to 4,572,500. The ulcer was healing and was almost well.

worms and that his health is failing.

The eruption is identical with what we see so often in the summer and call "ground itch," or "toe itch." This is the beginning of hookworm disease.

Hookworm disease then is usually contracted by those who go barefoot in warm weather, where the soil is damp and where human excrement, which is laden with the eggs of the hookworms, in some way has been scattered. Only a few hours are required for the eggs to hatch, and within a week the little larvae or worms are ready to bore into the skin and produce ground itch.

They are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but when they get into the bowels they grow rapidly and soon reach a size sufficient for them to be easily recognized by the unaided eye. Persons have been treated who unsuspectingly were carrying around three or four thousands of these little bloodsuckers, having their strength sapped, but they knew not how.

mouth with contaminated food, such as strawberries, peaches, etc. When they enter by the feet they cause ground itch.

If every person would use privies provided with some water tight receptacle to receive all the excrement and the receptacle contents were protected from flies and other living creatures until they could be deeply buried or otherwise disposed of in a sanitary way no hookworm eggs ever could hatch, there would be no new hookworm larvae waiting in the soil to get into the body, and those now living in the ground would perish in about twelve months. Then there would be no new infections—that is to say, no new recruits would join the hookworms now inhabiting human intestines. As the worms will not multiply in the bowels old age would overtake those now living, so that within about ten years—their life period—all will have died of old age. If this plan could be carried out it would take only ten years to eradicate the disease completely.

millionaire captured by a desert wife."

"Funny, isn't it?"

"Their eyes met, and they smiled."

"Mother's frantic," Gwen remarked.

"I suppose so. Well, what are you going to do?"

"Why, I'm not going to do anything."

She held a rose in her hand and, going up to him, fixed it in his button-hole. He cast a quick glance about him. There was no one besides themselves in the room. He kissed her.

"What a pity," Mrs. Harper, said Mrs. Crawford, "that we couldn't have got an inkling as to the identity of young Carrington."

"It's just too disgusting for anything."

Negligent.

Complainant—Your worship, she struck me in the face with her clinched fist. That cut was caused by her ring.

Magistrate—Where did she get the ring?

Complainant—I gave it to her. It was our engagement ring.

Magistrate—The prisoner is discharged. That is clearly a case of contributory negligence.—Tit-Bits.

Disenchantment.

She had a face divinely fair. A face to make an artist glad.

And, oh, the figure that she had! Her soulful eyes were big and brown; A rounded softness graced her arms. I fancied that in all the town No girl could boast of rarer charms.

Her fingers tapered and were white. I paused to gaze a little while And fancied that the day was bright Because she had so sweet a smile. But all my happy fancies fled, And gloomily I went my way When to a passing friend she said, "I seen your brother yesterday."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Accomplished.

"Daughter," called the conventional comic paper father from his regular position at the top of the stairs at the well known hour of 11:55 p. m., "doesn't that young man know how to say good night?"

"Does he?" echoed the young lady in the darkened hall. "Well, I should say he does. That's why it takes him so long."

Tramp (while the young magistrate helplessly turns over the pages of his law book)—Please allow me to assist you. Page 317, the third section from the bottom. Filigendic Blatter.

And still we hear the old complaint. Expressed in phrase so free. "A nickel's worth of peanuts ain't now what it used to be!"—Washington Star.

Miss Puffs—She has fine hair. She can sit on it.

Miss Psyche—You mean when she takes it off.—Judge.

Kuliker—What is the matter with his cottage?

Bocker—It is as distant as a rich relation and as hard to support as a poor relation.—New York Sun.

Many of us go through life Digging like a mole: No matter how we work and dig, We're always "in a hole."—News Letter.

Saw Him Coming.

"Is Miss Elsie at home?"

"No, sir."

"But I saw her at the window just now."

"Yes, and she saw you too."—Filigendic Blatter.

McStub—Miss Jerolomon, do you—er—think your father would care if I called you Minnie.

Lovely Girl—Certainly not; he calls me that himself.—Chicago Tribune.

"Why are the woods so full of trees?"

Cried little Wilby Goode. And Wilby's pops said, "Because The trees are full of wood."—Judge.

Mrs. B.—You were late at the church the day we were married.

B.—I wasn't late enough.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Doctor—Has the patient still a few rational moments?

Nurse—Yes, he has. Whenever his wife comes into the room he screams.

"Get out, get out!"—Simplestestman.

When Adam delved and Eve span, Who was then the gentleman? When Eve rolled and Adam swam, Who was then the gentleman?—St. Paul Dispatch.

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