40 - Water - 100

teeds of men;

when every one shall have the thought to wa
the word they say;

The men will cease to smoke and chewand drink and rudely swear.

And girls be taught to bake and mend and o
to bang their hair.

And he who peddles milk will put no wate

while then the backman, ev honest man. How giadly we shall greet the day things come to pass! But there is still one cloud of doubt in hope's

fair sky, a as i New York will still be found with all her ments undone,
They'll still be just as they
Johnny gets his gun.

"Of course, it was very little," hesitated Miss Belinda; "but—but I could not help seeing that he was drawing comparisons as it were. Octavia was teaching Mr. Poppleton to play croquet, and she was rather exhibited, and perhaps exhibited more-freedom of manner, in an innocent way-quite in an innocent, thoughtless way-than is exactly customary, and mw Mr. Barold glance from her to Lucia, who stood near; and when I said, You are thinking of the contrast between them,' he answered, 'Yes, they differ very reatly, it is true'; and of course I knew that my poor Octavia could not have the advantage in his eyes. She feets this herself, I know. She shocked me, the other day, beyond expression by telling me that she had saked him if he thought she was really fact, and that she was sure he did. Poor child; she evidently did not comprehend the dreadful significance of such

"A man like Francis Barold understand their significance," said Lady Theobald, "and it is to be deplored that your niece cannot be taught what her position in society will be if such a utation attaches itself to her. The men of the present day fight shy of such

This dread clause so impressed poor Miss Belinds by its solemnity that she could not forbear repeating it to Octavia afterwards, though it is to be regretted that it did not produce the effect that she had hoped.

Well, I must say," she observed, "that if some men fought a little shyer than they do, I shouldn't mind it. You always do "It I were in your place," she said, "I have about half a dozen dangling around, think—that, perhaps—only perhaps, you you to go to places, and sending bouquets, and seking you to dance, when they can't dance at all, and tear your s, and stand on your feet. If they would 'fight shy,' it would be splendid."

To Miss Belinds, who certainly had never been guilty of the indecorum of hav- browe, turned to Lucia. ing any member of the stronger sex "daugling about" at all, this was very trying. "My dear," she said, "don't say 'you

always have'; it—it really seems to make it so personal."

Octavia turned around and fixed her eyes wonderingly upon her blushing countenance. For a moment she made no remark, a marvellous thought shaping itself slowly in her mind.

"Aunt Belinds," she said, at length, did anybody ever-... "Ah, no, my dear. No, no, I assure you!" oried Miss Belinds, in the greatest

possible trepidation. "Ah, dear, no! Huch—such things rarely—very rarely happen in—in Slowbridge—and besides, I couldn't possibly have thought of it. I couldn't, indeed!" She was so overwhelmed with maidenly

confusion at the appaling thought, that she did not recover herself for half an hour at least. Octavia, feeling that it would not he safe to pursue the subject, only uttered "Gracious!"

CHAPTER XIX. AM EXPERIMENT.

Much to her own stonishment, Lucis found herself silowed new liberty. She was permisted to spend the afternoon fregrantly with Octavia, and, on several she said. To be told you look like an opera boufe across."

Bassett were invited to partake of tea at "I did not mean to say so," cried Lucia, Oldelough in company with no other guest than Francis Barold.

"I don't know what it means, and I Shink it must mean something," said it was taking a great liberty. Lucia to Octavia, "but it is very pleasant.

I never was allowed to be so intimate with

"Perhaps," suggested Octavia, sagely, anything about your hair when I began," sake thinks that, if you see me often glancing at poor Lucia coifure, "though I any one before." emough, you will get sick of me, and it will be a lesson to you.

"The more I see of you," answered Lucia, with a serious little air, " the fonder I am of you. I understand you better.

You are not at all like what I thought you at first, Octavia." "But I don't know that there's much to

understand in me." "There is a great deal to understand in you, ' she replied. "You are a puzzle to me often. You seem so frank, and yet one

instance," Lucia went on, "who would glass with them.

