

# A Will and a Way

The Mysterious Woman Who Could Neither Read Nor Write

By BELLE MANIATES

Copyright, 1920, by Associated Literary Press.

"His ruling passion was strong in death," remarked Jules Lorme whimsically as he learned the contents of his father's will from his father's lawyer. "He knew that I would not comply with the terms of so atrocious a will to marry a woman who could neither read nor write."

"You have a year of grace," reminded Coyle.

A year later Jules appeared at the office of the family lawyer.

"My lease is up, Coyle," he reminded.

"And I think I have found a way by which you can fulfill all conditions and still retain your freedom. You can marry a woman who can neither read nor write, and immediately after the ceremony you can go abroad. At the expiration of two years she can quietly secure a divorce. You can spare a generous alimony. I have met a good, conscientious girl who is perfectly willing."

"Is she a domestic?"

"No; I believe she does needlework."

"It's odd in these days of schools and trunk officers that she escaped the alphabet at least."

"She says she never had the opportunity nor the desire to learn. I will arrange all details for you."

After some further discussion Jules acceded to the proposition, and at dusk of the appointed day he rang for admission to Coyle's residence. The lawyer met him in the hall and ushered him into a dimly lighted library where a minister and Henry Phillips, Jules' next friend, were in waiting. They all went into the reading room adjoining. Near the doorway Jules paused and looked into the room, which was in total darkness.

With an odd sinking of the heart Jules took his position beside the shadowy form of a woman. He made the responses in a quick, jerky way, anxious to end the affair. The woman at his side spoke in nearly inaudible tones.

When the sentence of man and wife was pronounced Jules returned to the library and hastily signed some papers Coyle gave him.

"Where is my wife?" he then asked.

"She remained in the reading room."

The young bridegroom hesitated. Then resolutely he turned and went back into the reading room. His eyes, now accustomed to the gloom, discerned her at the end of the room. She was sitting on a couch, her face buried in the cushions. One arm hung listlessly over the edge.

"May I speak with you?" he asked courteously.

She did not lift her head from the pillow.

"I want to thank you," he continued, "for the service you have rendered me."

She murmured a disclaimer of his thanks. He took her hand. It was still cold and trembling. His grasp, firm and sustaining, tightened.

"I am sorry," he said firmly, "that you will not see me, but I want you to promise me that if you ever need help or advice you will come to me."

"I will," she said softly.

"Lorme," called the warning voice of Coyle from the doorway.

"I must go now. Good night."

He went to his lodgings and tried to smoke away the burden of his thoughts. The shadowy outlines of the tall, drooping figure and the low tones in which she had spoken haunted him all night.

"I suppose her motive was as mercenary as my own, so I don't need to reproach myself."

The next day he was leaning against the railing of the steamer, idly watching the scenes upon the wharf, when he saw Phillips making his way toward a young girl who was daintily putting in form and lovely of face and feature. She was accompanied by a middle aged woman.

"You must look after Miss Derrington, Jules," cautioned Phillips as he was taking leave of them all a few moments later. "Her aunt has the stateroom habit," she tells me."

Jules scarcely heard him. He was looking into the wonderful eyes of the young girl. An hour later Mrs. Marshall had fulfilled the prophecy regarding the stateroom and Jules had joined Salome on deck.

"You don't seem a stranger to me," she said. "I have come to know you through your books."

There followed a long and animated discussion of books and authors until dinner time.

"She is a darling," Jules told himself as he lay in his berth listening to the rhythmic measures of the engines that night.

The voyage passed in a succession of days of sparkling sunshine. Mrs. Marshall remained perforce in solitary confinement, and Jules was constantly with Salome, who grew fairly radiant with happiness. He came to have an odd feeling at times, as if in some pre-existence she had belonged to him. Then his new fancy would be succeeded by the mystic charm of the ether.

Early in the morning of the last day of their voyage he came out on the afterdeck. Salome was already there.

As she turned to him he saw a shadow of sadness in her eyes.

"This is our last day," she said in a low tone.

"Yes, and I am sorry," he replied simply.

"I wish you were coming with us—to the north of England."

He did not reply at once.

