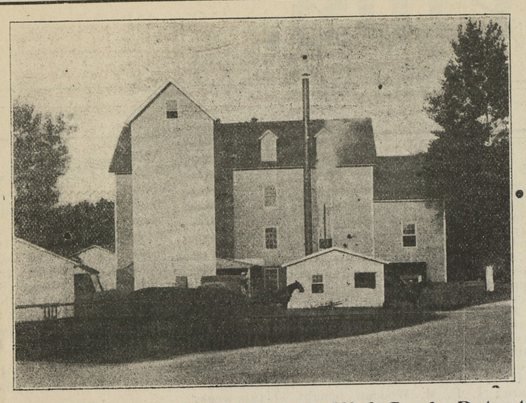

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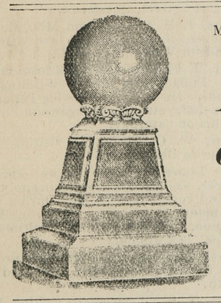

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A booklet of extracts from eminent, medical authorities, endorsing its ingredients mailed *free* on request. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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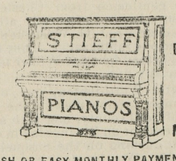
GOOD FOR A LIFE TIME



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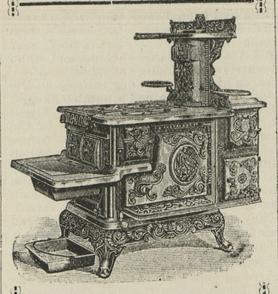

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WHAT LEROY FOUND

By AMY DARLING

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"'Deed, I ain't agwine tuh break no foo's down dishyer time o' night." The sable servitor was firm even though a ten dollar bill waved gently under his nose.

"But I can't get in otherwise," pleaded Leroy. "My keys, my papers—everything, in fact, except my pocketbook and cigar case, is in my other clothes."

"Uh, hu," agreed the new elevator boy, "but I ainer gwine ter lose no job bustin' in yo flat and gettin' fired in the mo'nin'." He turned out the light in the elevator car and went back to the settee in the reception room. Nat Leroy's secret of success had been his ability to admit defeat, and he turned sadly toward the door.

There was an apartment hotel on the next block where Margaret lived. The clerk there knew him. There might be a chance to get an unoccupied apartment. It was his only hope unless he took the long trip down town, and he was tired to the point of exhaustion.

The clerk looked up in surprise as he entered the office, but surprise gave way to mirth when Nat drolly imitated the boy.

"You can't blame 'em," the clerk condoned. "There was a chap the other night got a boy in the Belfort apartments to break in; gave him a fiver for the job. The police figured that he must have made a clean profit of about $500."

"How about you?" asked Nat. "Happen to have a vacant apartment where I could put up overnight?"

"We've got a waiting list of fifty-eight names," declared the clerk. "We won't have an apartment vacant until October even at that."

"No chance?" pleaded Nat.

The clerk shook his head and Leroy turned away. Just as he was about to push through the door he heard his name called and he turned back.

"I tell you what I might do," whispered the clerk. "Miss Ashton is out

THERE IN THE CENTER WAS HIS PHOTOGRAPH.

of town. She expects to be away a week longer. I can put you in there if you promise not to let on."

"I'll promise anything for a night's rest," agreed Nat, mindful of a roomy couch in the cozy corner of Margaret's den. A bill changed hands and presently he was following a hall boy, also sworn to secrecy, up the stairs.

It seemed a rather mean trick to play on Margaret; to invade her apartments without permission, but he promised himself to pry into none of her secrets and confronted himself with the reflection that she would probably have said yes, but Margaret was queer. Almost from childhood she had been self supporting, and she had steadfastly refused to regard men as women's natural protectors and supporters. Twice since he had known her, men had asked her hand, and she had not only said no, but they had been quietly dropped from her friendship.

Leroy valued this friendship too highly to risk it on a proposal, and he had worshiped, if not from afar, at least he had concealed his worship and had been rewarded with the privilege of being her chosen friend.

Rapidly he divested himself of his outer clothing, but when he came to his collar he could find no place to put it except the tiny writing desk by the window, and that reminded him of some notes that he must make if he would keep them fresh in mind for the morrow.

He turned down the unlocked flap and reached for some paper. There was paper in plenty in the neat pigeonholes, and he thought of what his sister used to say: "Show me a woman's desk and I'll tell you what and whom she loves."

This desk was very like Margaret, with its orderly array of notes and trinkets, its well kept pigeonholes and the spotless blotter, but pencils were sadly lacking.