Imagine that you are so affectionate?"

"How short a "Am I affectionate?" she asked. "Yes," soswerei Lucia, "I am sure you

are very affectionate. I have found it out gradually. You would suffer things for may one you loved." Octavia thought the matter over.

"Yes," she said at length, "I would."
"You are very fond of Miss Hassett,"

someded Lucia, as if arraigning her at people you are very fond of—very fond of, indeed."

Then suddenly the folly of the deed had done seem to reveal itself to her.

Octavia pondered seriously again. "Yes, there are," she remarked; "but no one would care about them here—and so "Why did you make me do it?" she I'm not going to make a fuss. You don't exclaimed. "It's all your fault—every bit wast to make a fuss over people you !--- of it"; and flinging the scissors to the other being amusing, but to his infinite disgust

he is so determined to hedge himself around that one can't help suspecting that he is always guarding himself against one sting that He always seems to be resenting interference; but you don't appear to care a all, and so it is not natural that one should suspect you. I did not suspect you.'

What do suspect me of now? "Of thinking a great deal," answered Lucia affectionately. "And of being very dever and very good." Octavia was silent for a few moments.

"I think," she said, after the pause think you'll find that's its a mistake." glowing with enthusiasm. "And I know I

shall learn a great deal from you." This was such a startling propo that Octavia felt decidedly uncomfortable She flushed rosy red.

"I'm the one who ought to learn things I think," she said. "I'm always doing things that frighten Aunt Belinda, and you know how the rest regard me."

"Octavia," said Lucia, very naively indeed, "suppose we try to help each other. If you will tell me when I am wrong, I will try to-to have the courage to tell you. That will be good practice for me. What moss want is courage and frankness, and am sure it will take courage to make up my mind to tell you of your-of your mistake."

Octavia regarded her with mingled admiration and respect. "I think that's a splendid idea," sh

"Are you sure," faltered Lucia, "are you

sure you won't mind the things I may have in themselves hardly worth mentioning

"Tell me one of them, right now, said Octavia, point blank.
"Oh, no!" exclaimed Lucia, starting. " I'd rather not-just now."

"Well," commented Octavia, sounds as if they must be pretty unpleasant. Why don't you want to? They will be quite as bad to-morrow. And to refuse to tell me one is a bad beginning. It looks as if you were frightened, and it isn't good practice for you to be frightened at such a little thing."

Lucia feit convicted. She made an effort to regain her composure. "No, it is not," she said. "But that is siways the way. I am continually telling myself that I will be courageous and candid, and the first time anything she turned again to Lucia.

Octavia guiltily. "It is something I think I would do if -if I were in your place," Lucia stammered. "A very little thing indeed." "Weil?" remarked Octavia, anxiously. to day."

Lucia lost her breath, caught it again, and proceeded cautiously, and with blushes at her own daring.

only bore, and who will keep saking know-I would not wear-my hair-quite Octavia sprang from her seat, and ran to unravel as they read : but whether the sur the pier glass over the mantel. She

presty face, and then, putting her hand to interview. When Barold saw her next, he growing sulkier as the others grew merrier glanced at the reflection of herown startled, the soft blonde "bang" which met her was struck by a slight but distinctly -" I should like to know what she finds so "Isn't it becoming ?" she asked breath.

"Oh, yes!" Lucia answered. "Very."

Octavia started. "Then why wouldn't you wear it?" she aried. "What do you mean?

Lucia felt her position truly a delicate one. She locked her hands, and braced herself; but she blushed vividly.
"It may sound rather silly, when I tell

you why, Octavia," she said; "but I really do think it is a sort of reason. You know, in those absurb pictures of actresses, bangs always seem to be the principal feature. saw some in the shop windows, when went to Harriford with grandmamma. And they were such dreadful women—some of them—and had so very few clothes on, that I can't help thinking I shouldn't like to

look like them, and-"Does it make me look like them?" "Oh, very listle!" answered Lucia; "very little indeed, of course : but-

"But it's the same thing, after all," put in Octavia. "That's what you mean." "It is so very little," faltered Lucia. that—that perhaps it isn't a reason.' Octavia looked at herself in the glass

again. "It isn't a very good reason," she remarked, "but I suppose it will do."
She paused, and looked Lucia in the face.