"It can't be," he argued to his troubled self. "It is only the first fluttering fancy of a young girl—the fancy for an older man and one who writes. I shall not see her after we land. Still, in a young, romantic girl's heart affection sometimes flourishes in absence. I should tell her, I will."

"Salome"—the name slipped out unconsciously—"I should have told you before, but I disliked to talk about my personalities. I am married."

He then briefly related the circumstances of his marriage.

"Before the ceremony," he concluded, "I had considered only my part in the affair. I was narrow enough to think that because she had been denied certain advantages it might well recompense. It may have been great need for herself and others that forced her to this step. At any rate, I should have talked the matter over with her. I am going to return to New York if she wishes and have the marriage annulled."

He glanced at her for the first time during the recital. His heart leaped to life. In her eyes was an exquisite softness. A slight moisture dimmed her lashes. She held out her hand.

"Thank you for telling me. And now I must tell you something. I, too, am married."

"You! Salome, impossible! You, so young?"

"I was married the night before we sailed in Mr. Coyle's library."

"Salome, the woman I married was tall—very tall."

"I stood on a stool."

"Her name was Mary."

"My first name is Mary. I never use it except to sign."

He gathered her close to his arms as one who claims his own.

"Salome, only the recollection of my wife was between us. Will you be my wife—my real wife?"

There was a revealing answer of joy in the face upraised to his.

"Tell me," he commanded, "how it came about."

"My aunt engaged Mr. Coyle to manage our estate. He learned how interested I was in your books, and he talked much of you and the will. He proposed this marriage and planned the voyage. He said we could find out if we cared."

"I can't imagine Coyle's being frantic," he laughed.

"It wasn't romance. He would not have proposed it if"—

"If?"

"Oh, Jules, I can neither read nor write! I have been blind since I was four years old until three months ago. Aunt read your books to me."

Janet's Way of Growing Young.

As a matter of fact, Janet was born exactly two years before her brother Fred, therefore in the natural course of things when he was ten she was twelve and gloried in it. When Fred was known to be fourteen she still confessed to sixteen. When Fred boasted eighteen years she timidly acknowledged herself just over nineteen. When Fred came home from college and had a party in honor of his twenty-first birthday Janet said to her friends: "What a boyish fellow Fred is! Who would think he is only a year younger than I?" When Fred declared himself twenty-five and old enough to get married Janet said to a gentleman friend: "Do you know, I feel very jealous of Fred getting married. But, then, I suppose twins always are more attached to one another." And two years later at Fred's wedding she said, with a girlish simper to the guests: "Dear old Fred! To see him married turned out to be just what I needed. He was only five years old when he brought him to see me, his baby sister; I wonder if he thinks of it now?"

Thought He Was Mad.

The late Count de Lesseps was traveling on one occasion in a French railway train in a compartment with two commercial travelers.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said one of them, fancying that he belonged to their fraternity—"are you not a traveler?"

"Certainly I am," said the count.

"We thought so! What is your line?"

"Isthmuses."

"Wh-wh-what," asked the puzzled commercial—"what are they?"

"I am introducing ship canals," said De Lesseps gravely.

The commercial travelers feared that they had fallen in with a lunatic and were making preparations to escape when the count handed them his card and put them at their ease.

The Architecture of Madeira.

We saw no suggestion of modern architecture or European innovation but anywhere except at single motor-car. Without knowing anything on the subject I should say that the architecture of Madeira is a mixture of Spanish and Moorish, like that of Mexico, only it is better than anything in Mexico. From the ship the stucco, the roofed city is flawless, and as we steam away and night comes down and lights break out and become a jeweled necklace along the water's edge our one regret is that we are leaving it all behind.—Albert Bigelow Paine in *Outing Magazine*.

The Easiest Way.

Dickson—Dobbin formerly opposed my views, but now he agrees with me in everything. Wickson—How do you account for it? Dickson—Don't know. I'm not sure whether I convince him or only make him tired.

The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat oneself.

## BUILD HOUSES IN TREES.

Some Mexicans Thus Sleep Secure From Quakes and Tigers.