Twice he searched the pigeonholes without result, and at last he found that the middle of the lower section was not blank, as he had supposed, but formed a sort of secret panel.

Here, then, was where the pencils were to be found. He threw up the panel, but in an instant all thoughts of the pencils vanished. It was not a place for pencils. Instead it seemed to be a sort of shrine, and, to his wonderment, Nat found that he was its genius.

There in the center was his photograph. He could not remember that she had ever asked for one, yet here it stared at him from the midst of an odd assortment of trinkets. There was the tiny flower he had worn in his coat when they had had their first dinner. He had begged a rose, and she had laughingly insisted upon an exchange. He could have sworn that he had seen her throw it away, yet here it was beside the menu card, on which he had sketched the odd couple at the table across the aisle.

One by one he recognized little souvenirs of their jaunts. Then with reverent hands he drew down the panel again. It was as if some skilled surgeon had laid bare Margaret's inmost heart. He felt almost guilty of sacrilege.

The pencil was forgotten now. He wrapped himself in the slumber robe from the couch and sat at the open window, which commanded a view of the river, and he watched the lights across the water glinting on the quiet stream. He did not feel like sleeping. He had come in utterly exhausted, but this revelation had completely changed his mood. He was conscious neither of fatigue nor sleepiness. He knew only that Margaret loved him, cherished the little trinkets he had given her and held his memory dear in secret. He recalled now something she had said once about girls who laid their snares for the men who caught their fancy. Clearly she would give no sign of preference, and she had buried her secret in her desk to wait until he found out—if he ever did. He shuddered as he thought of what might have been.

There was the sound of the opening and shutting of a door, but he gave no heed. He had told the boy to bring ice water.

"Nat, what are you doing here?"

He sprang to his feet and then sat down again as he suddenly remembered that he was draped largely in a colored slumber robe.

"I suppose you think I am playing Indian," he remarked over the back of the chair, "but I am here through the charity of our friend downstairs."

Quickly he sketched his dilemma, and she had to laugh in spite of herself.

"Aunt Ruth and I came home sooner than we expected," she said. "The clerk was asleep, but we had our keys and did not awaken him. I guess the boy did not know you were coming here."

"I haven't been stealing anything," he defended.

"Been prying into my secrets?" she laughed.

"Just one," he said slowly. "I was looking for a pencil, and—I—saw that noddle panel. I didn't mean to pry, dear—but—I never should have dreamed, and—I'm glad I did."

She came toward the chair. "I don't know that I'm sorry," she said simply. "I never should have let you see, but I'm glad you know."

"I never thought," he smiled, "that the gate of heaven lay through a partition in a writing desk."

"Heaven," she said as her lips brushed his forehead, "lies in many places. I find mine in a Morris chair wrapped in a slumber robe."

"I must have been slumbering a long time," he laughed. "That menu card is dated three years ago."

"I cannot realize even now," she whispered, "that this is not all a dream."

"From which may we never awaken," he whispered as he drew her face down to his again.

"You may remain here," Margaret said after a few minutes. "I shall go to Aunt Ruth's room, and as a recompense to her for letting me share her apartment I'll—I'll tell her about it. She loves a romance."

The Retort Humorous.

"You don't seem to understand," blustered the man who was trying to make his point with a university professor. "I tell you, sir, I ought to know. I'm an alumni of this institution myself." "Are you? That's nothing singular," was the witty rejoinder, uttered so quietly that the blustering man never knew what had happened.

On another occasion the same professor, having ordered from a music publishing house a copy of a "Valse Impromptu" by a certain French composer, received an "Impromptu Waltz" by another man. The publishers, when called to account for their mistake, replied rather insolently that they had been in the music publishing business a long time, and had yet to discover the difference between a "Valse Impromptu" and an "Impromptu Waltz." Would Dr. Smith kindly state to them that difference?

"Gentlemen," wrote the genial professor, in answer, "I have not, like yourselves, been in the music publishing business, and am therefore not fully qualified to inform you, but since in your extremity you have appealed to me I would venture to suggest that the difference between a 'Valse Impromptu' and an 'Impromptu Waltz' may be similar to the difference between a blind Venetian and a Venetian blind.

"Yours very truly," etc.

Selfish Clock.

"Want me to take the clock back, you say?" exclaimed the dealer. "Why, what's the matter with it? It's warranted to keep good time."

"Perhaps that's the trouble," replied the customer, "for it certainly doesn't give it."—Philadelphia Press.

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