"I don's think that's a listle thing,"

filled wish the most poignant distress. beg your pardon, indeed I-oh dear! was afraid you wouldn't like it. I felt that she inquired. "She couldn't beat them."

"I don't like it," answered Octavia; "but that can't be helped. I didn't exactly suppose I should. But I wasn't going to say

suppose I might." You might say about a thousand things shous it!" cried Lucia, piteously. know that mine is not only in bad taste,

but it is ugly and unbecoming.' "Yes," said Octavia, cruelly, "it is." " And yours is neither the one nor the other," protested Lucia. "You know I sold you is was presty, Octavia."

Octavia walked over to the table, upon which stood Miss Belinda's work basket, and took therefrom a small and gleaming knows so little about you, after all. For pair of seissors, retuning to the mantel

"How short shall I cut it?" she de-

"Oh!" exclaimed Lucia, "don't-don't." For answer, Octavia raised the scissors, and gave a snip. It was a savage snip, and half the length and width of her love-locks regard the matter from an unembarrassed fell on the mantel; then she gave another snip, and the other half fell.

Lucia scarcely dared to breathe. For a moment, Octavia stood gazing at the bar of justice. You are very fond of herself, with pale face and dilated eyes. your fasher, and I am sure there are other Then suddenly the folly of the deed she "Oh!" she cried out, "Oh, how diabolical

it looks!" She turned upon Lucia.

"You don't," said Lucia. "You are like chair, and burst into tears.

of the deepest dye; after the three minutes had elapsed, however, she began to reason, and called to mind the fact that she was failing as usual under her crisis.

"This is being a coward again," she said to herself. "It is worse than to have said nothing. It is true that she will look more refined, now one can see a little of her forehead, and it is cowardly to be afraid to tand firm when I really think so. I-yes, I will say something to her."

"Octavia," she began, sloud, "I am sure you are making a mistake again." This as decidedly as possible, which was not very "No, I shall not," returned Lucia, quite decidely. "You-you look very much nicer,"

"I look ghastly!" said Octavia, began to feel rather absurd. "You do not. Your forehead

the prettiest forehead I ever saw, Octavia, said Lucia, eagerly, "and your eyebrows are perfect. I—wish you would look as yourself again." Rather to her surprise, Octavia began to laugh under cover of her handerchief reaction had set in, and, though the laugh

was a trifle hysterical, it was still a laugh Next she gave her eyes a final little dab. and rose to go to the glass again. She looked at herself, touched up the short, waving fringe left on her forehead, and turned to Lucia, with a resigned express-

"Do you think that any one who was used to seeing it the other way wouldwould think I looked horrid?" she inquired, anxiously.

"They would think you prettier-a great deal," Lucia answered, earnestly. "Don't to say? Really, they are quite little things you know, Octavia, that nothing could be really unbecoming to you? You have that kind of face." For a few seconds, Octavia seem to lose

herself in thought of a speculative nature. "Jack always said so," she remarked, at by Mary Anne, was found to announce the length. "Jack?" repeated Lucia, timidly.

Octavia roused herself, and smiled with candid sweetness. "He is some one I knew in Nevada," she explained. "He worked in fasher's mine

"You must have known him very well," suggested Lucia, somewhat awed. "I did," she replied calmly. " Very

well. She tucked away her pocket-handkershiel in the jaunty pocket at the back of her basque, and returned to her chair. Then

"Well," she said, "I think you have happens, I fail. I will tell you one thing."

"Well," she said, "I think you have found out that you were mistaken, haven't found out that you, dear? Suppose you tell me of something else."