In order to protect their homes from earthquakes many of the natives in the territory around Chilpancingo and other towns in the state of Guerrero, in Mexico, live in trees. Some of these tree homes are of large size and are ingeniously constructed. Reeds and grasses are interwoven with the twigs and branches of the tree, much in the manner that a bird builds its nest. The severest wind seldom loosens it from the tree. Where the trees are large and stand closely together houses of two or three rooms are frequently built in their branches. These houses also afford protection from the tigers and other wild animals which are found in that region in large numbers. It is said that a tiger will not attack its prey unless it is upon the ground.

The prime object of elevating these houses into the trees, however, is, as mentioned, to keep them from being shaken down by the severe earthquakes which visit the Guerrero territory at frequent intervals. The rocking of the earth gives the trees a swaying motion, but does no damage to the houses. In some localities whole villages of these tree homes are to be seen. None of them suffered damage from the recent earthquakes which wrought such ruin to the buildings upon the ground.—New York Tribune.

## THE PRINCE'S PRESENT.

It Was Given In Exchange For a Magnificent Carpet.

"While I was in Damascus," said a globe trotter the other day, "some royal highness or other potentate passed through that ancient city, and the governor of the town delivered an address of welcome. It was in verse, and everybody who knew of the occurrence felt sure that the governor had been richly rewarded by the prince for his effort. That afternoon, so the story goes, the governor called on a dealer in rugs with whom he had been chaffering for a long time over a magnificent carpet which he coveted for his palace. After several cups of coffee the rug merchant offered the governor the carpet in exchange for the present the prince had given him for his poetic welcome to Damascus. The governor after a little hesitation agreed, and the carpet was rolled up and delivered to an attendant, who started for the governor's palace.

"Thank you," said the governor as he arose gracefully to his feet.

"But the prince's present?" demanded the rug merchant.

"You have it," said the governor. "All he gave me was 'Thank you,' and this I have given you for your carpet."—New York Press.

Janet's Way of Growing Young.

As a matter of fact, Janet was born exactly two years before her brother Fred, therefore in the natural course of things when he was ten she was twelve and gloried in it. When Fred was known to be fourteen she still confessed to sixteen. When Fred boasted eighteen years she timidly acknowledged herself just over nineteen. When Fred came home from college and had a party in honor of his twenty-first birthday Janet said to her friends: "What a boyish fellow Fred is! Who would think he is only a year younger than I?" When Fred declared himself twenty-five and old enough to get married Janet said to a gentleman friend: "Do you know, I feel very jealous of Fred getting married. But, then, I suppose twins always are more attached to one another." And two years later at Fred's wedding she said, with a girlish simper to the guests: "Dear old Fred! To see him married turned out to be just what I needed. He was only five years old when he brought him to see me, his baby sister; I wonder if he thinks of it now?"

Thought He Was Mad.

The late Count de Lesseps was traveling on one occasion in a French railway train in a compartment with two commercial travelers.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said one of them, fancying that he belonged to their fraternity—"are you not a traveler?"

"Certainly I am," said the count.

"We thought so! What is your line?"

"Isthmuses."

"Wh-wh-what," asked the puzzled commercial—"what are they?"

"I am introducing ship canals," said De Lesseps gravely.

The commercial travelers feared that they had fallen in with a lunatic and were making preparations to escape when the count handed them his card and put them at their ease.

The Architecture of Madeira.

We saw no suggestion of modern architecture or European innovation but anywhere except at single motor-car. Without knowing anything on the subject I should say that the architecture of Madeira is a mixture of Spanish and Moorish, like that of Mexico, only it is better than anything in Mexico. From the ship the stucco, the roofed city is flawless, and as we steam away and night comes down and lights break out and become a jeweled necklace along the water's edge our one regret is that we are leaving it all behind.—Albert Bigelow Paine in *Outing Magazine*.

The Easiest Way.

Dickson—Dobbin formerly opposed my views, but now he agrees with me in everything. Wickson—How do you account for it? Dickson—Don't know. I'm not sure whether I convince him or only make him tired.

The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat oneself.