Lucia colored. "No," she answered, "that is enough for

CHAPTER XX.

PECULIAR TO NEVADA. Whether or not Lucia was right in and thinking a great deal, is a riddle which Poppleson beamed and flurished under her narrower and more—more exacting." those who are interested in her must treatment, and forgot to change color, and mise was correct or incorrect, it seemed possible that she had thought a little after the definable change he recognized in her dress and confure. Her presty hair had a rather less "professional" appearance; he had and coiffure. Her pretty hair had a rather treat him better than she treats me for the pleasure of observing, for the first time, how very white her forehead was, and how should complain; for, at times, he was diamond rings were nowhere to be seen.

"She's bester dressed than usual," a place like this. This sort of thing is in better form, under the circumstances. It was so much "better form," and he so

far approved of it, that he quite thawed, and was very amiable and very enter. taining indeed. Octavia was entertaining, too.

asked several most interesting questions. "Do you think," she inquired, " that it is bad tasse to wear diamonds?" "My mother wears them-occasionally."

" Have you any sisters?" "Any cousins as young as I am?"

" Ya-88." "Do they wear them?" "I must admit." he replied, "that they don't. In the first place, you know, they haven't any, and, in the second, I am under the impression that Lady Beauchamp their mamma, you know-wouldn't permit

is if they had." " Wouldn's permit it!" said Octavia. " l suppose they always do as she tells them?"

He smiled a little. "They would be very courageous young women if they didn't," he remarked. "What would she do if they tried it?

"They will never try it," he snewered. dryly. "And, though I have never seen her beat them, or heard their lamentations under chastiment, I should not like to say that Lady Beauchamp could not do anything. She is a very determined personfor a gentlewoman.

Octavia laughed. "You are joking," she said. "Lady Beauchamp is a serious subject for jokes," he responded. "My cousins think

so, at least." "I wonder if she is as bad as Lady Theo bald," Octavia reflected aloud. " the says have no right to wear diamonds at all. until I am married. Bus I don't mind Lady he inquired, estiffy. Theobaid," she added, as a cheerful afterthought. "I am not fond enough of her

to care about what she says." "Are you fond of any one?" Barold inquired, speaking with a languid air, but, at the same time glancing at her with some slight interest, from under his eyelids.

"Lucia says I am," she returned, with the calmness of a young person who wished to point of view. "Lucia says I am affection-

"Ah!" deliberately. "Are you?"
She turned and looked at him serenely. "Should you think so?" she seked.

This was making such a personal matter of the question that he did not exactly enjoy it. It was certainly not " good form to pull a man up in such cool style. "Really," he replied, " I -ah -have had no opportunity of judging."

He had not the slightest intention of was amused. Sne laughed outright, and "You don't, said Liddle. Lou see time officer, and ourse into sense.

Was sindled. She laughed outright, and
Francis Barold, in one way—but you are Lucia's anguish of mind was almost evidently only checked herself because he Francis Barold, in one way—us you are Lucis's enguish of mind was almost evidently only checked herself because he altogether different, in another. Francis more than she could bear. For at least looked so furious. In consideration for his

Barold does not wish to show emotion, and three minutes, she felt herself a criminal feelings she assumed an air of mild but "No," she remarked, "that is true you

> He was silent. He did not enjoy being amusing at all, and he made no preten appearing to submit to the indignity

She bent forward a little. "Ah!" she exclaimed, " you are mad again—I mean you are vexed. I am always exing you."

There was a hint of appeal in her voice which rather pleased him, but he had no intention of relenting at once. "I confess I am at a loss to know

you laughed," he said. "Are you," she asked, "really?"—letting her eyes rest upon him anxiously for a ent. Then she actually gave vent to a little sigh. "We look at things so differently, that's it," she said. "I suppose it is," he respo

chillingly. In spite of this, she suddenly assumed a comparatively cheerful aspect. A happy thought occurred to her. "Lucia would beg your pardon," she

said. "I am learning good manners from Lucia. Suppose I beg your pardon." "It is quite unnecessary," he replied.
"Lucia wouldn't think so," she said. And why shouldn't I be as well behaved

Lucia? 1 beg your pardon." He felt rather absurd, and yet somewhat him, sometimes, when she had been dessant, which rather soothed him. fact, he had found of late, a little to his desirable and orthodox qualities. private annoyance, that it was very easy for her either to soothe or disturb him.

difficult of her moods, there came a knock at the front door, which, being answered

curate of St. James, Enter, consequently, the Rev. Arthur Poppleton,—biushing, a trifle timorous, if you will pardon my interrupting yeu," perhaps, but happy beyond measure to find said the curate. "I think they would himself in Miss Belinda's partor again, with Miss Belinda's niece.

Francis Barold was not at all delighted to and there are some who have seen her more "What does that fellow want?" that

here for? Why doesn't he go and see some they were accustomed to, and they liked it of his old women, and read tracts to them? all the better." That's his business." Octavia's manner towards her visitor

formed a fresh grievance for Barold. She thing." treated the curate very well indeed. She seemed glad to see him, she was wholly at her ease with him, she made no trying remarks to him, she never stopped to fix her creature who comes among them with open eyes upon him in that inexplicable style, and she did not laugh when there seemed nothing to laugh as. She was so gay and are at a loss to undersand, as well as the good humored that the Reverend Arthur rest. They have been used to what is centment, and forgot to change color, and 'hey have been used to Lady Theorem ventured to talk a good deal and make bald." observed Barold, with a faint smile. divers quite presentable little jokes.

"I should like to know," thought Barold,

It was hardly fair, however, that he and too lavish. delicate the arch of her eyebrows; her treated extremely well; and his intimacy dress had a novel air of simplicity, and the with Octavia progressed quite rapidly. Perhaps, if the trush were told, it was always himself who was the first means of Good-morning." said to himself. "And she's always well checking it, by some sudden prudent instinct dressed—rather too well dressed, fact is, for which led him to feel that perhaps he was in rather a delicate position, and had better not indulge in too much of a good thing. He had not been an eligible and unimpeachably desirable parti for ten years very small pieces, not bigger than your The matter-of-fact air with which Octavia They are very cool for hot climates, and accepted his attentions caused him to pull much superior to feather pillows. gone so far, once or twice—he had deigned and old letters and envelopes are the be

binshed nor dropped her eyes. It did not add to Barold's estisfaction to is the lighter it makes the pillows. find her as cheerful and ready to be amused by a mild lissie curate, who blushed and stammered, and was neither brillant, gracefui, nor dissinguished. Could not Octavia

see the wide difference between the two? Regarding the matter in this light, and wasching Octavia as she encouraged her visitor, and laughed at his jokes, and never once tripped him up by asking him a startling question, did not, as already has been said, improve Mr. Francis Barold's then. temper, and by the time his visit was over, he had lapsed into his coidest and moss haughty manner. As soon as Miss Belinda entered, and engaged Mr. Poppleson for a moment, he rose and crossed the little room to Octavia's side.

"I must bid you good-afternoon," he

Octavia did not rise. Sit down a minute, while Aunt Belinda is talking about red flannel night-caps and lumbago," she said. "I want to ask you something. By the way, what is lumbago? "Is that what you wished to ask me?

"No. I just shought of that. Have you ever had it, and what is it like? All the old people in Blowbridge have it, and they teil you all about it, when you see them. Aunt Belinds says so. What I wanted to ask you was different ---.

" Possibly Miss Bassett might be able to tell you,' he remarked. "About the lumbago? Well, perhapsshe might. I'll ask her. Do you think is bad

taste in me to wear diamonds?" She said this with the most delightful seriousness, fixing her eyes upon him with her very prettiest look of candid appeal, as if it was the most natural thing in the world that she should apply to him for information. He felt himself faltering again. How white that bit of foreher was! How soft that blonds, waving fringe of hair! What a lovely shape her eyes were, and how large and clear, as she raise

them! "Why do you ask me?" he inquired. " Because I think you are an unprejudiced person. Lady Theobald is not. I have confidence in you, Tell me."