# SOME GREAT BARGAINS

NOW is your chance to get  
**GOOD READING MATTER**  
at prices that secure you a considerable saving

Any one of the following combinations gives you excellent value. Call or write should you desire others

Home Life, Prairie Farmer and this paper.....	\$1.75	Farm and Fireside, Weekly Inter-Ocean and Farmer, Mothers' Magazine, and this paper.....	\$3.25
Cosmopolitan, Success Magazine, Independent and this paper.....	\$4.30	Ainslee's Magazine or Hampton's, Success Magazine, American Magazine and this paper.....	\$3.55
Success Magazine, The Designer and this paper.....	\$2.85	Weekly Inter-Ocean and Farmer, Fruitman and Gardener, Poultry Post and this paper.....	\$2.95
Farm and Home, Success Magazine, The Designer and this paper.....	\$3.15	Kimball's Dairy Farmer, Ohio Farmer, Weekly Inter-Ocean and Farmer and this paper.....	\$3.30
World's Work, Delineator, Success Magazine and this paper.....	\$4.85	Successful Poultry Journal, American Swineherd, Ohio Farmer together with this paper.....	\$3.00
Success Magazine, American Magazine, Cosmopolitan and this paper.....	\$3.80	Farm Life, Mother's Magazine, Housekeeper and this paper.....	\$2.85
Review of Reviews, Success Magazine, McClure's Magazine and this paper.....	\$4.85	Fruitman and Gardener, Housekeeper, Home Needlework and this paper.....	\$2.85
Forest and Stream, Delineator, Everybody's Magazine and this paper.....	\$5.55	Review of Reviews, McClure's Magazine, Success Magazine, Woman's Home Companion and this paper.....	\$5.30
The Orange Judd Farmer and this paper.....	\$1.80	Scribner's Magazine and this paper.....	\$4.20
Farm Life, Weekly Inter-Ocean and Farmer, American Swineherd, Farm and Home, Popular Fashions, Woman's World and this paper.....	\$4.00	Scribner's Magazine, Success and Cosmopolitan and this paper.....	\$6.20
McClure's Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Success Magazine and this paper, all for.....	\$4.30	Toledo Blade and this paper.....	\$1.85
Delineator, Everybody's Magazine, Cosmopolitan and this paper.....	\$4.30	St. Louis Globe-Democrat and this paper.....	\$2.00
Hampton's Magazine, Review of Reviews, McClure's Magazine or Woman's Home Companion and this paper.....	\$4.90	Tribune Farmer, Pictorial Review, Ladies' World, Modern Priscilla, Pictorial Review Pattern and this paper.....	\$3.05
World Today, Success Magazine, Pictorial Review and this paper.....	\$4.05	Ainslee's Magazine, Farm Life, Farm and Fireside and this paper.....	\$3.55
Ainslee's Magazine, Popular Magazine, Review of Reviews and this paper.....	\$6.35	McCall Magazine and this paper.....	\$1.85
McClure's Magazine, Woman's Home Harper's Bazaar, together with this paper.....	\$4.25	Ainslee's Magazine, Success Magazine and this paper.....	\$3.60
Outlook, Independent, Success Magazine and this paper.....	\$6.35		

ADDRESS THIS PAPER, - DWIGHT, ILL.

## Passing of the Organ Blower.

"The organ blower is passing. He will soon be, like the armor, extinct," said a musician. "It's a pity. He was a quaint type."

"Most of my blowers were simple minded old chaps who firmly believed they must suit their blowing to the music. In soft, light passages they blew soft and light. When the crescendos thundered forth they worked frantically, blowing with all their might and main."

"Often a facetious reporter on the local paper would refer to the excellent blowing of the organist's assistant, Mr. Bellows. Then the blower in his vanity would develop all the affectations of a Paderewski or a Sousa. Now he'd blow delicately, a dreamy smile on his lips, his eyes half closed. The music would change to a march, and he'd stamp his foot in time, while up, down, up, down, the old bellows, in time also, would be jerked. At a climax his face would redden, he'd bend his back and blow so fast and furiously that the organ would nearly burst."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Another Case of Faith.

"I wrote a medical friend of mine in London about a curious discovery which I made recently quite by chance, but which I shall never publish to the world through the scientific journals," said a Brooklyn doctor last week.

"Not long ago this friend sent me about fifty little dark colored pellets, and he wrote me that they were a new combination of drugs that he had found particularly good in cases of brain fever. He asked me to try them on my patients and report. During the next month or so I doled out the pellets to several of my patients who came around complaining of tired nerves. All of them said that the medicine did them a lot of good. Yesterday, however, I was going through my office desk and discovered those pellets from London intact in the plain envelope in which I had placed them. A hurried but anxious investigation disclosed that I had been administering to my nerve weary patients some wistaria seed that my wife had gathered, put in a plain envelope and laid inadvertently on my office table."—Exchange.