There was a slight pause.

"Really," he said, after it, "I can carcely believe that my opinion can be of any value in your eyes. I am can only tell you that it is hardly customary in an in England for young people to wear a

profusion of orname "I wonder if I wear a profusion." "You don't need any," he condesc You are too young, and-all that sort of

She glanced down at her slim, unringed ands for a moment, her expression quite thoughtful.

" Lucia and I almost quarreled the other day," she said, -" at leass, I almost quarreled. It isn't so moe to be told of things, afterail. I must say I don't like it as mu as I thought I should."

He kept his seat longer than he intended and when he rose to go, the Reverend Arthur Poppieton was shaking hands with Miss Belinds, and so it fell out that they left the house tegerher.

"You know Miss Octavia Bassett well, I suppose," remarked Baroid, with conm, as they passed through the gate. You ciergymen are fortunate fellows. "I wish others knew her as well, sir," said the little gentleman, kindling. wish they knew her her generosity and

kindness of heart and ready sympathy with misfortune!" "Ah!" commented Mr. Barold, twisting his mustache with somewhat of an incredulous air. This was not as all the sort of mollified. She had a way of looking at thing he had expected to hear. For his own part, it would not have occurred to In him to suspect her of the possession of such.

"There are those who-misunderstand her," cried the curate, warming with his And now, just as Octavia had settled subject, "who misunderstand, and-yes, down into one of the pretriest and least and apply harsh terms to her innocent gayety and freedom of speech ; if they knew her as I do, they would chase to do so."

"I should scarcely have thoughtbegan Barold. "There are many who scarcely think itscarcely believe it if I felt at liberty to tell them, which I regret to say I do not. I am. Perhaps the least possible shade of his almost breaking my word in saying what joyousness died out when he caught sight I cannot help saying to yourself. The poor of Mr. Francis Barold, and cersainly Mr. under my care are bester off since she came, than once, though she did not go as a teacher or to reprove them for famils, and gentleman was saying, inwardly. "What her way of doing what she did was new to does he come simpering and turning pink them, and perhaps much less serious than

> "Ah!" commented Barold again. "Flannel-under-garments, and—that sort of

> "No," with much spirit, "not at all, sir, but what, as I said, they liked much better. It is not often they meet a beautiful hands, and the natural, ungrudging way of giving which she has. Sometimes they

Lady Theobaid in any disparaging manner, replied the curate, " but the best and most charitable among us do not always carry

"She is as generous with her money as with her diamonds, perhaps," said Barold. " Possibly the quality is peculiar to Nevada. We part here Mr. Poppleton, I believe.

(To be Continued).

Pillows of Paper. All England is crazy on the subject of paper pillows. You tear the paper into without acquiring some of that discretion finger nail, and then put them into a which is said to be the better part of valor. pillow-sack of drilling or light tacking. himself up sometimes. If he had been newspapers are printing appeals for them. Brown, or Jones, or even Robinson, she for hospitals. Newspaper is not nice to could not have appeared to regard them as use, as there is a disagreeable odor from more entirely natural. When—he had printers ink; but brown or white paper to make a more than usually agreeable As you tear them, stuff them into an old speech to her, it was received with none of that charming sensitive tremor to which he enough. The easiest way is to tear or cut had been accustomed. Octavia neither the paper in strips about half an inch wide and then tear or cut across. The finer is

His Reasons. Mrs. Gibblegabble-Doctor, there is something the matter with my tongue; it pains me badly at times, and I don't know

what to do for it. Physician-Place a little cotton pillow under it between meals; it may be tired and need rest. Mrs. Gibblegabble—But I couldn't talk

Physician-That is why I prescribe the pillow.

Polonius and His Lost Chance. " Polonius was a splendid bit of charac-

ter work." Yes; but he had his drawbacks. When he started off and said, ' Neither a borrower nor a lender be,' he lost the best chance in. the world to show off his wisdom.'

" How's that ?" "Why, he should have gone on and said, but if thou must do one or t'other, let it be borrowing. There's money in it."-Harper's Bazar.

What They Eat.

A physician could many a queer tale unfold. One of Ottawa's leading practitioners is authority for the statement that young girls and women, but in particular the former, are addicted to peculiar practices in eating. Here are a few of the things they continually munch : Chalk, old tea leaves, blue clay, starch, clay pipes, lime, slate pencils and slate stone. They eat many other extraordinary articles and as a consequence frequently call upon the skill of the doctor.

Mrs. Leland Stanford is said to have the most valuable private collection of diamonds in the world. One of the necklaces is worth 3600,000.

The richest woman in Wisconsin is Mrs Alexander Mitchell, whose husband left her an estate worth many millions. She is the widow of the late President of the Milwaukee & St. Paul Road.

-A woman of great weight died last week. She was Mrs. Price, Barnum's fatchump who tries to cross of flying trains is in the papers eve

wet and green, Would hurry up the fire with The husband who goes home

His name is in the papers ev And there's the hurried citize

His name is in the papers ev

And there's his daring drot bigger fool. the rule. For he's the man who gets to of a mule-

But summer weather n When fore to beckon

We woke in woeful I But after father went Our illness all took fi And sought some she Not sick enough to fee But too sick to go to One day our father has

And too sick to go to The following are ext received by Senator San

of No. 1 hard. Weat er kee Mr. J. T. Smith, who for the red front store, does for a rextensive scale, Griswold averaged ten b

Face a Frown Mr. Filosopher (h twenty dollar bill)-W Mrs. Filosopher-T why did you make that Mr. Filosopher-She world and cling to t through the most bitter

Government. Opposed to Mrs. Jason-It really

did you see anything i Wickwire leaving town a married woman? Mrs. Jason-No. To Who was she?

blackmailer? "Because he is e office. And that ain't " No, sir; his wife

> Who comes and gras And welcomes you w And flattery you can

Who, when his victo Will straight forget And look out sharp !

> I wou d not an But, on! the giv I fain would k My secret I wou

The lowering sky, the Are signs which we Hot water his ing of This warns us we s The turkey in he be Struts now in all t

other fellows, he w leading role in the

His name is in the papers ev

his wife for fun-His name is in the papers eve and quite forgets he bought a to wait.
But boards or leaves the train a fearful rate, And walks with crutches af

and halting gait— His name is in the papers eve His race very likely will be e

His name is in the papers eve Too Stek to Go t When brother Jack and Full twenty years ago We never feared to go Thro'st rms of sleet

Not sick enough to feel But too sick to go to On rainy days thro' see Undauntedly we sail But when the pleasant Our constitution fail Or if a circus chanced It found us, as a rule Not sick enough to feel Bus too sick to go to

As we came a ragging And drew us gently o'c Of the rotato bin.
That afternoon we sad B-neath the teacher Quite sick enough to f

Portage and Westbourne, t

on this Porcage plains thirty-two bushels to the a without brains can make ing is on the Portage Plant of the Northwest Farmer senta ive the other day authority on the North Dominion.—Yours very su Portage la Prairie, Oct.

adversity; but she w three weeks behind th

papers have to devot scandal. Mr. Jason-It is, i

> Mr. Jason-His wif Extorti "Why do you call

" You don't say so "I do. She's a chi THE CAN

Who says the countr Unless you belp his: The other side, with

-Tis the time of forced to get used to HER HEAD He wooed me wi

Hi- spirit gue Was in in, in It may be desirable old age, but when please keep away fro NEAR N

The terminal of his will come the wee THE other day we John of Austria peror to strip him o ties and make him We now learn that Incretive position York Herald. prince has spent after police court n and gets scooped to

home to his titles s