No Lie After All.

They were telling fish stories, and at last the tall, lank man on the crack barrel said:

"I went down to the river this morning, and although the water was high almost to a flood, I took a ten foot pike!"

"Stop there!" exclaimed the fat man with the corncob pipe. "Tell us you took an eight pound trout, and I'll sit idly by, but a ten foot pike—never! Ananias died for less than that."

"I took a ten foot pike pole," continued the unruined tall, lank man on the crack barrel, "and in less than

five minutes I hooked out a fifteen foot bass!"

"See here! See here!" yelled the man who owned the grocery. "You'll have to go away from here to fish that lie. I hadn't got no lightnin' rod on this store yet."

"I hooked out a fifteen foot basswood log," persisted the tall, lank man, "and I want to ask how much you think I kin git for it."

Dropped the Subject.

"Five thousand dollars for a dog!" he exclaimed as he looked up from his newspaper. "Do you believe any one ever paid any such price, Maria?"

"I'm sure I don't know, James," she returned without stopping her needlework even for a moment. "Does the paper say that much was paid?"

"Yes. There's an article on valuable dogs, and it speaks of one that was sold for \$5,000. I don't believe it."

"It may be true, James," she said quietly. "Some of these well bred animals bring fancy prices, and there's no particular reason why the paper should lie about it."

"I know that, Maria. But just think of it—just try to grasp the magnitude of that sum in your weak feminine mind! You don't seem to realize it. Five thousand dollars for a dog! Why, hang it, Maria, that's more than I'm worth!"

"I know it, James, but some are worth more than others."

She went calmly on with her sewing, while he fumed and sputtered for a moment and then dropped the subject, especially the weak feminine mind part of it.

Cosmic Dust.

A particle of dust one-hundred thousandth of an inch in diameter is held in its place in space by the force of gravitation, but a particle smaller than this is pushed outward into space by the weight of the sun's light, because as the particle becomes smaller its surface, which is subject to pressure, becomes greater in proportion to its weight.

The sun's corona, the zodiacal light, the aurora borealis and the comet's tail are all composed of these infinitely minute particles, in some cases white hot and in others merely illuminated by the sun, which are being constantly driven away from the sun by the pressure of its light.

In the case of the aurora borealis there is a movement of the light both away from and toward the sun. This is explained by the theory that the weight of the sun's light presses the particles outward into space for a certain distance and that then a certain number of them cohere together until they have sufficient weight to be attracted toward the sun once more by the force of gravitation.

Fine Job Printing at this office.

Fine Job Printing at this office.

First Actor—"Times are very bad, Gus. If things don't look up I shall do a bit of pierrot business."

Second Ditto—"That all? If my creditors don't turn kinder I shall have to be a disappearo!"

Simple Remedy for LaGrippe.

LaGrippe coughs are dangerous, as they frequently develop into pneumonia. Foley's Honey and Tar not only stops the cough, but heals and strengthens the lungs so that no serious results need be feared. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar contains no harmful drugs and is in a yellow package. Sold by all druggists.

"Do you think they approved of my sermons?" asked the newly-appointed rector, hopeful that he had made a good impression on his parishioners.

"Yes, I think so," replied his wife; "they were all nodding."

For indigestion and all stomach troubles take Foley's Orino Laxative. It is the natural remedy for indigestion, dyspepsia, heartburn, bad breath, sick headache, torpid liver, biliousness and habitual constipation. Foley's Orino Laxative sweetens the stomach and breath, and tones up the entire alimentary system. Sold by all druggists.

Sub-Editor—"Here's another letter from that man who signs himself 'Vox Populi.'"

Editor—"What has he got to say now?"

Sub-Editor—"He writes to inquire if we will kindly inform him what 'vox populi' means."

Nagger—"I've put one poor fellow on his feet, anyway."

Mrs. Nagger—"Whom have you been fooling your money away on now?"

Nagger—"Your next husband. I've had my life insured."

Beware of Ointment for Catarrh That Contains Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists. Price, 75c per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Hall's Family Pills for constipation.